

TRUMPET BLASTS

OR

MOUNTAIN TOP VIEWS OF LIFE.

COMPRISING

THE MOST EARNEST REASONINGS, DELIGHTFUL NARRATIVES, POETIC IMAG-
GERIES, STRIKING SIMILES, FEARLESS DENUNCIATIONS OF WRONG
AND INSPIRING APPEALS FOR THE RIGHT, THAT DURING
HIS WHOLE PHENOMENAL CAREER HAVE
BEEN GIVEN TO THE WORLD,

BY REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE

WHOSE WORLD-WIDE FAME PROVES HIM ONE OF THE MOST
DISTINGUISHED ORATORS OF MODERN TIMES.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

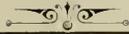
BY RUSSELL H. CONWELL, D.D., LL.D.

. . . CAREFULLY COMPILED AND EDITED . . .

BY REV. J. WARD GAMBLE AND PROF. CHARLES MORRIS.

BEAUTIFULLY AND PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

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T. be with Tabmage

PREFACE.

FOR the great majority of our readers the title page of this volume, bearing, as it does, the name of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, is all the preface the book requires. There are men whose works need no trumpeting, and Dr. Talmage is one of them. His fame as an orator carries such weight with it, that the mere announcement of a new volume of his writings is all that is needed to call up a myriad of delighted readers.

Who and what Dr. Talmage is as a man, and what has been the story of his active and useful life, may be gathered from the sketch of his personal history which we append. What he is as an orator and author is too well known to the American public to need further telling. We have, therefore, no occasion to speak further here of the man and his powers and performances, and may confine ourself to some remarks on the work which we hereby call to the attention of his large circle of admirers.

In this collection of essays we have presented to us the whole man, from his first entrance upon the field of American oratory to the present period of the maturity of his powers. These essays embrace every variety of subject and treatment, and are marvellous in their vigor and diversity; dealing, as they do, with every phase of public evil, with all the aspects of the religious situation, with the charms of natural scenery, the attractions of Oriental travel, the demands and duties of home-life, the delights of the heavenly mansions, and a host of topics too numerous to name here.

PREFACE.

That these many topics are dealt with fluently, ably, and graphically, does not need to be repeated. The mere name of Dr. Talmage is warrant enough for this. The trumpet blast of reform in the social, political and religious degeneracy of the present day was never more clearly and earnestly sounded than by the able orator of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, and this magnificent collection of essays cannot fail to become a power for good in the land.

All should read this noble work ; alike those who have the interests of moral progress at heart, those who enjoy earnest thought in its freshest and most vigorous expression, and those who have an appreciation of poetical diction and dramatic effect ; all, in short, who love what is attractive in literature, noble in intellectual elevation, exalted in moral principle, energetic in reform, and graphic in statement, should possess this book, the latest and richest expression of the ripe thought of one whose pen and voice have shed lustre on these closing years of the Nineteenth Century.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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INTRODUCTION.



INTRODUCE a trumpet-blast? I might as well stand before a cannon and try to touch it off easy. Trumpet-blasts introduce themselves. They are heard farther than their praises can ever go. Hence I shall not undertake the absurd thing of introducing Mr. Talmage's trumpet-blasts. I shall simply stand behind and yell after them. They are already heard around the globe, and echo far on the second circuit. They are known and read by all civilized men, and there is scarcely a cottage on the islands of the sea where their voices are not heard. We hear their sweet cadences reverberating all about us in pamphlets, books, newspapers, political speeches and sermons. Talmage has become classic. He speaks in his own eccentric grandeur and in his own dialect, but every one hears him in the tongue to which he was born. It was a noble thought to gather the most brilliant utterances of such a grand character into one volume, where the young and the old, the busy and the man-at-ease, might all find an anthem suited to their training and appreciation. These trumpet-blasts are as terrible as an army with banners to the guilty and the unrepentant, but soft as cooing doves to the repentant and the afflicted. It is marvellous to look through the writings of this great man, and see how accurately and gratefully his utterances adjust themselves to every calling, difficulty, doubt, sorrow, or joy of human life. As the horn of the Alpine hunter is said to quiver the leaves of the violets in the valley, to move the trees on the mountain-side, to startle the cedar by the snow line, and sometimes to stir the avalanche itself into awful and destructive descent, so these trumpet-blasts of Dr. Talmage have been heard with thanksgiving by the heart-broken, with noble respect by

strong men and noble women, and with fear and trembling by the devotees of vice and crime.

His utterances are like the trumpet-peal which welcomed our caravan from the desert as we approached the banks of the Tigris, and which I have no doubt has since welcomed the pilgrims from that sandy waste each season. Its notes were clear as those of a cathedral bell, and spread themselves over the barren land with strangely prolonged echoes. It was the most welcome sound that we had ever heard. It was the announcement of the end of a long and dangerous journey. To a bride in that caravan it was a summons to a home where love and luxury awaited her. To the merchant it was a hopeful harbinger of profits in Bagdad. But to the criminals in shackles it was a terrible declaration of doom, and was resonant with the dismal sound of preparation for their execution. The same trumpet was heard by all, yet how different were the feelings aroused by its tones. So the readers of this book will find here soothing balms for broken spirits, fountains in which to cleanse the social lepers, nutritious food for the hungry, brilliant flashes of wit for mental recreation, and a clear presentation of the Way of Salvation. Each student finds what he needs, and each listener recognizes the trumpet-blast as containing a message for him. Here are the wise sayings which, among few others of this era, can never die. Talmage's great sermons will grow greater in the estimation of the good and cultured people as the years multiply. It is true that no one book can contain so great a man, but in such a volume as this can be gathered comprehensive and illustrative examples suitable to give the reader an excellent general idea of the man, his words, and his work. It is a good deed to utter such declarations, it is a good deed to publish them, and it is a good deed to read them. They sing to the mechanic like the encouraging notes of Tubal Cain. They threaten the entrenched enemies of society like the trumpets of Jericho. They stir the blood of the valiant patriot like the bugle-call to battle. They awaken the sleeping and unconscious like the trumpets of the Jews, which announced the morning's swift approach. They are like the pipes on the house-tops which announce a birth, and like the answering whistles of the life-saving steamer as it approaches the fog-shrouded and sinking wreck. Go out, thou printed messenger of the sublime Gospel! Go into the homes of the rich, and teach them generosity. Go into the cottages of the poor, and teach them economy.

Go into the palaces of the proud, and train them to be humble. Go into the den of the sinner, and tell him of Christ. Go to the kind reader at the bedside of the suffering, and give solace and healing. Go to the school, and teach the lips of young orators to be really eloquent. Go to the college, and tell men to be true to their own individuality. Go to all classes of men, and tell them of the Shining Beyond to which life is but the threshold. And go to all who have not set themselves at work to make this life pure and the other life secure, and tell them, as this book so forcibly urges, that to be a simple pure Christian saved by Christ is better than to have otherwise all knowledge, all beauty, and all the golden eloquence of a Talmage or a Chrysostom.

Such a message, this wisely prepared volume by one of the best and most eloquent of men must announce wherever it goes. I shout after these trumpet-blasts, with all my heart's best wishes: "God speed thee! God speed thee! Heralds of light!"

Russell H. Conwell

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

—OF—

THOMAS DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.

THERE is no Christian teacher living whose every utterance commands such attention, whose words inspire such fervor and produce such conviction, whose literary productions are so eagerly sought for and so generally read, whose writings command such prices and secure such easy and ready sale, whose entire public life has been such a phenomenal success, as the subject of this biographical sketch. Like Lincoln, Wilson, Grant, Simpson, Stanley, Luther, and even the Master himself, whom he has so faithfully served and loyally followed, T. De Witt Talmage was born entirely outside of the ruling caste of social life. "A country boy," of humble parentage, he began life at the bottom, though destined to climb to the top of the social scale. He was born at Bound Brook, New Jersey, on the seventh day of January, 1832. The last of twelve children, he had the benefit of his parents' experience in the training of the other eleven, a circumstance doubtless not without its beneficial influence on his later life.

The Talmage family belonged to "the common people." Our hero was not born in a palace, nor yet in a dugout. He was *well born* in the best sense of that term—born of good stock. His parents, David T. and Catherine, combined those sterling qualities which command the admiration and approval of mankind—good sense, wit, firmness, strength of character, sympathy, deep piety, and activity in Christian endeavor. Inheriting such qualities, it is in no sense a marvel that no orator of his time can draw such crowds to hear his words, or command such terms on the lecture platform, as Dr. Talmage. The

popular lecturers of the century have come and gone, risen and fallen ; they have had their periods of popular favor and their periods of neglect ; but of this man it must be recorded, that he has gone on from strength to strength and from conquest to conquest, ever gaining, never losing his hold upon the popular interest. His success as a genial companion, felicitous conversationalist and writer, eloquent lecturer, earnest reformer, popular preacher and able expositor and soul-winner, has been most remarkable.

Dr. Talmage says of his family : " There were no lords or baronets or princes in our ancestral line. None wore star, escutcheon or crest. Do our best, we cannot find anything about our forerunners except that they behaved well, came over from Wales or Holland a good while ago, and died when their time came." After all, what better start in life could a man desire ?

His father and mother lived to a good old age. They celebrated their " golden wedding," and nine years later his mother " sped into the skies," as the hush of death came down upon their home one autumnal afternoon. Just three years from that day, October 27, 1871, David T. Talmage, who had attained the good old age of eighty-three years, passed through the portals of death.

Like most young men, the subject of our sketch had his juvenile notions of what he " would like to make of himself." It is not strange that of a youth possessed of such gifts—a fervent imagination, passionate fondness for nature's charms, unusual powers of expression, a manner dramatic in the highest degree, a nature vivacious, electric and spontaneous—those who came in contact with him should prophesy great things concerning his career : " He will be journalist, poet, attorney, advocate, politician, or reformer." Having passed the usual course of study, he entered the University of the City of New York, from which he was graduated with distinction. He especially excelled in belles-lettres. It is said that his graduation oration was received with " immense applause," the whole audience rising to their feet under the spell of his oratory.

Leaving college, his mind turned toward the legal profession, the study of which he pursued for a year after his graduation, when an indescribable unrest took control of his mind. His parents wished and God intended him to be an ambassador of the cross. The godly example and devout worship of his pious parents prepared the way. For,

though he was as full of the spirit of enjoyment as any boy living, so that one writer says of him, "New Jersey never contained a merrier or more mischievous lad, one more active in field or more roguish in school," yet there prevailed in that Puritan home a religious atmosphere well calculated to indelibly impress and pervade his mind and soul. Dr. Talmage says of those days: "I had many sound thrashings when I



FORCE AND SPIRIT.

was a boy (not as many as I ought to have had, for I was the last child, and my parents let me off), but the *most memorable scene in my childhood was that of father and mother at morning and evening prayers.* I cannot forget it, for I used often to be squirming around on the floor and looking at them while they were praying."

Under the spell of this new impulse, young Talmage entered the New Brunswick Theological Seminary, connected with Rutgers College, and began in earnest his preparation for the ministry. It should be recorded that he had professed conversion at the age of eighteen and united with the Dutch Reformed Church. Leaving the Seminary in 1856, he began his ministerial

career at Bellville, N. J., a small town on the picturesque Passaic. Here he spent three profitable years in preparation for wider fields. It was here that he got down from his stilts, let his crutches drop, threw away his manuscript, cast to the winds his fears, and launched out on the sea of extemporaneous preaching—a style to which he has adhered with great success until the present time, and to which, indeed,

he largely attributes his success. Of this period, he relates the following interesting incident: "My first settlement as a pastor was in a village. My salary was eight hundred dollars and a parsonage. The amount seemed enormous to me. I said to myself, 'What! all this for one year?' I was afraid of getting worldly under so much prosperity! I resolved to invite all the congregation to my house in groups of twenty-five each. We began, and as they were the best congregation in all the world, and we felt that nothing was too good for them, we piled all the luxuries on the table. I never completed the undertaking. At the end of six months I was in financial despair. I found that we not only had not the surplus of luxuries, but that we had a struggle to get the necessities, and I learned what every young man learns, in time to save himself, or learns too late, that you must measure the size of a man's body before you begin to cut the cloth for his coat."

From Bellville, he went to Syracuse, New York. In this larger field he proved himself equal to the demand. His genius and power put new life into a weak congregation. He drew a large and cultured audience, in which professional talent predominated in influence. Here his fluent and eloquent style became more fully developed. The saline climate of Syracuse did not agree with his health, and in the year 1862 he accepted a call to Philadelphia, where he continued to improve in his own school of oratory for a period of seven years. Though some fastidious people severely criticised his method of speaking, pronouncing it "awkward, coarse and inelegant," Dr. Talmage was sure of his position, and persevered in his own vigorous and incisive style, much to the delight of the great majority of his hearers. While at the Centennial Exposition held in Philadelphia in 1876, the writer chanced to fall in with a member of his church, whose estimate of his former pastor was not at all flattering to him as a prophet. I spoke of the great stir that Dr. Talmage was making in Brooklyn. "Pshaw," exclaimed he, "Dr. Talmage's success won't last. As soon as the papers cease booming him, he and his 'Tabernacle Theatre' will fall flat. He can't preach, there is neither logic in his argument, nor symmetry in his style. I listened to him seven years and am quite sure his career will be ephemeral." So thought many people who felt it incumbent upon them to give their homage to pulpit traditions.

It was a wise maxim of the quaint Westerner, Davy Crockett, "Be sure you are right, and then go ahead," and events have proven

that Talmage was right in the course he chose to pursue. He possessed the "divine gift of genius," and a soul all aglow with the idea of preaching Christ as the single mission of his life. He felt that he had the gospel message, and the world must hear it. "The church was not to him in numbers a select few, in organization a monopoly. It was meant to be the conqueror and transformer of the world. For seven years he wrought with much success on this theory, all the time realizing that his plans could come to fullness only under conditions that would enable him to build from the bottom up an organization which could get nearer to the masses and which would have no precedents to be afraid of as ghosts in its path."

The congregation which he served was the largest in the city and his prospects were all that could be desired; still he was not satisfied, and wished for a church having no fixed policy, and no controlling spirits who might antagonize and retard the development of his ideal. The way opened. A vacancy occurred. A small, struggling congregation in the city of Brooklyn wanted a pastor. Its corporate name was the Central Presbyterian Church. Failure had followed success, largely through the close proximity of the church of the popular Dr. Cuyler, until the year 1868, when the Rev. Dr. Rockwell felt it his duty to resign. It was now a forlorn hope. The church remained without a minister for a year, and the membership dwindled down to nineteen persons. The prospect was dark enough. But these nineteen were true and tried. It was a case of life or death. Only an able man in the pulpit could save it. Who should be he? Who could be induced to undertake such a task? The suitable man would have every reason to stay away from such a sinking cause. These faithful few resolved to make an effort to secure a first-class minister and resuscitate their church. Among those who did much to arouse the courage of the faithful ones was Judge E. C. Converse, a gentleman of great earnestness and influence. He cast about him for a minister whose power as a preacher and whose tact as a worker would build up the church.

Through acquaintances in Philadelphia, the attention of Judge Converse was drawn to the rising fame of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, then pastor of the First Reformed Church of that city. It seemed like a forlorn hope to suppose that a pulpit orator, whose reputation was already beginning to fill the land, would heed, much

less accept, a call from a poor and struggling church. Be the result what it might, Judge Converse felt that the needs of the Central Presbyterian Church demanded the highest effort, and, besides, he felt that the rising preacher could win as noble a position and do as glorious a work in Brooklyn as anywhere else. Emboldened by the earnestness of this gentleman, his associates commissioned him to be the bearer of a call to Dr. Talmage. It did not damp the ardor of his hopes to find, when he reached the home of Dr. Talmage, that four



LOST IN THOUGHT.

other calls, backed by great influence and power, were already ahead of that which he bore. One was from a leading church in San Francisco, another was from Boston, and another from Chicago. Dr. Talmage has told to a few friends what a struggle of contending influences was produced in his mind by the presentation of those five calls, and the beseeching cry not to leave them set up by the congregation in whose midst he was so happily situated, and by which he was so greatly beloved. After repeated prayer for three days, he decided in favor of Brooklyn.

The moment he had made and announced his decision, his mind grew at ease, and though many of his congregation came to him with tears in their eyes to induce him to change his determination, he never wavered, as he saw his way clear. His first sermon under his present pastorate was preached on March 7, 1869, from the text, "God is love." His fame as a preacher had preceded him to Brooklyn, and from the very first every service he conducted was largely attended. Before the close of his first year the church saw that it would be necessary to construct a larger building to accommodate the crowds who flocked to hear him. The work of building a new edifice was begun in June of the following year, 1870, and completed in three months. This rapidity of construction was due to a remarkable peculiarity of design from an original plan made and elaborated by Dr. Talmage himself. The principal idea was that of a half-circle auditorium, with the platform placed midway between the two ends of the arc connecting the extremes of the semicircle, the passage-ways or aisles radiating out from the platform, and the floor rising from the platform outwardly. The construction of the building was also unique. A rough wooden frame formed its exterior outline. This frame was enclosed by strips of corrugated sheet-iron, covering both the inside and the outside, and giving to the structure the appearance of half of an iron cylinder set on end. The organ—a splendid one by Hook, of Boston, who built the Plymouth Church organ—was placed at the back of the platform, and the organist's bank of keys and pedals was situated immediately in front of the platform. This new style of church auditorium was not only original with Dr. Talmage, but it was revolutionary in character. It upset the whole previous theory of church architecture. The superior acoustic properties of buildings thus internally arranged, and the advantages they possess in the matter of obtaining a good view of the speaker, were soon rendered so apparent that the style has since become deservedly popular.

Besides the innovation in the church structure itself, Dr. Talmage set aside the practice of choir-singing, then so much in vogue, and insisted that all the church music in the Tabernacle should be exclusively congregational. He also enunciated the idea of free pews, and carried it into practical effect.

The old Tabernacle had no gallery. It had seats for two thousand and nine hundred persons, and by bringing in camp-stools, three

thousand four hundred persons could be seated in it. During its construction Dr. Talmage was allowed leave of absence to visit Europe. He was escorted down the bay on the day of his departure by a large number of his congregation, and among the last sounds borne to his ears, as the escort-boat turned to go back to Brooklyn, were cheers for the Tabernacle, which the congregation had promised to have ready against his return. The congregation nobly redeemed their pledge; the Tabernacle was completed early in September, 1870, and dedicated on Sunday, the 26th of the same month. The dedication sermon was preached by Dr. Talmage himself, in the presence of about four thousand people.

During the following year the Old Tabernacle was enlarged, so as to increase its seating capacity about five hundred. The entire cost of the church was now about eighty-five thousand dollars, which was paid or secured by reliable pledges. This was a serious tax on the resources of the membership, but all were happy in the achievement of so great an undertaking. Unfortunately, the fruit of their labor was not long to be enjoyed. On Saturday afternoon, just previous to the Christmas of 1872, the church session met at the residence of Major B. R. Convin. Having settled up the finances of the year, they separated, congratulating themselves in having passed through a series of glorious successes.

A disheartening reverse was at hand. On the next morning, Sunday, December 22, 1872, Dr. Talmage's congregation were startled at finding their house of worship enveloped in flames. With astonishment they gazed at the unlooked-for disaster. Their hearts sank within them. When the hour of morning worship arrived, the building was falling in before their eyes. The fire had broken out about half-past nine, but so rapid was its progress that in half an hour the entire edifice was a ruin. The knowledge of the conflagration was soon in every home in the city, and the expressions of sympathy from other churches were quick and hearty, the homeless congregation being invited to worship in several of the largest and most desirable churches in Brooklyn, including the Plymouth Church. The invitation to use Mr. Beecher's church was accepted, and thither the sad congregation went in the evening. The occasion drew a vast audience, and Dr. Talmage preached. Before beginning his sermon, he alluded to the events of the day as follows :

“In the village where I once lived, on a cold night, there was a cry of fire. House after house was consumed. But there was in the village a large, hospitable dwelling, and as soon as the people were burned out they came into this common center. The good man of the house stood at the door and said, ‘Come in,’ and the little children as they were brought to the door, some of them wrapped in blankets and shawls, were taken to bed, and the old people that came in from their consumed dwellings were seated around the fire. The good man of the house told them that all would be well. This is a very cold day to be burned out. But we come into this hospitable house to-night, and gather around this great warm fire of Christian kindness and love, and it is good to be here. The Lord built the Tabernacle, and the Lord let it burn down. Blessed be the name of the Lord. We don’t feel like sitting down in discouragement, although the place was very dear. Our hearts there were filled with comfort, and to us many a time did Jesus appear—his face radiant as the sun. To-day, when Christian sympathy came in from Plymouth Church, and from ten other churches of the city, all offering their houses of worship to us, I must say I was deeply moved. Tell me not that there is no kindness between churches, or that there is no such thing as Christian brotherhood! Blessed be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love!”

Dr. Talmage was not discouraged. Undaunted, he went like the bee, right about the work of rebuilding. He inspired his devoted people with his own unyielding spirit. Out of the ashes of the old shell in due time came a new structure, larger, grander, and better than the former. While the smoke of the ruins was yet rising, measures were taken for the erection of a new Tabernacle, and subscriptions were opened for the purpose. A general appeal was made to the whole country, and the task of erecting a mammoth structure was begun. John Welsh was the architect, and nobly did he perform his task. That he succeeded most admirably is the universal verdict of all who were acquainted with the late Tabernacle.

The congregation secured the Academy of Music and made that their temporary home, and for fourteen months they worshiped there. We extract from Dr. Talmage’s first sermon in the Academy:

“We are in the Academy to-day, not because we have no other place to go. Last Sabbath morning, at nine o’clock, we had but one

church ; now we have twenty-five at our disposal. Their pastors and their trustees say : ' You may take our main audience-rooms, you may take our lecture-rooms, you may take our church parlors, you may baptize in our baptisteries, and sit on our anxious seats.' Oh ! if there be any larger-hearted ministers or larger-hearted churches anywhere than in Brooklyn, tell me where there are, that I may go and see them before I die. The millennium has come. People keep wondering when it is coming. It has come. The lion and the lamb lie down together, and the tiger eats straw like an ox. I should like to have seen two of the old-time bigots with their swords fighting through that great fire on Schermerhorn street last Sabbath. I am sure the swords would have melted, and they who wielded them would have learned to war no more. I can never say a word against any other denomination of Christians. I thank God I never have been tempted to do so. I cannot be sectarian. I have been told I ought to be, and I have tried to be, but I have not enough material in me to make such a structure. Every time I get the thing most done, there comes a fire, or something else, and all is gone. The angels of God sing out on this Christmas air : ' Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.' I do not think the day is far distant when all the different branches of the Presbyterian Church will be one, and all the different branches of the Methodist Church will be one, and all the different branches of the Episcopal Church will be one.

"The Brooklyn Tabernacle is gone ! The bell that hung in its tower last Sabbath morning rang its own funeral knell. On that day we gathered from our homes with our families to hear what Christ had of comfort and inspiration for his people. We expected to meet cheerful smiles and warm handshakings, and the triumphant song, and the large brotherhood that characterized that blessed place ; but coming to the doors, we found nothing but an excited populace and a blazing church. People who had given until they deeply felt it, saw all the results of their benevolence going down into ashes, and, on that cold morning, the tears froze on the cheeks of God's people as they saw they were being burned out. Brooklyn Tabernacle is gone !

"Good-bye, Old Tabernacle ! Your career was short but blessed ; your ashes are precious in our sight. In the last day may we be able to meet the songs there sung, and the prayers there offered, and the sermons there preached. Good-bye, old place, where some of

us first felt the Gospel peace, and others heard the last message ere they fled away into the skies! Good-bye, Brooklyn Tabernacle of 1870.

“But welcome our new church!—I see it as plainly as though it were already built; its walls firmer; its gates wider; its songs more triumphant; its ingatherings more glorious.—Rise out of the ashes, and greet our waiting vision! Burst on our souls, O day of our church’s resurrection! By your altars, may we be prepared for the



EARNEST APPEAL.

hour when the fire shall try every man’s work of what sort it is. Welcome, Brooklyn Tabernacle of 1873!”

Dr. Talmage was a good prophet. The corner-stone of the new church was laid on June 7, 1873, in the presence of a vast throng of people. The erection of the building was pushed with great vigor and success. It was completed and dedicated on March 22, 1874, in the presence of the largest congregation that ever assembled in the city of Brooklyn, and was, at that time, the largest Protestant church in

America. It was in the form of a Greek cross fronting on Schermerhorn street. The lower floor furnished sittings for thirty-one hundred persons, and the gallery for fifteen hundred more. The building, with the ground, cost one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars.

In this edifice, Dr. Talmage preached with great success until Sunday morning, October 13, 1889, a period of over fifteen years. Then, once again, the alarm of fire was raised. "Where is the fire?" "Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle is in flames!" "Quick, quick to the rescue!" It was too late! The flames swept through the famous structure with a force and headway which not only bade defiance to the best efforts of the valiant firemen, but devoured everything in their path. When the dawn of day lit up the scene, only two tumbling and tottering walls, that might fall at any moment, and a great heap of charred and smoking ruins, remained of what had been the most famous church in America. For the second time in its history, the Brooklyn Tabernacle had been destroyed. Both buildings were burned down on Sunday morning, a striking coincidence. There were no services held by Dr. Talmage on the sad morning of October 13, 1889, but the Sunday-school was held as usual at 3 o'clock, in the Young Men's Christian Association Hall.

Dr. Talmage was not present during this afternoon service, but was at his home, No. 1 South Oxford street, in earnest consultation with his church lieutenants with the purpose of evolving plans for immediate and future action. The following resolutions were adopted:

"We, the trustees of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, assembled Sabbath, October 13, 1889, at the house of our pastor, adopt the following:

"Resolved, That we bow in humble submission to the Providence which this morning removed our beloved church, and while we cannot fully understand the meaning of that Providence, we have faith that there is kindness as well as severity in the stroke.

"Resolved, That if God and the people will help us, we proceed immediately to rebuild, and that we rear a structure large enough to meet the demands of our congregation; locality and style of building to be indicated by the amount of contributions made.

"Resolved, That our hearty thanks be rendered to the owners of public buildings who have offered their auditoriums for the use of our congregation, and to all those who have given us their sympathy in the time of trial.

“*Resolved*, That Alexander McLean, E. H. Branch, John Wood, and F. M. Lawrence be appointed a committee to secure a building for Sabbath morning and evening services, 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.”

Dr. Talmage next dictated to the reporters the following appeal:

“TO THE PEOPLE.

“By a sudden calamity we are without a church. The building associated with so much that is dear to us is in ashes. In behalf of my stricken congregation I make appeal for help, as our church has never confined its work to this locality. Our church has never been sufficient either in size or appointments for the people who come. We want to build something worthy of our city and worthy the cause of God. We want one hundred thousand dollars, which added to the insurance, will build what is needed. I make appeal to all our friends throughout Christendom, to all denominations, to all creeds and those of no creed at all, to come to our assistance.

“I ask all readers of my sermons the world over to contribute as far as their means will allow. What we shall do as a church depends upon the immediate response made to this call. I was on the eve of my departure for a brief visit to the Holy Land, that I might be better prepared for my work here, but that visit must be postponed. I cannot leave until something is done to decide our future. May the God who has our destiny as individuals and churches in his hand appear for our deliverance.

“Response to this appeal to the people may be sent to me, ‘Brooklyn, N. Y.,’ and I will, with my own hands, acknowledge the receipt thereof.

“T. DE WITT TALMAGE.”

“History has almost repeated itself,” said the Reverend Doctor sadly, “for it was just seventeen years ago, and upon a Sabbath morning, that we had a similar visitation of fire. Myself and family, who had been alarmed, stood in the glass cupola surmounting the house, and saw our beloved Sabbath-home moulder away. We could distinguish every arch, beam and rafter, and see them crumble beneath the cruel flames. Shortly after, I visited the scene myself, and it made my heart sad. The subject of my sermon was to have been, ‘Looking unto Jesus, the Author of Our Fate.’”

Many were the offers received from sister churches and theatre managers proffering the use of their auditoriums for services. As Dr. Talmage said himself:—

“The kindness shown us in our hour of need is most manifest. Nearly every auditorium within a radius of three miles has been tendered us, but the committee has finally decided to take the Academy of Music, and we shall hold service there at the usual hours on Sunday next.”

Among the many offers was one from the Rev. Lyman Abbott, of Plymouth Church, a former classmate of Dr. Talmage. It was couched as follows:

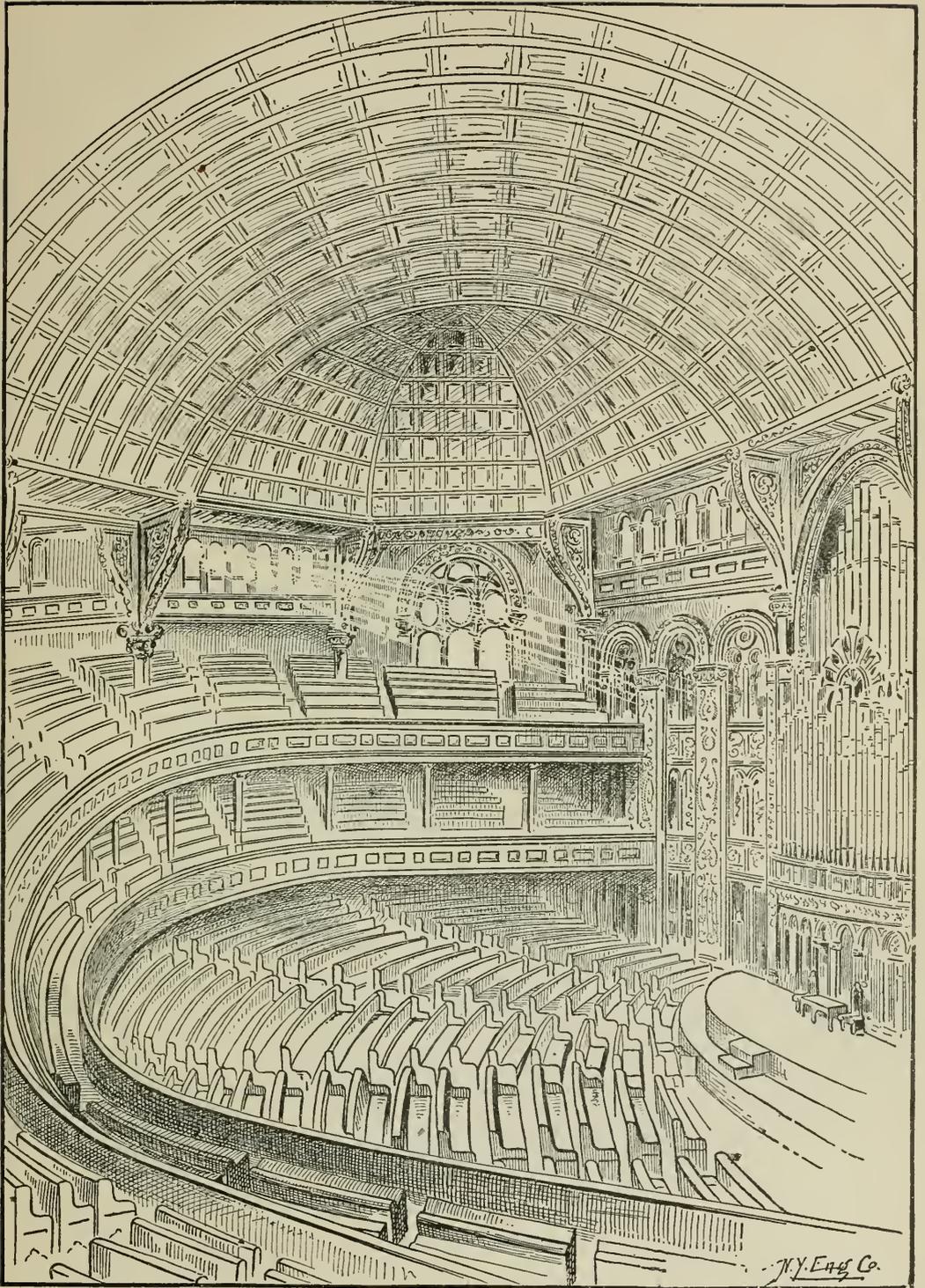
“PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, Oct. 13, 1889.

“*My dear Dr. Talmage:* The Board of Deacons of Plymouth Church authorize me to tender to your people the use of our church edifice on Sunday evenings until your permanent arrangements for your future church have been made. It is quite at your service and theirs for as long as you may desire. I am sure that I need not add that I cordially unite with them, and that I am sure that their action represents the sentiment and feeling that Plymouth Church bears to the Tabernacle in this calamity which has befallen them,

“Your old friend,

“LYMAN ABBOTT.”

It is best to complete the story of the Tabernacle, before giving an account of other events in Dr. Talmage's public life. Energetic steps, as we have seen, were at once taken towards replacing the ruined church with a more magnificent structure, and as soon as sufficient funds could be raised and the necessary plans completed, the work of erection was earnestly begun. The new church was finished in the spring of 1891, and the dedication services took place on April 26th of that year. Its character and dimensions may be briefly described. The edifice is of the Norman style of architecture, and is built of dark red Connecticut granite, with facings of brown-stone from Lake Superior, forming a pleasant contrast in color. Over the two upper entrances—one fronting on Clinton avenue, the other on Greene avenue—there is a rounding projection, which forms the base of a square tower of massive proportions, with a slender round turret at each corner.

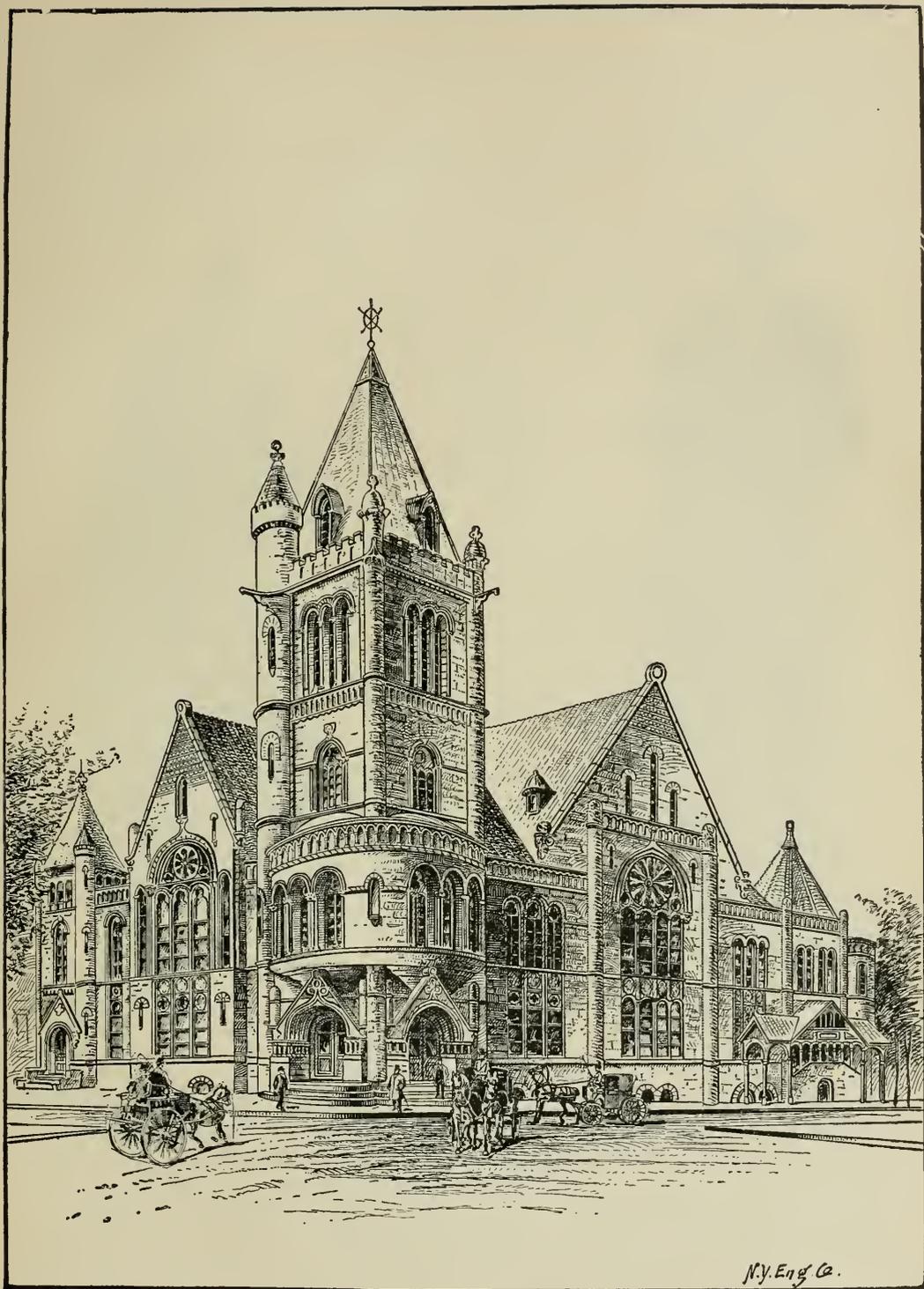


INSIDE VIEW OF THE TABERNACLE.

The interior of the church presents the same semicircular aspect as did the former Tabernacles, but is of greatly increased size. It is, indeed, one of the largest church edifices in this country, its seating capacity being over six thousand. Of these seats, about one-half are on the main floor, the remainder being in the two galleries. The great organ, which fills the broad space back of the preacher's platform, is probably the finest and largest pipe instrument in the United States. It was built at a cost of thirty thousand dollars, and has been declared by expert organists to be an instrument perfect in its powers.

Among the most beautiful features of the new Tabernacle are the great windows of richly-stained cathedral glass, the frames of which are exquisitely carved. They are six in number—three on either side of the organ. In addition, must be mentioned the memorial wall, in which are set four stones of the greatest historic value: one from Calvary, the Mount of Sacrifice; two from Sinai, the Mount of the Law; and one from Mars Hill, the Mount of the Gospel. These were brought from the Orient by Dr. Talmage himself, on his recent journey to Palestine, and form a feature of unique interest in his new church. Over all extends the great dome-like curve of the ceiling, while the vast interior of the edifice is lighted by incandescent electric lamps. The total cost of the structure, exclusive of the organ, was a little less than four hundred thousand dollars.

This magnificent structure was dedicated, as we have said, on the morning of Sunday, April 26, 1891. The services began with the singing of the Doxology, followed by an invocation from the Rev. Thomas Hastings, D. D., President of the Union Theological Seminary. The dedicatory prayer, which succeeded, was given by the Rev. Wendell Prime, D. D., son of the famous Dr. Irenæus Prime, whose life had been spared long enough to lay the corner-stone of the new Tabernacle, but who died before its completion. Then followed the sermon of dedication, by the Rev. Tennis S. Hamlin, D. D., of the Church of the Covenant, Washington. At the close of the impressive services—to which the rich tones of the new organ, under the skillful touch of Professor Eyre Browne, greatly added—an attractive scene occurred, Dr. Talmage being overwhelmed with congratulations, not alone from his own people, but from a host of others, whom deep interest had drawn to the splendid edifice. A Union Service was held in the afternoon, conducted by Dr. Talmage, and in the evening he

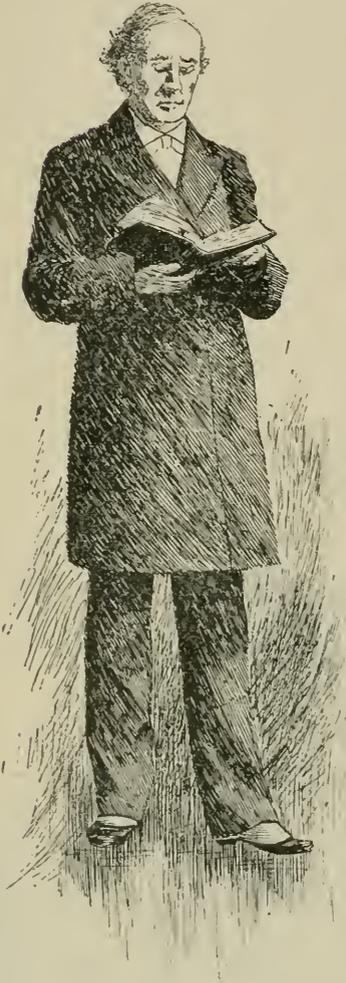


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THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

preached his first sermon in the new Tabernacle, to an overflowing host of people, who were drawn thither alike by the noble church and its eloquent pastor.

During the period of his Brooklyn pastorate Dr. Talmage has paid several visits to the Old World, of which some mention is here desirable. The first was made in 1879. On May 28th of that year he took passage on the Cunard steamer "Gallia," leaving land with an enthusiastic farewell ovation from his congregation. He reached England on Saturday, June 7th, after a quick and uneventful voyage, and on the following day attended service at Westminster Abbey, where he had the valued privilege of hearing Canon Farrar and Dean Stanley. In the evening he visited Dr. Spurgeon's Metropolitan Tabernacle, and was warmly greeted after the sermon by that famous pastor. He afterwards visited many cities of Great Britain, and preached to crowded and enthusiastic audiences. His journey was a constant ovation. Mr. Spurgeon says of his sermons: "They lay hold of my inmost soul; certainly the Lord is with this mighty man of valor." Dr. Talmage returned to America in October, and was warmly received at the Tabernacle, an immense audience greeting him, as he entered, with a storm of applause which showed clearly the high estimation in which his own people held him.



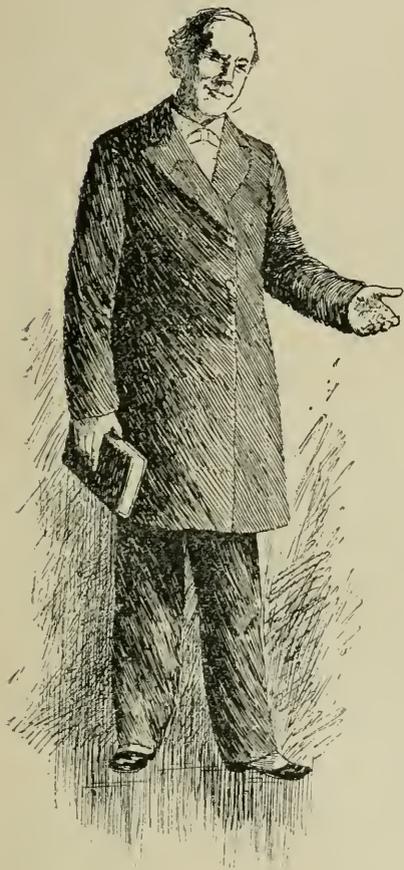
READING THE SCRIPTURES.

In the summer of 1885 he again visited England, where he was received even more warmly than on his former visit. Among the sermons he preached was one delivered in the celebrated Wesleyan Chapel, of London, behind which is the grave of John Wesley, and in front of which is Bunhill burying-ground, where lie the bones of John Bunyan, Isaac Watts, Daniel Defoe, and Horne

Tooke. The church was crowded to suffocation, and a still larger congregation gathered in the street and in the graveyard in front, whom Dr. Talmage addressed after the completion of his church service. Later in the season, he preached in the United Presbyterian Synod Hall, Edinburgh, to an audience equally dense.

A third notable visit to the Old World was made after the destruction of the second Tabernacle. Dr.

Talmage had for some time contemplated writing a "Life of Christ." Many of the numerous works under this title had been written by persons who had no personal knowledge of Palestine. It was his opinion that to adapt one's self properly for such a task, he must visit the Holy Land himself. Accordingly, in October, 1889, he again crossed the ocean, and remained absent till the spring of 1890, during which time he traversed Palestine, closely observing the places made memorable in the history of our Lord and Christ, and also visited Rome, Athens, Corinth, Alexandria, and Cairo. For several months after his return he preached a series of sermons on the "Holy Land," using, in the absence of a church of his own, the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, in the morning, and the New York Academy of Music in the evening. This latter immense building was filled to overflowing by his audiences.



EXPOUNDING THE WORD.

Another excursion made by Dr. Talmage, of sufficient importance to put here upon record, was into the haunts of sin in New York city, those plague-spots of evil with which the great metropolis is abundantly infested. Of these homes of evil he made a midnight exploration, under the protection of the police, and accompanied by two members of his own church. The discourses which he delivered as a result of his pilgrimage into this pit of human

abomination produced intense interest and much feeling, both favorable and hostile. This was especially true of his sermon on "The Lepers of High Life," in which he says :

"Prominent business men from Boston and Philadelphia and Chicago and Cincinnati patronize these places of sin. I could call the names of prominent men in one cluster who patronize these dens of iniquity, and I may call their names before I get through this course of sermons, though the fabric of New York and Brooklyn society tumble into wreck. Judges of courts, distinguished lawyers, officers of the church, political orators, have been standing on different platforms and talking about God and good morals until you might suppose them to be evangelists expecting a thousand converts in one night. We have been talking so much about the gospel for the masses ; now let us talk a little about the gospel for the lepers of society, for the millionaire sots, for the portable lazarettos of upper-tendom."

These lectures brought condemnation both from secular and religious newspapers, but the orator was too much in earnest to be silenced either by condemnation or ridicule. He met his accusers with a satirical scorn that made them wince, speaking of "the sublime fury with which the clergymen mount their war-horses and charge down upon the century-old sins or sinners. They hurl sulphur at Sodom and fire at Gomorrah, but when they come to handle modern sins, they take out dainty handkerchiefs, wipe gold-rimmed spectacles, and put kid gloves on their hands," through the fear that somebody might be hurt, or their super-clean hands be soiled by handling the respectable abominations of their own day.

This sketch would not be complete without reference to the trial of Dr. Talmage on "Common Fame." He had been made the object of calumny and misrepresentation, and was so surrounded with the falsehoods of scandal-mongers and threats of the Presbytery, that he demanded an investigation of the charges against him. After numerous delays, it was granted. The trial that ensued lasted six weeks, and ended in a verdict of acquittal by a majority of five. Dr. Talmage's integrity was vindicated on all the specifications, two out of seven having been withdrawn before the trial. It is needless to say that he came out of that fire a stronger, purer, and more celebrated

man than before. Envy had done its utmost to injure him by defamation of his character, and envy had signally failed.

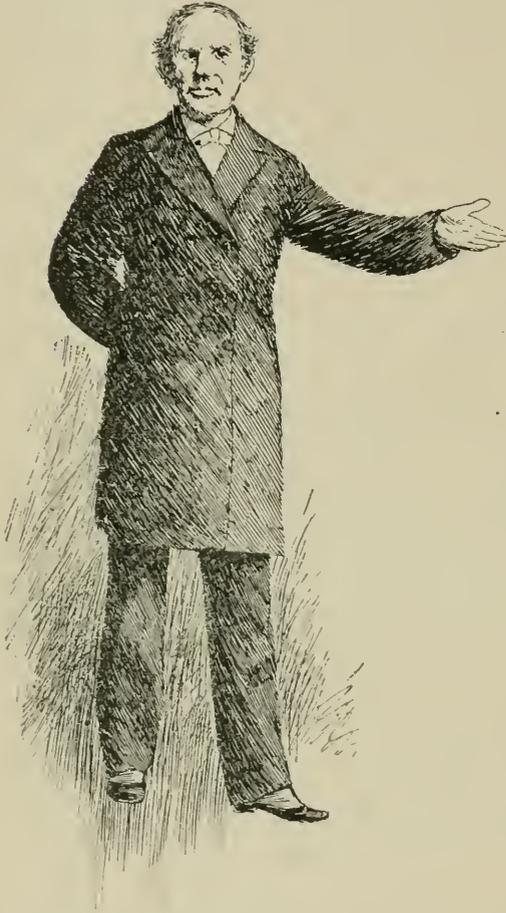
Of Dr. Talmage's private life we need give but the leading particulars, his biography being in such great measure a public one. He has been twice married. His first wife, Mary R. Avery, of South Brooklyn, became the victim of a fatal accident a few years after their marriage, being drowned in the Schuylkill river, Philadelphia, while out boating with her husband. She left two children—a son, since dead, and a daughter, Jessie, now married.

On May 7, 1863, Dr. Talmage was married to Susan Curtiss Whittemore, of Greenpoint, Long Island, with whom he has long lived in a pleasant brownstone house, at the corner of Oxford street and DeKalb avenue, opposite Fort Green Park, Brooklyn. This lady has made herself a power in Brooklyn, and is in the most essential sense a helpmeet to her distinguished husband. She is not alone an excellent housekeeper, but is an efficient business woman, and stands between Dr. Talmage and the public in a most useful manner. All his large mail, amounting often to a hundred or two hundred letters daily, is opened and examined by her, and every epistle of an annoying or unpleasant personal character destroyed. Such letters never meet his eye. In addition to this daily duty she performs a vast amount of pastoral work, receiving the very numerous callers, and saving her husband from many of the crowding details of daily business. Much of his work is planned and laid out by her, and all his lecture interests are in her hands. When a journey is to be made it is she who decides upon the route, procures tickets and staterooms, and attends to all those minor matters of detail which would be an annoyance in the life of so busy a man as he. In short, no other public man in America is so helped in business affairs and shielded from petty cares by his wife as Dr. Talmage.

Mrs. Talmage is, moreover, a very busy woman in church and social life. She is the leading spirit in all the Tabernacle sociables, fairs, ladies' meetings, etc., and is a member of the principal religious, literary, musical, and charitable societies of Brooklyn. As a woman, she is active, cheerful, and sprightly, highly attractive in face and agreeable in manner, and has carried her youthful looks far on into middle age.

The Brooklyn home of Dr. Talmage is blessed by the happy faces of five children. May, the eldest daughter, is her mother's daily

companion, and often her social representative. There are three other daughters, Edith, Jeanie, and Maude, the latter being sixteen years of age. The only son, Frank De Witt, now studying for the ministry, is twenty-four years old, and is a lecturer of acknowledged power and ability, a fact which has been demonstrated before large audiences.



STRENGTH AND DIGNITY.

In short, it would be hard to find a happier and more harmonious home in America than that of Dr. Talmage.

Few men have more enthusiastic friends than Dr. Talmage, and few men of worth have been more misrepresented. He has for years been a target of criticism, ridicule and abuse by his enemies, yet he has not swerved an inch from what he believes the path of duty, nor has his influence for good been decreased in consequence of these ill-natured and unfounded assaults.

Personally, Dr. Talmage is a man of commanding presence. To quote from one of his biographers, one sees in him "a tall, stalwart man, slightly stooping; broad-shouldered, long-armed, bony and spare of flesh; a massive, superbly developed head, bald on the top; an expansive brow; rather small and deeply-set blue eyes, that now laugh like

sunbeams and now blaze like forked lightnings; a large, mobile mouth; a square, pugnacious jaw, trimmed with spare sandy side-whiskers; the whole figure clad in plain black. He is not a handsome man, nor the miracle of ugliness the caricaturists have tried to make him. He is a commanding and intellectual figure, compelling respect and inviting

confidence and affection. Whether reading the hymns or the Scripture lesson, offering prayer, or preaching, he stands alone on the open platform, not even a reading-desk before him. His sermons are carefully prepared beforehand, but delivered without a scrap of manuscript. The preacher's voice is not particularly musical. It is powerful, far-reaching, never monotonous. It expresses every possible sentiment with faultless modulation. His gestures are vigorous, not profuse, dramatic and impressive. His speech is unconventional, informal, never undignified. He has a contempt for sloppy sentimentalities, for dry prosiness, for stilted formalism. There is an air about him of a man who feels himself under Divine compulsion to deliver a message of transcendent importance to dying men; of a soldier who has a Divine commission to fight a great battle for humanity. He speaks directly to the heart, in language all hearts can understand. Humor and pathos, pleading and scorn, impassioned exhortation and cutting sarcasm, all are used in his discourses with tremendous effect."

The above eulogistic remarks call for no addition and no criticism. They paint the man as he really is. Whether in the circle of his friends, in the ease of his chair, or on the platform before his audience, Dr. Talmage always impresses one as an earnest, whole-souled, and vigorous personage, genial in companionship, thoughtful and impressive in address, and powerful in oratory, carrying his hearers along by the magnetic qualities of his voice and the natural adaptation of his gestures, till one forgets that he is listening to an oration, and seems to live in the flowing tide of the speaker's thought. Dr. Talmage must be heard to be appreciated, and few men living have been heard by a greater number of interested and entranced listeners than the eloquent pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

The Talmage family has turned its attention strongly and ably to Christian work. Three brothers of Dr. Talmage are engaged in the cause of Christ—two of them as pastors, the third as a missionary. The Rev. Dr. James R. Talmage is a minister in the Congregational church, and the Rev. Goyn Talmage in the Dutch Reformed church, while a third brother, John Van Nest Talmage, has been a missionary in China since 1846.

In addition to the active work of Dr. Talmage in the pulpit, his many lecture engagements, and the large amount of literary work which he has performed, he has been for many years connected with

the religious press, and has made his influence as strongly felt through the pen as through the voice. From 1873 to 1876 he was the editor of the *Christian at Work*; and during 1877 and 1888 of the *Christian Advance*, of Chicago. At a later date he assumed editorial charge of *Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine*, with which he remained long connected. More recently he has been editor of the *Christian Herald*, which is still under his editorial control. Altogether he is a man of the most incessant activity in every field of Christian work, and no man more fully than he has impressed with his personality or filled with his thought these closing years of the Nineteenth Century.

THE UPPER FORCES.

AS it cost England many regiments and two millions of dollars a year to keep safely a troublesome captive at St. Helena, so the King of Assyria sent out a whole army to capture one minister of religion—the God-fearing prophet Elisha. During the night the army of the Assyrians surrounded the village of Dothan, where the prophet was staying, and at early daybreak his man-servant rushed in, exclaiming, “What shall we do? A whole army has come to destroy you! We must die! Alas, we must die!” But Elisha was not frightened, for he looked up and saw that the mountains all around were full of supernatural forces, and he knew that though there might be 50,000 Assyrians against him, there were 100,000 angels for him. In answer to the prophet’s prayer in behalf of his affrighted man-servant, the young man saw it too; for “the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountains were full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.” Yes, horses of fire harnessed to chariots of fire, and drivers of fire pulling reins of fire on bits of fire, and warriors of fire with brandished swords of fire, till the brilliance of the morning sunrise was eclipsed by the galloping splendor of that celestial cavalcade.

The divine equipage is always represented as a chariot of fire. Ezekiel and Isaiah and John, when they come to describe it, always represent it as a wheeled and harnessed conflagration; not a chariot like that which the kings and conquerors of the earth mount, but an organized and compressed fire of purity, justice, chastisement and deliverance. Chariot of rescue? Yes, but chariot of fire, for all our national disentrancements have come through scorching agonies and red disasters. Through tribulation the individual rises. Through tribulations nations rise. Yes, chariots of rescue, but chariots of fire.

The unseen forces are marshalled in the defense of our own country. There are Assyrian perils which threaten our American institutions. But there are upper forces ready and strong to fight on our side. What if all the low levels are filled with threats, if the mountains of our hope and courage and faith are full of the horses of divine rescue?

GOD'S AID IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

How do I know that this divine equipage is on the side of our institutions? I know it by the history of the last one hundred and fifteen years. The American Revolution started from the hand of John Hancock, in Independence Hall, in 1776. On one side were the colonies, without ships, without ammunition, without guns, without trained warriors, without money, without prestige; on the other side were the mightiest nation of the earth, the largest armies, the grandest navies, and the most distinguished commanders, with resources almost inexhaustible, and with nearly all nations to back them up in the fight. Nothing against immensity.

The cause of the American colonies, which started at zero, dropped still lower through the quarreling of the generals and through their petty jealousies, and through the violence of the winters, which surpassed all their predecessors in depths of snow and horrors of congealment. Elisha, when surrounded by the whole Assyrian army, did not seem to be worse off than did the thirteen colonies thus encompassed and overshadowed by foreign assault. What decided the contest in our favor? The upper forces, the upper armies. The Green and the White Mountains of New England, the highlands along the Hudson, the mountains of Virginia, all the Appalachian ranges, were filled with reinforcements which the young man Washington saw by faith; and his men endured the frozen feet, the gangrened wounds, the exhausting hunger and the long march, because "the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountains were full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." Washington himself was a miracle. What Joshua was in sacred history the first American President was in secular history. A thousand other men excelled him in special powers, but he excelled them all in roundness and completeness of character. The world never saw his like, and probably will never see his like again, because there will never be another such exigency. He was sent down by a divine interposition.

He was from God direct. I cannot comprehend how any man can read the history of those times without admitting that the contest was decided by the upper forces.

Again, in 1861, when our Civil War opened, many at the North and at the South pronounced it national suicide. It was not courage against cowardice, it was not wealth against poverty, it was not large States against small States. It was heroism against heroism, the resources of many generations against the resources of many generations, the prayer of the North against the prayer of the South, one-half of the nation in armed wrath meeting the other half of the nation in armed indignation. What could come but extermination?

At the opening of the war the commander-in-chief of the United States' forces was a man who had served long in battle, but old age had come, with its many infirmities, and he had a right to repose. He could not mount a horse, and he rode to the battle-field in a carriage, asking the driver not to jolt too much. During the most of the four years of the contest the commander on the Southern side was a man in midlife, who had in his veins the blood of many generations of warriors, himself one of the heroes of Cherubusco and Cerro Gordo, Contreras and Chapultepec. As the years rolled on and the scroll of carnage unrolled, there came out from both sides a heroism and a strength and a determination that the world had never seen surpassed. What but extermination could come where Philip Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson led their brigades, and Nathaniel Lyon and Sidney Johnson rode in from the north and south, and Grant and Lee, the two thunderbolts of battle, clashed? Yet we are still a nation, and we are at peace. Earthly courage did not decide the contest. It was the upper forces that saved our land. They tell us there was a battle fought above the clouds of Lookout Mountain; but there was something higher than that—a victory of the Lord of Hosts.

Again, the horses and chariots of God came to the rescue of this nation in 1876, at the close of a Presidential election famous for its acrimony. A darker cloud still threatened to settle down on this nation. The result of the election was in dispute, and revolution, not between two or three sections, but revolution in every town and village and city of the United States, seemed imminent. It looked as if New York would throttle New York; and New Orleans would grip New Orleans; and Boston, Boston; and Savannah, Savannah; and

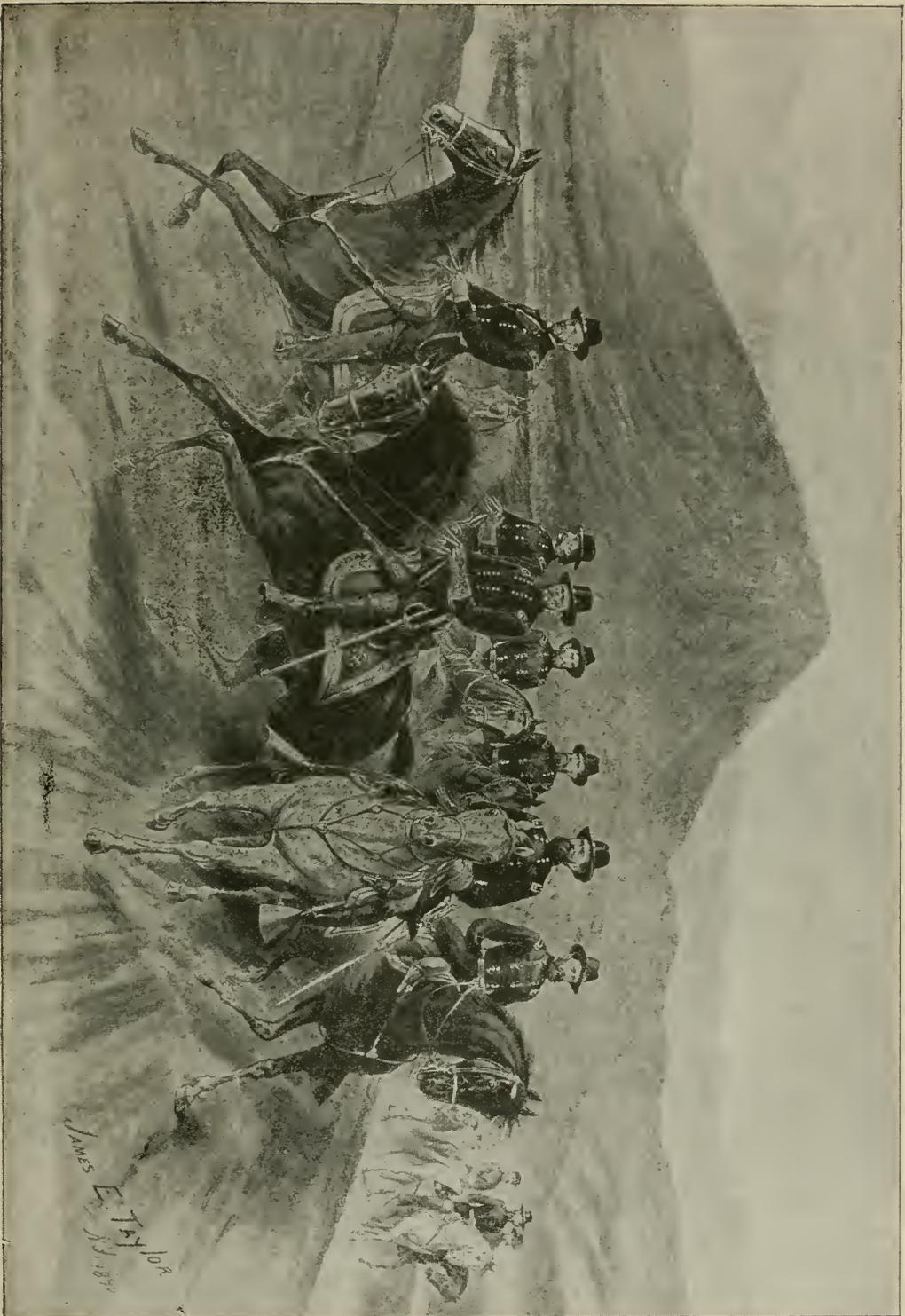
Washington, Washington. Some said that Mr. Tilden was elected; others said that Mr. Hayes was elected; and how near we came to universal massacre some of us guessed, but God only knew. I ascribe our escape not to the honesty and righteousness of infuriated politicians, but I ascribe it to the upper forces, the army of divine rescue. The chariot of mercy rolled in, and though the wheels were not heard and the flash was not seen, yet through all the mountains of the North and the South and the East and the West, though the hoofs did not clatter, the cavalry of God galloped by. God is the friend of this nation. In the awful excitement of the massacre of Lincoln, where there was a prospect that greater slaughter would come upon us, God hushed the tempest. In the awful excitement at the time of Garfield's assassination, God put his foot on the neck of the cyclone.

To prove that God is on the side of this nation, I argue from the vast products of our national harvests, and from the national health of the last quarter of a century, and from the great revival of religion, and from the spreading of the Church of God, and from the blossoming growth of asylums and reformatory institutions, and from an edenization which promises that this whole land shall in time be a Paradise where God will walk in the cool of the day.

REFORM IN THE BALLOT-BOX.

If at other times I have shown what were the evils that threatened to overturn and demolish American institutions, I am encouraged more than I can put into words as I see the regiments wheeling down the sky, and my jeremiads turning into doxologies, and that which was the Good Friday of the nation's crucifixion becoming the Easter morn of its resurrection.

Of course, God works through human instrumentalities, and this national regeneration is to come, among other things, through the scrutinized ballot-box. There was a time—you and I remember it well—when droves of vagabonds wandered up and down on election day from poll to poll, and voted here and voted there and voted everywhere, and there was no challenge; or, if there were, it was of no avail. Now, in every well-organized neighborhood, every voter is watched with the severest scrutiny. I must tell the registrar my name, and how old I am, and how long I have resided in the state, and how long in the ward or township; and, if I misrepresent, fifty witnesses will rise and shut me out from the ballot-box. Is not that a great



BATTLE HEROES.

advance? And then notice the law that prohibits a man from voting if he has bet on the election. One step further needs to be taken, and a man forbidden a vote who has offered or taken a bribe, whether it be in the shape of a free drink or cash paid down, the suspected persons being obliged to put their hands on the Bible and swear their vote in if they vote at all. So, through the sacred chest of our nation's suffrage, a measure of our redemption will come.

THE GROWTH OF MORAL SENTIMENT.

God will also save this nation through an aroused moral sentiment. There has never been much difference of opinion about morality and immorality. Men, whether or not they acknowledge what is right, have to think what is right. We have men who have had their hands in the public treasury the most of their lifetime, stealing all they could lay their hands on, who discourse eloquently about dishonesty in public service; and men with two or three families of their own, who preach as eloquently about the virtue of keeping the seventh commandment. The question of sobriety and drunkenness is thrust in the face of this nation as never before, and is taking its part in our political contests. The question of national sobriety is going to be respectfully and deferentially heard at the bar of every Legislature and every House of Representatives and every United States Senate, and an omnipotent voice will ring down the sky and across this land and back again, saying to these rising tides of drunkenness which threaten to overwhelm home and church and nation, "Thus far shalt thou come, but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

I have not in my mind a shadow of disheartenment as large as the shadow of the house-fly's wing. My faith is in the upper forces, the chariots of fire on the mountains. God is not dead. The chariots are not unwheeled. If you only pray more, and wash your eyes in the cool, bright water, fresh from the well of Christian reform, it will be said of you, as of him of old, "The Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

When the army of the Greek general Antigonus went into battle, his soldiers were much discouraged at the smallness of their force and the greatness of the enemy, and they rushed up to the general and said to him, "Don't you see we have but a small force, and they have

so many more?" Antigonus, their commander, straightened himself up and answered, with indignation and vehemence, "How many do you reckon me to be?" In like manner, when we see the vast armies arrayed against the cause of sobriety, it at times becomes very discouraging, but I ask you, in making up your estimate of the forces of righteousness—I ask you, how many do you reckon the Lord God Almighty to be? He is our commander. The Lord of Hosts is his name. I have the best authority for saying that the chariots of God are twenty thousand, and the mountains are full of them.

You may take, without my repeating it, that my only faith is in Christianity and in the upper forces which Elisha beheld. Political parties come and go, and they may be right and they may be wrong: but God lives, and I think He has ordained this nation for a career of prosperity that no demagogism will be able to hinder. I expect to live to see a political party which will have a platform of two planks—the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. When that party is formed it will sweep across the land, like a tornado I was going to say, but when I think it is not to be devastation, but resuscitation, I change the figure and say, such a party as that will sweep across this land like spice gales from heaven.

THE LIE MANUFACTORY.

Have you any doubt about the need of Christian religion to purify and make decent American politics? At every yearly or quadrennial election we have in this country great manufactories, manufactories of lies, and they are run day and night, and turn out their half-dozen lies a day, all equipped for full sailing. Large lies and small lies; lies private, lies public and lies prurient; lies cut bias and lies cut diagonal; long-limbed lies and lies with a double back-action; lies complimentary and lies defamatory; lies that some of the people believe, and lies that all the people believe, and lies that nobody believes; lies with humps like camels and scales like crocodiles, necks as long as storks and feet as swift as antelopes, and stings like adders; lies raw, and escaloped, and panned, and stewed; crawling lies, and jumping lies, and soaring lies; lies with attachment screws and rufflers and braiders, and ready-wound bobbins; lies by Christian people who never lie except at election time, and lies by people who always lie, but surpass themselves in a Presidential election.

I confess I am ashamed to have a foreigner visit this country at such a time. I should think he would stand dazed with his hand on his pocket-book, and not dare to go out at night. What will the hundreds of thousands of foreigners who come here to live think of us? What a disgust they must have for the land of their adoption! The only good thing about it is, they cannot understand the English language. But I suppose the German and Italian and French and Swedish papers translate it all and peddle out the infernal stuff to their subscribers.

Nothing but Christianity will ever stop such a flood of indecency. The Christian religion will speak after a while. The billingsgate and low scandal, through which we wade every year or every four years, must be rebuked by the religion which speaks from its two great mountains; from the one mountain intoning the command, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," and from the other mountain making pleas for kindness, love and blessing, rather than cursing. Yes, we are going to have a national religion.

THE TRUE NATIONAL RELIGION.

There are two kinds of national religion. The one is supported by the state, and is a matter of human politics. This has great patronage, and under it men will struggle for prominence without reference to qualifications, and its archbishop is supported by a salary of \$75,000 a year, and there are great cathedrals, with all the machinery of music and canonicals, and room for a thousand people, though the audience may be no more than fifty people, or twenty people, or ten, or two. We want no such religion as that, no such national religion; but we want a national religion in which the vast majority of the people will be converted and evangelized, and then Christianity will manage the secular as well as the religious interests of the community.

Do you say that this is impracticable? No. The time is coming just as certainly as there is a God, and that he has the strength and honesty to fulfil his promises. One of the ancient emperors used to pride himself on performing that which his counsellors said was impossible, and I have to tell you to-day that man's impossibilities are God's easies. "Hath he said, and shall he not do it? Hath he not commanded, and will he not bring it to pass?" The Christian religion is destined to take possession of every ballot-box, of every school-house,



THE TRIUMPHANT CHRIST.

of every home, of every valley, of every mountain, of every acre of our national domain. This nation, notwithstanding all the evil influences that are trying to destroy it, is going to live.

WHO SHALL HAVE THIS CONTINENT, CHRIST OR SATAN?

Never since that time when, according to John Milton, "Satan was hurled headlong, flaming, from the ethereal skies in hideous ruin and combustion down," have the powers of darkness been so determined to win this continent as now. What a jewel it is!—a cameo carved in relief—the cameo of this planet! On one side of us the Atlantic Ocean, dividing us from the worn-out governments of Europe; on the other side the Pacific Ocean, dividing us from the superstitions of Asia; on the north of us the Arctic Sea, the gymnasium in which explorers and navigators develop their courage. A continent ten thousand five hundred miles long, containing seventeen million square miles, and all of it but about one-seventh capable of rich cultivation. One hundred millions of population on this continent of North and South America—one hundred millions—and room for many hundred millions more. All flora and all fauna, all metals and all precious woods, all grains and all fruits. The Appalachian range the backbone, and the rivers the ganglia to carry life all through and out at the extremities. The Isthmus of Darien the narrow waist of a giant continent, destined to be all under one government, and all free, and all Christian, and the scene of Christ's personal reign on earth, if, according to the expectations of many good people, he shall at last set up his throne in this world. Who shall have this hemisphere, Christ or Satan? Who shall have the shores of her inland seas, the silver of her Nevadas, the gold of her Colorados, the telescopes of her observatories, the brain of her universities, the wheat of her prairies, the rice of her savannahs, the two great ocean beaches—the one reaching from Baffin's Bay to Terra del Fuego, and the other from Behring Straits to Cape Horn—and all the moral and temporal and spiritual and everlasting interests of a population vast beyond human computation? Who shall have this noble hemisphere? You and I will decide that, or help to decide it, by conscientious votes, by earnest prayer, by maintenance of Christian institutions, by support of great philanthropies, and by putting ourselves, body, mind and soul, on the right side of all moral, religious and national movements.

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE.

Is life worth living? How are we to decide this matter righteously and intelligently? You will find the same man oscillating in his opinion from dejection to exuberance, and if he be very mercurial in his temperament his conclusion will depend very much upon which way the wind blows. If the wind blow from the northwest, and you ask him, he will say, "Yes;" and if it blow from the northeast, and you ask him, he will say, "No." How are we then to get the question righteously answered? Suppose we call all nations together in a great convention on the Eastern or the Western hemisphere, and let all those who are in the affirmative, say, "Aye," and all those who are in the negative, say, "No." While there would be hundreds of thousands who would answer in the affirmative, there would be more millions who would answer in the negative, and because of the greater number who suffer from sorrow and misfortune and trouble, the "Noes" would have it. If you ask me, "Is life worth living?" I answer, *it all depends upon the kind of life you live.*

THE MONEY-GETTING MANIA.

In the first place, I remark that a life of *mere money-getting* is always a failure, because you will never get as much as you want. The poorest people in this country are the millionaires, and next to them those who have half a million. There is not a scissors-grinder on the streets of New York or Brooklyn who is so anxious to make money as these men who have piled up fortunes year after year in storehouses, in government securities, in tenement houses, in whole city blocks. You ought to see them jump when they hear the fire-bell ring. You ought to see them in their excitement when the Marine Bank explodes. You ought to see their agitation when there is proposed a reformation in

the tariff. Their nerves tremble like harp-strings, but with no music in the vibration. They read the reports from Wall Street in the morning with a concern that threatens paralysis or apoplexy, or, more probably, they have a telegraph or telephone in their own house, so that they may catch every breath of change in the money-market. The disease of accumulation has eaten into them—eaten into their heart, into their lungs, into their spleen, into their liver, into their bones.

That is not a life worth living. There are too many earthquakes in it, too many agonies in it, too many perditions in it. These men build their castles, and they open their picture-galleries, and they summon prima donnas, and they offer every inducement for happiness to come and live with them, but happiness will not come. They send footmaned and postillioned equipages to bring her; she will not ride to their door. They send princely escorts; she will not take their arm. They make their gateways triumphal arches; she will not ride under them. They set a golden throne before a golden plate; she turns away from the banquet. They call to her from upholstered balconies; she will not listen. Mark you, this is the failure of those who have made large accumulations of wealth.

And then you must take into consideration the fact that the vast majority of those who make the dominant idea of life money-getting, fall far short of affluence. It is estimated that only about two out of a hundred business men have anything worthy the name of success. A man who spends his life with the one dominant idea of financial accumulation, spends a life not worth living.

A life of sin, a life of pride, a life of indulgence, a life of worldliness, a life devoted to the world, the flesh, and the devil, is a failure—a dead failure, an infinite failure. I care not how many presents you send to that cradle, or how many garlands you send to that grave, you need to put right under the name on the tombstone this inscription: "Better for that man if he had never been born."

BRIGHT EXAMPLES.

But let me show you a life that *is* worth living. A young man says, "I am here. I am not responsible for my ancestry; others decided that. I am not responsible for my temperament; God gave me that. But here I am, in the afternoon of the nineteenth century, at twenty years of age. I am here, and I must take an account of stock.

Here I have a body which is a divinely constructed engine. I must put it to the very best uses, and I must allow nothing to damage this rarest of machinery. Two feet, and they mean locomotion. Two eyes, and they mean capacity to pick out my own way. Two ears, and they are telephones of communication with all the outside world; and they mean capacity to catch the sweetest music, and the voice of friendship—the very best music. A tongue, with almost infinite powers of articulation. And hands with which to welcome, or resist, or lift, or smite, or wave, or bless—hands to help myself and help others. Here is a world which, after six thousand years of battling with tempest and accident, is still grander than any architect, human or angelic, could have drafted. I have two lamps to light me—a golden lamp and a silver lamp—a golden lamp set on the sapphire mantel of the day, a silver lamp set on the jet mantel of the night. Yea, I have that at twenty years of age which defies all inventory of valuables—a soul, with capacity to choose or reject, to rejoice or suffer, to love or to hate. I have eighty years for a lifetime, sixty years yet to live. I may not live an hour, but then I must lay out my plans intelligently and for a long life. I must remember that these eighty years are only a brief preface to the five hundred thousand millions of quintillions of years which will be my future period of existence. Now, I understand my opportunities and my responsibilities.”

I would not find it hard to persuade you that the poor lad, Peter Cooper—making glue for a living, and then amassing a great fortune until he could build a philanthropy which has had its echo in ten thousand philanthropies all over the country—lived a life that was really *worth* living. Neither would I find it hard to persuade you that the life of Susannah Wesley was worth living. She sent out one son to organize Methodism, and the other son to ring his anthems through the ages. I would not find it hard work to persuade you that the life of Frances Leere was worth living, as she established in England a school for the scientific nursing of the sick, and then when the war broke out between France and Germany, went to the front, and with her own hands scraped the mud off the bodies of the soldiers dying in the trenches, and with her weak arm—standing one night in the hospital—pushed back a German soldier to his couch, as, all frenzied with his wounds, he rushed toward the door, and said, “Let me go, let me go to my *liebe mutter*.” Major-generals stood back to let this angel of mercy pass.



PARENTAL LOVE.

Neither would I have hard work to persuade you that Grace Darling, the heroine of the life-boat, lived a life worth living. Yet you say, "While I know that all these lived lives worth living, I don't think my life amounts to much." Ah! my friends, whether you live a life conspicuous or inconspicuous, it is worth living, if you live aright. And I want my next sentence to go down into the depths of all your souls. *You are to be rewarded, not according to the greatness of your work, but according to the holy industries with which you employed the talents you really possessed.* The majority of the crowns of heaven will not be given to people with ten talents, for most of them were tempted only to serve themselves. The vast majority of the crowns of heaven will be given to people who had one talent, but gave it all to God. And remember that our life here is introductory to another. It is the vestibule to a palace; but who despises the door of a Madeleine because there are grander glories within? Your life, if rightly lived, is the first bar of an eternal oratorio, and who despises the first note of Haydn's symphonies? And the life you live now is all the more worth living because it opens into a life that shall never end, and the last letter of the word "time" is the first letter of the word "eternity."

DO YOUR BEST.

But to live well we must live worthily—make our lives worth living. The secret of success, both in temporal and spiritual things, is to *do your best*. A parishioner asked a clergyman why the congregation had filled up, and why the church was now so prosperous above what it had ever been before. "Well," said the clergyman, "I will tell you the secret. I met a tragedian some time ago, and I said to him, 'How is it you get along so well in your profession?' The tragedian replied, 'The secret is, I always do my best; when stormy days come, and the theater is not more than a half or a fourth occupied, I always do my best, and that has been the secret of my getting on.'" And the clergyman, reciting it, said, "I have remembered that, and ever since then I have always done my best."

In whatever occupation or profession God has put you, *do your best*. Whether the world appreciates it or not, do your best—always do your best. Domitian, the Roman Emperor, for one hour every day caught flies and killed them with his penknife; and there are people

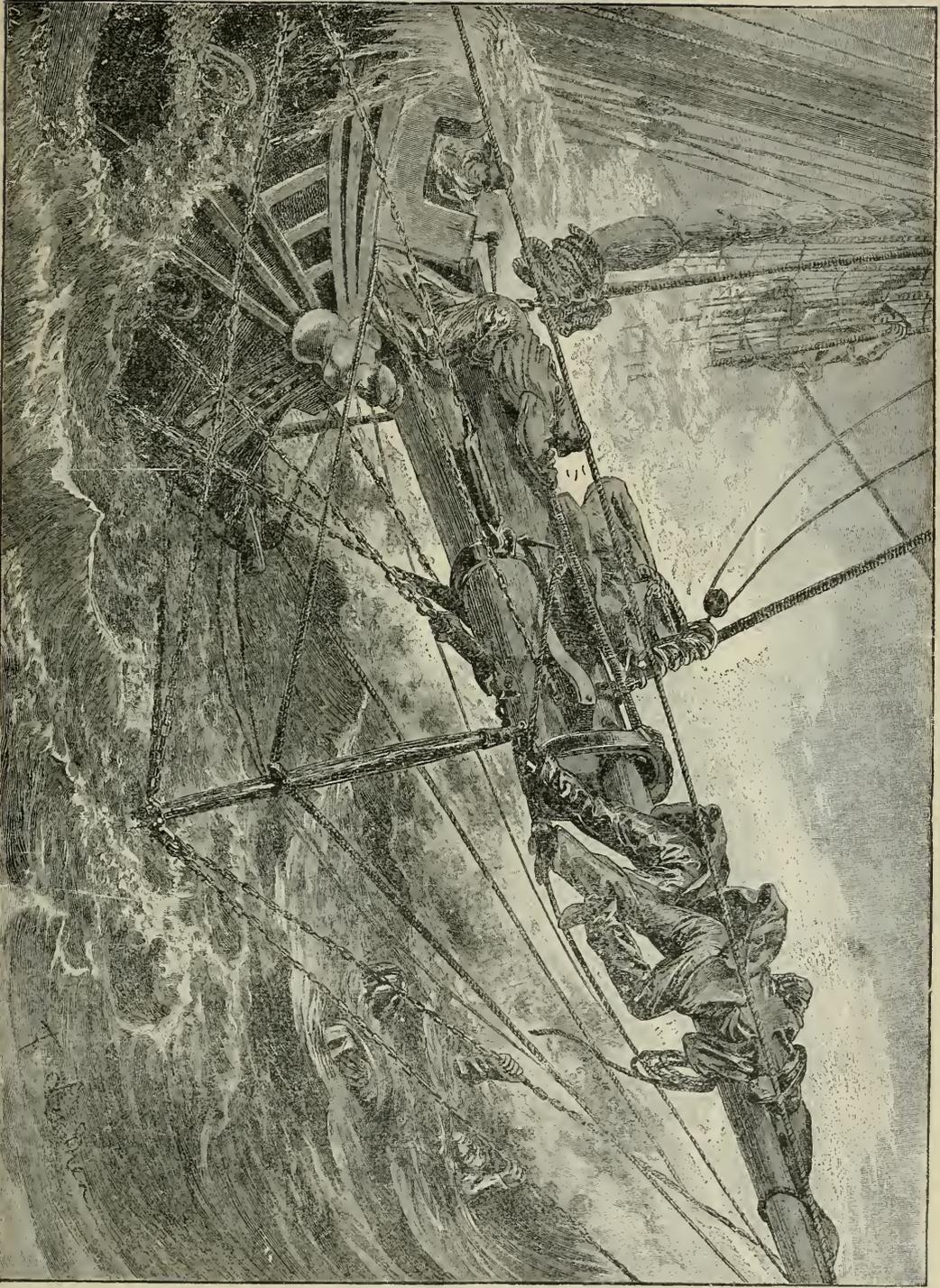
with imperial opportunities who set themselves to some equally insignificant business. Oh, for something grand to do! Concentrate all your energies of body, mind, and soul upon some one great work, and nothing in earth or hell can stand before you. There is no such thing as good luck.

I have learned also, in coming up this steep hill of life, that all events are connected. I look back and see events which I thought were isolated and alone, but which I now find were joined to everything that went before, and everything that came after. The chain of life is made up of a great many links—large links, small links, silver links, iron links, beautiful links, ugly links, mirthful links, solemn links—but they are all parts of one great chain of destiny. Each minute is made up of sixty links, and each day is made up of twenty-four links, and each year is made of three hundred and sixty-five links; but they are all parts of one endless chain which plays and works through the hand of an all-governing God.

“But,” says some one, “don’t you know there may be trials, hardships, sicknesses, and severe duties ahead?” Oh, yes! But if I am on a railroad journey of a thousand miles, and I have gone five hundred of the miles, and during those five hundred miles I have found the bridges safe, and the track solid, and the conductors competent, and the engineer wide awake, does not that give me confidence for the other five hundred miles? God has seen me through up to this time, and I am going to trust Him for the rest of the journey. I believe I have a through ticket, and although sometimes the track may turn this way or the other way, and sometimes we may be plunged through tunnels, and sometimes we may have a hot-box that detains the train, and sometimes we may switch off upon a side-track to let somebody else pass, and sometimes we may see a red flag warning us to slow up, I believe we are going through to the right place.

I have not a fear or an anxiety, that I can mention. I do not know one. I put all my case in God’s hands, and free my soul from anxiety about the future. I do not feel foolhardy. I only trust. I trust, I trust, I trust!

From this hill-top of life I catch a glimpse of those hill-tops where all sorrow and sighing shall be done away. Oh, that God would make that world to us a reality! Faith in that world helped old Dr. Tyng, when he stood by the casket of his dead son, whose arm had been torn



IN MORTAL PERIL.

off in the threshing-machine. With trusting composure, he preached the funeral sermon of his own beloved son. Faith in that world helped Martin Luther, without one tear, to put away in death his favorite child. Faith in that world helped the dying woman to see on the sky the letter "W." When they asked her what she supposed the letter "W" in the sky meant, "Why," she said, "don't you know? W stands for welcome." O Heaven, swing open thy gates! O Heaven, roll upon us some of thy anthems! O Heaven, flash upon us the vision of thy lustre!

"WITH THE SKIN OF THEIR TEETH."

The ship "Emma," bound from Gottenburg to Harwich, was sailing on, when the man on the lookout saw something that he pronounced a vessel bottom up. There was something on it that looked like a sea-gull, but was afterward found to be a waving handkerchief. In the small boat the crew pushed out to the wreck, and found that it was a capsized vessel, and that three men had been digging their way out through the bottom of the ship. When the vessel capsized they had no means of escape. The captain took his penknife and dug away through the planks until his knife broke. Then an old nail was found, with which they attempted to scrape their way up out of the darkness, each one working until his hand was well-nigh paralyzed, and he sank back faint and sick. After long and tedious work, the light broke through the bottom of the ship. A handkerchief was hoisted. Help came. They were taken on board the vessel and saved. Did ever men come so near a watery grave without dropping into it? How narrowly they escaped—escaped only "*with the skin of their teeth.*"

There are men who have been capsized of evil passions, and capsized in mid-ocean, and they are a thousand miles away from any shore of help. They have for years been trying to dig their way out. They have been digging away, and digging away, but they can never be delivered unless they will hoist some signal of distress. However weak and feeble it may be, Christ will see it, and bear down upon the helpless craft, and take them on board; and it will be known on earth and in heaven how narrowly they escaped—"escaped as *with the skin of their teeth.*"

EVOLUTION.

THERE is no contest between genuine science and revelation. The same God who by the hand of the prophet wrote on parchment, by the hand of the storm has written on the rock. The best telescopes and microscopes and electric batteries and philosophical apparatus belong to Christian universities. Who gave us magnetic telegraphy? Professor Morse, a christian. Who swung the lightnings under the sea, cabling the continents together? Cyrus W. Field, the christian. Who discovered the anæsthetical properties of chloroform, doing more for the relief of human pain than any man that ever lived, driving back nine-tenths of the horrors of surgery? James Y. Simpson, of Edinburgh, as eminent for piety as for science; on week-days in the university lecturing on profoundest scientific subjects, and on Sabbaths preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the masses of Edinburgh. I saw the universities of that city draped in mourning for his death, and I heard his eulogy pronounced by the destitute populations of the Cowgate. Science and revelation are the bass and the soprano of the same tune. The whole world will yet acknowledge the complete harmony. But between science falsely so called and revelation, there is an uncompromising war, and one or the other must go under. And when I say scientists, of course, I do not mean literary men or theologians who in essay or in sermon, and without giving their life to scientific investigation, look at the subject on this side or that. By scientists I mean those who have a specialty in that direction, and who, through zoological garden and aquarium and astronomical observatory, give their life to the study of the physical earth, its plants and its animals, and the regions beyond so far as optical instruments have explored them.

I put upon the witness stand, living and dead, the leading evolutionists—Ernst Haeckel, Huxley, Darwin, Spencer. On the witness stand, ye men of science, living and dead, answer these questions: Do you believe the Holy Scriptures? No. And so say they all. Do you believe the Bible story of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden? No. And so say they all. Do you believe the miracles of the Old and New Testament? No. And so say they all. Do you believe that Jesus Christ died to save the nations? No. And so say they all. Do you believe in the regenerating power of the Holy Ghost? No. And so say they all. Do you believe that human supplication directed heavenward ever makes any difference? No. And so say they all.

WHAT THEY TEACH.

Darwin says that the human hand is only a fish's fin developed. He says that the human ear could once have been moved by force of will just as a horse lifts its ear at a frightful object. He says that the human race were originally web-footed. From primal germ to tadpole, from tadpole to fish, from fish to reptile, from reptile to wolf, from wolf to chimpanzee, and from chimpanzee to man. Now, if anybody says that the Bible account of the starting of the human race and the evolutionist account of the starting of the human race are the same accounts, he makes an appalling misrepresentation.

Prefer, if you will, Darwin's "Origin of Species" to the book of Genesis, but know that you are an infidel. As for myself, since Herbert Spencer was not present at the creation and the Lord Almighty was present, I prefer to take the divine account as to what really occurred on that occasion. To show that this evolution is only an attempt to eject God, and to postpone Him and to put Him clear out of reach, I ask *a question or two*. The baboon made the man, and the wolf made the baboon, and the reptile made the quadruped, and the fish made the reptile, and the tadpole made the fish, and the primal germ made the tadpole. Who made the primal germ? Most of the evolutionists say, "We don't know." Others say, "It made itself." Others say, "It was spontaneously generated." There is not one of them who will fairly and openly and frankly and emphatically say, "God made it."

Agassiz says that he found, in a reef of Florida, the remains of insects *thirty thousand years old*, and that they were just like the insects

now. There has been no change. All the facts of ornithology and zoology and ichthyology and conchology, are but an echo of Genesis first and twenty-first: "Every winged fowl after his kind." Every creature after its kind. While common observation and science corroborate the Bible I will not stultify myself by surrendering to the elaborated guesses of evolutionists.

HOW WORLDS WERE MADE.

To show that evolution is infidel I place also the Bible account of how worlds were made opposite the evolutionists' account of how worlds were made. *Bible* account: God made two great lights—the one to rule the day, the other to rule the night; he made the stars also. *Evolutionist* account: Away back in the ages, there was a fire-mist, or star-dust, and this fire-mist cooled off into granite, and then this granite, by earthquake and by storm and by light, was shaped into mountains and valleys and seas, and so what was originally fire-mist became what we call the earth.

Who made the fire-mist? Who set the fire-mist to world-making? Who cooled off the fire-mist into granite? You have pushed God some sixty or seventy million miles from the earth, but he is too near yet for the health of evolution. For a great while the evolutionists boasted that they had found the very stuff out of which this world and all worlds were made. They lifted the telescope and they saw it, the very material out of which worlds made themselves—nebulae of simple gas. They laughed in triumph because they had found the factory where the worlds were manufactured, and there was no God anywhere around the factory! But in an unlucky hour for infidel evolutionists the spectroscopes of Fraunhofer and Kirchoff were invented, by which they saw into the nebula, and found that it was not a simple gas, but was a compound, and hence had to be supplied from some other source. That implied a God, and away went their theory, shattered into everlasting demolition!

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

There is one tenet of evolution which it is demanded that we shall adopt—that which Darwin calls "Natural Selection," and which Wallace calls the "Survival of the Fittest." By this they mean that the human race and the brute creation are all the time improving, because the weak die and the strong live. Those who do not die, survive because

they are the fittest. They say the breed of sheep, and cattle, and dogs, and men, is all the time improving, naturally improving. No need of God, or any Bible, or any religion, but just natural progress.

You see, the race starts with "spontaneous generation," and then it goes right on until Darwin can take us up with his "natural selection," and Wallace can take us up with his "survival of the fittest," and so we go right on up forever. Beautiful! But do the fittest survive? Garfield died in September—Guiteau surviving until the following June. "Survival of the fittest?" Ah! no. The martyrs, religious and political, dying for their principles, their bloody persecutors living on to old age. "Survival of the fittest?" Five hundred thousand brave Northern men marching out to meet five hundred thousand brave Southern men, and dying on the battlefield for a principle. Hundreds of thousands of these men went down into the grave-trenches. We staid at home in comfortable quarters. Did they die because they were not as fit to live as we who survived? Ah! no; not the "survival of the fittest." Ellsworth and Nathaniel Lyon falling on the Northern side—Albert Sidney Johnston and Stonewall Jackson falling on the Southern side. Did they fall because they were not as fit to live as the soldiers and the generals who came back in safety? Did that child die because it was not as fit to live as those of your family that survived? Not the "survival of the fittest." In all communities some of the noblest, grandest men die in youth, or in mid-life, while some of the meanest and most contemptible live on to old age. No, it is not the "survival of the fittest." Bitten with the frosts of the second death be the tongue that dares to utter it!

NO NATURAL PROGRESS.

But to show you that this doctrine is antagonistic to the Bible and to common sense, I have only to prove to you that there has been *no natural progress*. Vast improvement from another source, but mind you, no natural progress. Where is the fine horse in any of our parks whose picture of eye and mane, and nostril and neck and haunches, is worthy of being compared to Job's picture of a horse, as he, thousands of years ago, heard it paw, and neigh, and champ its bit for the battle? Pigeons of to-day are not so wise as the carrier pigeons of five hundred years ago—pigeons that carried the mails from army to army and from city to city; one of them flung into the sky at Rome or Venice landing without ship or rail-train in London.



WAS THIS OUR FIRST ANCESTOR ?

And *as to the human race*, so far as mere natural progress is concerned, it started with men ten feet high ; now the average is about five feet six inches. It started with men living two hundred, four hundred, eight hundred, nine hundred years, and now thirty years is the average of human life. Mighty progress we have made, haven't we? I went into the cathedral at York, England, and the best artists in England had just been painting a window in that cathedral, and right beside it was a window painted four hundred years ago, and there is not a man on earth but would say that the modern painting of the window by the best artists of England is not worthy of being compared with the painting of four hundred years ago.

ANTIQUITY OF THE DOCTRINE.

The dogma of evolution is an old heathen corpse set up in a morgue. Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer are trying to galvanize it. They drag this putrefaction of three thousand years old around the earth, boasting that it is their discovery ; and so wonderful is the infatuation, that at the Delmonico dinner given in honor of Herbert Spencer there were those who ascribed to him this hypothesis of evolution. There the banqueters sat around the table in honor of Herbert Spencer, chewing beef and turkey and roast pig, in which, according to their doctrine of evolution, they were eating their own relations !

There is only one thing worse than *English* snobbery, and that is *American* snobbery. I like democracy, and I like aristocracy ; but there is one kind of ocracy in this country that excites my contempt, and that is what Charles Kingsley, after he had witnessed it himself, called snobocracy. Now I say it is a gigantic dishonesty when they ascribe this ancient heathen doctrine of evolution to any modern gentleman. I am not a pessimist, but an optimist. I do not believe everything is going to destruction ; I believe everything is going on to redemption. But it will not be through the infidel doctrine of evolution, but through our glorious Christianity, which has effected all the good that has ever been wrought, and which is yet to reconstruct all the nations.

THE MISSING LINK.

It seems to me, that evolutionists are trying to impress the great masses of the people with the idea that there is *an ancestral line* leading

from the primal germ on up through the serpent, and through the quadruped, and through the gorilla to man. They admit that there is "a missing link," as they call it, but there is not a missing link—it is a whole chain gone. Between the physical construction of the highest animal and the physical construction of the lowest man, there is a chasm as wide as the Atlantic Ocean.

Evolutionists tell us that somewhere in Central Africa, or in Borneo, there is a creature half-way between the brute and the man, and that that creature is the highest step in the animal ascent, and the lowest step in the human creation. But what are the facts? The brain of the largest gorilla that was ever found measures thirty cubic inches, while the brain of the most ignorant man that was ever found measures fifty-five. It needs a bridge of twenty-five arches to span that gulf. Between the gorilla and the man, there is also a difference of *blood globule*, a difference of *nerve*, a difference of *muscle*, a difference of *bone*, a difference of *sinew*.

A RADICAL DIFFERENCE.

Beside this, it is very evident from another fact that we are an *entirely different creation*, and that there is no kinship. The animal in a few hours or months comes to full strength and can take care of itself. The human race for the first one, two, three, five, ten years, is in complete helplessness. The chick just come out of its shell begins to pick up its own food. The dog, the wolf, the lion, soon earn their own livelihood and act for their own defense. The human race does not come to development until it reaches twenty or thirty years of age, and by that time the animals that were born the same year the man was born—the vast majority of them—have died of old age. This shows that there is no kinship, no similarity. If we had been born of the beast, we would have had the beast's strength at the start, or it would have had our weakness. We are not only different, but opposite. I pity the person who in every nerve, and muscle, and bone, and mental faculty and spiritual experience does not realize that he is higher in origin, and has had a grander ancestry, than the beasts which perish. However degraded men and women may be, even though they may have foundered on the rocks of crime and sin, and though we shudder when we pass them, nevertheless, there is something within us that tells us they belong to the great brotherhood and sisterhood of our race, and our sympathies are aroused in regard to them. But gazing upon



"A TYPE OF GRANDEUR, STRENGTH AND MAJESTY."

the swiftest gazelle, or upon the tropical bird of most flamboyant wing, or upon the curve of the grandest courser's neck, we feel that there is no consanguinity. The grandest, the highest, the noblest of them is ten thousand fathoms below what we are conscious of being.

It is not that we are stronger than they, for the lion with one stroke of his paw could put us into the dust. It is not that we have better eyesight, for the eagle can descry a mole a mile away. It is not that we are fleeter of foot, for a roebuck in a flash is out of sight, just seeming to touch the earth as he goes. Many of the animal creation surpass us in fleetness of foot, and in keenness of nostril, and in strength of limb; but notwithstanding all that, there is something within us that tells us we are of celestial pedigree. Not of the mollusk, not of the rhizopod, not of the primal germ, but of the living and omnipotent God. Lineage of the skies! Genealogy of Heaven!

I tell you plainly, that if *your* father was a muskrat, and your mother an opossum, and your great aunt a kangaroo, and the toads and the snapping turtles were your illustrious predecessors, *my father was God!* I know it. I feel it. It thrills through me with an emphasis and an ecstasy which all your arguments drawn from anthropology and biology and zoology and paleontology and all the other ologies, can never shake.

"But," says some one, "if we cannot have God make a man, let us have Him make a horse." "Oh, no!" says Huxley, in his great lectures in New York several years ago. No, he does not want any God around the premises. God did not make the horse. The horse came of the plio-hippus, and the plio-hippus came from the proto-hippus, and the proto-hippus came from the mio-hippus, and the mio-hippus came from the meso-hippus, and the meso-hippus came from the oro-hippus, and so away back we trace all the living creatures in a line, until we get to the moneron. We admit no evidence of divine intermeddling with the creation until we get to the moneron, and that, Huxley says, is of so low a form of life that the probability is it just made itself, or was the result of spontaneous generation. What a narrow escape from the necessity of having a God!

But evolution is not only infidel and atheistic and absurd; it is *brutalizing in its tendencies*. If there is anything in the world that will make a man bestial in his habits, it is the idea that he was descended from the beast. Why, according to the idea of these evolutionists, *we*



PROF. THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY.

are only a superior kind of cattle, a sort of Alderney among other herds. To be sure, we browse on better pasture, and we have better stalls and accommodations, but then we are only Southdowns among the great flocks of sheep. Born of a beast, to die like a beast; for the evolutionists have no idea of a future world. They say that the mind is only a superior part of the body. They say that our thoughts are only molecular vibrations. They say that when the body dies, the whole nature dies. Annihilation is the heaven of the evolutionists. From such a damnable doctrine who would not turn away?

THE TRUE EVOLUTION.

I do not care so much about protoplasm as I do about eternasm. The "was" is overwhelmed with the "to be." And here comes in the evolution I believe in: not natural evolution, but gracious and divine and heavenly evolution—evolution out of sin into holiness, out of grief into gladness, out of mortality into immortality, out of earth into Heaven!

Evolution comes from *evolvere*, to unroll! Unrolling of attributes, unrolling of rewards, unrolling of experience, unrolling of angelic companionship, unrolling of divine glory, unrolling of providential obscurities, unrolling of doxologies, unrolling of rainbow to canopy the throne, unrolling of a new Heaven and a new earth in which shall dwell righteousness. Oh, the thought overwhelms me! I have not the physical endurance to consider it.

Monarchs on earth of all the lower orders of creation, and then lifted to be hierarchs in Heaven! Masterpiece of God's wisdom and goodness, our humanity; masterpiece of divine grace, our enthronement. I put one foot on Darwin's "Origin of the Species," and I put the other foot on Spencer's "Biology," and then holding in one hand the book of Moses, I see our Genesis, and holding in the other hand the book of Revelation, I see our celestial arrival. For all wars, I prescribe the Bethlehem chant of the angels. For all sepulchers, I prescribe the archangel's trumpet. For all earthly griefs, I prescribe the hand that wipes away all tears from all eyes. Not an evolution from beast to man, but an *evolution from contestant to conqueror*, and from the struggle with wild beasts in the arena of the amphitheatre to a soft, high, blissful seat in the King's galleries.



SIMPLE FAITH.

THE CHAIN OF INFLUENCES.

AT school and in college, in studying the mechanical powers, we glorified the lever, the pulley, the inclined plane, the screw, the axle and the wheel, but you are now invited to study the philosophy of the *chain*. These links of metal, one with another, attracted the old Bible authors, and we hear the chain rattle and see its coil all the way through from Genesis to Revelation, flashing as an ornament, or restraining in captivity, or holding in conjunction as in the case of machinery. To do him honor, Pharaoh hung a chain about the neck of Joseph, and Belshazzar one about the neck of Daniel. The high-priest had on his breastplate two chains of gold. On the camels' necks, as the Ishmaelites drove up to Gideon, jingled chains of gold.

The Bible refers to the Church as having such glittering ornaments, saying, "Thy neck is comely with chains of gold." On the other hand, a chain means captivity. David exults that power had been given him over his enemies, "to bind their kings with chains." The old missionary apostle cries out: "For the hope of Israel, I am bound with this chain." In the prison where Peter is incarcerated, you hear one day a great crash at the falling off of his chains. St. John saw an angel come down from Heaven to manacle the powers of darkness, and having "a great chain in his hand"; the four angels are represented as "reserved in everlasting chains"; while, to fetter the iniquity of his time, Ezekiel thunders out, "*Make a chain.*"

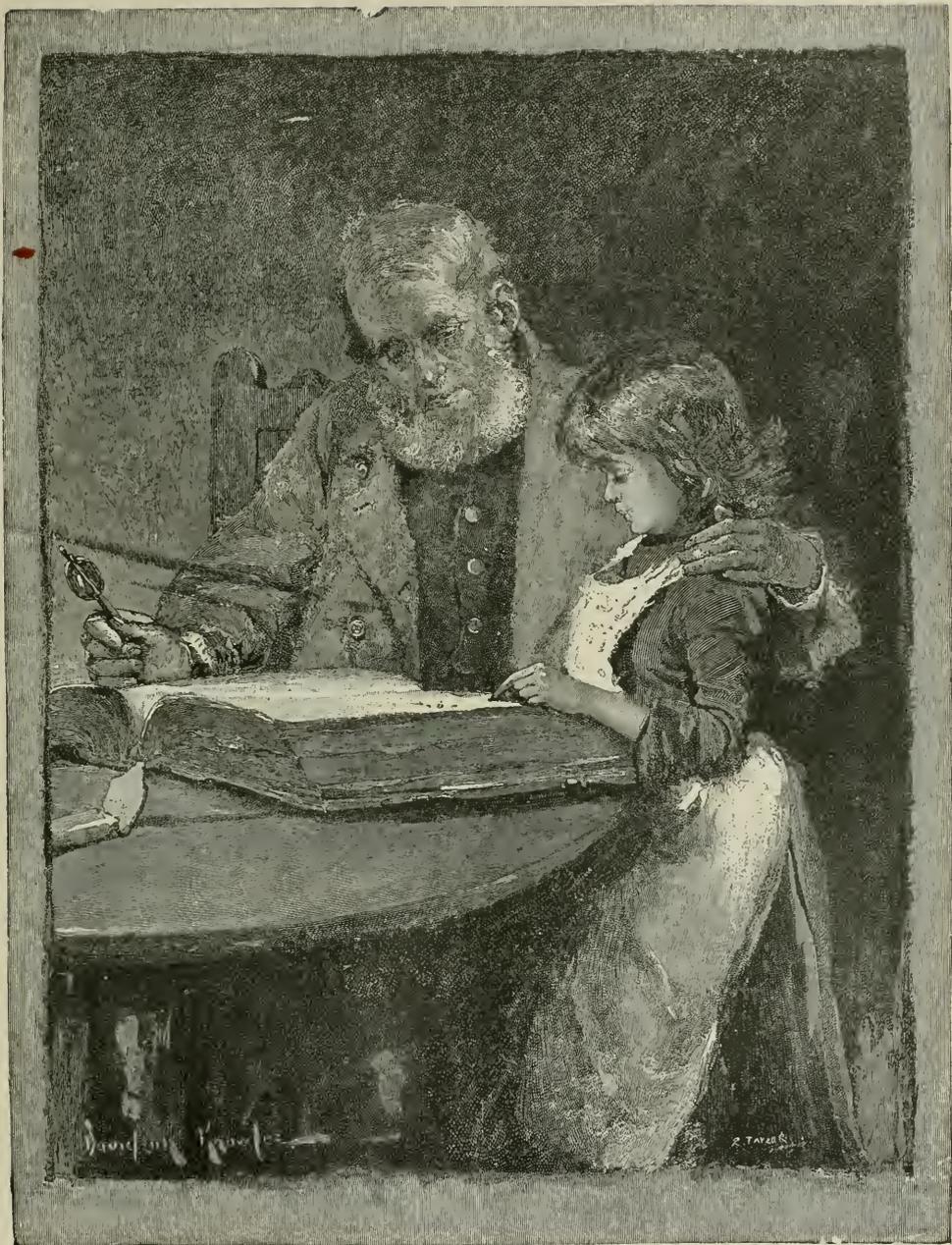
What I wish to impress upon myself and upon you, is the strength, in right and in wrong directions, of constructive forces; the superior power of a chain of influences above one influence; the great advantage of a congeries of links above one link. In all family government, and in all efforts to rescue others, and in all attempts to stop iniquity, take the suggestion and "make a chain."

That which contains the greatest possibilities, that which encloses the most tremendous opportunities, that which has beating against its two sides all the eternities, is the cradle. The grave is nothing in importance compared with it, for that is only a gully which we step across in a second, but the cradle has within it a new eternity, just born and never to cease.

When, three or four years ago, the Ohio River overflowed its banks and the wild freshets swept down with them harvests and cities, one day there was found floating on the waters a baby in a cradle, all unhurt, wrapped up snug and warm, and its blue eyes looking into the blue of the open heavens. It was mentioned as something extraordinary. But every cradle, with its young passenger, floats on the swift currents of the centuries, deep calling to deep, Ohios and St. Lawrences and Mississippis of influence bearing it onward. Now, what shall be done with this new being recently launched? Teach him an evening prayer? That is important, but not enough. Every Sabbath afternoon read him a Bible story? That is important, but not enough. Hear him, as soon as he can recite, some Gospel hymn or catechism? That is important, but not enough. Once in a while a lesson, once in a while a prayer, once in a while a restraining influence? All these are important, but not enough. Each one of these is only a link, and will not hold him in the tremendous emergencies of life. Let it be constant instruction, constant prayer, constant application of good influences, along the line of consecutive impressions, reaching from his first year to his fifth, and from his fifth to his tenth, and from his tenth to his twentieth.

PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.

“Make a chain.” Spasmodic education, paroxysmal discipline, occasional fidelity, amount to nothing. You can as easily hold an anchor by one link as hold a child to the right by isolated and intermittent faithfulness. The example must connect with the instruction. The conversation must combine with the actions. The week-day consistency must conjoin with the Sunday worship. Have family prayers by all means; but be petulant and inconsistent and unreasonable in your household, and your prayers will be a blasphemous farce. So great, in our times, are the temptations of young men to dissipation, and of young women to social follies, that it is most important that



“REMEMBER THY CREATOR.”

their first eighteen years of life shall be charged with a religious power that will hold them when they get out of the harbor of home into the stormy ocean of active life. There is such a thing as impressing a child so powerfully with good, that sixty years will have no more power to efface it than sixty minutes.

What a rough time that young man has in doing wrong, carefully nurtured as he was! His father and mother have been dead for years, or are over in Scotland or in England or in Ireland; but they have stood in the door-way of every dram-shop that he entered, and under the chandelier of every house of dissipation, saying, "My son, this is no place for you! Have you forgotten the old folks? Don't you recognize these wrinkles, and this stoop of the shoulder, and this tremulous hand? Go home, my boy, go home. By the God to whom we consecrated you, by the cradle in which we rocked you, by the grass-grown graves in the old country church-yard, by the Heaven where we hope yet to meet you, go home!" And some Sunday you will be surprised to find that young man suddenly asking the prayers of the church. Some Sunday you will see him at the sacrament—drinking perhaps out of the same kind of chalice that the old folks drank out of years ago, when they commemorated the sufferings of the Lord.

You, my lad, do not have such fun in sin as you seem to have. I know what spoils your fun. You cannot shake off the influence of those prayers long ago offered, or of those kind admonitions. You cannot make those loving souls go away, and you feel like saying, "Father, what are you doing here? Mother, why do you bother me with suggestions of those olden times?" But they will not go away. They will push you back from your evil paths, though they have to come from their shining homes in Heaven, and stand in the very gates of Hell with their backs scorched by the fiery blast. With their hand on your shoulder, and their breath on your brow, and their eyes looking straight into yours, they will say, "We have come to take you home, O son of many anxieties." At last that young man turns, through the consecutive influences of a pious parentage, who, out of prayers and fidelities innumerable, made a chain. This is the chain that pulls so mightily on five hundred of you this morning.

You may be too proud to shed a tear, and you may, to convince others of your imperturbability, smile to your friend beside you; but there is not so much power in an Alpine avalanche, after it has slipped

for a thousand feet, and having struck a lower cliff, is taking its second bound for fifteen hundred feet more, as there is power in the chain that pulls you this moment towards God and Christ and Heaven. Oh, the almighty pull of the long chain of early gracious influences !

ONE WEAK LINK.

But all people between thirty and forty years of age ; yes, between forty and fifty ; aye, between fifty and sixty, and all septuagenarians, need a surrounding conjunction of good influences. In Sing Sing, Auburn, Moyamensing, and all the other great prisons, are men and women who went wrong in mid-life and old age. We need around us a cordon of good influences. We forget to apply the well-known rule that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link. If the chain be made of a thousand links, and nine hundred and ninety-nine are strong, but one is weak, the chain will be in danger of breaking at that one weak link. We may be strong in a thousand excellencies, and yet have one weakness that endangers us. This is the reason that we see men around us, distinguished for a whole round of virtues, collapse and go down. The weak link, in the otherwise stout chain, gave way under the pressure.

The first chain-bridge was built in Scotland. Walter Scott tells how the French imitated it in the bridge they built across the Seine. But there was one weak point in that chain-bridge. There was a middle bolt that was of poor material, and they did not know how much depended upon that middle bolt of the chain-bridge. On the opening day a procession started, led on by the builder of the bridge. When the mighty weight of the procession was fairly on it, the bridge broke and precipitated the multitude. The bridge was all right except that middle bolt.

So the bridge of character may be built up of mighty links strong enough to hold a mountain ; but if there be one weak spot, that one point, overlooked, may afterwards cause the destruction of the whole being. And what multitudes have gone down for all time and eternity, because in the chain-bridge of their character there was lacking a strong middle bolt ! *He* had but one fault, and that was avarice, hence forgery. *He* had but one fault, and that was a burning desire for intoxicants, and hence his fatal debauch. *She* had but one fault, and that was an inordinate fondness for dress, and hence her own and her

husband's bankruptcy. *She* had but one fault, and that was her quick temper, and hence the disgraceful outburst. What we all want is to have put around us a strong chain of good influences. Christian association is a link. Church membership is a link. Scripture research is a link. Faith in God is a link. Put together all these influences. "Make a chain."

Most excellent is it for us to get into company better than ourselves. If we are given to telling vile stories, let us put ourselves among those that will not abide such utterances. If we are stingy, let us put ourselves among the charitable. If we are morose, let us put ourselves among the good-natured. If we are given to tittle-tattle, let us put ourselves among those who speak no ill of their neighbors. If we are despondent, let us put ourselves among those who make the best of things. If evil is contagious, I am glad to say that good is also catching. People go up into the hill country for physical health. So, if you would be strong in your soul, get off the lowlands into the altitudes of higher moral associations.

For many of the circumstances of life we are not responsible. For our parentage we are not responsible; for the place of our nativity, not responsible; for our features, our stature, our color, not responsible; for the family relations in which we were born, for our natural tastes, for our mental characters, not responsible. But we are responsible for the associations that we choose, and the moral influences under which we put ourselves. Character seeks an equilibrium. A. B. is a good man. Y. Z. is a bad man. Let them now voluntarily seek each other's society. A. B. will lose part of his goodness, and Y. Z. part of his badness, and they will gradually approach each other in character, and in the end stand on the same level.

One of the old painters refused to look at poor pictures, because he said that it damaged his style. A musician cannot afford to dwell among discords; nor can a writer afford to peruse books of an inferior style; nor an architect to walk out among disproportioned structures. And no man or woman was ever so good as to be able to afford evil associations from choice. Therefore, I have said, make it a rule of your life to go among those better than yourselves. You cannot find them? What a pink of perfection you must be. When was your lofty character completed? What a misfortune for the saintly and the angelic of Heaven that they are not enjoying the improving influences

of your society! Ah, if you cannot find those better than yourself, it is because you are ignorant of yourself. Woe unto you, Scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites!

THE CHAIN THAT ENSLAVES.

But, as I remarked in the opening, a chain not only means an adornment and royalty of nature, but it also means captivity. I suppose that there are those who in that sense are deliberately and persistently making a chain. Now here is a young man of good physical health, good manners, and good education. How shall he put together enough links to make a chain for the down-hill road? I will give him some directions. First, let him smoke. If he cannot stand cigarettes, let him try cigars. I think that cigarettes will help him on this road a little more rapidly, because the doctors say that there is more poison in them than in cigars. And I have a little more confidence in this because about fifty of the first young men of Brooklyn, during the last year, were, according to the doctors' reports, killed by cigarettes. Let him drink light wines first, or ale, or lager, and gradually he will be able to take something stronger; and as all styles of strong drink are more and more adulterated, his progress will be facilitated. With the old time drinks, a man seldom got delirium tremens before thirty or forty years of age; now he can get the madness by the time that he is eighteen. Let him play cards, and always put up money to add interest to the game. If father and mother will play with him, that will help by way of countenancing the habit. And it will be such a pleasant thing to think over in the Day of Judgment, when the parents give an account for the elevated manner in which they have reared their children.

Every Sunday afternoon take a carriage ride, and stop at the hotels or at the side of the road for refreshment. Do not let the old foggy prejudice against Sabbath-breaking dominate you. Have a membership in some club, where libertines go and tell about some of their victorious sins, and laugh as loud as any of them in derision at those who belong to the same sex as your mother and sister. Pitch your Bible overboard as old-fashioned, fit only for women and children. Read all the magazine articles that put Christianity at a disadvantage. And go to hear all the lecturers who malign Christ, and say that instead of being the mighty One he pretended to be, he was an impostor and the implanter of a great delusion. Go, at first out of curiosity, to see

all the houses of dissipation, and then go because you have felt the thrill of their fascination. Getting along splendidly, now! Let me see what further I can suggest in that direction. Become more defiant of all decency, more loud-mouthed in your atheism, more thoroughly alcoholized; and instead of the small stakes that will do well enough for games of chance in a lady's parlor, put up something worthy. Put up more—put up all you have. Well done! You have succeeded.

You have made a chain. The tobacco-habit one link, the rum-habit one link, infidelity another link, the impure club another link, Sabbath-desecration another link, uncleanness another link; and altogether you have made a chain. There is a chain on your hand, a chain on your foot, a chain on your tongue, and a chain on your soul. Some day you will wake up and you will say, "I'm tired of this, and I am going to get loose from this shackle." You pound away with the hammer of good resolution, but you cannot break the links. Your friends join you in a conspiracy of help, but they fall exhausted in the unavailing attempt. Now you begin again, with the writhing of a Laocoon, and the muscles are distended, and the great beads of perspiration dot your forehead, and your eyes stand out from their sockets, and with all the concentrated efforts of body, mind and soul you attempt to get loose, but you have only made the chain sink deeper. All the devils that encamp in the wine-flask, and the rum-jug, and the decanter (each one has a devil of its own), come out and sit around you and chatter. In the midnight you spring from your couch and cry, "I am fast. O God, let me loose! O, ye Powers of Darkness, let me loose! Father, mother, brothers and sisters, help me to get loose!" And you turn your prayer into blasphemy and your blasphemy into prayer, and to all the din and the uproar there is played an accompaniment—not an accompaniment by key or pedal, but an accompaniment of a rattle, and that rattle is the rattle of a *chain*. For five years, for ten years, for twenty years, you have been making a chain.

THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR.

But here I step higher, and I tell you that there is a power that can break any chain—chain of body, chain of mind, chain of soul. The fetters that the hammer of the Gospel has broken, if piled together, would make a mountain. The captives whom Christ has set free, if stood together, would make an army. Quicker than a ship chandler's

furnace ever melted a cable, quicker than any key ever unlocked a handcuff, quicker than the bayonets of the French revolutionists opened the Bastile, you may be liberated and made a free son or a free daughter of God. Make up your mind, and make it up quick! When the King of Sparta had crossed the Hellespont and was about to march through Thrace, he sent word to the people of the different regions, asking whether he should march through their country as a friend or as an enemy. "By all means as a friend," answered most of them. But the King of Macedon replied, "I will take time to consider it." "Then," said the King of Sparta, "let him consider it; but meantime we march, we march." So Christ, our King, gives us our choice between his friendship and his frown, and many of us have long been considering what we had better do. But meantime, He marches on, and our opportunities are marching by. And we shall be the loving subjects of his reign, or the victims of our own obduracy. So I urge upon you precipitancy, rather than slow deliberation, and I write all over your soul the words of Christ, that I saw inscribed on the monument of Princess Elizabeth, on the Isle of Wight—the words to which her index finger pointed, in the open Bible, when she was found dead in her bed, after a lifetime of trouble—"COME UNTO ME, ALL YE WHO ARE WEARY AND HEAVY LADEN, AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST." Is there a drunkard here? You may, by the Saviour's grace, have that fire of thirst utterly extinguished. Is there a defrauder here? You may be made a saint. Is there a libertine here? You may be made as pure as the light.

When a minister in an out-door meeting in Scotland was eulogizing goodness, there were hanging around on the edge of the audience some of the most depraved men and women. The minister said nothing about mercy to prodigals. One depraved woman cried out, "Your rope is not long enough for the like of us." Blessed be God, our Gospel can fathom the deepest depths, and reach the furthest wanderings, and here is a rope that is long enough to rescue the very worst—"whosoever will." But why take extreme cases, when we all have been, or are now, the captives of sin and death? We may, through the Great Emancipator, take a throne after dropping our shackles. You have looked on your hand and arm only as being useful, and a curious piece of anatomy; but there is something about your hand and arm that makes me think that they are only an undeveloped wing.

If you would like to know what possibilities are suggested by that, ask the eagle that has looked close into the eye of the noon-day sun ; or ask the albatross that has struck its claws into the black locks of the tempest ; or ask the condor that is this morning ascending up to the highest peak of Chimborazo. Your right hand and arm and you, left hand and arm are two undeveloped wings—better get ready for the empyrean.

“Rise my soul and stretch thy wing,
Thy better portion trace.”

There have been chains famous in history, such as fastened the prisoner of Chillon to the pillar,—into the staple of which I have thrust my hand,—on the isolated rock of Lake Geneva ; such as the chain which the Russian exile clanks, on his way to the mines of Siberia ; such as the chain which the captive Queen Zenobia wore, when brought into the presence of Aurelian. Aye, there have been races in chains, and nations in chains, and a world in chains. But thank God, the last one will be broken, and under the liberating power of the Omnipotent Gospel the chains shall fall from the last neck, and the last arm, and the last foot. But the shattered fetters shall all be gathered up again from the dungeons and the workhouses and the mines and the rivers and the fields, and they shall be welded again, and again strung, link to link, and polished and transformed, until this world, which has wandered off and been a recreant world, shall, by that chain, be lifted and hung to the throne of God—no longer bound by the iron chain of oppression, but by the golden chain of redeeming love. There let this old ransomed world swing forever. Roll on, ye years ! Roll on, ye days ! Roll on, ye hours, and hasten the glorious consummation !



GLUTTONY.

COMMON PEOPLE.

THE vast majority of people 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 John to unroll an Apocalypse. You will not be a Paul to preside over an apostolic college. You will not be a Mary to mother a Christ. You will more probably be Asyncritus, or Phlegon, or Hermas, or Patrobas, or Hermes, or Philologus, or Julia.

Many of you are women at the head of households. Every morning you plan for the day. The culinary department of the 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 to decide the thousand questions of home life, are 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 amid the criminals at Newgate. 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 to tell you that the divine friend of Mary and Martha is your friend, and that He sees all the annoyances and disappointments, and the abrasions 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 that 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 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.

BUSINESS MEN.

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 half a million, nor the 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 their average sale is less than fifty thousand dollars worth of goods. All these men in ordinary business life want divine help. You see how wrinkles are printing on their countenances the story of worryment 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 life's meridian. Many of these business men have bodies like a neglected clock, to which you come and 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. It is a neglected clock, and though by some summer recreation it may be wound up, still the machinery is all out of gear.

Post-mortem examination reveals the fact that all the springs, and pivots, and weights, and balance-wheels of health are completely deranged. The human clock is simply run down. And at the time when the steady hand ought to be pointing to the industrious hours on a clear and sunlit dial, the whole machinery of body, mind, and earthly

capacity stops forever. Greenwood has thousands of New York and Brooklyn business men who died of old age at thirty, thirty-five, forty, forty-five.

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, Hermes, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus, and Julia.

First of all, if you feel that you are ordinary, thank God that 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 in its orbit than ten comets shooting this way and that, imperilling the longevity of worlds that are attending to their own business. For steady illumination a lamp is better 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 roebuck 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 a candidate such a sense of serenity when he reads the blessed newspapers!

THE CURSE OF HIGH POSITION.

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—is represented under the figure of a monster called General Frost, who is 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, once wore a crown of thorns.

At an anniversary of a deaf and dumb asylum, one of the children wrote upon the blackboard words as sublime as the Iliad, the Odyssey, and the Divina Comedia, all compressed into 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?" The deaf and dumb girl wrote upon the blackboard, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The examiner said to her, "Why were you born deaf and 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.

STITCH, STITCH, STITCH.

History has told the story of the crown. The epic poet has sung of the sword. The pastoral poet, with his verses full of the redolence of clover-tops and rustling with the silk of the corn, has sung the praises of the plough. I sing the praises of the needle. From the fig-leaf of robes prepared in the Garden of Eden to the last stitch taken, the needle has wrought wonders of generosity, kindness, and benefaction. It adorned the girdle of the High Priest; it cushioned the chariot of King Solomon; it provided the robes of Queen Elizabeth, and in high places and in low places, by the fire of the pioneer's back log, and under the flash of the chandelier—everywhere it has clothed nakedness, it has preached the Gospel, it has overcome hosts of penury and want with the war-cry of "Stitch! stitch! stitch!"

Dorcas was a representative of all those women who make garments for the destitute, who knit socks for the barefooted, who prepare bandages for the lacerated, who fix up boxes of clothing for Western missionaries, who go into the asylums of the suffering and destitute, bearing that Gospel which is sight for the blind, and hearing for the



EARNEST WORK.

deaf, and which makes the lame man leap like a hart, and brings the dead to life, immortal health bounding in their pulses.

What a contrast between the practical benevolence of this woman and a great deal of the charity of this day! This woman did not spend her time idly planning how the poor of Joppa were to be relieved; she took her needle and relieved them. She was not like those persons who sympathize with imaginary sorrows, and go out in the street and laugh at the boy who has upset his basket of cold victuals; or like that charity which makes a rousing speech on the benevolent platform, and goes out to kick the beggar from the step, crying, "Hush your miserable howling!" The sufferers of the world want not so much theory as practice; not so much tears as dollars; not so much kind wishes as loaves of bread; not so much smiles as shoes; not so much "God bless you" as jackets and frocks.

I suppose you have read of the fact that when Josephine was carried out to her grave there were a great many men and women of pomp, and pride, and position, that went out after her; but I am most affected by the story of history, that on that day there were ten thousand of the poor of France who followed her coffin, weeping and wailing until the air rang again, because when they lost Josephine they lost their last earthly friend. Oh, who would not rather have such obsequies than all the tears that were ever poured in the lachrymals that have been exhumed from ancient cities?

There may be no mass for the dead; there may be no costly sarcophagus; there may be no elaborate mausoleum; but in the damp cellars of the city, and through the lonely huts of the mountain glen, there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, because Dorcas is dead. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Oh, yes, God has a sympathy with anybody that is in any kind of toil! He knows how heavy is the hod of bricks that the workman carries up the ladder of the wall; He hears the pickaxe of the miner down in the coal-shaft; He knows how strongly the tempest strikes the sailor at the masthead; He sees the factory girl among the spindles, and knows how her arms ache; He sees the sewing woman in the fourth story, and knows how few pence she gets for making a garment; and louder than all the din and roar of the city comes the voice of a sympathetic God.

A clergyman of the Universalist Church went into a neighborhood for the establishment of a church of his denomination, and he was anxious to find some one of that denomination, and he was pointed to a certain house, and went there. He said to the man of the house, "I understand you are a Universalist; I want you to help me in the enterprise." "Well," said the man, "I am a Universalist, but I have a peculiar kind of Universalism." "What is that?" asked the minister. "Well," replied the other, "I have been out in the world, and I have been cheated, and slandered, and outraged, and abused, until I believe in *universal damnation!*"

The great danger is that men will become cynical, and given to believe, as David was tempted to say, that "all men are liars." Now, if you have come across ill-treatment, let me tell you that you are in excellent company—Christ, and Luther, and Galileo, and Columbus, and John Jay, and Josiah Quincy, and thousands of men and women, the best spirits of earth and heaven. Budge not one inch, though all hell wreak upon you its vengeance, and you be made a target for devils to shoot at. Do you not think that Christ knows all about persecution? Was He not hissed at? Was He not struck on the cheek? Was He not pursued all the days of his life? Did they not expectorate upon Him? Or, to put it in Bible language, "They spit upon Him." And cannot He understand what persecution is? "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

"Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
 Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;
 Rest from sin promptings that ever entreat us;
 Rest from world sirens that lure us to ill.
 Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
 Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
 Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow,
 Work with a stout heart and resolute will!"

PICTURE-GALLERY OF THE STREET.

WE are all ready to listen to the voices of nature ; but how few of us learn anything from the voices of the noisy and dusty street? You go to your merchandise, and your mechanism, and your work, and you come back again—and often with an indifferent heart you pass through the streets. Are there no things for us to learn from these pavements over which we pass? Are there no tufts of truth growing up between these cobblestones, beaten with the feet of toil, and pain, and pleasure, the slow tread of old age, and the quick step of childhood? Aye, there are great harvests to be reaped ; and now I thrust in the sickle because the harvest is ripe. “Wisdom crieth without ; she uttereth her voice in the streets.”

LIFE FULL OF LABOR.

In the first place, the street impresses me with the fact that this life is a scene of toil and struggle. By ten o'clock every day the city is jarring with wheels, and shuffling with feet, and humming with voices, and covered with the breath of smokestacks, and a-rush with traffickers. Once in a while you find a man going along with folded arms and with leisurely step, as though he had nothing to do ; but for the most part, as you find men going down these streets on the way to business, there is anxiety in their faces, as though they had some errand which must be executed at the first possible moment. You are jostled by those who have bargains to make and notes to sell. Up this ladder with a hod of bricks, out of this bank with a roll of bills, on this dray with a load of goods, digging a cellar, or shingling a roof, or shoeing a horse, or building a wall, or mending a watch, or binding a book. Industry, with her thousand arms, and thousand eyes, and thousand feet, goes

on singing her song of "work! work! work!" while the mills drum it and the steam whistles fife it. All this is not because men love toil. Some one remarked, "Every man is as lazy as he can afford to be." It is because necessity, with stern brow and with uplifted whip, stands over them ready, whenever they relax their toil, to make their shoulders sting with the lash. Can it be that, passing up and down these streets on your way to work and business, you do not learn anything of the world's toil, and anxiety, and struggle? Oh, how many drooping hearts, how many eyes on the watch, how many miles traveled, how many burdens carried, how many losses incurred, how many battles fought, how many victories gained, how many defeats suffered, how many exasperations endured, what losses, what wretchedness, what pallor, what disease, what agony, what despair! Sometimes I have stopped at the corner of the street as the multitudes went hither and yon, and it has seemed to be a great pantomime. As I looked upon it my heart broke. This great tide of human life that goes down the street is a rapid, tossed and turned aside, and dashing ahead, and driven back—beautiful in its confusion, and confused in its beauty. In the carpeted aisles of the forest, in the woods from which the eternal shadow is never lifted, on the shore of the sea over whose iron coast tosses the tangled foam, sprinkling the cracked cliffs with a baptism of whirlwind and tempest, is the best place to study *God*; but in the rushing, swarming, raving street is the best place to study *man*. Going down to your place of business and coming home again, I charge you to look about, to see these signs of poverty, of wretchedness, of hunger, of sin, of bereavement—and as you go through the streets, and come back through the streets, to gather up in the arms of your prayer all the sorrow, all the losses, all the suffering, all the bereavements of those whom you pass, and present them in prayer before an all-sympathetic God. Then in the great day of eternity there will be thousands of persons, with whom you in this world never exchanged one word, who will rise up and call you blessed; and there will be a thousand fingers pointed at you in heaven, saying: "That is the man, that is the woman, who helped me when I was hungry, and sick, and wandering, and lost, and heart-broken. That is the man, that is the woman;" and the blessing will come down upon you as Christ shall say: "I was hungry and ye fed me, I was naked and ye clothed me, I was sick and in prison



VANITY.

and ye visited me ; inasmuch as ye did it to these poor waifs of the street, ye did it to me."

ALL CLASSES COMMINGLE.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that all classes and conditions of society must commingle. We sometimes cultivate a wicked exclusiveness. Intellect despises ignorance. Refinement will have nothing to do with boorishness. Gloves hate the sunburned hand, and the high forehead despises the flat head. The trim hedge-row will have nothing to do with the wild copsewood, and Athens hates Nazareth. This ought not to be. The astronomer must come down from his starry reverie, and help us in our navigation. The surgeon must come away from his study of the human organism, and set our broken bones. The chemist must come away from his laboratory, where he has been studying analysis and synthesis, and help us to understand the nature of the soils. I bless God that all classes of people are compelled to meet on the street. The glittering coach-wheel clashes against the scavenger's cart. Fine robes run against the peddler's pack. Robust health meets wan sickness. Honesty confronts fraud. Every class of people meets every other class. Independence and modesty, pride and humility, purity and beastliness, frankness and hypocrisy, meet in the same city, in the same street, on the same block. That is what Solomon meant when he said: "The rich and the poor meet together ; the Lord is the maker of them all." I like this democratic principle of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which recognizes the fact that we stand before God on one and the same platform. Do not take on any airs ; whatever position you have gained in society, you are nothing but a man, born of the same parent, regenerated by the same Spirit, cleansed in the same blood, to lie down in the same dust, to get up in the same resurrection. It is high time that we all acknowledged not only the Fatherhood of God, but the brotherhood of man.

STREET TEMPTATIONS.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a very hard thing for a man to keep his heart right and to get to heaven. Infinite temptations spring upon us from these places of public concourse. Amid so much affluence, how much temptation to covetousness and to discontent with our humble lot. Amid so many opportunities for overreaching, what temptation to extortion. Amid so much display, what

temptation to vanity. Amid so many saloons of strong drink, what allurements to dissipation. In the maelstrom of the street, how many make quick and eternal shipwreck. If a man-of-war comes back from a battle and is towed into the navy yard, we go down to look at the splintered spars and count the bullet holes, and look with patriotic admiration on the flag that floated in victory from the mast-head. But that man is more of a curiosity who has gone through thirty years of the sharp-shooting of business life, and yet sails on, victor over the temptations of the street. Oh, how many have gone down under the pressure, leaving not so much as a patch of canvas to tell where they perished! They never had any peace. Their dishonesties kept tolling in their ears. If I had an axe, and could split open the beams of that fine house, perhaps I would find in the very heart of it a skeleton. In its very best wine there is a smack of the poor man's sweat. Oh! is it strange that when a man has devoured widows' houses he is disturbed with indigestion? All the forces of nature are against him. The floods are ready to drown him, and the earthquake to swallow him, and the fires to consume him, and the lightnings to smite him. But the children of God are on every street, and in the day when the crowns of heaven are distributed, some of the brightest of them will be given to those men who were faithful to God and faithful to the souls of others amid the marts of business, proving themselves the heroes of the street. Mighty were their temptations, mighty was their deliverance, and mighty shall be their triumph.

THE SHAMS OF LIFE.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that life is full of pretension and sham. What subterfuge, what double dealing, what two-facedness! Do all people who wish you good morning really hope for you a happy day? Do all the people who shake hands love each other? Are all those anxious about your health who inquire concerning it? Do all want to see you who ask you to call? Does all the world know half as much as it pretends to know? Is there not many a wretched stock of goods with a brilliant show-window? Passing up and down these streets to your business and your work, are you not impressed with the fact that much of society is hollow, and that there are subterfuges and pretensions? Oh! how many there are who swagger and strut, and how few people who are natural and walk. While fops

simper, and fools chuckle, and simpletons giggle, how few people are natural and laugh. The courtesan and the libertine go down the street in beautiful apparel, while within the heart there are volcanoes of passion consuming their lives away. I say these things not to create in you incredulity or misanthropy, nor do I forget that there are thousands of people a great deal better than they seem; but I do not think any man is prepared for the conflicts of this life until he knows this particular peril. Ehud comes pretending to pay his tax to King Eglon, and while he stands in front of the king, stabs him through with a dagger until the haft goes in after the blade. Judas Iscariot kissed Christ.

A FIELD FOR CHARITY.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a great field for Christian charity. There are hunger and suffering, and want and wretchedness, in the country; but these evils chiefly congregate in our great cities. On every street crime prowls, and drunkenness staggers, and shame winks, and pauperism thrusts out its hand asking for alms. Here want is most squalid and hunger is most lean. A Christian man, going along a street in New York, saw a poor lad, and he stopped and said, "My boy, do you know how to read and write?" The boy made no answer. The man asked the question twice and thrice: "Can you read and write?" and then the boy answered, with a tear plashing on the back of his hand, in a tone of defiance: "No, sir; I can't read nor write, neither. God, sir, don't want me to read and write. Didn't He take away my father so long ago I never remember to have seen him? and haven't I had to go along the streets to get something to fetch home to eat for the folks? and didn't I, as soon as I could carry a basket, have to go out and pick up cinders, and never have no schooling, sir? God don't want me to read, sir; I can't read, nor write neither." Oh, these poor wanderers! They have no chance. Born in degradation, as they get up from their hands and knees to walk, they take their first step on the road to despair. Let us go forth in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to rescue them. If you are not willing to go forth yourself, then give of your means; and if you are too lazy to go, and if you are too stingy to help, then get out of the way, and hide yourself in the dens and caves of the earth, lest, when Christ's chariot comes along, the horses' hoofs trample you in the mire. Beware lest the thousands of the destitute of your city, in the last great day, rise up and curse your stupidity and your neglect.

HEROES AND HEROINES.

HISTORIANS are not slow to acknowledge the merits of great military chieftains. We have the full-length portraits of the Baldwins, the Cromwells, and the Marshal Neys of the world. History is not written in black ink, but with the red ink of human blood. The gods of human ambition did not drink from bowls made out of silver, or gold, or precious stones, but out of the bleached skulls of the fallen. But I wish to unroll before you a scroll of heroes whom the world has never acknowledged; who faced no guns, blew no bugle-blast, conquered no cities, chained no captives to their chariot-wheels, and yet, in the great day of eternity, will stand higher than those whose names startled the nations, while seraph and rapt spirit and archangel will tell their deeds to a listening universe. I mean the heroes of common, every-day life.

SICK-ROOM HEROES.

In this roll may be placed all the heroes of the *sick-room*. When Satan had failed to overcome Job, he said to God, "Put forth thy hand and touch his bone and flesh, and he will curse thee to thy face." Satan had found out what we have all found out, that sickness is the greatest test of character. A man who can stand that can stand anything:—to be shut in a room as fast as though it were a Bastille; to be so nervous that you cannot endure the tap of a child's foot; to have luxuriant fruit, which tempts the appetite of the robust and healthy, excite your loathing and disgust when it appears on the platter; to have the rapier of pain strike through the side or across the temples like a razor; or to put the foot into a vise; or to throw the whole body into the blaze of a fever. Yet there have been men and women, but more women than men, who have cheerfully endured this hardness.

Through years of exhausting rheumatisms and excruciating neuralgias they have gone; and through bodily distresses that rasped the nerves, and tore the muscles, and paled the cheeks, and stooped the shoulders. By the dim light of the sick-room taper they saw on their wall the picture of that land where the people are never sick. Through the dead silence of the night they heard the chorus of the angels.

Those who suffered on the battle-field, amid shot and shell, were not so much heroes and heroines as those who in the field-hospital and in the asylum had fevers which no ice could cool and no surgeon could cure. No shout of comrade to cheer them, but numbness and aching and homesickness—yet willing to suffer, confident in God, hopeful of heaven. Heroes of rheumatism, heroes of neuralgia, heroes of spinal complaint, heroes of sick headache, heroes of life-long invalidism, heroes and heroines, they shall reign forever and forever. Hark! I catch just one note of the eternal anthem, "There shall be no more pain." Bless God for that!

DOMESTIC HEROES.

In this roll I find the heroes who have uncomplainingly endured *domestic injustice*. There are men who for their toil and anxiety have no sympathy in their homes. Exhausting application to business gets them a livelihood, but an unfrugal wife scatters it. The husband is fretted at from the moment he enters the door until he goes out of it—the exasperations of business life augmented by the exasperations of domestic life. Such men are laughed at, but they have a heart-breaking trouble, and they would have long ago gone into appalling dissipation but for the grace of God. Society to-day is strewn with the wrecks of men who under the northeast storm of domestic infelicity have been driven on the rocks. There are tens of thousands of drunkards in this country to-day who were made such by their wives. That is not poetry; that is prose.

But the wrong is generally in the opposite direction. You would not have to go far to find a wife whose life is a perpetual martyrdom—suffering from something heavier than a stroke of the fist—unkind words, staggerings home at midnight, and constant maltreatment, which have left her only a wreck of what she was on that day when, in the midst of a brilliant assemblage, the vows were taken, and the full organ

played the wedding march, and the carriage rolled away with the benediction of the people.

What was the burning of Latimer and Ridley at the stake compared with this? Those men soon became unconscious in the fire, but here is a fifty years' martyrdom, a fifty years' putting to death, yet borne uncomplainingly. No bitter words when rollicking companions at two o'clock in the morning pitch the husband, dead drunk, on the stoop; no bitter words when wiping from the swollen brow the blood struck out in a midnight carousal, or bending over the battered and bruised form of him who, when he took her from her father's home, promised love and kindness and protection; nothing but sympathy, and prayers, and forgiveness before it is asked. No bitter words when the family Bible goes for rum, and the pawnbroker's shop gets the last decent dress.

PHILANTHROPIC HEROES.

I find also in this roll the heroes of *Christian charity*. We all admire the George Peabodys and the James Lenoxes of the earth, who give tens and hundreds of thousands of dollars to good objects. When Moses H. Grinnell was buried, the most significant thing about the ceremonies was that there was no sermon and no oration; a plain hymn, a prayer, and a benediction. "Well," I said, "that is very beautiful." All Christendom pronounces the eulogium of Moses H. Grinnell and the icebergs that stand as monuments to Franklin and his men, will stand as the monument of this great merchant, and the sunlight that plays upon the glittering cliff will write his epitaph.

You have all seen or heard of the ruin of Melrose Abbey. I suppose in some respects it is the most exquisite ruin on earth. And yet, looking at it, I was not so impressed—you may set it down to bad taste—but I was not so deeply stirred as I was at a tombstone at the foot of that abbey—the tombstone planted by Walter Scott over the grave of an old man who had served him for a good many years in his house—the inscription most significant, for I defy any man to stand there and read without tears coming into his eyes the epitaph, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Oh, when our work is over, will it be found that because of anything we have done for God, or the Church, or suffering humanity, such an inscription is appropriate for us? God grant it!



REMEMBER THE POOR.

Do not envy any man his money, or his applause, or his social position. Do not envy any woman her wardrobe, or her exquisite appearance. Be the hero or the heroine. If there be no flour in the house, and you do not know where your children are to get bread, listen, and you will hear something tapping against the window-pane. Go to the window, and you will find it is the beak of a raven; and open the window, and there will fly in the messenger that fed Elijah.



“HIM THAT OVERCOMETH.”

Do you think that the God who grows the cotton of the South will let you freeze for lack of clothes? Do you think that the God who allowed the disciples on Sunday morning to go into the grain-field, and then take the grain and eat, will let you starve? Did you ever hear the experience of that old man: “I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread”? Get up out of your discouragement, O troubled soul, O sewing woman, O man kicked and cuffed by unjust employers, O ye

who are hard bestead in the battle of life and know not which way to turn, O you bereft one, O you sick one with complaints you have told to no one! Come and get the comfort of this subject. Listen to our great Captain's cheer: "To him that overcometh, will I give to eat of the fruit of the tree of life which is in the midst of the paradise of God."

NO REST HERE.

The great of earth have their woes as well as the small. Triumph is the near neighbor of disgrace; victory may be the herald of defeat. The very world that now applauds will soon hiss. That world said of the great Webster: "What a statesman! What wonderful exposition of the Constitution! A man fit for any place or position!" That same world said afterwards: "Down with him! He is an office-seeker! He is a sot! He is a libertine! Away with him!"

While Charles Mathews was performing in London before immense audiences, one day a worn-out and gloomy man came into a doctor's shop, saying, "Doctor, what can you do for me?" The doctor examined his case and said, "My advice is that you go and see Charles Mathews." "Alas! alas!" said the man, "I myself am Charles Mathews."

Jeffrey thought that if he could only be judge, that would be the making of him; he got to be judge, and cursed the day in which he was born. Alexander wanted to submerge the world with his greatness; he submerged it, and then drank himself to death because he could not stand the trouble. Burns thought he would give every thing if he could win the favor of courts and princes; he won it, and, amid the shouts of a great entertainment, when poets, and orators, and duchesses were adoring his genius, he wished that he could creep back into the obscurity in which he dwelt on the day when he wrote of the

"Daisy, wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower."

Napoleon wanted to make all Europe tremble at his power; he made it tremble, then died, his entire military achievements dwindling down to a pair of military boots which he insisted on having on his feet when dying. At Versailles I saw a picture of Napoleon in his triumph. I went into another room and saw a bust of Napoleon as he appeared at St. Helena; but oh, what grief and anguish in the face of the latter! The first was Napoleon in triumph, the last was Napoleon with his

heart broken. How they laughed and cried when silver-tongued Sheridan, in the mid-day of prosperity, harangued the people of Britain, and how they howled at and execrated him when, outside of the room where his corpse lay, his creditors tried to get his miserable bones and sell them !

No rest for the flowers ; they fade. No rest for the stars ; they die. No rest for man ; he must work, toil, suffer, and slave.

HEAVENLY RECOGNITION.

Only in heaven shall the true hero gain full recognition for his deeds. There 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 how each world shows its distinct glory. It is not like the conflagration, in which you cannot 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 graveyard in Richmond, and you will find there six thousand graves, over each one of which is the inscription, “ *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.

THE SACRED BATTLE-FIELD.

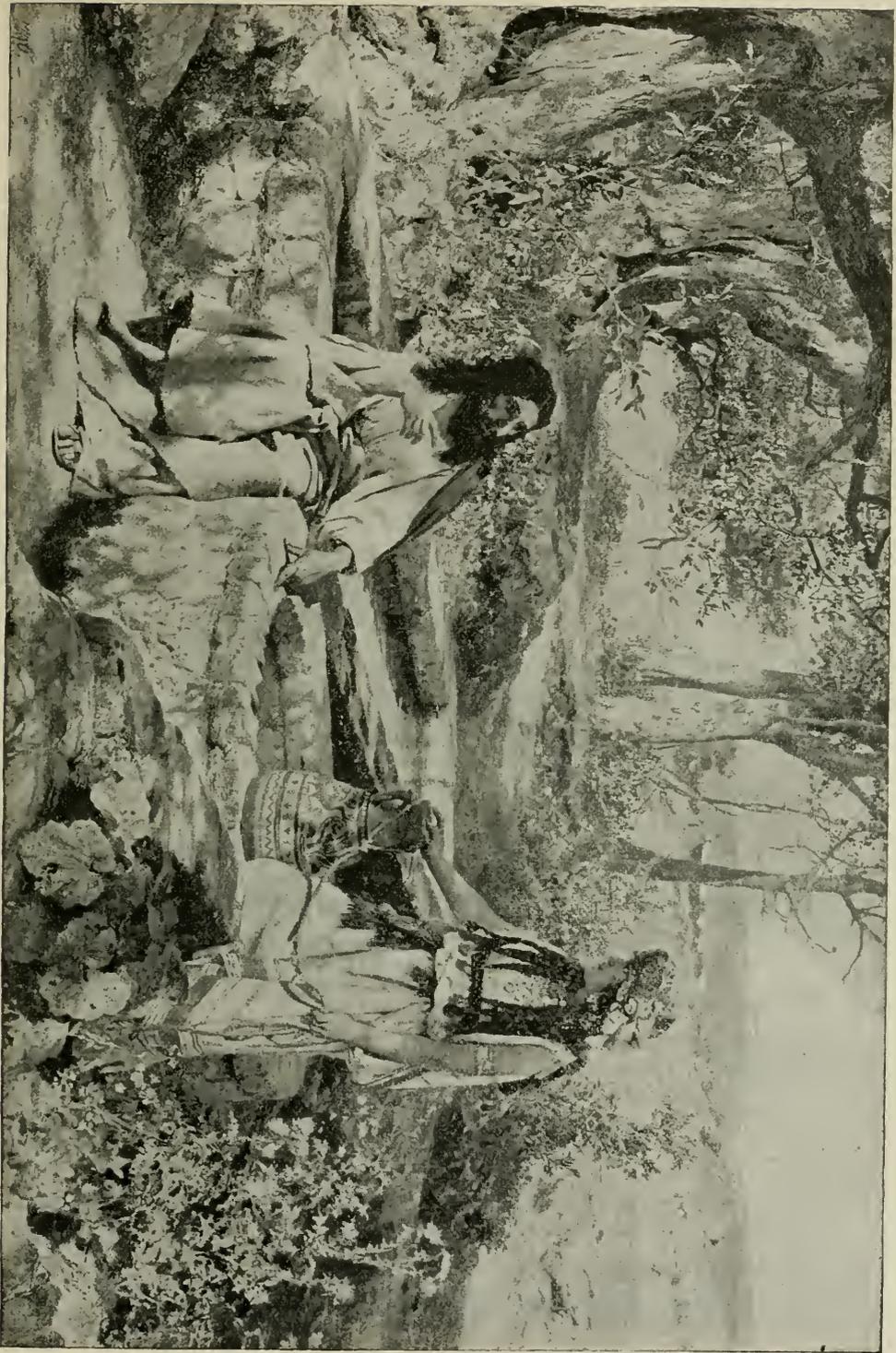
NIGHT after night we have slept in tents in Palestine. There are large villages of Bedouins without a house, and for three thousand years the people of those places have lived in black tents, made out of dyed skins ; and when the wind and storms wore out and tore loose those coverings, others of the same kind took their places.

In our tent in Palestine to-night I hear something I never heard before and hope never to hear again. It is the voice of a hyena amid the rocks near by. When you may have seen this monster putting his mouth between the iron bars of a menagerie, he is a captive and he gives a humiliated and suppressed cry. But yonder in the midnight on a throne of rocks he has nothing to fear, and he utters himself in a loud, resounding, terrific, almost supernatural sound, splitting up the darkness into a deeper midnight. It begins with a howl and ends with a sound something like a horse's whinny. In the hyena's voice are defiance and strength and blood-thirstiness and crunch of broken bones and death.

I am glad to say that for the most part Palestine is clear of beasts of prey. The leopards, which Jeremiah says cannot change their spots, have all disappeared, and the lions, that once were common all through this land and used by all the prophets for illustrations of cruelty and wrath, have retreated before the discharges of gunpowder, of which they have an indescribable fear. But for the most part Palestine is what it originally was.

JACOB'S WELL.

Here we found ourselves at Jacob's well, the most famous well in history, most distinguished for two things—because it belonged to the old patriarch after whom it was named, and for the wonderful things



JESUS AND THE SAMARITAN.

which Christ said, seated on this well curb, to the Samaritan woman. We dismounted from our horses in a drizzling rain, and our dragoman, climbing up to the well over the slippery stones, stumbled and frightened us all by nearly falling into it. I measured the well at the top and found it six feet from edge to edge. Some grass and weeds and thorny growths overhung it. In one place the roof was broken through. Large stones embanked the wall on all sides. Our dragoman took pebbles and dropped them in, and, from the time it took after they left his hand to the instant they clicked on the bottom, you could hear it was deep, though not as deep as it once was, for every day travelers are applying the same test; and though in the time of Maundrell, the traveler, the well was 165 feet deep, now it is only 75.

But why did Jacob make a reservoir there when there was plenty of water all around; an abundance of springs and fountains, and seemingly no need of that reservoir? Why did Jacob go to the vast expense of boring and digging a well perhaps 200 feet deep as first completed, when, by going a little way off, he could have had water from other fountains at little or no expense? Ah, Jacob was wise. He wanted his own well. Quarrels and wars might arise with other tribes and the supply of water might be cut off; so the shovels and pick-axes and boring instruments were ordered, and the well of nearly four thousand years ago was sunk through the solid rock.

A MORAL LESSON.

When Jacob thus wisely insisted on having his own well he taught us not to be unnecessarily dependent on others. Have independence of business character; independence of moral character; independence of religious character. Have your own well of grace, your own well of courage, your own well of divine supply. If you are an invalid, you have a right to be dependent on others. But if God has given you good health, common-sense, and two eyes, and two ears, and two hands, and two feet, He has equipped you for independence of all the universe except Himself.

But we must, this afternoon, our last day before reaching Nazareth, pitch our tent on the most famous battle-field of all time—the plain of Esdraelon. What must have been the feelings of the Prince of Peace as he crossed it on the way from Jerusalem to Nazareth! Not a flower blooms there but has in its veins the inherited blood of flowers

that drank the blood of fallen armies. Hardly a foot of the ground that has not at some time been gullied with war chariots or trampled with the hoofs of cavalry. It is a plain reaching from the Mediterranean to the Jordan. Upon it look down the mountains of Tabor and Gilboa and Carmel. Through it rages at certain seasons the river Kishon which swept down the armies of Sisera, the battle occurring in November, when there is almost always a shower of meteors, so that "the stars in their courses" were said to have fought against Sisera. Through this plain drove Jehu, and the iron chariots of the Canaanites, scythed at the hubs of the wheels, hewing down, in their awful swathes of death, thousands in a minute. The Syrian armies, the Turkish armies, the Egyptian armies, again and again trampled it. There have careered across it David and Joshua and Godfrey and Richard Cœur de Lion and Baldwin and Saladin. It is famous not only for its past, but because the Bible says the great decisive battle of the world will be fought there—the battle of Armageddon.

OLD BATTLE-FIELDS.

To me the plain was the more absorbing because of the desperate battles fought here and in regions round in which the Holy Cross, the very two pieces of wood on which Jesus was supposed to have been crucified, was carried as a standard at the head of the Christian host; and that night, on closing my eyes in my tent on the plain of Esdraelon—for there are some things we can see better with eyes shut than open—the scenes of that ancient war came before me. The twelfth century was closing and Saladin at the head of eighty thousand mounted troops was crying, "Ho for Jerusalem! Ho for all Palestine!" and before them everything went down, but not without unparalleled resistance. In one place one hundred and thirty Christians were surrounded by many thousands of furious Mohammedans. For one whole day the one hundred and thirty held out against these thousands. Tennyson's "six hundred," when "some one had blundered," were eclipsed by these one hundred and thirty fighting for the Holy Cross. They took hold of the lances which had pierced them with death wounds, and pulling them out of their own breasts and sides hurled them back again at the enemy. On went the fight until all but one Christian had fallen, and he, mounted on the last horse, wielded

his battle-axe right and left till his horse fell under the plunge of the javelins, and the rider, making the sign of the cross toward the sky, gave up his life on the point of a score of spears.

But soon after, the last battle came. History portrays it, poetry chants it, painting colors it, and all ages admire that last struggle to keep in possession the wooden cross on which Jesus was said to have expired. It was a battle in which mingled the fury of devils and the grandeur of angels. Thousands of dead Christians on this side—thousands of dead Mohammedans on the other side. The battle was



A SARACEN CHARGE.

hottest close around the wooden cross upheld by the Bishop of Ptolemais, himself wounded and dying. And when the Bishop of Ptolemais dropped dead, the Bishop of Lydda seized the cross and again lifted it, carrying it onward into a wilder and fiercer fight, where sword clashed against javelin, battle-axe upon helmet, and piercing spear against splintering shield. Horses and men tumbled into heterogeneous death. Now the wooden cross, on which the armies of Christians had kept their eye, began to waver, began to descend. It

fell ! and the wailing of the Christian host at its disappearance drowned the huzzah of the victorious Moslems.

THE TRUE CROSS.

But that standard of the cross only *seemed* to fall. It rides the sky to day in triumph. Five hundred million souls, the mightiest army of the ages, are following it, and where that goes they will go, across the earth and up the mighty steeps of the heavens. In the twelfth century it seemed to go down, but in the nineteenth century it is the mightiest symbol of glory and triumph, and means more than any other standard, whether inscribed with eagle, or lion, or bear, or star, or crescent. That which Saladin trampled on the plain of Esdraelon, I lift to-day for your marshalling. The cross ! The cross ! The foot of it planted in the earth it saves, the top of it pointing to the heavens to which it will take you, and the outspread beam of it like outstretched arms of invitation to all nations. Kneel at its foot ! Lift your eye to its victim ! Swear eternal allegiance to its power ! And as that mighty symbol of pain and triumph is kept before us, we will realize how insignificant are the little crosses we are called to bear, and will more cheerfully carry them.

THE CURSE OF STRONG DRINK.

WHILE we must confess that some of the ancient arts have been lost, yet the Christian era is superior to all others in the bad eminence of whiskey and rum and gin. The modern drunk is a hundred-fold worse than the ancient drunk. Noah in his intoxication became imbecile, but the victims of modern alcoholism have to struggle with whole menageries of wild beasts and jungles of hissing serpents and perditions of blaspheming demons. An arch-fiend arrived in our world, and built here an invisible cauldron of temptation. He built that cauldron strong and stout for all ages and all nations. First he squeezed into it the juices of the forbidden fruit of Paradise. Then he gathered for it a distillation from the harvest fields and the orchards of the hemispheres. Then he poured into this cauldron capsicum, and copperas, and logwood, and deadly nightshade, and assault and battery, and vitriol, and opium, and rum, and murder, and sulphuric acid, and theft, and potash, and cochineal, and red carrots, and poverty, and death, and hops. But it was a dry compound and must be moistened and liquefied, so the arch-fiend poured into the cauldron the tears of centuries of orphanage and widowhood, and the blood of twenty thousand assassinations. Then he took a shovel that he had brought up from the furnaces of his dominion below, and he thrust that shovel into the great cauldron and began to stir, and the cauldron began to heave, and rock, and boil, and sputter, and hiss, and smoke, while the nations gathered around it with cups and tankards and demijohns and kegs. There was enough for all, and the arch-fiend cried, with satanic exultation:

“Aha! champion fiend am I! Who has done more than I have for the filling of coffins and graveyards and prisons and insane asylums, and the populating of the lost world? And when this cauldron is emptied I'll fill it again, and stir it again, and it will smoke again, and

that smoke shall join another smoke—the smoke of a torment that ascendeth forever and ever. I drove fifty ships on the rocks of Newfoundland, and on the Skerries and the Goodwins. I defeated the Northern army at Fredericksburg. I have ruined more senators than will gather next winter in the national councils. I have ruined more lords than will be gathered in the House of Peers. The cup out of which I ordinarily drink is a bleached human skull, and the upholstery of my palace is of the rich crimson hue of human gore, and the mosaic of my floors is made up of the bones of children dashed to death by drunken parents, and my favorite music—sweeter than *Te Deum* or triumphal march—is the cry of daughters turned out at midnight on the street because father has come home drunk from the carousal, and the seven-hundred-voiced shriek of the steamer that sank because the captain was not himself when he put the ship on the wrong course. Champion fiend am I! I have kindled more fires, I have wrung out more agonies, I have stretched out more midnight shadows, I have opened more Golgothas, I have rolled more Juggernauts, I have damned more souls, than any other emissary of diabolism. Champion fiend am I!’

THE DRUNKARD’S WILL.

I call your attention to the fact that there are thousands of people born with a thirst for strong drink—a fact too often ignored. Along some ancestral lines there runs a river of temptation. There are children whose swaddling clothes are torn off the shroud of death. Many a father has made a will of this sort: “In the name of God, amen. I bequeath to my children my houses and lands and estates; share and share shall they alike. Hereto I affix my hand and seal in the presence of witnesses.” And yet, perhaps that very man has made another will which the people have never read, and which has not been proved in the courts. That will, put in writing, would read something like this: “In the name of disease and appetite and death, amen. I bequeath to my children my evil habits. My tankards shall be theirs, my wine-cup shall be theirs, my destroyed reputation shall be theirs. Share and share alike I bequeath them my infamy. Hereto I affix my hand and seal in the presence of all the applauding harpies of hell.”

THE NATIONAL MENACE.

Is the evil of drink a State evil, or is it a National evil? Does it belong to the North, or to the South? Does it belong to the East, or

to the West? Ah! there is not an American river into which its tears have not fallen, and into which its suicides have not plunged. What ruined that Southern plantation of which every field was once a fortune, and the proprietor and his family the most affluent supporters of summer watering-places? What threw that New England farm into decay, and turned the roseate cheeks that bloomed at the foot of the Green Mountains into the pallor of despair? What has smitten every street of every village, town and city of this continent with a moral pestilence? Strong drink.

To prove that this is a national evil, I call up three States in opposite directions—Maine, Iowa and Georgia. Let them testify in regard to this. The State of Maine says, "It is so great an evil up here that we have anathematized it as a State. The State of Iowa says, "It is so great an evil out here that we have prohibited it by constitutional amendment." The State of Georgia says, "It is so great an evil down here that ninety counties of this State have made the sale of intoxicating drink a criminality." So the word comes up from all sources, and it is going to be a Waterloo, and I want all to know on what side I am going to be when that Waterloo is fully come, and I want all to be on the right side. Either drunkenness will be destroyed in this country, or the American Government will be destroyed. There can be no compromise. Drunkenness and free institutions are coming into a death grapple.

THE RUM FIEND'S CURSE.

O Death! how lovely thou art to *her*, the drunkard's wife, and how soft and warm thy skeleton hand! The sepulcher at midnight in winter is a king's drawing-room compared with *that woman's home*. It is not so much the blow on the head that hurts as the blow on the heart! The rum fiend came to the door of that beautiful home, and opened it, and stood there, crying with blasting breath: "I curse this dwelling with an unrelenting curse! I curse this father into a maniac! I curse this mother into a pauper! I curse these sons into vagabonds! I curse these daughters into profligacy! Cursed be bread-tray and cradle! Cursed be couch and chair and family Bible, with record of marriages and births and deaths! Curse upon curse!"

Oh, how many wives are there waiting to see if something cannot be **done** to shake these frosts of the second death off the orange blossoms! Yea, God is waiting, the God who works through human

instrumentalities, waiting to see whether this nation is going to overthrow this evil ; and if it refuse to do so, God will wipe out this nation as he did Phœnicia, as he did Rome, as he did Thebes, as he did Babylon. Aye, he is waiting to see what the church of God will do. If the church does not do its work, then he will wipe it out as he did the church of Ephesus, the church of Thyatira, the church of Sardis. The Protestant and Roman Catholic churches to-day stand side by side with an impotent look, gazing on an evil which costs this country more than a billion dollars a year, to take care of the 800,000 paupers, and the 315,000 criminals, and the 30,000 idiots, and to bury the 75,000 drunkards, which form the abundant harvest of rum.

PARTY SERVILITY.

Put on your spectacles and take a candle and examine the platforms of the two leading political parties of this country, and see what they are doing for the arrest of this evil, and for the overthrow of this abomination. *Resolutions*—oh yes, resolutions about *Mormonism* ! It is safe to attack that organized nastiness 2,000 miles away. But not one resolution against drunkenness, which threatens to turn this entire nation into one bestial Salt Lake City. Resolutions against *political corruption*, but not one word about drunkenness, which would rot this nation from scalp to heel. Resolutions about *protection* against competition with foreign industries, but not one word about protection of family and church and nation against the scalding, blasting, all-consuming, damning tariff of strong drink, which is put upon every financial, individual, spiritual, moral and national interest of our land. The Democratic party was in power for the most of the time for forty years—what did that national party do for the extirpation of this evil? Nothing, absolutely nothing, appallingly nothing. The Republican party has been in power for about a quarter of a century—what has it done as a national party to extirpate this evil? Nothing, absolutely nothing, appallingly nothing. We must look in another direction, for here there is no promise of redress.

DUTY OF THE CHURCH.

The Church of God is the grandest and most glorious institution on earth. What has it in solid phalanx accomplished for the overthrow of drunkenness? Have its forces ever been marshalled? No, not in this direction, not for this work. Yet if the 17,000,000 professors

of religion should take sides on this subject, it would not be very long before the destiny of this nation would be decided, and rum cease to reign in our councils and in our homes.

The Church holds the balance of power in America ; and if Christian people—the men and the women who profess to love the Lord Jesus Christ, and to love purity, and to be the sworn enemies of all uncleanness and debauchery and sin—if all such would march side by side and shoulder to shoulder, this evil would soon be overthrown. Think of 300,000 churches and Sunday-schools in Christendom, marching shoulder to shoulder ! How very short a time it would take them to put down this evil, if all the churches of God—trans-Atlantic and cis-Atlantic—were armed for this grand work !

Young men of America, pass over into the army of teetotalism. Shall whiskey, good to preserve corpses, turn you into corpses ? Yet tens of thousands of young men have been dragged out of respectability, and out of purity, and out of good character, and into darkness, by this infernal stuff called strong drink ! Do not touch it then ; do not taste it ; for its touch is ruin, its taste is death.

THE BALLOT-BOX.

LOOK at it—the sacred chest of the ancients—about five feet long, three feet wide, and three feet high, within and without of gold, and on the top of it representations of two angels facing each other with outspread wings. The book of the law and many precious things were in that box. The fate of the nation was in it. Carried at the head of the host, in the presence of that box the waters of the Jordan parted. A costly, precious, divinely charged, momentous box was that.

Unholy hands must be kept off from it. It was generally called the ark of the covenant, but you will understand that it was a box, the most precious box of the ages. Where is it now? Gone forever. No crypt of ancient church, no museum of the world, has a fragment of it. But is not this nation God's chosen people? Have we not been brought through the Red Sea? Have we not been led with the pillar of fire by night? Have we no ark of the covenant? Yes. The ballot-box is our sacred chest.

THE ARK OF THE AMERICAN COVENANT.

The law is in this box. The will of God and the will of man are in it. The fate of the nation is in it. Carried before our host, the waters of national trouble part. Its fate is the fate of the American Government. On election day, ten million men may uncover their heads in its presence. Mighty ark of the American covenant, thou ballot-box of a free people!

It is a very *old* box. In Athens, and long before the art of printing was known, the people dropped pebbles into it, expressive of their will. After that, beans were dropped into it—white beans for the affirmative, black beans for the negative; but, as through that process

it was easy to see which way a man voted, the election sometimes took place by night. If a man was to be voted out of citizenship, or, as you would say, ostracized, his name was put upon a shell and the shell was dropped into the box. In Parliament, O'Connell and Grote and Macaulay and Cobden and Gladstone fought for the full introduction of the ballot-box, and in 1872 it became one of the fastnesses of the English nation.

The ballot-box is one of the corner-stones of our American institutions. It is older than the Constitution. Tell me what will become of it, and I will tell you what will become of the American Government. What a change of feeling in regard to it has arisen since Sidney Smith shot his keenest shafts of ridicule at it, and William Cobbett felt called upon to answer thirty-eight objections to its existence! Without the ballot-box there can be no free institutions, and there can be no permanent peace. Give the people every year, or every four years, an opportunity of expressing their political preferences, and for the most part you avoid insurrection and revolution. If they cannot have the vote they will have the sword.

When John Milton was visiting in Italy, he noticed that the gardeners and farmers were cultivating the side of Mount Vesuvius while the volcano was in eruption, and he asked them if they found it safe to do so. "Oh, yes," they said, "the danger and the alarm are before the eruption takes place; then there is earthquake and terror all through the country; but after the lava begins to pour forth, all the people feel relieved." It is the suppression of the popular will that makes moral earthquake, political earthquake. Give the people full expression through the ballot-box and there is national relief, national satisfaction. The ballot-box has many mighty foes. As a christian patriot, I will now enumerate some of those terrible enemies.

IGNORANCE.

In the first place, *ignorance*. Other things being equal, in proportion as a man is intelligent, is he qualified for the right of suffrage. You have for ten, twenty, thirty years been studying American institutions through all the channels of information. You have become acquainted with the needs of our country. You know all that has been said on both sides of the tariff question, the Chinese question, the educational question, the sectional question, and you have made up your mind.

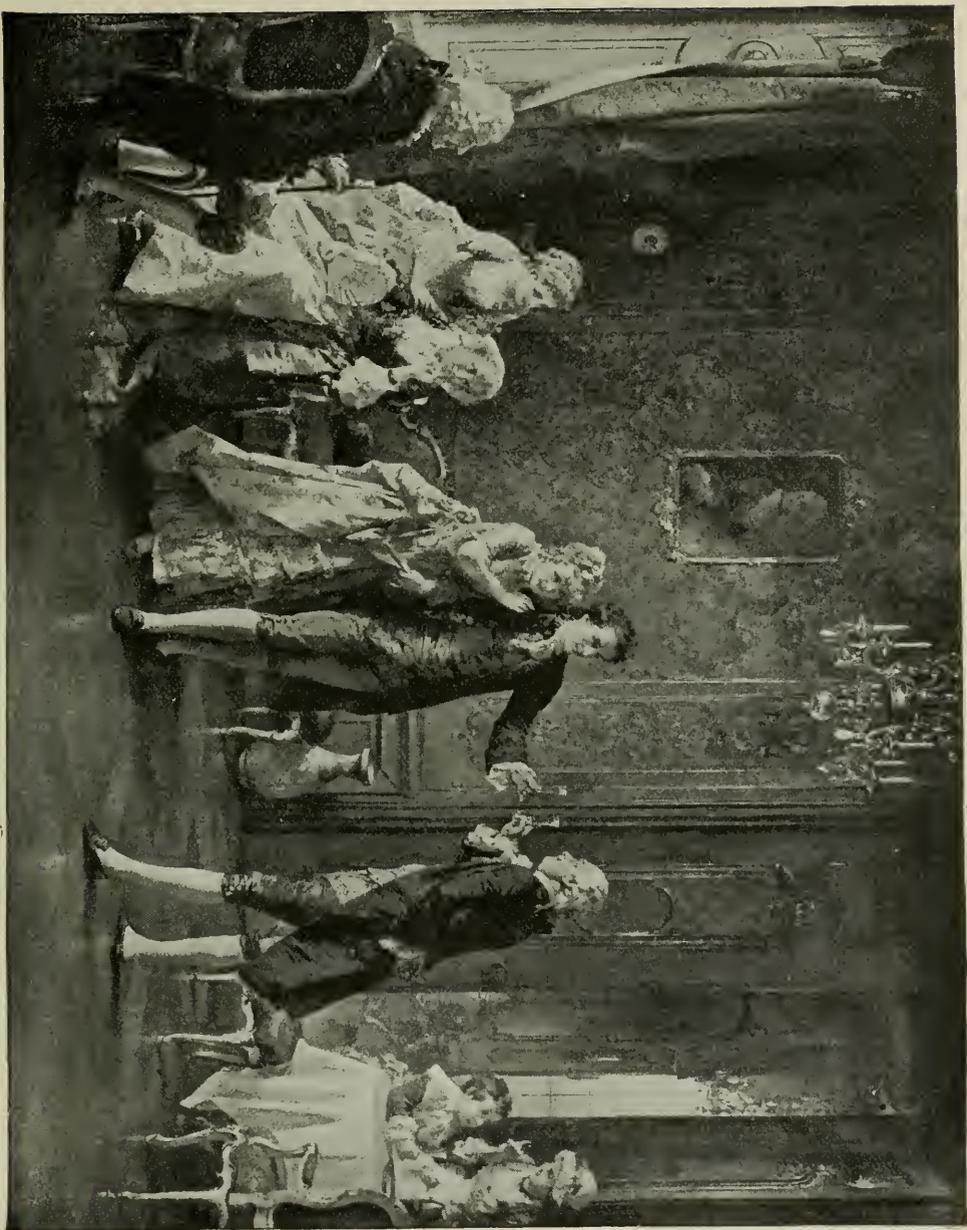
On election day I see you coming down off your front steps. I say, "Good-morning, neighbor; hope you are all well to-day. Which way are you bound?" You say, "I am going to vote." You take your position in the line of electors, you wait your turn, you come up, the judge of election announces your name, your ballot is deposited, you pass out. *Well done!*

But right behind you comes a man who cannot spell "president," or "controller," or "attorney." He cannot write his own name, or if he does write it—if he can write at all—he makes a small "i" for the pronoun of the first person, which, while very descriptive of his limited capacity, is very hard on good orthography. He cannot tell you on which side of the Alleghany Mountains Ohio is situated. There are educated canary birds and educated horses which have more intelligence than he. He puts in his vote for the opposite candidate, and he cancels your vote. His ignorance weighs as much as your intelligence. That is not right; everybody says that is not right.

How shall we correct this evil? By laws of compulsory education well executed. Until a man can read the Declaration of American Independence, and the Constitution of the United States, and the first chapter of Genesis, and write a petition for citizenship with his own hand, and calculate how much is the interest of the United States debt, and tell the difference between a republic, a limited monarchy, and a despotism, he is not fit to vote at any polls between Key West and Alaska. Time was when there may have been an excuse for ignorance, but there is none in this day, when the common school makes knowledge as free as the fresh air of Heaven.

In 1872, in England, there were two million seven hundred thousand children who ought to have been in school, but there were in school only one million three hundred and thirty-three thousand six hundred—about fifty per cent. And of all those who were in school, not more than five per cent. got anything worthy of the name of education. Much of this foreign ignorance is added to our American ignorance, and every year tens of thousands cast their votes who have no more qualification to do so than they would have qualification to lecture on astronomy.

Now, I go for a law which, after it has given a sufficient number of years of warning, shall make ignorance a crime. I go for a law which would place a board of examination side by side with the officers



TEMPTATION.

of registration, to decide whether a man has enough intelligence to become one of the monarchs who shall decide the destiny of this Republic.

SPURIOUS VOTING.

Another powerful enemy of the ballot-box is *spurious voting*. What a grand thing is the law of registration! Without it election day would be a farce; but how sad is the condition of things when in nearly every State each party charges upon the other the outrage of the ballot-box. The law needs a keener twist for the neck of the repeaters. They need something more than a slight fine and a short imprisonment. They are attempting the assassination of this Republic. In olden times, when men with unholy hands touched the ark of the covenant, they dropped dead. Witness Uzza. And when men through spurious voting lay unholy hands on the sacred chest—the ark of the American covenant—they deserve extermination!

INTIMIDATION.

Another powerful foe of the ballot-box is *intimidation*. There are corporations which compel their employees to vote as they, the head, wish them. In a delicate and skillful way they simply intimate to their men that if they do not vote as the employers vote, they will be frozen out of the establishment. There are thousands of such places. You can go to villages where there are factories, where, if you find out the political sentiment of the men who own the factories, you can tell how the election will go. Now, that is damnable!

When an employee does his work well, and gives you full equivalent in toil for what you pay him in wages, you have no right to expect any more of him. He sells you his work. He does not sell you his political or his religious principles. Yet you are too wise to say, "You did not vote as I wanted you to vote, now I discharge you." You call him in some day and find fault with his work, and you tell him that you have an uncle, or an aunt, a cousin, or a niece, or a nephew who will need to have his situation! But *he* knows why you discharge him, and *God* knows. You are not fit for American citizenship.

There must be on the ark of the covenant—the sacred chest—no shadow of corporate or capitalistic intimidation. I am not surprised at the vehemence of Lord Chief Justice Holt, of England, when he says:

“Let the people vote fairly. Interference with a man’s vote is in behalf of this or the other party. If such cases come before me to be tried, I shall charge the jury to make the offender pay well for it.”

BRIBERY.

Another powerful foe of the ballot-box is *bribery*. I do not know which party raises the most money for this shameful purpose, but I can safely say that bribery is the disgrace of American institutions. It is often the case that men are nominated for office with reference to the amount of money of their own which they can put into the contest, or the amount of money which they can command from their friends. Senators and Congressmen and Governors buy their way into office! I tell you no news in this respect. Your own patriotic hearts have been pained with it.

It is often the case that the bribe comes in the form of official position. “Wheel your eloquence to my side, and when I get to be President I will make you Secretary of State, or you shall be Postmaster-General or Minister to England. Wheel your eloquence to my side, and when I get to be Governor you shall be Surveyor-General. Wheel your eloquence to my side, and when I get to be Mayor you shall be on the Water Board.” The simple fact is, that by the time many of those who are running for office get to the chair, they are from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot mortgaged with pledges, and the people who go to Albany or to Washington to seek offices are applying for positions that were gone three months before the election.

There are two long lines of worm-fence—one line of worm-fence reaching to Albany, the other line of worm-fence reaching to Washington—and at the time of the nominations there are great multitudes of citizens astride these fences, equally poised, ready to get down on that side on which they can get the most emolument. Bribery for those who receive it, and bribery on the part of those who give it, kicks both ways; and it is a disgrace to the ballot-box, and a scourge to the sacred chest—the ark of the American covenant. In the name of God I denounce it.

SALOON-MADE CANDIDATES.

Another powerful foe of the ballot-box is the *rowdy and drunken caucus*. The ballot-box is robbed of its power of choice when in a

back room of some groggery the nominees are made, and the men who come up to the ballot-box on election day have a choice between two evils.

Now, you respectable men of both parties, I charge you that, having saturated your handkerchiefs with cologne or some other disinfectant, you go down and take possession of the caucus. You begin your work on election day, and you begin it two weeks or two months too late. In some of the cities of the United States, when the elector comes to the polls he finds that the nominees are such a scaly, greasy, stenchful crew that there is no choice. What if he vote for some outsider? He merely throws his vote away. Now, honorable men, go and take possession of the caucus, though when you return home you have to hang your hat and your coat on the line in the back yard.

It is high time that these things were changed. American politics have got very low, and in some States they are controlled by men who are not more in need of good morals than of a bath-tub! Snatch the ballot-box from such desperadoes. Where is the David with the courage to bring back the ark of the covenant from Kirjath-jearim? You all see that there is need of reformation of the ballot-box, when in our day it could send a Tweed to the New York Legislature, and a John Morrissey—the prince of gamblers—to the American Congress. *The ballot-box needs to be washed!*

A PROPERTY QUALIFICATION.

Some propose, by way of improvement, that we have in this country a *property qualification*. They say that if men have a certain amount of real estate they are more likely to have a financial interest in good government; and they say that as soon as a man gets property he becomes cautious and conservative. I have to reply that a property qualification would shut out from the ballot-box much of the best brain of this country. Literary men are almost always poor. The pen is a good kind of implement for mending the world, but a poor implement for gaining a livelihood. I could call the roll of hundreds of literary men who never owned a foot of ground, and never will own a foot of ground until they get under it—professors of colleges, editors of newspapers, ministers of religion, book-makers depending on a scant and uncertain royalty paid by the publishers. A property qualification will shut out these men, and a great multitude who, though they never owned a house on earth, will have a mansion in heaven.

On the other hand, you will notice that there are those who by accident of fortune have got vast estates, while they are in profound stupidity. An English millionaire told me on the steamer going over to Europe, that he was going to see "the dikes of Scotland"; and a lady of much pretension, who had just returned from Europe, upon being asked last summer on the cars by a member of my family if she had seen Mont Blanc, said, "Well, really, I don't know; is that in Europe?" There is no more complete ignorance than you will sometimes find dismounting from a four-thousand-dollar equipage at the door of a Madison Avenue mansion. The property qualification would be a gigantic injustice.

There are only two ways in which you will ever mend these matters—one by more thorough legal defense of the ballot-box, and the other by more thorough education and moralization of the people.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

We may be obliged to call upon woman to help us in the reformation of the ballot-box. Wherever she goes there is adornment and beautification. I suppose you have noticed the difference between the cleanliness of the gentlemen's cabin on the ferry-boat, and of the ladies' cabin. I suppose you have noticed the difference between the cleanliness of the gentlemen's smoking-car on the rail-train, and of the other cars in which women are passengers. Give woman the right of suffrage, and our polls on election day, instead of being cheerless and repulsive, will be places of beauty.

By what justice have the majority of the grown people in this country been disfranchised? Simply because they are women. Give woman the ballot, and that will quickly decide the Mormon and temperance questions. A woman owning property must pay taxes. Ought she not then to have a right to say something in regard to the expenditure of those moneys?

Many of us have been opposed to female suffrage, on the ground that we do not want woman's delicate nature to confront the insults and the blasphemies and the disorder of election day; but when she has the ballot there will be no insults, no disorder, no blasphemies on election day. It is not so much what the ballot would do for woman, as *what woman would do for the ballot.* I cannot understand how there should be such an aversion to woman's political preference among

Americans and among Englishmen in this day, when we have a great-souled American woman reigning in the White House and a Queen Victoria in Windsor Castle.

The ancient ark of the covenant was carried into captivity, away off to Kirjath-jearim; but one day that sacred chest was put upon a cart, and oxen were fastened to the cart, and the chest was brought back to Jerusalem with shouting and thanksgiving. So the ballot-box has been carried into captivity by demagogism and mobocracy; but I should not wonder if, by prayer to God with thanksgiving, that sacred ark of the covenant would be brought back and put into the temple of Christian patriotism. Take the first step in this direction when you cast your next ballot. It may be the last vote you will ever deposit for the highest office in this country. I know that we sometimes find centenarians pleasantly boasting that they have voted for nearly all the Presidents; but the majority of men never vote for more than three or four. Do you think your vote of no importance?

POWER OF THE BALLOT.

A poor soldier went into the store of a hair-dresser in London, and asked for money to get back to the army. He had already stayed beyond his furlough, and he must have quick transit. The hair-dresser felt sorry for him and gave him the money. "Now," said the poor soldier, "I have got nothing to give you in return for your kindness except this little slip of paper, which has on it a recipe for making blacking." The soldier gave it, not supposing it to be of great value. The man received it, not supposing it to be of any great value. But it has yielded the man who took it two million five hundred thousand dollars, and was the foundation of one of the greatest manufacturing establishments of England.

So that little slip of printed paper that you drop into the ballot-box may seem to be insignificant, and yet it may have a moral and a national value beyond all estimation.

The white flakes of the ballot will fall in all the villages between the Highlands of Navesink and the Golden Gate of the Pacific, so silently that the keenest ear will not detect one out of the millions—snowing on until noon, snowing on until night. The octogenarian will come up to the polls with trembling hand, and scanning the ballot with spectacled eyes, will give it to the judge of election. The young man

who has been patiently waiting the time when he would have a right to vote will come up, and proudly and blushing hand in his suffrage and pass on. The capitalist with diamonded finger and the workman with hard fist will come up, and the vote of the one will be as good as the vote of the other. Snowing, snowing, snowing, until at sundown all these flakes will be united and compacted into an avalanche ready to slide down in expression of the nation's will. *Stand out of the way!* In the awful sweep of the white avalanche, may there go down sectionalism and political fraud ten thousand feet under, forever under!

OUR GREAT REPUBLIC.

I have called your attention to the two angels on the top of the sacred chest, facing each other with outspread wings. So on the ark of the American covenant let the two angels—the angel of the North and the angel of the South, long looking different ways—now stand face to face with outspread wings of blessing!

We cannot live under any other form of government than that under which we are living. The stars of our flag are not the stars of thickening night, but stars sparkling amid the red bars of morning cloud. Let the despotisms of Asia keep their feet off the Pacific coast! Let the tyrannies of Europe keep their feet off the Atlantic coast! We shall have in this country only one government, and on this continent only one government. At the south, Mexico will follow Texas into the Union, and Christianity and civilization will stand in the halls of the Montezumas, and if not in our day, then in the day of our children, Yucatan and Central America will wheel into the line of dominion. On the north, Canada will be ours—not by conquest—for English and American swords may never clash blades—but we will simply woo our fair neighbor of the north, and she will be ours. England will say to Canada, “You are old enough now for the marriage-day. Giant of the West, go take your bride!” Then from Baffin's Bay to the Caribbean there shall be one Republic, under one banner, and with one destiny—a free, undisputed, christianized, American continent!

DRESS AND DISSIPATION.

WHEN I come to count the victims of fashion, I find as many masculine as feminine. Men make an easy tirade against woman, as though she were the chief worshiper at this idolatrous shrine, yet they are as much the idolators of fashion as women, though they throw themselves on a different part of the altar. With men the fashion goes to cigars, and club-rooms, and yachting parties, and wine-suppers. In the United States, the men chew up and smoke one hundred millions of dollars' worth of tobacco every year. That is their fashion.

But men do not abstain from millinery and elaboration of skirt through any superiority of humility. It is only because such appendages would be a blockade to business. What would sashes and trails three and a half yards long do in a Wall street stock market? And yet men are the disciples of fashion just as much as women. Some of them wear boots so tight that they can hardly walk in paths of righteousness. And there are men who buy expensive suits of clothes and never pay for them, and who go through the streets in great stripes of color like animated checker-boards, and suggest to one that, after all, some Tweed in prison dress may have got out of the penitentiary.

There are multitudes of men who, not satisfied with the bodies the Lord gave them, are padded, so that their shoulders shall be square,—carrying around a small cotton plantation! I understand that a great many of them now paint their eyebrows and their lips; and I have heard from good authority that there are multitudes of men in Brooklyn and New York—things have got to such an awful pass—*multitudes of men wearing corsets!*

I want to show you that I am impartial in this discussion, and that both sexes, in the language of the Surrogate's office, shall "share and

share alike." What are some of the destroying and deathful influences of inordinate fashion?

The first baleful influence is in fraud, illimitable and ghastly. Do you know that Arnold of the Revolution proposed to sell his country in order to get money to supply his wife's wardrobe? I declare before God that the effort to keep up expensive wardrobes in this country is sending many business men to temporal and eternal perdition. What was it that sent Gilman to the penitentiary, and Philadelphia Morton to the watering of stocks, and the life-insurance presidents to perjured statements about their assets, and that has completely upset our American finances? What was it that overthrew Belknap, the United States Secretary at Washington, the crash of whose fall shook the continent?

But why should I go to these infamous defaultings to show what men will do in order to keep up great home-style and expensive wardrobes, when you and I know scores of men who are put to their wit's end and are lashed from January to December in the attempt to keep up great home-style?

The temptation comes in this way: A certain man thinks more of his home folks than he does of all the world outside, and if they spend the evening in describing to him the superior wardrobe of the family across the street, that they cannot bear the sight of, the man is thrown on his gallantry and his pride of family; and, without translating his feelings into plain language, he goes into extortion and issuing false stock, and skillful penmanship in writing somebody else's name at the foot of a promissory note; and they all go down together—the husband to the prison, the wife to the sewing-machine, the children to be taken care of by those who were called poor relations. Oh, for some new Shakespeare to arise and write the tragedy of clothes!

Act the first—A plain but beautiful home. Enter, the newly-married pair. Enter, simplicity of manner and behavior. Enter, as much happiness as is ever found in one home.

Act the second—Discontent with the humdrum of life. Enter, envy. Enter, jealousy. Enter, desire of display.

Act the third—Enlargement of expenses. Enter, all the queenly dressmakers. Enter, the French milliners.

Act the fourth—The tip-top of society. Enter, princes and princesses of New York life. Enter, magnificent plate and equipage. Enter, everything splendid.



VOTARY OF FASHION.

Act the fifth and last—Winding up of the scene. Enter, the assignee. Enter, the sheriff. Enter, the creditors. Enter, humiliation. Enter, the wrath of God. Enter, the contempt of society. Enter, death. Now let the silk curtain drop on the stage. The farce is ended, and the lights are out.

The greatest obstacle to charity in the Christian Church to-day is the fact that men expend so much money on their stomachs, and women expend so much money on their backs, that they have got nothing left for the cause of God and the world's betterment. Inordinate fashion causes distraction in worship.

You know very well that there are a good many people who come to church just as they go to the races, to see who will come out ahead. What a flutter it makes in church when some woman with an extraordinary display of fashion comes in! "What a love of a bonnet!" says some one. "What a perfect fright!" say five hundred; for the most merciless critics in the world are fashion-critics. Men and women, with souls to be saved, passing the hour in wondering where that man got his flamboyant cravat or what store that woman patronizes! In many of our churches the preliminary exercises are taken up with the discussion of wardrobes. It is pitiable. Is it not wonderful that the Lord does not strike the meeting-house with lightning? What distraction of public worship! Dying men and women, whose bodies are soon to be turned into dust, yet before three worlds strutting like peacocks, the awful question of the soul's destiny submerged by the question of Creedmoor polonaise and navy blue velvet with long fan train skirt, long enough to drag up the church aisle the husband's store, office, shop, factory, fortune, and the admiration of half the people in the building!

THE DANCE.

After the temptation of dress comes that of the dance. Dancing is the graceful motion of the body adjusted by art to the sound and measures of musical instrument or of the human voice. All nations have danced. The ancients thought that Castor and Pollux taught the art to the Lacedæmonians. But, whoever started it, all climes have adopted it. In ancient times they had the festal dance, the military dance, the mediatorial dance, the bacchanalian dance. Queens and lords swayed to and fro in the gardens, and rough backwoodsmen with this exercise awakened the echo of the forest. There is some-

thing in the sound of lively music that evokes the movement of the hands and feet, whether cultured or uncultured. Passing down the street, we unconsciously keep step to the sound of the brass band. The Christian in church beats time with his foot, while his soul rises upon some great harmony. While this is so in civilized lands, the red men of the forest have their scalp-dances, their green-corn dances, their war-dances.

In ancient times the exercise was so utterly and completely depraved that the Church anathematized it. The old Christian fathers expressed themselves most vehemently against it. St. Chrysostom says, "The feet were not given for dancing, but to walk modestly, not to leap impudently like camels." One of the dogmas of the ancient Church reads, "A dance is the devil's possession, and he that entereth into a dance entereth into his possession. As many paces as a man makes in dancing, so many paces does he make to hell." Elsewhere the old dogmas declared this: "The woman that singeth in the dance is the princess of the devil, and those that answer are her clerks, and the beholders are his friends, and the music is his bellows, and the fiddlers are the ministers of the devil. For, as when hogs are strayed, if the hogsherd call one, all assemble together, so when the devil calleth one woman to sing in the dance, or to play on some musical instrument, presently all the dancers gather together." This indiscriminate and universal denunciation of the exercise came from the fact that it was utterly and completely depraved.

As to the physical ruin wrought by the dissipations of social life, there can be no doubt. What may we expect of people who work all day and dance all night? After a while they will be thrown on society as nervous, exhausted imbeciles. These people who indulge in late suppers and midnight revels, and then go home in the cold unwrapped in limbs, will after a while be found to have been written down in God's eternal records as suicides, as much suicides as if they had taken their life with a pistol, or a knife, or strychnine.

How many people in America have stepped from the ball-room into the grave-yard. Consumptions and swift neuralgias are close on their track. Amid many of the glittering scenes of social life in America, diseases stand right and left, and balance and chain. The breath of the sepulcher floats up through the perfume, and the froth of Death's lip bubbles up in the champagne. I am told that in some

parts of this country, in some of the cities, there are parents who have actually given up housekeeping and gone to boarding, that they may give their time illimitably to social dissipations. I have known such cases. I have known family after family blasted in that way—father and mother turning their backs upon all quiet culture and all the amenities of home, leading forth their entire family in the wrong direction. Annihilated, worse than annihilated—for there are some things worse than annihilation. I give you the history of more than one family in America, when I say that they went on in the dissipations of social life until the father dropped into a lower style of dissipation; and after a while the son was tossed out into society as a nonentity; and after a while the daughter eloped with a French dancing-master; and after a while the mother, getting on further and further in years, sought to hide her wrinkles, but failed in the attempt, trying all the arts of the belle—an old flirt; a poor, miserable butterfly without wings.

Let me tell you that the dissipations of American life—of social life in America—are despoiling the usefulness of a vast multitude of people. What do those people care about the fact that there are whole nations in sorrow and suffering and agony, when they have for consideration the more important question of the size of a glove, or the tie of a cravat? Which one of them ever bound up wounds in the hospital? Which one of them ever went out to care for the poor? Which of them do you find in the haunts of sin, distributing tracts? They live on themselves, and it is very poor pasture.

Oh! what a belittling process to the human mind this everlasting question about dress, this discussion of fashionable infinitesimals, this group looking askance at the glass, wondering, with an infinity of earnestness, how that last geranium leaf will look, this shriveling of a man's moral dignity until it is not observable to the naked eye, this Spanish inquisition of a tight shoe, this binding up of a priceless soul in a ruffle, this pitching of the moral nature over the rocks, when God intended it for great and everlasting uplifting! The dissipations of social life in America to-day are destroying thousands and tens of thousands of people, and it is time for pulpit and press to lift their voices against them.

THE MODERN BETHESDA.

We may add the story of another highway of dissipation, that of the watering-place.

The modern Bethesda was intended to recuperate the physical health; and yet how many come from the watering-places, with their health absolutely destroyed! Think of New York and Brooklyn simpletons boasting of having imbibed twenty glasses of Congress water before breakfast; of families, accustomed to go to bed at ten o'clock at night, gossiping until one or two o'clock in the morning; of dyspeptics, usually very cautious about their health, mingling ice-creams and lemons and lobster salads and cocoanuts, until the gastric juices lift up all their voices in lamentation and protest; of delicate women and brainless young men dancing themselves into vertigo and catalepsy; of thousands of men and women coming back from our watering-places in the autumn, with the foundations laid for ailments that will last them all their life long!

You know as well as I do that this is the simple truth. In the summer you say to your good health, "Good-bye; I am going to have a gay time now for a little while; I will be very glad to see you again in the autumn." Then in the autumn, when you are hard at work in your office, or store, or shop, or counting-room, Good Health will come in and say, "Good-bye; I am going." You say, "Where are you going?" "Oh," says Good Health, "I am going to take a vacation." It is a poor rule that will not work both ways, and your good health will leave you choleric and splenetic and exhausted. You coquetted with your good health in the summer time, and your good health is coquetting with you in the winter time. A fragment of Paul's charge to the jailer would be an appropriate inscription for the hotel register in every watering-place, "Do thyself no harm."

Another temptation, hovering all around our watering-places, is that of intoxicating beverages. I am told that it is becoming more and more fashionable for *women* to drink. I care not how well a woman may dress, if she has taken enough of wine to flush her cheek and put a glassiness on her eye, she is drunk. She may be handed into a twenty-five hundred dollar carriage, and have diamonds enough to confound the Tiffanys—she is drunk. She may be a graduate of Packer Institute, and the daughter of some man in danger of being nominated for the presidency—she is drunk. You may have a larger vocabulary than I have, and you may say in regard to her that she is "convivial," or she is "merry," or she is "festive," or she is



BLIND FOLLY.

“exhilarated”; but you cannot, with all your garlands of verbiage, cover up the plain fact that it is an old-fashioned case of “drunk.”

Now the watering-places are full of temptations to men and women to tipple. At the close of the ten-pin or billiard game, they tipple. At the close of the cotillion, they tipple. Seated on the piazza to cool themselves off, they tipple. The tinged glasses come around with bright straws, and they tipple. First, they take “light wines,” as they call them; but “light wines” are heavy enough to debase the appetite. There is not a very long road between champagne at five dollars a bottle and whiskey at ten cents a glass. Satan has three or four grades down which he takes men to destruction. One man he takes up, and through one spree pitches him into eternal darkness. That is a rare case. Very seldom, indeed, can you find a man who will be such a fool as that. Satan will take another man to a steep grade, at an angle about like that of the Pennsylvania coal-shoot or the Mount Washington rail-track, and shove him off. But that is very rare.

When a man goes down to destruction, Satan brings him to a plain. It is almost a level. The depression is so slight that you can hardly see it. The man does not actually know that he is on the down grade, and it tips only a little toward darkness—just a little. And the first mile it is claret, and the second mile it is sherry, and the third mile it is a punch, and the fourth mile it is ale, and the fifth mile it is porter, and the sixth mile it is brandy, and then it gets steeper, and steeper, and steeper, and the man gets frightened, and says, “Oh, let me off.” “No,” says the conductor, “this is an express train, and it don’t stop until it gets to the Grand Central Depot of Smashupton!” Ah, “Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.”

My friends, whether you tarry at home—which will be quite as safe, and perhaps quite as comfortable—or go into the country, arm yourself against temptation. The grace of God is the only safe shelter, whether in town or country.

MEMORY OF OTHER DAYS.

A FEW days ago, with my sister and brother, I visited the place of my boyhood. It was one of the most emotional and absorbing days of my life. There stood the old house, and as I went through the rooms, I said, "I could find my way here with my eyes shut, although I have not been here in forty years." There was the sitting-room where a large family group had every evening gathered, the most of them now in a better world. There was the old barn where we hunted for Easter eggs, and the place where the horses stood. There is where the orchard was, only three or four trees now left of all the grove that once bore apples—and such apples, too! There is the brook down which we rode to the watering of the horses bareback, and with a rope halter. We also visited the cemetery where many of our kindred are waiting for the resurrection, the old people side by side, after a journey together of sixty years, only about three years between the time of their going. There also sleep the dear old neighbors who used to tie their horses under the shed of the country meeting-house and sit at the end of the pew, singing "Duke Street," and "Balerna," and "Antioch." I feel that my journey and visit last week did me good, and it would do you all good, if not in person then in thought, to revisit the scenes of boyhood or girlhood. "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee."

THE DOUBLE OUTLOOK.

Youth is apt to spend all its time in looking forward. Old age is apt to spend all its time in looking backward. People in mid-life and on the apex look both ways. Yet it would be well for us, I think, to spend more time in reminiscence. By the constitution of our natures we spend most of the time looking forward, and the vast majority of people live not so much in the present as in the future. You mean to make a reputation, you mean to establish yourself, and the advantages

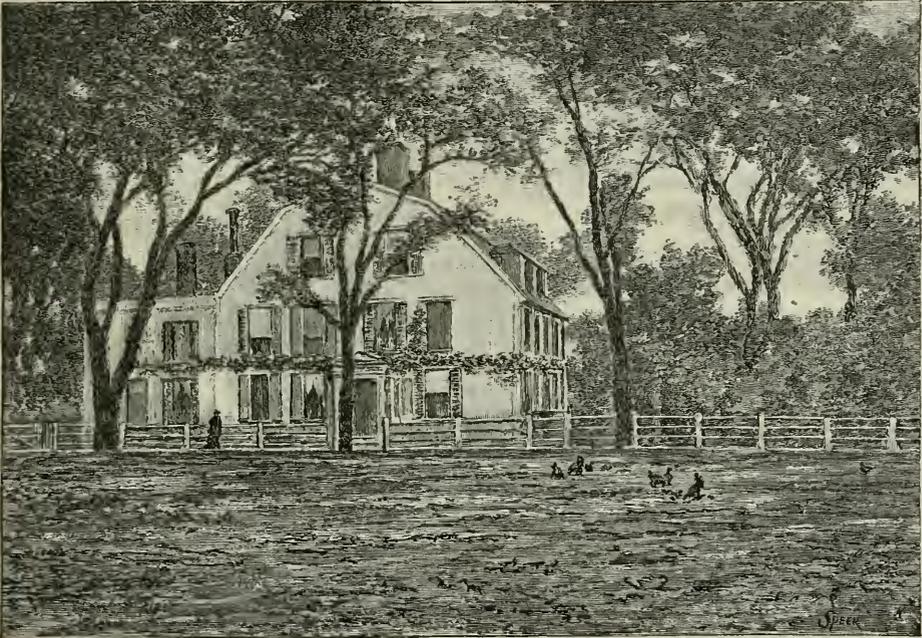


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MOTHERHOOD.

that you expect to achieve absorb a great deal of your time. I see no harm in this, if it does not make you discontented with the present or disqualify you for existing duties. But it is a useful thing sometimes to look back, and to see the dangers we have escaped, and to see the sorrows we have suffered, and the trials and wanderings of our earthly pilgrimage, and to sum up our enjoyments.

There is a chapel in Florence with a fresco by Guido. It was covered up with two inches of stucco until our American and European artists went there, and after long toil removed the covering and retraced



THE OLD HOME.

the fresco. And I am aware that the memory of the past, with many of my readers, is all covered up with ten thousand obliterations. I propose to take away the covering, that the old picture may shine out again. I want to bind in one sheaf all your past advantages, and I want to bind in another sheaf all your past adversities. It is a precious harvest, and I must be cautious how I swing the scythe.

THE EARLY HOME.

Among the greatest advantages of your past life was an early home and its surroundings. The bad men of the day, for the most

part, dip their heated passions out of the boiling spring of an unhappy home. We are not surprised to find that Byron's heart was a concentration of sin, when we hear that his mother was abandoned, and that she made sport of his infirmity, and often called him "the lame brat." He who has vicious parents has to fight every inch of his way, if he would maintain his integrity and at last reach the home of the good in heaven.

Perhaps your early home was in the city. It may have been in the days when Canal street, New York, was far up-town. That old house in the city may have been demolished or changed into stores, and it seemed like sacrilege to you, for there was more meaning in that plain, small house, than there is in a granite mansion or a turreted cathedral. Looking back this morning, you see it as though it were yesterday—the sitting-room, where the loved ones sat by the plain lamplight, the mother at the evening stand, the brothers and sisters plotting mischief on the floor or under the table, your father with a firm voice commanding a silence—that lasted half a minute!

Oh, those were good days! If you had your foot hurt, your mother always had a soothing salve to heal it. If you were wronged in the street, your father was always ready to protect you. The year was one round of frolic and mirth. Your greatest trouble was like an April shower, more sunshine than shower. The heart had not been ransacked by troubles, nor had sickness broken it, and no lamb had a warmer sheepfold than the home in which your childhood nestled.

Perhaps you were brought up in the country. You stand now, in memory, under the old tree. You clubbed it for fruit that was not quite ripe because you couldn't wait any longer. You hear the brook rumbling along over the pebbles. You step again into the furrow where your father in his shirt sleeves shouted to the lazy oxen. You frighten the swallows from the rafters of the barn, and take just one egg, and silence your conscience by saying they won't miss it. You take a drink again out of the very bucket that the old well fetched up. You go for the cows at night, and find them wagging their heads through the bars. Ofttimes in the dusty and busy streets you wish you were home again on that cool grass, or in the rag-carpeted hall of the farmhouse, through which there was the breath of new-mown hay or the blossom of buckwheat.

You may have in your windows now beautiful plants and flowers brought from across the seas, but not one of them stirs in your soul so



SPRINGTIME OF LIFE.

A. Sargent

much charm and memory as the old ivy and the yellow sunflower that stood sentinel along the garden wall, and the forget-me-nots playing hide-and-seek 'mid the long grass. The father, who used to come in sunburnt from the fields and sit down on the door-sill and wipe the sweat from his brow, may have gone to his everlasting rest. The mother, who used to sit at the door a little bent over, cap and spectacles on, her face mellowing with the vicissitudes of many years, may have put down her gray head on the pillow in the valley; but forget that home you never will. Have you thanked God for it? Have you rehearsed' all these blessed reminiscences? Oh, thank God for a Christian father; thank God for a Christian mother; thank God for an early Christian altar at which you were taught to kneel; thank God for an early Christian home.

NEW MARRIED LIFE.

I bring to mind another passage in the history of your life. The day came when you set up your own household. The days passed along in quiet blessedness. You twain sat at the table morning and night and talked over your plans for the future. The most insignificant affair in your life became the subject of mutual consultation and advisement. You were so happy that you felt you never could be any happier. One day a dark cloud hovered over your dwelling and it got darker and darker, but out of that cloud the shining messenger of God descended to incarnate a beautiful spirit. Two little feet started on an eventful journey, and you were to lead them—a gem to flash in heaven's coronet, and you to polish it—eternal ages of light and darkness watching the starting out of a newly created creature.

You rejoiced and you trembled at the responsibility that in your possession a priceless treasure was placed. You prayed and rejoiced, and wept and wondered, and prayed and rejoiced, and wept and wondered; you were earnest in supplication that you might lead it through life into the kingdom of God. There was a tremor in your earnestness. There was a double interest about that home. There was an additional reason why you should stay there and be faithful, and when in a few months your house was filled with the music of the child's laughter, you were struck through with the fact that you had a stupendous mission.

Have you kept that vow? Have you neglected any of those duties? Is your home as much to you as it used to be? Have those

anticipations been gratified? God help you in your solemn reminiscence, and let his mercy fall upon your soul if your kindness has been ill requited. God have mercy on the parent on the wrinkles of whose face is written the story of a child's sin! God have mercy on the mother who, in addition to her other pangs, has the pangs of a child's iniquity! Oh, there are many, many sad sounds in this sad world, but the saddest sound that is ever heard is the breaking of a mother's heart.

THE GRACIOUS CHANGE.

I find another point in your life-history. You found one day that you were in the wrong road; you couldn't sleep at night; there was just one word that seemed to sob through your banking-house, or through your office, or through your shop, or your bed-room, and that word was, "Eternity." You said, "I am not ready for it. O God, have mercy." The Lord heard. Peace came to your heart. In the breath of the hill and the waterfall's dash you heard the voice of God's love; the clouds and the trees hailed you with gladness; you came into the house of God.

You remember how your hand trembled as you took up the cup of the Communion. You remember the old minister who consecrated it, and you remember the church officials who carried it through the aisle; you remember the old people who at the close of the service took your hand in theirs in congratulating sympathy, as much as to say: "Welcome home, you lost prodigal;" and though those hands are all withered away, that Communion Sabbath is resurrected in your memory; it is resurrected with all its prayers, and songs, and tears, and sermons, and transfiguration. Have you kept those vows?

SHADOWS OF SORROW.

But some of you have not always had a smooth life. Some of you are now in the shadow. Others had their troubles years ago, and you are a mere wreck of what you once were. I must gather up the sorrows of your past life; but how shall I do it? You say that is impossible, as you have had so many troubles and adversities. Then I will just take two, the first trouble and the last trouble. As when you are walking along the street, and there has been music in the distance, you unconsciously find yourself keeping step to the music, so when you started life your very life was a musical timebeat. The air was

full of joy and hilarity; with the bright clear oar you made the boat skip; you went on, and life grew brighter until after a while suddenly a voice from heaven said, "Halt!" and quick as the sunshine you halted; you grew pale; you confronted your first sorrow. You had no idea that the flush on your child's cheek was an unhealthy flush. You said, "It can't be anything serious." Death in slippers walked round about the cradle. You did not hear the tread; but after a while the truth flashed on you. You walked the floor. Oh, if you could, with your strong, stout hand, have wrenched that child from the destroyer! You went to your room and said, "God, save my child! God, save my child!" The world seemed going out in darkness. You said, "I can't bear it; I can't bear it." You felt as if you could not put the long lashes over the bright eyes, never to see them again sparkle. Oh, if you could have taken that little one in your arms and with it leaped the grave, how gladly you would have done it! Oh, if you could have let your property go, your houses go, your land and your store-house go, how gladly you would have allowed them to depart if you could only have kept that one treasure!

But one day there arose from the heavens a chill blast that swept over the bed-room, and instantly all the light went out. There was darkness—thick, murky, impenetrable, shuddering darkness. But God didn't leave you there. Mercy spoke. As you took up the cup and were about to put it to your lips, God said, "Let it pass," and forthwith, as by the hand of angels, another cup was put into your hands; it was the cup of God's consolation. As you have sometimes lifted the head of a wounded soldier, and poured wine into his lips, so God put his left arm under your head, and with his right hand He poured into your lips the wine of his comfort and his consolation; and you looked at the empty cradle and looked at your broken heart, and you looked at the Lord's chastisement, and you said, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight."

Ah, it was your first trouble. How did you get over it? God comforted you. You have been a better man ever since. You have been a better woman ever since. In the jar of the closing gate of the sepulcher you heard the clanging of the opening gate of heaven, and you felt an irresistible drawing heavenward. You have been purer of mind ever since that night when the little one for the last time put its

arms around your neck, and said: "Good-night, papa; good-night, mamma. Meet me in heaven."

LATEST TRIALS.

But I must come down to your latest sorrow. What was it? Perhaps it was *your own sickness*. The child's tread on the stair, or the tick of the watch on the stand disturbed you. Through the long weary days you counted the figures in the carpet or the flowers in the wall-paper. Oh, the weariness, the exhaustion! Oh, the burning pangs! Would God it were morning, would God it were night, was your frequent cry. But you are better, or perhaps even well. Have you thanked God for his restoring mercy?

Perhaps your last sorrow was a *financial embarrassment*. I congratulate some of you on your lucrative profession or occupation, on ornate apparel, on a commodious residence—everything you put your hands to seems to turn to gold. But there are others of you who are like the ship on which Paul sailed, where two seas met, and you are broken by the violence of the waves. By an unadvised indorsement, or by a conjunction of unforeseen events, or by fire, or storm, or a senseless panic, you have been flung headlong, and where you once dispensed great charities, now you have hard work to make the two ends meet. Have you forgotten to thank God for your days of prosperity, and that through your trials some of you have made investments which will continue after the last bank of this world has exploded, and the silver and gold are molten in the fires of a burning world? Have you, amid all your losses and discouragements, forgotten that there was bread on your table this morning, and that there shall be a shelter for your head from the storm, and that there is air for your lungs, and blood for your heart, and light for your eye, and a glad and glorious and triumphant religion for your soul?

Perhaps your last trouble was a *bereavement*. That heart which in childhood was your refuge—the parental heart—and which has been a source of the quickest sympathy ever since, has suddenly become silent forever; and now sometimes, whenever in sudden annoyance and without deliberation you say, "I will go and tell mother," the thought flashes on you: "*I have no mother!*" Or the father, with voice less tender, but as stanch and earnest and loving as ever, watchful of all your ways, exultant over your success without saying much,

although the old people do talk it over by themselves, his trembling hand on that staff which you now keep as a family relic, his memory embalmed in grateful hearts, is taken away forever. Or your companion in life, the sharer of your joys and sorrows, was taken, leaving the heart a dreary ruin, where the chill winds blow over a wide wilderness of desolation, the sands of the desert driving across the place which once bloomed like the garden of God. And Abraham mourns for



THE SICK-ROOM.

Sarah at the cave of Machpelah. Going along your path in life, suddenly, right before you, was an open grave. People looked down and they saw it was only a few feet deep and a few feet wide, but to you it was a cavern down which went all your hopes and all your expectations.

CONSOLATION.

But cheer up in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Comforter. He is not going to forsake you. Did the Lord take that child out of your arms? Why, He is going to shelter it better than you could. He

is going to array it in a white robe, and with palm-branch it will be all ready to greet you at your coming home. Blessed the broken heart that Jesus heals. Blessed the importunate cry that Jesus compassionates. Blessed the weeping eye from which the soft hand of Jesus wipes away the tear.

I was sailing down the St. John river, Canada, which is the Rhine and the Hudson commingled in one scene of beauty and grandeur, and while I was on the deck of the steamer, a gentleman pointed out to me the places of interest. He said: "All this is interval land, and it is the richest land in all the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia."

"What," said I, "do you mean by interval land?" "Well," he said, "this land is submerged for a part of the year; spring freshets come down, and all these plains are overflowed with the water, and the water leaves a rich deposit, and when the waters are gone the harvest springs up, and there is the grandest harvest that was ever reaped." And I instantly thought: "It is not the heights of the church and it is not the heights of this world that are the scene of the greatest prosperity, but the soul over which the floods of sorrow have gone, the soul over which the freshets of tribulation have torn their way, that yields the greatest fruits of righteousness, and the largest harvest for time, and the richest harvest for eternity." Bless God that your soul is interval land.

There will yet be one more point of tremendous reminiscence, and that is the last hour of life, when we have to look over all our past existence. What a moment that will be! I place Napoleon's dying reminiscence on St. Helena beside Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence in the harbor of St. Helena, the same island, twenty years after. Napoleon's dying reminiscence was one of delirium: "Head of the army." Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence, as she came home from her missionary toil and her life of self-sacrifice for God, dying in the cabin of the ship in the harbor of St. Helena, was: "I always did love the Lord Jesus Christ." And then, the historian says, she fell into a sound sleep for an hour, and woke amid the songs of angels.

I place the dying reminiscence of Augustus Cæsar against the dying reminiscence of the Apostle Paul. The dying reminiscence of Augustus Cæsar was, addressing his attendants: "Have I played my part well on the stage of life?" and they answered him in the

affirmative, and he said : "Why, then, don't you applaud me?" The dying reminiscence of Paul the Apostle was : "I have fought a good fight ; I have finished my course ; I have kept the faith ; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them also that love his appearing." Augustus Cæsar died amid pomp and great surroundings. Paul uttered his dying reminiscence looking up through the wall of a dungeon. God grant that our last hour may be the closing of a useful life, and the opening of a glorious eternity !

SCHOOL OF BUSINESS.

WE are under the impression that the moil and tug of business life are a prison into which a man is thrust, or that they are an unequal strife where, unarmed, a man goes forth to contend. Yet business life was intended of God for grand and glorious education and discipline, and it is my earnest wish to rub some of the wrinkles of care out of your brow, and unstrap some of the burdens from your back.

Dr. Duff visited South Wales, and there saw a man who had inherited a great fortune. The man said to him: "I had to be very busy for many years of my life getting my livelihood. After a while this fortune came to me, and there has been no necessity that I should toil since. There came a time when I said to myself, 'Shall I now retire from business, or shall I go on and serve the Lord in my worldly occupation?'" He continued: "I resolved on the latter, and I have been more industrious in commercial circles than I ever was before, but since that hour I have never kept a farthing for myself. I have thought it would be a great shame if I couldn't toil as hard for the Lord as I had toiled for myself, and all the profits of my factories and my commercial establishments, to the last farthing, have gone for the building of Christian institutions and supporting the Church of God." Oh, if the same energy put forth for the world could be put forth for God! Oh, if a thousand men in these great cities who have achieved a fortune could see it to be their duty now to do all business for Christ and the alleviation of the world's suffering!

Business life is a school of *patience*. In your everyday life how many things there are to annoy and to disquiet! Bargains will rub. Commercial men will sometimes fail to meet their engagements.

Cash-book and money-drawer will sometimes quarrel. Goods ordered for a special emergency will come too late, or be damaged in the transportation.

Business life is a school of *useful knowledge*. Merchants do not read many books, and do not study lexicons. They do not dive into the profounds of learning, and yet nearly all through their occupations they come to understand questions of finance, and politics, and geography, and jurisprudence, and ethics. Business is a severe schoolmistress. If pupils will not learn, she strikes them over the head and heart with severe losses. You put \$5,000 into an enterprise. It is all gone. You say, "That is a dead loss." Oh, no. You are paying the schooling. That was only tuition, very large tuition—I told you it was a severe schoolmistress—but it was worth it. You learned things under that process you would not have learned in any other way.

Traders in grain come to know something about foreign harvests; traders in fruit come to know something about the prospects of tropical productions; manufacturers of American goods come to understand the tariff on imported articles; publishers of books must come to understand the new law of copyright; owners of ships must come to know winds and shoals and navigation; and every bale of cotton, and every raisin-cask, and every tea-box, and every cluster of bananas is so much literature for a business man.

Now, my brother, what are you going to do with this intelligence? Do you suppose God put you in this school of information merely that you might be a sharper in a trade, that you might be more successful as a worldling? Oh, no; it was that you might take that useful information and use it for Jesus Christ. Can it be that you have been dealing with foreign lands and never had the missionary spirit, wishing for the salvation of foreign peoples? Can it be that you have become acquainted with all the outrages inflicted in business life, and that you have never tried to bring to bear that Gospel which is to extirpate all evils and correct all wrongs, and illuminate all darkness and lift up all wretchedness, and save men for this world and the world to come? Can it be, that understanding all the intricacies of business, you know nothing about those things which will last after all bills of exchange and consignments and invoices and rent-rolls shall have crumpled up and been consumed in the fires of the last great day? Can it be that a man will be wise for time, and a fool for eternity?

There are men who have fought the battle and gained the victory. People come out of such a man's store, and they say: "Well, if there ever was a Christian trader, that is one." Integrity kept the books and waited on the customers. Light from the eternal world flashed through the show-windows. Love to God and love to man presided in that storehouse. Some day people going through the street notice that the shutters of the window are not down. The bar of the store-door has not been removed. People say: "What is the matter?" You go up a little closer, and you see written on the card of that window, "Closed on account of the death of one of the firm." That day all through the circles of business there is talk about how good a man has gone. Boards of trade pass resolutions of sympathy, and churches of Christ pray, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth." He has made his last bargain, he has suffered his last loss, he has ached with the last fatigue. His children will get the result of his industry, or, if through misfortune there be no dollars left, they will have an estate of prayer and Christian example, which will be everlasting. Heavenly rewards for earthly discipline. There "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

GRIP, GOUGE & CO.

You hear that it is *avarice* which drives men of business through the street, and that is the commonly accepted idea. I do not believe a word of it. The vast multitude of these business men are toiling on for others. To educate their children, to put the wing of protection over their households, to have something left so that when they pass out of this life their wives and children will not have to go to the poor-house, that is the way I translate this energy in the street and store—the vast majority of this energy.

Grip, Gouge & Co. do not do all the business. Some of us remember that when the Central America was coming home from California it was wrecked. President Arthur's father-in-law was the heroic captain of that ship, and went down with most of the passengers. Some of them got off into the life-boats. There was a young man returning from California who had a bag of gold in his hand; and as the last boat shoved off from the ship that was to go down, that young man shouted to a comrade in the boat: "Here, John, catch this gold; there are three thousand dollars; take it home to my old mother; it will

make her comfortable in her last days." Grip, Gouge & Co. do not do all the business of the world.

Ah! my friend, do you say that God does not care anything about your worldly business? I tell you God knows more about it than you do. He knows your perplexities; He knows what mortgagee is about to foreclose; He knows what note you cannot pay; He knows what unsalable goods you have on your shelves; He knows all your trials, from the day you took hold of your first yard-stick down to the sale of that last yard of ribbon; and the God who helped David to be king, and who helped Daniel to be prime-minister, and who helped Havelock to be a soldier, will help you to discharge all your duties. He is going to see you through.

A young accountant in New York City got his accounts entangled. He knew he was honest, and yet he could not make his accounts come out right. He toiled at them day and night, until he was nearly frenzied. It seemed by those books that something had been misappropriated, and yet he knew before God that he was honest. The last day came. He knew that if he could not that day make his accounts come out right, he would fall into disgrace and go into banishment from the business establishment. He went over there very early, before there was anybody in the place, and he knelt down at the desk and said: "O Lord, Thou knowest I have tried to be honest, but I cannot make these things come out right! Help me to-day—help me this morning!" The young man arose, and hardly knowing why he did so, opened a book that lay on the desk, and there was a leaf containing a line of figures which explained everything. In other words, he cast his burden upon the Lord, and the Lord sustained him.

STRAINING OUT GNATS—SWALLOWING CAMELS.

A man after long observation has formed the suspicion that in a cup of water he is about to drink there is a grub or the grandparent of a gnat. He goes and gets a sieve or strainer. He takes the water and pours it through the sieve in the broad light. He says: "I would rather do anything almost than drink this water until this larva be extirpated." This water is brought under inquisition. The experiment is successful. The water rushes through the sieve and leaves against the side of the sieve the grub or gnat. Then the man carefully removes the insect and drinks the water in placidity. But going out one day,

and hungry, he devours a "ship of the desert," the camel, which the Jews were forbidden to eat. The gastronomer has no compunctions of conscience. He suffers from no indigestion. He puts his lower jaw under the camel's forefoot, and his upper jaw over the hump of the camel's back, and gives one swallow, and the dromedary disappears forever. He strained out a gnat—he swallowed a camel!

Many are abhorrent of small sins, while they are reckless in regard to magnificent thefts. You will find many a merchant who, while he is so careful that he would not take a yard of cloth or a spool of cotton from the counter without paying for it, and who, if a bank cashier should make a mistake and send in a roll of bills five dollars too much, would dispatch a messenger in hot haste to return the surplus, yet who will go into a stock company, in which after a while he gets control of the stock, and then waters the stock and makes one hundred thousand dollars appear like two hundred thousand dollars. He only stole one hundred thousand dollars by the operation. Many of the men of fortune made their wealth in that way.

One of those men, engaged in such unrighteous acts, on the evening of the very day when he waters the stock, will find a wharf-rat stealing a Brooklyn *Eagle* from his basement doorway, and will go out and catch the urchin by the collar, and twist the collar so tightly that the poor fellow cannot say it was thirst for knowledge that led him to the dishonest act; then grip the collar tighter and tighter, saying: "I have been looking for you a long while; you stole my paper four or five times, haven't you, you miserable wretch?" Then the old stock-gambler, with a voice they can hear three blocks, will cry out: "*Police, police!*" That same man, the evening of the day in which he watered the stock, will kneel with his family in prayers and thank God for the prosperity of the day, then kiss his children good-night with an air which seems to say, "I hope you will all grow up to be as good as your father!"

Prisons for sins insectile in size, but palaces for crimes dromedarian! No mercy for sins animalcule in proportion, but great leniency for mastodon iniquity! A poor boy slyly takes from the basket of a market woman a choke pear—saving some one else from the cholera—and you smother him in the horrible atmosphere of Raymond Street Jail or New York Tombs, while his cousin, who has been skillful enough to steal fifty thousand dollars from the city, is made a candidate for the New York Legislature!

Society has to be entirely reconstructed on this subject. We are to find that a sin is inexcusable in proportion as it is great. I know that in our time the tendency is to charge religious frauds upon good men. They say "Oh, what a class of frauds you have in the Church of God in this day!" When an elder of a church, or a deacon, or a minister of the Gospel, or a superintendent of a Sabbath-school, turns out a defaulter, what display heads there are in many of the newspapers! Great-primer type—five-line pica: "Another Saint Absconded," "Clerical Scoundrelism," "Religion at a Discount," "Shame on the Churches," while there are a thousand scoundrels outside the church to where there is one inside the church, and the misbehavior of those who never see the inside of a church is so great that it is enough to tempt a man to become a Christian to get out of their company. But in all circles, religious and irreligious, the tendency is to excuse sin in proportion as it is mammoth. Even John Milton, in his "Paradise Lost," while he condemns Satan, gives such a grand description of him that you have hard work to suppress your admiration. Oh, this straining out of small sins like gnats, and this gulping down great iniquities like camels!

THE CHRISTIAN FOR THE TIMES.

ESTHER the *beautiful* was the wife of Ahasuerus the *abominable*. The time had come for her to present a petition to her infamous husband in behalf of the Jewish nation, to which she had once belonged. She was afraid to undertake the work, lest she should lose her own life ; but her uncle, Mordecai, who had brought her up, encouraged her with the suggestion that probably she had been raised up of God for that peculiar mission. "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

Esther had her *God-appointed work* ; you and I have ours. It is mine to tell you what style of men and women you ought to be in order that you may meet the demand of the age in which God has cast your lot. When two armies have rushed into battle, the officers of either army do not want a philosophical discussion about the chemical properties of human blood, or the nature of gunpowder ; they want some one to man the batteries and swab out the guns. And now, when all the forces of light and darkness, of heaven and hell, have plunged into the fight, it is no time to give ourselves to the definitions and formulas and technicalities and conventionalities of religion. What we want is practical, earnest, concentrated, enthusiastic, and triumphant help.

AGGRESSIVE CHRISTIANS.

In the first place, in order to meet the special demand of this age, you need to be unmistakably *aggressive Christians*. Of half-and-half Christians we do not want any more. The Church of Jesus Christ would be better without ten thousand of them. They are the *chief obstacles to the Church's advancement*. I am speaking of another kind of Christian. All the appliances for your becoming an earnest Christian

INNOCENT JOYS.



are at your hand, and there is a straight path for you into the broad daylight of God's forgiveness.

You remember what excitement there was in this country some years ago when the Prince of Wales came here—how the people rushed out by hundreds of thousands to see him. Why? Because they expected that some day he would sit upon the throne of England. But what was all that honor compared with the honor to which God calls you—to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty—yea, to be queens and kings unto God? “They shall reign with Him for ever and for ever.”

But you need to be *aggressive* Christians, and not like persons who spend their lives in hugging their Christian graces, and wondering why they do not make any progress. How much robustness of health would a man have if he hid himself in a dark closet? A great deal of the piety of the day is too exclusive. It hides itself. It needs more fresh air, more out-door exercise. There are many Christians who are giving their entire life to self-examination. They are feeling their pulses to see what is the condition of their spiritual health. Yet how long would a man have robust physical health if he kept all the days, and weeks, and months, and years of his life feeling his pulse, instead of going out into earnest, active, every-day work?

I have been among the wonderful and bewitching cactus growths of North Carolina, where I never was more bewildered with the beauty of flowers. Yet, when I would take up one of these cactuses and pull the leaves apart, the beauty was all gone. You could hardly tell that it had been a flower. And there are a great many Christian people in this day just pulling apart their own Christian experiences to see what there is in them, and there is nothing left of them. This style of self-examination is a damage instead of an advantage to their Christian character.

I remember, when I was a boy, I used to have a small piece in the garden that I called my own, and I planted corn there, and every few days I would pull it up to see how fast it was growing. Now, there are a great many Christian people in this day whose self-examination merely amounts to the pulling up of that which they only yesterday or the day before planted. If you want to have a stalwart Christian character, plant it right out of doors in the great field of Christian usefulness, and though storms may come upon it, and the hot sun of trial

may try to consume it, it will thrive until it becomes a great tree, in which the fowls of heaven may have a habitation. I have no patience with these *flower-pot* Christians. They keep themselves under shelter, and all their Christian experience in a small and exclusive circle, when they ought to plant it in the great garden of the Lord, so that the whole atmosphere would be aromatic with their Christian piety. The *century-plant* is wonderfully suggestive and wonderfully beautiful; but I never look at it without thinking of its parsimony. It lets whole generations go by before it puts forth one blossom; so I have really more heartfelt admiration when I see the dewy tears in the blue eyes of the violets, for they come every spring. Time is going by so rapidly that we cannot afford to be idle.

A recent statistician says that human life now has an average of thirty-two years. From these thirty-two years you must subtract all the time you take for sleep and the taking of food and recreation; that will leave you about sixteen years. From these sixteen years you must subtract all the time that you are necessarily engaged in the earning of a livelihood; that will leave you about eight years. From these eight years you must take all the days and weeks and months that are passed in sickness—leaving you about one year in which to work for God. O my soul, wake up! How darest thou sleep in harvest-time, and with so few hours in which to reap? So I state it as a simple fact that all the time that the vast majority of you will have for the exclusive service of God will be *less than one year*.

“But,” says some man, “I liberally support the Gospel, and the Gospel is preached; all the spiritual advantages are spread before men, and if they want to be saved, let them come and be saved; I have discharged all my responsibility.” Ah! is *that* the Master’s spirit? Is there not an old Book somewhere that commands us to “go out into the highways and hedges and compel the people to come in”? What would have become of you and me if Christ had not come down off the hills of heaven, and if he had not come through the door of the Bethlehem caravansary, and if he had not with *the crushed hand* of the Crucifixion knocked at the iron gate of the sepulcher of our spiritual death, crying, “Lazarus, come forth!”

O my Christian friends, this is no time for inertia, when all the forces of darkness seem to be in full blast, when steam printing-presses are publishing infidel tracts, when express railroad trains are carrying

messengers of sin, when fast clippers are laden with opium and rum, when the night air of our cities is polluted with the laughter that breaks up from the ten thousand saloons of dissipation and abandonment.

The fires of the second death already are kindled in the cheeks of some who only a little while ago were incorrupt. Oh, never since the curse fell upon the earth has there been a time when it was such an unwise, such a cruel, such an awful thing for the Church to sleep! The great audiences are not gathered in the Christian temples; the great audiences are gathered in temples of sin—tears of unutterable woe, their baptism; the blood of crushed hearts, the awful wine of their sacrament; blasphemies, their litany; and the groans of the lost world, the organ-dirge of their worship.

THE NEW AND THE OLD.

Again, if you want to be qualified to meet the duties which this age demands of you, you must on the one hand avoid reckless iconoclasm, and on the other hand, not stick too much to things because they are old. The air is full of new plans, new projects, new theories of government, new theologies; and I am amazed to see how many Christians want only novelty in order to recommend a thing to their confidence, and so they vacillate, and swing to and fro, and are useless and unhappy. New plans—secular, ethical, philosophical, religious, cisatlantic, transatlantic, long enough to make a line reaching from the German universities to the great Salt Lake City! Ah, my brother, do not take hold of a thing merely because it is new. Try it by the realities of a judgment-day.

But, on the other hand, do not adhere to anything merely because it is old. There is not a single enterprise of the Church or the world but has sometimes been scoffed at. There was a time when men derided even Bible societies; and when a few young men met near a haystack in Massachusetts and organized the first missionary society ever organized in this country, there went laughter and ridicule all around the Christian Church. They said the undertaking was preposterous.

So also the ministry of Jesus Christ was assailed. People cried out, "Who ever heard of such theories of ethics and government? Who ever noticed such a style of preaching as Jesus has?" Ezekiel had talked of mysterious wings and wheels. Here came a man from Antioch and Capernaum, and Gennessaret, and he drew his illustrations

from the lakes, from the sand, from the raven, from the lilies, from the corn-stacks. How the Pharisees scoffed! How Herod derided! And this Jesus they plucked by the beard, and they spat in his face, and they called him "this fellow." All the great enterprises in and out of the Church have at times been scoffed at, and there have been a great multitude who have thought that the chariot of God's truth would fall to pieces if it once got out of the old rut.

And so there are those who have no patience with anything like improvement in church architecture, or with anything like good, hearty, earnest church singing, and they deride every form of religious discussion which goes down walking with every-day men rather than that which makes an excursion on rhetorical stilts. Oh, that the Church of God would wake up to an adaptability of work! *We must admit the simple fact that the churches of Jesus Christ in this day do not reach the great masses of mankind.*

GOSPEL SIEGE-GUNS.

There are *fifty thousand* people in Edinburgh who never hear the Gospel. There are *two hundred thousand* people in Glasgow who never hear the Gospel. There are *one million* people in London who never hear the Gospel. There are many hundreds of thousands of souls in American cities who come not under the immediate ministration of Christ's truth, and the Church of God of this day, instead of being a place full of living epistles, and known of all men, is more like a "*dead letter*" *post-office*!

"But," say the people, "the world is going to be converted; you must be patient; the kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of Christ." *Never*, unless the Church of Jesus Christ puts on more speed and energy. Instead of the Church converting the world, the world is *converting the Church*. Here is a great fortress. How shall it be taken? An army comes and sits around about it, cuts off the supplies, and says, "Now we will just wait until, from exhaustion and starvation, they will have to give up." Weeks and months, and perhaps a year, pass along, and finally the fortress surrenders through that starvation and exhaustion.

But, my friends, the fortresses of sin are never to be taken in that way. If they are taken for God, it will be by storm. You will have to bring up the great siege-guns of the Gospel to the very wall, and



HONEST TOIL.

wheel the flying artillery into line, and when the armed infantry of heaven shall confront the battlements, you will have to give the quick command, "Forward, charge!"

Ah, my friends, there is work for you to do, and for me to do, in order to gain this grand accomplishment. My pulpit is the rostrum and the book. Your pulpit is the bank. Your pulpit is the store. Your pulpit is the editorial chair. Your pulpit is the anvil. Your pulpit is the house-scaffolding. Your pulpit is the mechanic's shop. I may stand in my pulpit, and through cowardice or through self-seeking may keep back the word I ought to utter; while you, with sleeve rolled up and brow besweated with toil, may utter the word that will stir the foundations of heaven with the shout of a great victory.

THE PEOPLE'S PULPIT.

Every man and woman can preach the Gospel of Christ. Find the right pulpit, seek the divine ordination, and go to work! Hedley Vicars was a wicked man in the English army. The grace of God came to him. He became an earnest and eminent Christian. They scoffed at him and said, "You are a hypocrite; you are as bad as ever you were." Still he kept his faith in Christ, and after a while, finding that they could not turn him aside by calling him a hypocrite, they said to him, "Oh, you are nothing but a Methodist." That did not disturb him. He went on performing his Christian duty until he had formed all his troops into a Bible-class, and the whole encampment was shaken with the presence of God.

So Havelock went into a heathen temple in India, while the English army was there, and *put a candle into the hands of each of the heathen gods* that stood around in the heathen temple, and by the light of those candles held up by the idols, General Havelock preached righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. And who will say, on earth or in heaven, that Havelock had not the right to preach?

In the minister's house where I prepared for college there was a man who worked, by the name of Peter Croy. He could neither read nor write, but he was a man of God. Often theologians would stop in the house—grave theologians—and at family prayer Peter Croy would be called upon to lead; and all those wise men sat around, wonder-struck at his religious efficiency. When he prayed, he reached up and seemed to take hold of the very throne of the Almighty, and he

talked with God until the very heavens were bowed down into the sitting-room.

Oh, if I were dying, I would rather have plain Peter Croy kneel by my bedside and commend my spirit to God than the greatest archbishop arrayed in costly canonicals! Go preach this Gospel. You say you are not licensed. In the name of the Lord Almighty, I license you. Go preach this Gospel—preach it in the Sabbath-schools, in the prayer-meetings, in the highways, in the hedges. Woe be unto you if you preach it not!

I congratulate all those who are toiling for the outcast and the wandering. Your work will soon be over, but the influence you are setting in motion will never stop. Long after you have been garnered for the skies, your prayers, your teachings, and your Christian influence will go on, and help to people heaven with bright inhabitants.

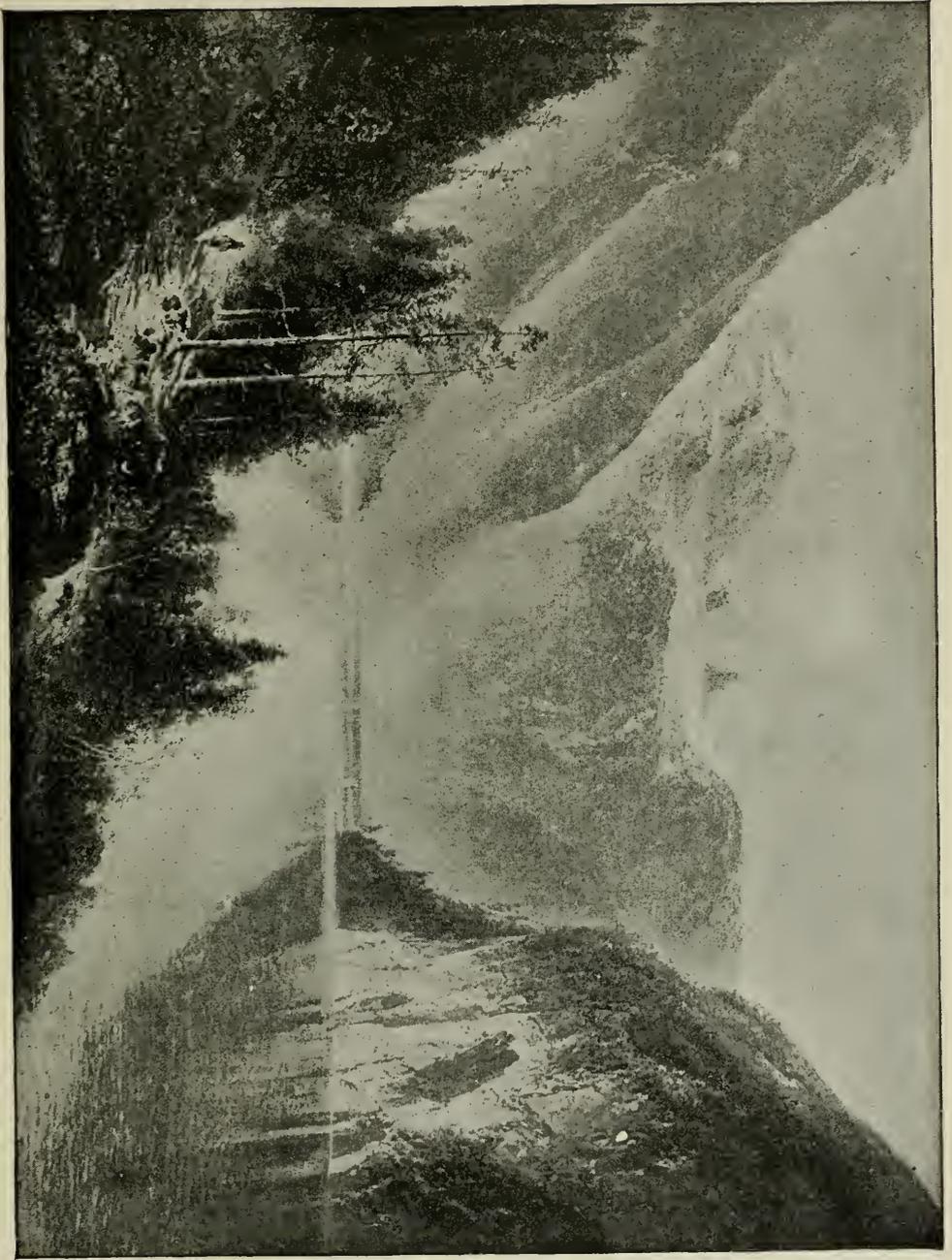
THE MISSION OF PICTURES.

PICTURES are, by some, relegated to the realm of the trivial, the accidental, and the sentimental or worldly ; but the Bible teaches that God himself scrutinizes pictures ; and whether they are good or bad, whether they are used for right or wrong purposes, is a matter of Divine observation and arraignment. The Divine mission of pictures is the subject of this paper.

That the artist's brush and the engraver's knife have sometimes been made subservient to the kingdom of the bad, is frankly admitted. After the ashes and the scoria were removed from Herculaneum and Pompeii, the walls of those cities displayed to the explorers a degradation of art which cannot be exaggerated. Satan and all his imps have always wanted the fingering of the easel. They would rather have that than they would the art of printing, for types are not so potent and so quick for evil as pictures. The powers of darkness think that they have gained a triumph, and so they have, when in some respectable parlor or art-gallery they can hang a canvas offensive to the good but fascinating to the evil.

It is not in the spirit of prudery, but, backed up by God's eternal truth, that I say you have no right to hang in your art-galleries, or your dwelling-houses, that which would be offensive to good people, if the pictures were alive in your parlor, and the figures the guests of your own household. The picture that you prefer to hang in a somewhat secluded place or in a public hall, and which you cannot with your group of friends stand deliberately before and discuss, ought to have a knife driven into it and drawn clear through to the bottom ; and then a stout finger thrust through and the canvas ripped to right and left. Pliny the elder lost his life by going near enough to the crater of Vesuvius to see the eruption close at hand. The further you stand

GOD'S HANDIWORK.



off from the burning crater of sin the better. Never, till the books of the Last Day are opened, shall we know what has been the dire harvest of evil pictorials and unbecoming art-galleries.

Debase a man's imagination and he becomes a moral carcass. The show-windows of English and American cities, in which the low theaters have sometimes hung long lines of brazen actors and actresses, in style that is insulting to all propriety, have made a broad path to death for multitudes of people. But so have all the other arts at times been suborned to evil. How has music been bedraggled! Is there any place so low down in dissoluteness that into it has not been carried David's harp, and Handel's organ, and Gottschalk's piano, and Ole Bull's violin? And the flute,—which has been named after so insignificant a thing as the Sicilian eel, which has seven spots on its sides like flute holes,—and which for thousands of years has had an exalted mission, has also been made an agent of vice. Architecture, born in the heart of Him who made the worlds—under its acres and across its floors what bacchanalian revelries have been enacted!

THE LASTING LESSON.

Yet what a poor world this would be were it not for "pleasant pictures"! I refer to your memory and mine, when I ask if your knowledge of the Holy Scriptures has not been mightily augmented and aided by the wood-cuts in the old family Bible, which father and mother read out of, and laid on the table in the old homestead, when we were boys and girls. The Bible scenes which we all carry in our minds, we did not get from the Bible typology, but from the Bible pictures. To prove the truth of it, the other day I took up the old family Bible which I inherited. Sure enough! What I have carried in my mind about Jacob's ladder, was exactly the Bible engraving of Jacob's ladder. And so with Samson carrying off the gates of Gaza, Elisha restoring the Shunamite's son, the massacre of the innocents, Christ blessing the little children, the crucifixion, and the last judgment. My idea of all these is that of the old Bible engravings which I scanned before I could read a word.

That is true with nine-tenths of you. If I could swing open the doors of your foreheads, I would find that you are walking picture-galleries. The great intelligence abroad about the Bible, did not come from the reading of the book—for the majority of the people read it

but little, if they read it at all—but all the great scenes have been put before the masses, and not the printer's ink but pictorial art must have the credit. First, painter's pencil for the favored few, and then the engraver's plate or wood-cut for millions on millions. What an overwhelming commentary on the Bible, what reinforcements for patriarchs, for the prophets, and for Christ, what distribution of the spiritual knowledge of all nations in the paintings and the engravings therefrom, of Holman Hunt's "Christ in the Temple," Paul Veronese's "Magdalen Washing the Feet of Christ," Raphael's "Michael, the Archangel," Albert Durer's "Dragon of the Apocalypse," Michael Angelo's "Plague of the Fiery Serpents," Tintoreto's "Flight into Egypt," Reuben's "Descent from the Cross," Leonardo Da Vinci's "Last Supper," Claude's "Queen of Sheba," Orcagna's "Last Judgment," and hundreds of miles of pictures if they were put in line, illustrating, displaying, dramatizing, irradiating Bible truths, until the Scriptures are not so much to-day on paper as on canvas—not so much in ink as in the colors of the spectrum.

A GREAT ARTIST.

In 1833, forth from Strasburg, Germany, there came a child that was to eclipse in boldness and speed and grandeur, anything and everything that the world had seen since the first color appeared on the sky at the creation—Gustave Doré. At eleven years of age, he published marvellous lithographs of his own. And saying nothing of what he did for Milton's "Paradise Lost," emblazoning it on the attention of the world, he took up the Book of books, the monarch of literature—the Bible—and in his pictures, "The Creation of Light," "The Trial of Abraham's Faith," "The Burial of Sarah," "Joseph Sold by his Brethren," "The Brazen Serpent," "Ruth and Boaz," "David and Goliath," "The Transfiguration," "The Marriage in Cana," "Babylon Fallen," and two hundred and five scriptural scenes in all, with a boldness and a grasp that is almost supernatural, he causes the heart to throb and the brain to reel, and the tears to start and the cheeks to blanch, and the entire nature to quake with the tremendous things of God, and eternity, and the dead! I actually staggered down the steps of the London Art-Gallery, under the power of Doré's "Christ Leaving the Prætorium." Profess you to be a Christian man or woman and see you no Divine mission in art, and acknowledge you no obligation

to either God or to man? The Bible is no more the word of God when put before us in printer's ink, than when its scenes are pictured by skillfully laying colors or designs on metal through incision or corrosion. What a lesson in morals was presented by Hogarth, the painter, in his two pictures, "The Rake's Progress" and "The Miser's Feast"; and by Thomas Cole's engravings of the "Voyage of Human Life" and the "Course of Empire"; and by Turner's "Slave Ship." God in art! Christ in art! Patriarchs, apostles and prophets in art! Angels in art! Heaven in art!

THE TRIALS OF ARTISTS.

The world and the Church ought to come to a higher appreciation of the Divine mission of pictures, and yet the artists themselves have generally been left to semi-starvation. West, the great painter, toiled on in unappreciation, till he became a skillful skater. On the ice he became acquainted with General Howe, of the English army, who, through coming to admire West as a skater, came gradually to appreciate as much that which he accomplished by his hand as by his heel. Poussin, the mighty painter, was pursued by a mob, and had nothing with which to defend himself but the artist's portfolio, which he held over his head to keep off the stones that were hurled at him. The pictures of Richard Wilson, of England, were sold for fabulous sums after his death, but the living painter was glad to get for his "Alcyone" a piece of Stilton cheese. From 1640 to 1643 there were four thousand pictures willfully destroyed. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it was the habit of some people to spend much of their time in knocking pictures to pieces. In the reign of Charles I., it was ordered by Parliament that all the pictures of Christ should be burnt. Painters were occasionally so badly treated and humiliated in the beginning of the eighteenth century, that they were lowered clear down out of the sublimity of their art, and obliged to give minute accounts of what they did with their colors, as is indicated by a painter's bill which came to publication in Scotland, in 1707. The painter had been touching up some old pictures in a church, and he sent in his itemized bill to the vestry: "To filling up a chink in the Red Sea; to repairing the damages to Pharaoh's host; to a new pair of hands for Daniel in the lion's den, and a new set of teeth for the lioness; to repairing Nebuchadnezzar's beard; to giving a blush to the cheek of Eve, on presenting the apple to Adam; to making a bridle

for the good Samaritan's horse, and to mending one of his legs; to putting a new handle on Moses' basket, and fitting the bulrushes; and to adding more fire to Nebuchadnezzar's furnace." So painters were humiliated clear down below the majesty of their art. The oldest picture in England, a portrait of Chaucer, though now of great value, was picked out of a lumber-garret. Great were the trials of Quentin Matsys, who toiled on from a blacksmith's anvil till, as a painter, he won wide recognition.

But why go so far back, when in the year of our Lord 1888, and within twelve years of the twentieth century, to be a painter, except in rare exceptions, means poverty and neglect—poorly fed, poorly clothed, poorly housed, because poorly appreciated. When I hear that a man is a painter, I have two feelings—one of admiration for the greatness of his soul, and one of commiseration for the needs of his body. But so it has been in all the departments of noble work; some of the mightiest have been hardly able to exist. Oliver Goldsmith had at one time such a big patch on the side of his coat, that when he went anywhere, he kept his hat in his hand, closely pressed over the patch.

PHILANTHROPY OF ART.

Let wealthy men take under their patronage the suffering men of art. They offer no complaint, they make no strike for higher wages, but with a keenness of nervous organization which has almost always characterized genius, these artists suffer more than any one but God can realize. There needs to be a concerted effort for the suffering artists; not sentimental discourse about what we owe them, but contracts that will give them a livelihood. For I am in full sympathy with the Christian farmer, whom, as he was very busy gathering his fall apples, some one asked to pray for a poor family, the father of which had broken his leg. The busy farmer said, "I cannot stop now to pray, but you can go down in the cellar and get some corned beef and some butter and eggs and potatoes—that is all that I can do now." Artists may wish for our prayers, but they also want our practical help. You have heard scores of sermons for all kinds of suffering men and women, but who ever heard one that made a plea for the suffering men and women of American art? Their work is more true to nature and life than any of the masterpieces that have become immortal on the other side of the sea; but it is the fashion of Americans to mention

foreign artists, and to know little or nothing about our own Copley, and Allston, and Inman, and Greenough, and Kensett. Let the affluent fling out of their windows, and into the back yards, valueless daubs of canvas, and call in our splendid but unrewarded artists, and tell them to adorn their walls with that which shall not only please the taste, but enlarge the minds, and improve the morals, and save the souls of those who gaze upon them.

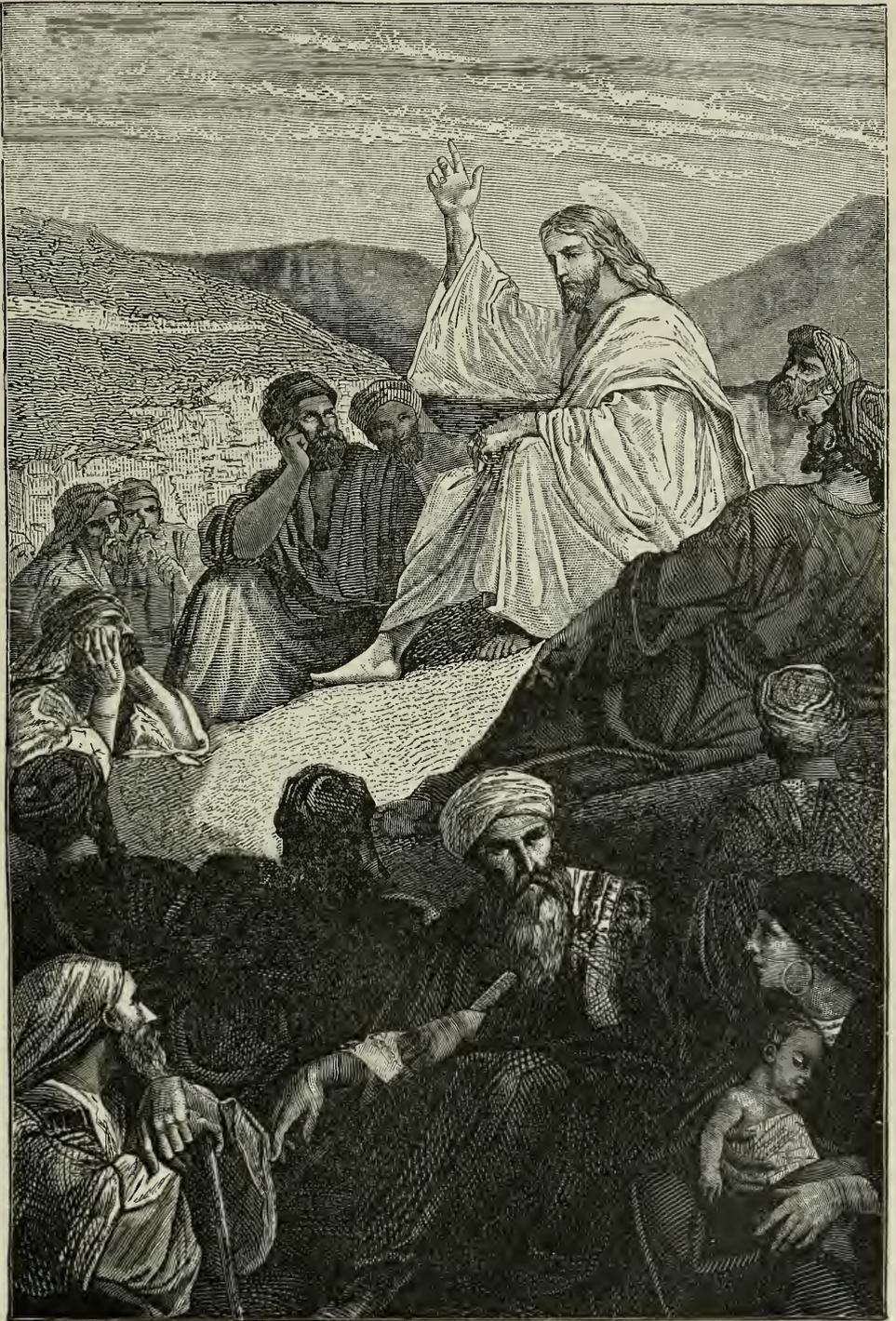
All our cities need art-galleries, not open annually for a few days on exhibition, but standing open all the year around, from early morning till ten o'clock at night, and free to all who may come and go. What a preparation for the wear and tear of the day would be a five minutes' look, in the morning, at some picture that will open the door into a larger realm than that in which our population daily drudge! Or what a good thing the half hour of artistic opportunity on the way home, in the evening, from exhaustion that demands recuperation for mind and soul as well as body! Who will do for the city where you live what W. W. Corcoran did for Washington, or what I am told that John Wanamaker is going to do for the city of Philadelphia, by the donation of De Munkacsy's great picture, "Christ before Pilate"? Men of wealth, if you are too modest to build and endow such a place during your lifetime, why not go to your iron safe, and take out your last will and testament, and make a codicil that shall build for the city of your residence a throne for American art? Take some of your money that would otherwise spoil your children, and build an art-gallery that shall associate your name forever, not only with the great masters of painting that are gone, but with the great masters who are trying to live; and also win the admiration and love of tens of thousands of people, who, unable to have fine pictures of their own, would be advantaged by your benefaction. Build your own monuments, and not leave it to the whims of others.

Some of the best people sleeping in Greenwood have no monuments at all, or some crumbling stones that in a few years will let the rain wash out name and epitaph, while other men, whose death was but the abatement of a nuisance, have a pile of polished Aberdeen high enough for a king and eulogium enough to embarrass a seraph! O man of large wealth, instead of leaving to the whims of others your monumental commemoration and epitaphology, to be looked at when people are going to and fro at the burial of others, build right down in

the heart of the city where you live an immense free reading-room, or a musical conservatory, or a free art-gallery, with niches for sculpture, and the walls abloom with pictures of the rise and the fall of nations, and lessons of courage for the disheartened, of rest for the weary and life for the dead; and one hundred and fifty years from now you will be wielding influences in this world for good among those whose great-grandfathers were your great-grandchildren. How much better than white marble, that chills you if you put your hand upon it in the cemetery, would be a monument in colors, in beaming eyes, in living possession, in splendors which under the chandelier are glowing and warm, and looked at by strolling groups, catalogue in hand, on the January night, when the necropolis, where the body sleeps, is all snowed under! The tower of David was hung with one thousand shields of battle, but you, O man of wealth, may have a grander tower named after you, one that shall be hung, not with the symbols of carnage, but with the victories of art, that were so long ago recognized in the Scriptures as "Pleasant Pictures." Oh, the power of pleasant pictures! I cannot deride, as some have done, Cardinal Mazarin, who, when told that he must die, took his last walk through the art-gallery of his palace, saying, "Must I quit all this? Look at that Titian! Look at that Corregio! Look at that Deluge of Caracci! Farewell, dear pictures!"

GENIUS OF DEPRAVITY.

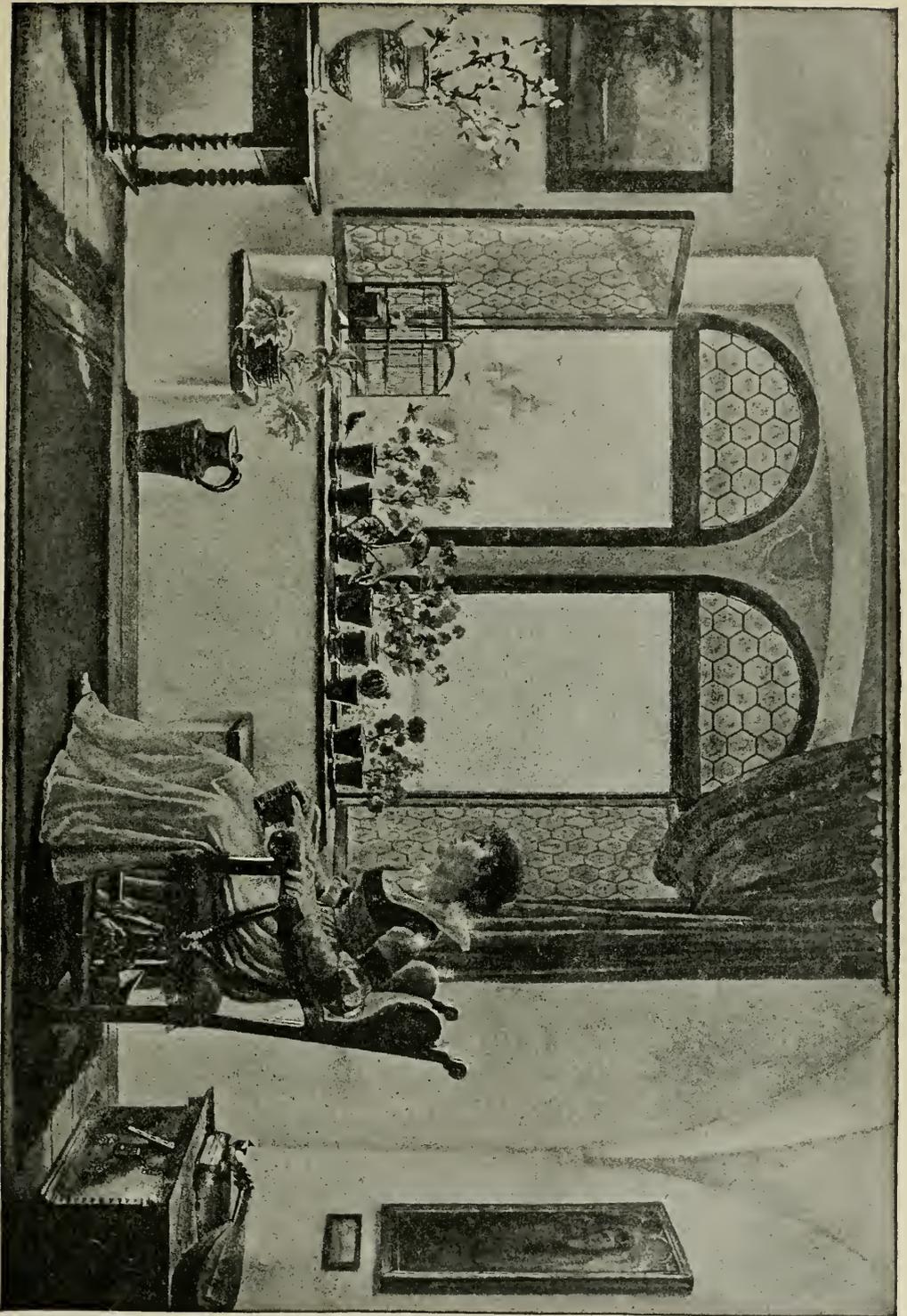
As the Day of the Lord of Hosts will scrutinize these pictures, I implore all parents to see that in their households there is nothing in newspapers, or in books, or on canvas, that will deprave. Pictures are no longer the exclusive possession of the affluent. There is not a respectable home in our cities that has not specimens of wood-cut or steel engravings, if not of paintings, and your whole family will feel the moral uplifting or depression. Have nothing on your wall or in your books that will familiarize the young with scenes of cruelty or wassail. Have only sketches made by artists in elevated moods, and none of those that seem to be the product of artistic delirium tremens. Pictures are not only a strong, but a universal language. The human race is divided into as many languages almost as there are nations. But pictures speak to people of all tongues. Volapük, many have hoped with little reason, would become a world-wide language; but



THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

the pictorial is always a world-wide language, and the printer's types have no emphasis compared with it. We say that children are fond of pictures, but notice any man when he takes up a book, and you will see that the first things that he looks at are the pictures. Have only those in the house that appeal to the better nature. One engraving has sometimes decided an eternal destiny. Under the title of fine arts, there have come here, from France, a class of pictures which elaborate argument has tried to prove irreproachable. They would disgrace a bar-room, and they need to be confiscated. Your children will carry the pictures of their father's house with them clear on to the grave, and, passing that marble pillar, will take them through eternity.

Furthermore, let all reformers and Sabbath-school teachers and Christian workers realize that, if they would be effective for good, they must make pictures, if not in chalk on blackboards, or in kindergarten designs, or by pencil or by canvas, then by words. Arguments are soon forgotten, but pictures, whether in language or in colors, are what produce the strongest effects. Christ was always telling what a thing was like, and his Sermon on the Mount was a great picture-gallery, beginning with the "City that is set upon a Hill," and ending with a Tempest beating against two houses, one on the rock and the other on the sand. The parable of the Prodigal Son was a picture; the parable of the Sower who went out to sow, a picture; the parable of the Unmerciful Servant, a picture; the parable of the Ten Virgins, a picture; the parable of the Talents, a picture. The world wants pictures; and the appetite begins with the child, who consents to go early to bed if the mother will sit beside him and rehearse a story, which is only a picture. When we see how much has been accomplished in secular directions by pictures—Shakespeare's tragedies, a picture; Victor Hugo's writings, all pictures; John Ruskin's and Tennyson's and Longfellow's works, all pictures—why not enlist, as far as possible, for our churches and schools, and for our reformatory work and evangelistic endeavor, the power of thought that can be put into word-pictures, if not pictures in color? Yea, why not all young men draw for themselves on paper, with pen or pencil, their coming career, of virtue if they prefer it, of vice if they prefer that? After making the picture, put it on the wall or paste it on the fly-leaf of some favorite book, that you may have it before you. I read the other day of a man who had been executed for murder, and the jailer found



SACRED CONTEMPLATION.

afterwards a picture on the wall of the cell, by the assassin's own hand—a picture of a flight of stairs. On the lowest step he had written, "Disobedience;" on the second he had written, "Sabbath-breaking;" on the third, "Drunkenness and Gambling;" on the fourth, "Murder," and on the top step he had a gallows. If that man had made that picture before he had taken the first step, he would never have taken any more of them.

A MODEL PICTURE.

O man, make another picture, a bright picture, an evangelical picture. I will help you to make it. I suggest six steps for this flight of stairs. On the first step write, "A nature changed by the power of the Holy Ghost and washed in the Blood of the Lamb;" on the second step, "Industry and good companionship;" on the third step, "A Christian home and a family altar;" on the fourth step, "Ever-widening influences;" on the fifth step, "A glorious departure from the world;" and on the last step, "Heaven, Heaven, Heaven!" Write it three times, and let the letters of one word be made up of banners, and the second of coronets, and the third of thrones. Promise me that you will do that, and I will promise to meet you on the sixth step, if the Lord will, through his pardoning grace, bring me there too.

I am going to say a word of cheer to people who have never had a word of consolation on that subject. There are men and women in this world by the hundreds and the thousands who have a fine natural taste, and yet all their lives that taste has been suppressed; and although they could appreciate the galleries of Dresden and Vienna and Naples far more than nine hundred and ninety-nine out of the thousand that visit them, they may never go, for they must support their households, and bread and schooling for their children are of more importance than pictures. Though fond of music, they are compelled to live amid discord; and though fond of architecture, they are compelled to live amid clumsy abodes. Though appreciative of all that engravings and paintings can do, they are in perpetual deprivation. You are going, after you get on the sixth step of that stair just spoken of, to find yourselves in the royal gallery of the universe, the centered splendors of all the worlds before your transported vision. In some way, all the thrilling scenes through which we and

the Church of God have passed in our earthly state, will be pictured or brought to the mind.

At the cyclorama of the battle of Gettysburg one day, a blind man, who had lost his sight in that battle, was heard talking with his child, while standing before the picture. The blind man said to his daughter, "Are there, at the right of the picture, some regiments marching up a hill?" "Yes," she said. "Well," said the blind man, "is there a man on horseback, leading them on?" "Yes," she said. "Well, is there rushing on them a cavalry charge?" "Yes," she said. "And do there seem to be many dying and dead?" "Yes," was the answer. "Well, now, do you see the shell near the woods, bursting near the cannon?" "Yes," she said. "Stop right there," said the blind man; "that is the last thing that I ever saw on earth. What a time it was, Jennie, when I lost my eyesight!" But when you, who have found life to be a hard battle, a very Gettysburg, shall stand in the royal gallery of heaven, and in your new vision begin to understand and see that which, in your earthly blindness, you could not see at all, you will point out to your celestial comrades, perhaps to your own dear children, the scenes of the earthly conflicts in which you participated, saying, "There, from the hill of Prosperity I was driven back. There, in the valley of Humiliation I was wounded. There I lost my eyesight. That was the way the world looked when I last saw it." But what a grand thing to get celestial vision, and stand here before the cyclorama of all the worlds, while the rider on the white horse goes on "conquering and to conquer," the moon under his feet and the stars of heaven for his tiara!

LIGHT, THE WORLD'S EVANGEL.

AFTER a season of storm or fog, how you are thrilled when the sun comes out at noonday! The mists travel up, hill above hill, mountain above mountain, until they are sky-lost. The forests are full of chirp and buzz and song; honey-makers in the log, bird's beak pounding the bark, the chatter of the squirrel on the rail, the call of a hawk out of the clear sky, make you thankful for the sunshine which makes all the world so busy and so glad. The same sun which in the morning kindled conflagrations among the castles of cloud, stoops down to paint the lily white, and the buttercup yellow, and the forget-me-not blue.

Light for voyager on the deep; light for shepherds guarding the flocks afield; light for the poor who have no lamps to burn; light for the downcast and the weary; light for aching eyes and burning brain and consuming captive; light for the smooth brow of childhood and the dim vision of the octogenarian; light for the queen's coronet and the sewing-girl's needle. "Let there be light."

"CLEAR AS THE SUN."

"Who is she that looketh forth clear as the sun?" Our answer is, the Church. You have been going along a road before daybreak, and on one side you thought you saw a lion, and on the other side you thought you saw a goblin of the darkness, but when the sun came out you found these were harmless apparitions. And it is the great mission of the Church of Jesus Christ to come forth "clear as the sun," to illumine all earthly darkness, to explain, as far as possible, all mystery, and to make the world radiant in its brightness; and that which you thought was an aroused lion is found out to be a slumbering lamb; and the sepulchral gates of your dead turn out to be the opening gates

of heaven ; and that which you supposed was a flaming sword to keep you out of paradise, is an angel of light to beckon you in.

The lamps on her altars will cast their glow on your darkest pathway, and cheer you until, far beyond the need of lantern or lighthouse, you are safely anchored within the veil. O sun of the Church ! shine on until there is no sorrow to soothe, no tears to wipe away, no shackles to break, no more souls to be redeemed. Ten thousand hands of sin have attempted to extinguish the lamps on her altars, but they are



IN THE SUN-GLOW.

quenchless ; and to silence her pulpits, but the thunder would leap, and the lightning would flame.

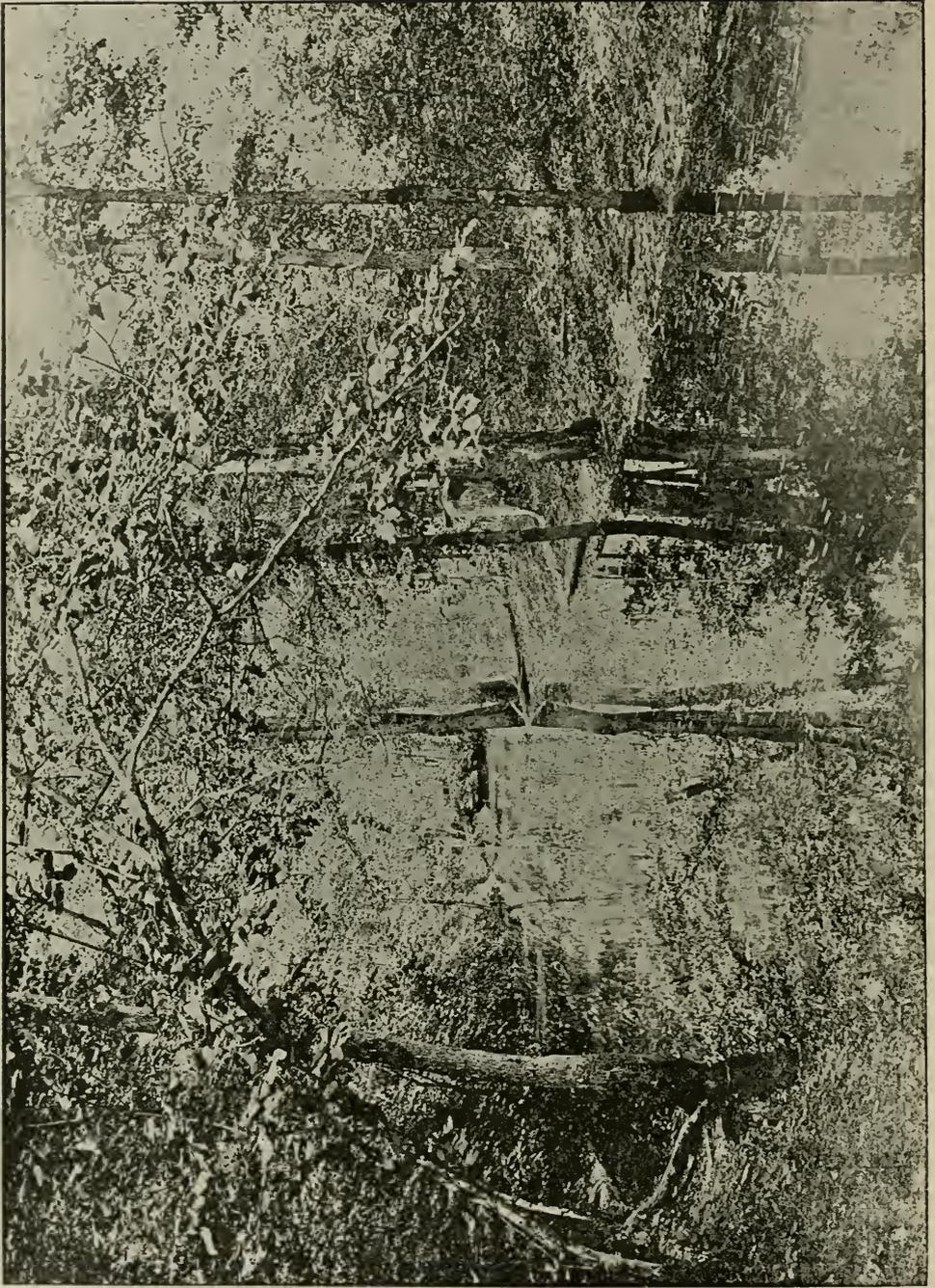
With Christ to lead us, we need not fear. I will not underrate the enemy. They are a tremendous host. They come on with acutest strategy. Their weapons have been forged by the inhabitants of darkness in furnaces of everlasting fire. We contend not with flesh and blood, but with principalities, and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places ; but, if God be for us, who can be against us ? Come on, ye troops of the Lord ! Fall into line ! Close up the ranks ! On,

through burning sands and over frozen mountain-tops, until the whole earth shall surrender to God. He made it; He redeemed it; He shall have it. They shall not be trampled with hoofs, they shall not be cut with sabers, they shall not be crushed with wheels, they shall not be cloven with battle-axes, but the marching, and the onset, and the victory, will be none the less decisive for that.

“FAIR AS THE MOON.”

The world will not be up to the Church of Christ until the day when all merchandise has become honest merchandise, and all governments have become free governments, and all nations evangelized nations, and the last deaf ear of spiritual death shall be broken open by the million-voiced shout of nations born in a day. The Church that Nebuchadnezzar tried to burn in the furnace, and Darius to tear to pieces with the lions, and Lord Claverhouse to cut with the sword, has gone on, wading the floods and enduring the fire, until the deepest barbarism, and the fiercest cruelties, and the blackest superstitions, have been compelled to look to the East, crying, “Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?” God, who has determined that everything shall be beautiful in its season, has not left the night without charm. The moon rules the night. The stars are only set as gems in her tiara. Sometimes before the sun has gone down the moon mounts her throne, but it is after nightfall that she sways her undisputed scepter over island and continent, river and sea. Under her light the plainest maple leaves become shivering silver, the lakes from shore to shore look like shining mirrors, and the ocean, under her glance, with great tides comes up panting upon the beach, mingling, as it were, foam and fire.

Under the witchery of the moon the awful steeps lose their ruggedness, and the chasms their terror. The poor man blesses God for throwing so cheap a light through the broken window-pane of his cabin, and to the sick it seems like a light from the other shore that bounds this great deep of human pain and woe. If the sun be like a song, full and loud and poured forth from brazen instruments that fill heaven and earth with harmony, the moon is plaintive and sad, standing beneath the throne of God, sending up her soft, sweet voice of praise, while the stars listen. No mother ever more lovingly watched



LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SPRING.

a sick cradle than this pale watcher of the sky bends over the weary, heart-sick, slumbering earth, singing to it silvery music, while it is rocked in the cradle of the spheres.

THE BOW OF PROMISE.

Yet sad is the spectacle which it sees, looking down upon the earth. Man arrayed against man, groan echoing groan. From Berlin to Paris, a river of blood! Russia impatient until it can throttle England! Throne against throne, empire against empire! The spirit of despotism and freedom at war in every land: despotic America against free America, despotic England against free England, despotic Germany against free Germany, despotic Austria against free Austria. The great battle of earth is being fought—the Armageddon of the nations. The song that unrolled from the sky on the first Christmas night, of “peace and good will to men,” is drowned in the booming of the great siege-guns. Stand back, and let the long line of ambulances pass. Groan to groan! Uncover, and look upon the trenches of the dead. Blood! blood!—a deluge of blood!

But the redeemed of heaven, looking upon the glorious arch that spans the throne, shall see that for them the deluge is over. No batteries are planted on *those* hills; no barricades block *those* streets; no hostile flag floats above *those* walls; no smoke of burning villages; no shrieks of butchered men; but peace! German and Frenchman, who fell with arms interlocked in hate on the field of death, now, through Christ in heaven, stand with arms interlocked in love. Arms stacked forever; shields of battle hung up. The dove instead of the eagle; the lamb instead of the lion. There shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mount, for there is a rainbow round about the throne.

The earth is covered with the *deluge of sorrow*. Trouble! trouble! Our very first utterance when we come into the world is a cry. Without any teaching; we learn to weep. What has so wrinkled that man's face? What has so prematurely whitened his hair? What calls out that sigh? What starts that tear? Trouble! trouble! I find it in the cellar of poverty, and far up among the heights on the top of the crags; for this deluge also has gone over the tops of the highest mountains. No escape from it. You go into the store, and it meets you at your counting-desk; you go into the street, and it meets you at

the corner ; you go into the house, and it meets you at the door. Tears of poverty ! tears of persecution ! tears of bereavement !—a deluge of tears ! Gathered together from all the earth, they could float an ark larger than Noah's.

But the glorified, looking up to the bow that spans the throne, shall see that for them the deluge is over. No shivering wretch on the palace-step ; no blind man at the gate of the heavenly temple, asking for alms ; no grinding of the screw-driver on coffin-lid. They look up at the rainbow, and read, in lines of yellow, and red, and green, and blue, and orange, and indigo, and violet, "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 feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Thank God for the *glory spanning the throne !*

In our boyhood we had a superstition that at the foot of the rainbow there was a casket of buried gold ; but I have to announce that at the foot of this rainbow of heaven there is a box made of the wood of the cross. Open it, and you find in it all the treasures of heaven !

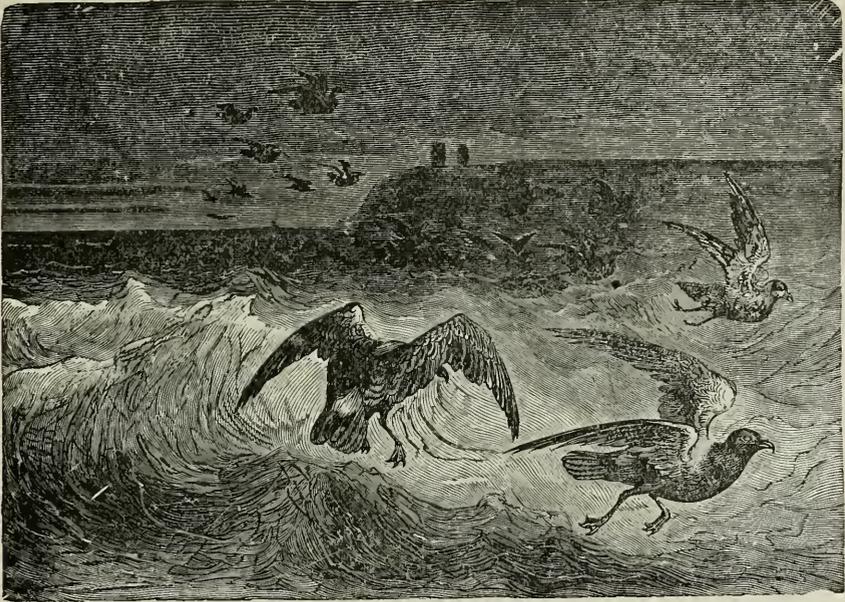
VELOCITY IN HEAVEN.

Christian workers, in the realm of the redeemed, 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 far less swift is his game than that which the scientist tries to shoot through the tower of the observatory. Like petrels in mid-Atlantic, that seem to come from no shore, and to 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 that 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 in a day.

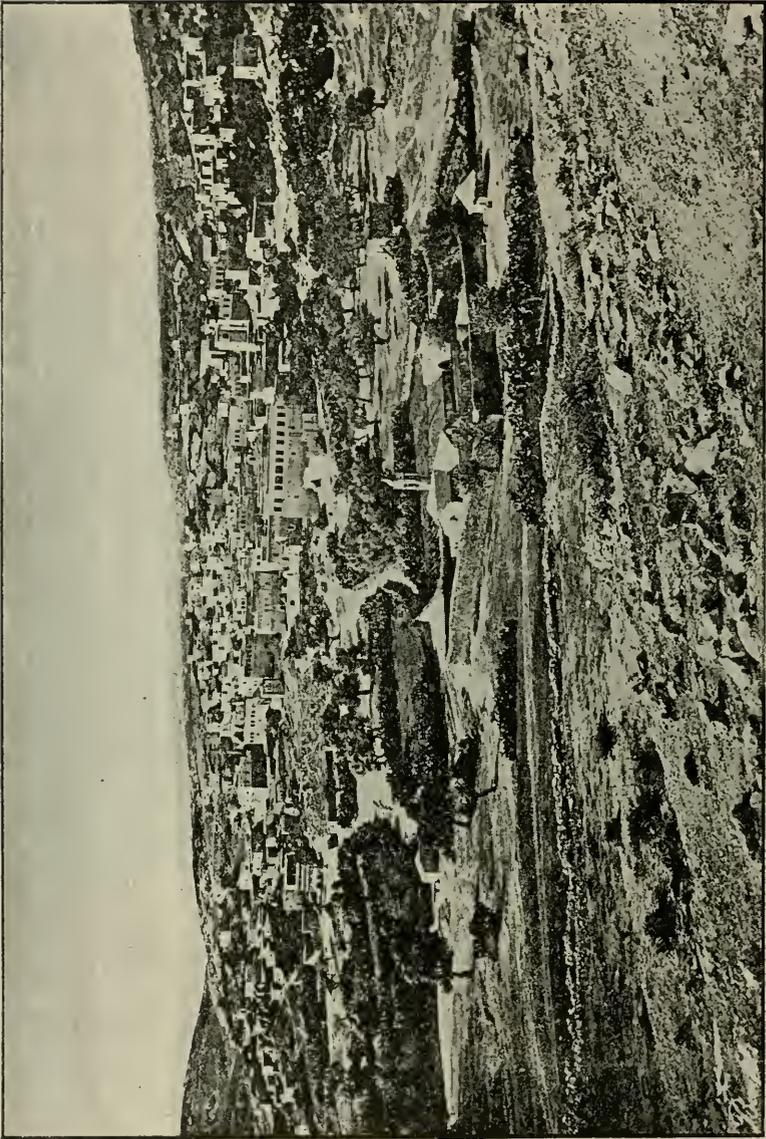
Yonder, Neptune flashes on eleven thousand miles in an hour. Yonder, Mercury goes one hundred and nine thousand miles an hour. So, like the stars, the Christian worker shall shine in swiftness of motion.

You hear now of 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 take starry speed, and flash onward one hundred thousand miles an hour! Having on earth got used to Christian work, you will not cease working when



THE STORMY PETREL.

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 marvellous shall be your 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."



THE CITY OF DAVID.

ATTACKS ON THE BIBLE.

TO prove that the Bible is an impure book, its enemies read certain portions of it and say, "Now, that is not fit for the eye or the ear of the domestic circle." They take Solomon's song, read certain portions, make their own interpretation, and then fling down the book and call the Scriptures a polluted collection of writings. Yet there is a principle that no one will deny, namely, that an impure book has impure results. That cause produces that result. Now, you have known a great many people who read the Bible, among your own friends—a great many who have been reading it for years. How many of them have had their morals despoiled? Did it make your father an impure man? Did it make your mother a bad woman? What effect had it upon your sister who died in the faith of the Gospel, and who has been now some ten or fifteen years in heaven? Were their morals tarnished? Did they become impure of speech, impure of action?

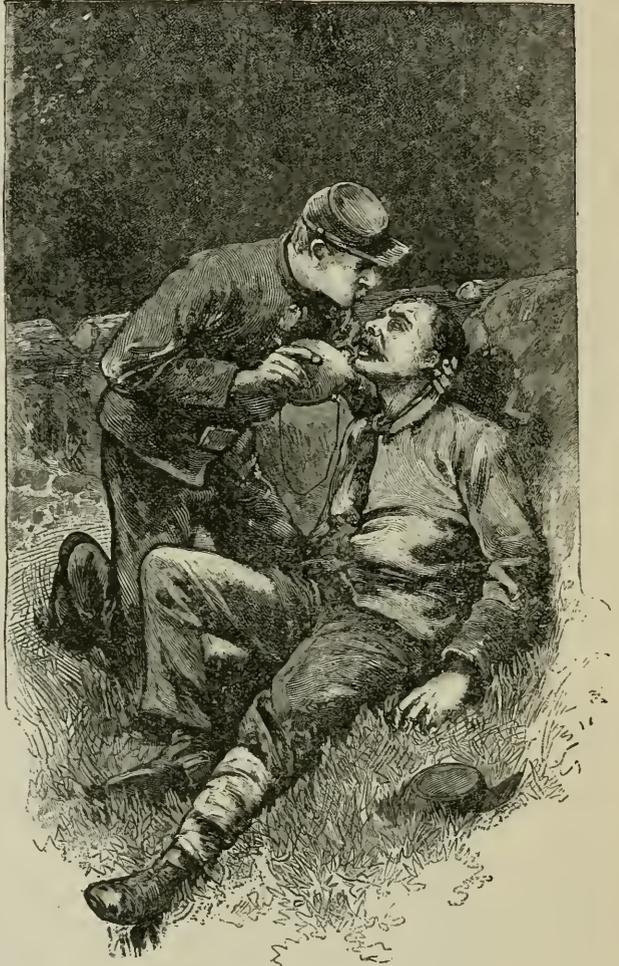
Two hundred and fifty million copies of an impure book scattered among the nations! Why, there must have been *a great many victims!* Show me a thousand, show me five hundred, show me a hundred, show me fifty, show me five, show me two, show me one. I am not particular about the specimen you give me, whether man, woman, child, white, black, copper-colored, American, African, European, Asiatic. Just one specimen give me—a man who was pure before, made impure by the reading of the Scriptures. I am not confining you to this day. Go through all the four thousand years that have passed, and show me a victim. On the contrary, you know that the family institution is nowhere regarded except in Bible-reading countries. You know that the only foundation of the home institution is the Word of God. What is the difference between Sodom, Constantinople, Madras, Peking on the one hand, and our American cities on the other? No difference except

Bible and no Bible. I challenge all earth and hell for one victim of the two hundred and fifty million copies of what you say is an impure book! The charge falls flat in the presence of every honest man.

A CRUEL BOOK.

Modern infidelity goes on and says that the Bible is a cruel book,

and its enemies read the stories of the ancient wars, and read passages from the lives of David and Joshua, and read about the extermination of the Canaanites, and then declare that the Bible is in favor of laceration and manslaughter and massacre. Well, now, among your acquaintances who have read the Bible, have you noticed that in proportion as they became acquainted with the Scriptures and fond of the Scriptures they got cruel in their habits? Have you ever known any of them to come out and practically say, "I have been reading in the Bible that story about the extermination of the Canaanites, and I am seized with a disposition



CHRISTIAN HUMANITY.

to stab, and cut, and beat, and knock to pieces everything I can lay my hands on"? What has been the effect upon your children? As they became more and more fond of the Scriptures, have they become more and more fond of tearing off the wings of flies, and pinning grasshoppers, and robbing birds' nests?

If the Bible were a cruel book, that would be the direction of the result. So far from that, you know as well as I do that all the institutions of mercy—not of cruelty—but all the institutions of mercy, were founded by Bible readers, Bible believers. When did this book put cruelty into the heart of George Peabody, or Miss Dix, or Florence Nightingale, or John Howard, or John Frederick Oberlin, or Abbott Lawrence? Go into a hospital. There are twenty Christian women binding up the wounds, giving the cordials, kneeling by the dying pillow, and saying, “Lord Jesus, receive this poor man’s spirit.” Where does the cruelty of the Bible crop out in their lives? Do you find it in the gentleness of their step, or in the soft cadence of their voice, or their soothing words in the dying hour?

O sirs, when you can make a rose leaf stab like a bayonet, when you can manufacture icicles out of the south wind, when you can poison the tongue with honey gotten from blossoming buckwheat, then you can find cruelty gotten out of the Bible. That charge falls flat in the presence of every honest man.

CONTRADICTORY.

But the Bible, modern infidelity says, is a mass of contradictions, and they put chapter against chapter, and prophet against prophet, and apostle against apostle, and say, “Now, if this is so, how can that be so?” Mr. Mill, who was a friend of the Bible, and who translated many parts of it, declared that he had found *thirty thousand different readings* of Bible passages, and he declared also that there was not one important difference, and no difference except what might be accounted for from the fact that the Bible came down from generation to generation, and was copied by many different hands, while at the same time all the Bible writers agree in the *great cardinal doctrines* of the Bible: *God*—good, holy, just, forgiving, omnipotent. *Man*—a lost sinner. *Christ*—an all-glorious, all-sympathetic Saviour, ready to take the whole world to his heart. *Two destinies*—one for believers, the other for unbelievers.

Now, those are about the four great doctrines of the Bible, and all these writers agree in them. Mozart, Beethoven, Handel, or Haydn never wrote or heard a better harmony. Besides that, you are to remember that the Bible was written by many different persons in many different lands, and in different ages; and that these persons had no com-

munication with each other, and that they did not know the great design of the Bible, and yet, after all, the fragments of their work have been gathered up from all lands and all ages, and been put together, and they make a complete harmony, so pronounced by the best scholars of this age.

It is as though some great cathedral were to be built and a hundred workmen were to be employed on it, and they lived in many lands, and in different centuries, and these workmen had no communication with each other in regard to the grand design of the building; and yet when all their fragments of work were brought together, they formed a perfect architectural triumph, although the man who built a pillar knew nothing of the man who built the dome, and the man who built the doorway knew nothing of the man who lifted the arch. Yet a complete accord, a complete architecture, and a complete triumph.

OPPOSED TO SCIENCE.

Again, it is charged that the Bible is unscientific. It says that there was light before the sun was created. How is that possible? It intimates that the sun turns round the earth, when the compliment is in the other direction. It says sun and moon halted, when their halting would have thrown the machinery of the universe out of gear. It says that water was turned into wine, and declares other absurdities and impossibilities. My friends, *who told you* that there was an unbridgeable gulf between Science and Revelation? You answer, "Stuart Mill, Darwin, Tyndall, Renan." Yes; they saw a discord between Science and Revelation. I can give you the names of men who tell you there is perfect accord between Science and Revelation; I could give you the names of men as much higher than those whom I have just mentioned as Mount Washington and the Himalayas are higher than the Ridgewood Waterworks—Herschel, Kepler, Leibnitz, Ross, Isaac Newton. Did you ever hear General Mitchell or Dr. Doremus lecture on the harmony between Science and Revelation? Science is a boy. Revelation, a man. The boy thinks he knows more than the man, and asks many unanswered questions.

The great temple of nature has two orchestras—the orchestra of Revelation and the orchestra of Science. The orchestra of Revelation has its musical instruments all strung, and it is ready for a burst of eternal accord. Science is only stringing its instruments. You will have to wait, but after a while it will be as in some of those cathedrals

in Germany, where they have an organ at one end of the cathedral and an organ at the other end, and they respond to each other. So it will be in the great temple of the universe; the orchestra of Revelation and the orchestra of Science will respond to each other, and into one wreath will be twisted the Rose of Sharon and the laurel of scholarly achievement, and the roar of the ocean will be the magnificent bass of the temple worshipers, and the earth itself will be found to be only the pedals of a great organ of which the heavens are the keyboard.

YOUNG MEN ROBBED.

Take away a young man's religion and you make him the prey of evil. We all know that the Bible offers the only perfect system of morals. If you want to destroy the young man's morals, take away his Bible. How will you do that? Well, you will caricature his reverence for the Scriptures; you will take all those incidents of the Bible which can be made mirth of—Jonah's whale, Samson's foxes, Adam's rib—then you will caricature eccentric Christians, or inconsistent Christians; then you will pass off as your own all those hackneyed arguments against Christianity which are as old as Tom Paine, as old as Voltaire, as old as sin. Now that you have captured his Bible you have taken his strongest fortress, and the way is comparatively clear; all the gates of his soul are set open in invitation to the sins of earth and the sorrows of death, that they may come in and drive the stake for their encampment.

A steamer fifteen hundred miles from shore, with broken rudder and lost compass, and hulk leaking fifty gallons the hour, is better off than a young man when you have robbed him of his Bible. Have you ever noticed how despicably mean it is to take away the world's Bible without proposing a substitute? It is meaner than to come to a sick man and steal his medicine; meaner than to come to a cripple and steal his crutch; meaner than to come to a pauper and steal his crust; meaner than to come to a poor man and burn his house down. It is the worst of all larcenies to steal the Bible which has been crutch and medicine and food and eternal home to so many. What a generous and magnanimous business infidelity has gone into—this splitting up of life-boats, and taking away of fire-escapes, and extinguishing of light-houses!

I say to such people, "What are you doing all this for?" "Oh!" they say, "*just for fun.*" It is such fun to see Christians try to hold

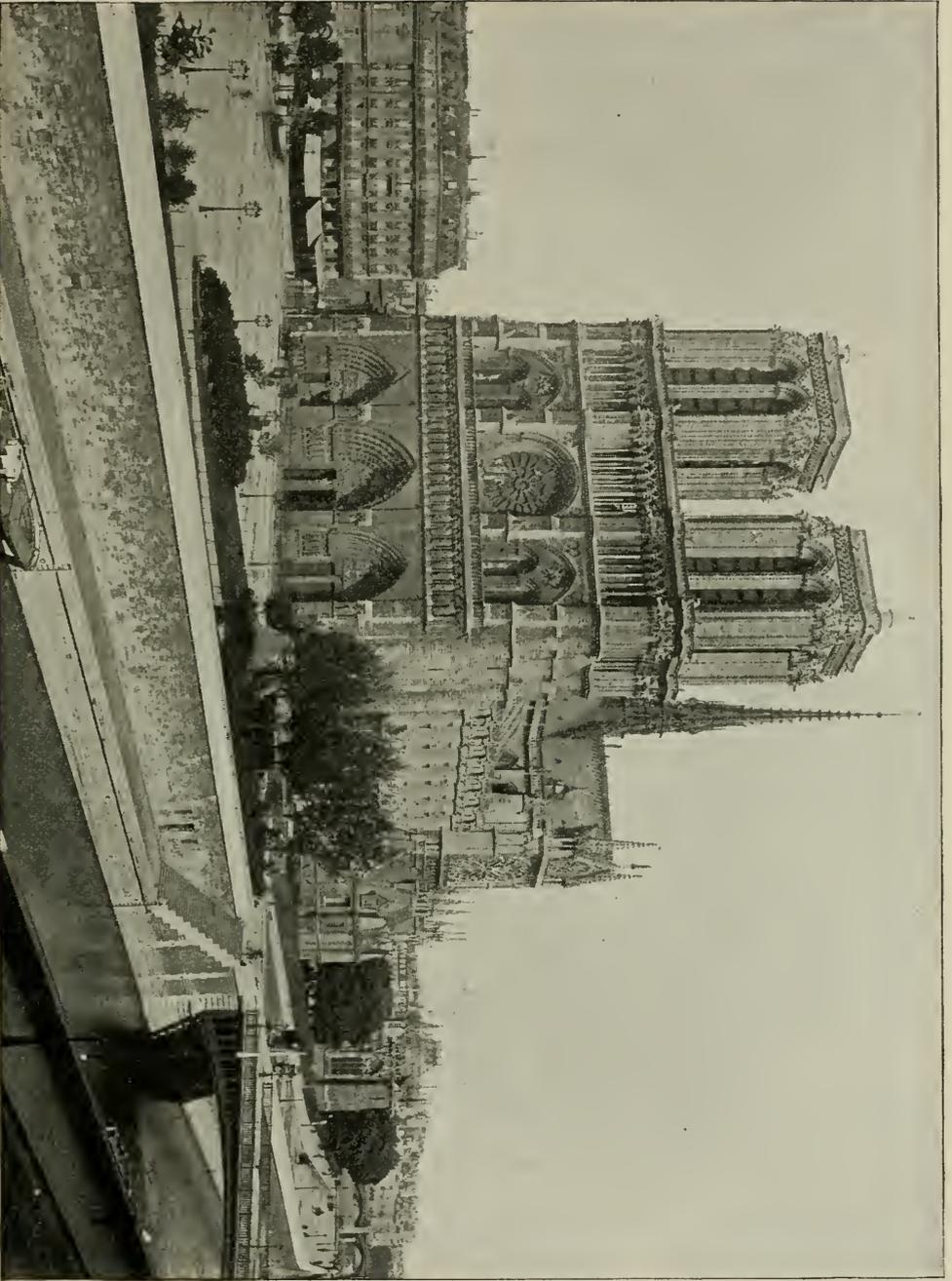
on to their Bibles! Many of them have lost loved ones, and have been told that there is a resurrection, and it is such fun to tell them that there will be no resurrection! Many of them have believed that Christ came to carry the burdens and to heal the wounds of the world, and it is such fun to tell them that they will have to be their own saviours! Think of the meanest thing you ever heard of; then go down a thousand feet underneath it, and you will find yourself at the top of a stairway a hundred miles long; go to the bottom of the stairs, and you will find a ladder a thousand miles long; then go to the foot of the ladder and look off a precipice half as deep as from here to China, and you will see the headquarters of the meanness that would rob this world of its only comfort in life, its only peace in death, and its only hope for immortality! Slaughter a young man's faith in God, and there is not much more left to slaughter.

Now, what has become of the slaughtered? Well, some of them are in their father's or mother's house, broken down in health, waiting to die; others are in the hospital; others are in the cemetery. Not much prospect for a young man who started life with good health, and good education, and a Christian example set him, and an opportunity of usefulness, when he has gathered all his treasures and put them in one box, and then dropped it into the sea.

How is this wholesale slaughter to be stopped? Young man, you must *arm yourself* for the battle of life. Wait not for Christian associations or churches to protect you. Your help will not come up two, or three, or four flights of stairs; *your help will come through the roof*—down from heaven—from that God who in the six thousand years of the world's history never betrayed a young man who tried to do right. In regard to your adverse circumstances, let me say that you are now on a level with those who are finally to succeed. Those who, thirty years from now, will be the millionaires of this country, the orators of the country, the poets of the country, the strong merchants of the country, the great philanthropists of the country—mightiest in church and state—are at this moment on a level with you, not an inch above, though you be in straitened circumstances.

THE BEST CAPITAL.

Herschel earned his living by playing a violin at parties, and in the intervals of the play he would go out and look up at the midnight



THE MAGNIFICENT CATHEDRAL.

heavens—the fields of his immortal conquests. George Stephenson rose from being the foreman in a colliery to be the most renowned of the world's engineers. Do not say that you have no outfit, no capital to start with! Young man, go down to the Mercantile Library and get some books and read of what wonderful mechanism God gave you in your hand, in your foot, in your eye, in your ear; and then ask some doctor to take you into the dissecting-room and illustrate to you what you have read about; and never again commit the blasphemy of saying that you have no capital to start with. Equipped! Why, the poorest young man in the land is equipped as only the God of the whole universe could afford to equip him. I am not so much anxious about you, young man, because you have so little to do with, as I am anxious about you because you have so much to risk, and to lose or gain.

There is no class of persons that so stir my sympathies as young men in great cities. Receiving not quite enough salary to live on, and exposed to all the temptations that come from that deficit. Invited on all hands to drink, and their exhausted nervous system seeming to demand stimulus. Their religion caricatured by the most of the clerks in the store, and most of the operatives in the factory. The rapids of temptation and death rushing against them at forty miles the hour, and they in a frail boat headed up stream, with nothing but a broken oar to work with. There is not a street but that opens to them a hundred temptations to wrong-doing, not a club-room in which sin does not hold out to them its fatal right hand of fellowship, not a theater in whose plays does not lurk a host of incentives to vice, hardly a place of recreation in which some insidious or open evil does not dwell, while behind the doors of even many a home await them the cards, the wine-cup, or some other of Satan's invitations to his kingdom. Unless Almighty God help them they must go under.

When I tell you to take care of yourself, you misunderstand me if you think I mean that you are to depend upon human resolution, which may be dissolved in the foam of the wine-cup, or may be blown out with the first gust of temptation. Here is the helmet, the sword of the Lord God Almighty. Clothe yourself in that panoply, and you shall not be put to confusion. Sin pays well neither in this world nor the next, but right thinking, and right believing, and right acting will take you in safety through this life and in transport through the next.

I shall never forget a prayer I heard a young man make some fifteen years ago. It was a very short prayer, but it was a tremendous prayer: "O Lord, help us! We find it so very easy to do wrong and so hard to do right. Lord, help us!" That prayer, I warrant you, reached the ear and the heart of God.

A TURNING-POINT IN LIFE.

I got a letter last night, one paragraph of which I shall transcribe.

"Having moved around somewhat, I have run across many young men of intelligence, ardent strivers after that will-o'-the-wisp—fortune—and of one of these I would speak. He was a young Englishman of twenty-three or four years, who came to New York, where he had no acquaintances, with barely sufficient to keep him a couple of weeks. He had been tenderly reared, perhaps I should say too tenderly, and was not used to earning his living, and found it extremely difficult to get any position that he was capable of filling. After many vain efforts in this direction he found himself on a Sunday evening in Brooklyn, near your church, with about three dollars left of his small capital. Providence seemed to lead him to your door, and he determined to go in and hear you. He told me that his going to hear you that night was undoubtedly the turning-point in his life, for when he went into your church he felt desperate, but while listening to your discourse his better nature got the mastery. I truly believe from what this young man told me that your sounding the depths of his heart that night alone brought him back to his God whom he was so near leaving."

JOURNALISM AND EVANGELISM.

SACRED stupidity, and solemn incompetency, and sanctified laziness received a severe rebuke when Christ said, "The children of this world are, in their generation, wiser than the children of light." Men of the world grasp occasions, while Christian people let the most valuable occasions drift by unimproved.

A marked illustration of this maxim is in the slowness of the Christian religion to take possession of the secular printing-press. The opportunity is open, and has been for some time open, but the ecclesiastical courts and the churches and the ministers of religion are, for the most part, allowing the golden opportunity to pass unimproved. That the opportunity is open, I declare, from the fact that all the secular newspapers are glad of any religious facts or statistics that you may present them. Any animated and stirring article relating to religious themes they would gladly print. They thank you for any information in regard to churches. If a wrong has been done to any Christian church, or Christian institution, you could go to any newspaper in the land and have the real truth stated. Dedication services, ministerial ordinations, pastoral installments, the corner-stone laying of any church, the anniversary of any charitable society, will have a reasonable space in any secular journal, if it have previous notice given. Why, then, does not our glorious Christianity embrace these magnificent opportunities? This suggests a theme of first and last importance: How shall we secure the secular press as a mightier reinforcement to religion and the pulpit?

The first step toward this result is cessation of indiscriminate hostilities against newspaperdom. You might as well denounce the legal profession because of the shysters, or the medical profession because of the quacks, or the mercantile profession because of its

swindling bargain-makers, as to slam-bang newspapers because there are recreant editors, and unfair reporters, and unclean columns.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE?

If, instead of fighting newspapers, we spent the same length of time and employed the same vehemence in marshaling their help in religious directions, we would show as much more wisdom, as the man who gets the consent of the railway superintendent to fasten a car to the end of a train, shows better sense than he who runs his wheelbarrow up the track to meet and drive back the Chicago limited express. The silliest thing a man ever does is to fight a newspaper, for you may have the floor for utterance perhaps for one day in the week, while the newspapers have the floor every day in the week. Napoleon, though a mighty man, had many weaknesses, and one of the weakest things he ever did was to threaten that if the English newspapers did not stop their adverse criticism of himself he would with four hundred thousand bayonets cross the channel for their chastisement.

Don't fight newspapers. Attack provokes attack. Better wait until the excitement blows over, and then go in and get justice, for get it you will if you have patience and common-sense and equipoise of disposition. It ought to be a mighty sedative that there is an enormous amount of common-sense in the world, and that you will eventually be taken for what you are really worth, and that you cannot be puffed up and you cannot be written down. If you are the enemy of good society, that fact will come out, and if you are the friend of good society, that fact will be established.

Young men in the ministry, young men in all professions and occupations, wait. There is only one person that you need to manage, and that is yourself. Keep your dispositions sweet by communion with the Christ, who answered not again. Cherish the society of congenial people, and walk out in the sunshine with your hat off, and you will come out all right.

UTILIZE THE PRESS.

In this effort to secure the secular press as a mightier reinforcement of religion, let us make it the avenue of religious information. My advice, given to friends who propose to start a newspaper, is: "Don't! don't! Employ the papers already started." The biggest

financial hole ever dug in the American continent is the hole in which good people throw their money when they start a newspaper. It is almost as good and as quick a way of getting rid of money as that of buying stock in a gold-mine in Colorado. It is not more printing-presses that we need, but the right to use those already established. All their cylinders, all their steam power, all their pens, all their type, all their editorial chairs and reportorial rooms, are available if you would engage them in behalf of civilization and Christianity.

Again, if you would secure the secular press as a mightier reinforcement of religion and the pulpit, extend the widest and highest Christian courtesy to the representatives of journalism. Give them easy-chairs and plenty of room when they come to report your remarks. For the most part they are gentlemen of education and refinement, graduates from college, with families to support by their literary craft, many of them weary with the push of a business that is precarious and fluctuating, each of them the avenue of information to thousands of readers, while their impression of the services will be the impression adopted by multitudes. They are the connecting links between the sermon, the song, or the prayer, and this great population that tramp up and down the streets day by day, and year by year, with their sorrows uncomforted and their sins unpardoned. There are more than eight hundred thousand people in Brooklyn, and less than seventy-five thousand enter the churches; so that our city is not so much preached to by ministers of religion as by reporters. Let us put all journalists into our prayers and sermons. Of the hundred thousand sermons preached next Sunday, there will not be three preached to journalists, and probably not one. Of all the prayers offered for classes of men innumerable, the prayers offered for the most potential class will be so few and rare that they will be thought a preacher's idiosyncrasy.

SUNDAY PAPERS DEPRECATED.

“But,” some one might ask, “would you take Sunday newspapers as a reinforcement?” I have learned to take things as they are. I would like to see the much-scoffed-at old Puritan Sabbaths come back again. I do not think the modern Sunday will turn out any better men and women than were your grandfathers and grandmothers under the old-fashioned Sunday. To say nothing of other results, Sunday newspapers are killing editors, reporters, compositors, and pressmen.

Every man, woman, and child is entitled to twenty-four hours of nothing to do. If the newspaper puts on another set of hands, that does not relieve the editorial room and the reportorial room of their cares and responsibilities. Our literary men die fast enough without killing them with Sunday work.

Again, we shall secure the secular press as a mightier reinforcement of religion and the pulpit, by making our religious utterances more interesting and spirited, and then the press will reproduce them. On the way to church, some fifteen years ago, a journalist said a thing that has kept me ever since thinking: "Are you going to give us any points to-day?" "What do you mean?" I said. He replied: "I mean anything that is striking enough to be remembered." Then I said to myself: "What right have we in our pulpits and Sunday-schools to take the time of the people if we say nothing that is memorable? David did not have any difficulty in remembering Nathan's thrust: 'Thou art the man.' Nor did Felix in remembering Paul's point-blank utterance on 'righteousness, temperance and judgment to come.'"

What we want, all of us, is more point and less humdrum. If we say the right thing in the right way, the press will be glad to echo and re-echo it. Sabbath-school teachers, reformers, young men and old men in the ministry, what we all want, if we are to make the printing-press an ally in Christian work, is that which the reporter spoken of suggested—*points*—sharp points, memorable points. But if the thing be dead when uttered by the living voice, it will be a hundred-fold more dead when laid out in cold type.

TREATY PROPOSED.

Now, as you all have something to do with the newspaper press, either in issuing a paper or in reading it, either as producers or patrons, either as sellers or purchasers of the printed sheet, I propose that a treaty be signed between the church and the printing-press—a treaty to be ratified by millions of good people if we rightly fashion it; a treaty promising that we will help each other in this work of trying to illuminate and felicitate the world—we by voice, you by pen; we by speaking only that which is worth printing, you by printing only that which is fit to speak. You help us, we will help you. Side by side be these two potent agencies until the Judgment Day, when we

must both be scrutinized for our work, healthful or blasting. The two worst off men in that day will be the minister of religion and the editor, if they have wasted their opportunities.

A NEW TESTAMENT REPORTER.

That Providence intends the profession of reporters to have a mighty share of the world's redemption is suggested by the fact that Paul and Christ took a reporter along with them, and he reported their addresses and acts. Luke was a reporter, and he wrote not only the book of Luke, but the Acts of the Apostles, and without that reporter's work we would have known nothing of the Pentecost, and nothing of Stephen's martyrdom, and nothing of Tabitha's resurrection, and nothing of the jailing and unjailing of Paul and Silas, and nothing of the shipwreck at Melita. Strike out the reporter's work from the Bible and you kill a large part of the New Testament. It makes me think that in the future of the kingdom of God the reporters are to bear a mighty part.

And the men of that profession are to come in a body throughout the country. I know hundreds of them, and a more congenial and highly educated class of men it would be hard to find; and, though the tendency of their profession may be toward skepticism, an organized, common-sense invitation would fetch them to the front of all Christian endeavor. Men of the pencil and pen, in all departments, you need the help of the Christian religion. In the days when people want to get their newspapers at three cents, and are hoping for the time when they can get them for one cent, and, as a consequence, the attachés of the printing-press are by the thousands ground under the cylinders, you want God to take care of you and your families. Some of your best work is as unappreciated as was Milton's "Paradise Lost," for which the author received twenty-five dollars.

O men of the pencil and pen, amid your unappreciated work you need encouragement, and you can have it. Printers of all Christendom, editors, reporters, compositors, pressmen, publishers, and readers of that which is printed, resolve that you will not write, set up, edit, issue, or read anything that debases body, mind, or soul. In the name of God, by the laying on of the hands of faith and prayer, ordain the printing-press for righteousness and liberty and salvation. Let all of us who have some influence that will help in the right direction

put our hands to the work, imploring God to hasten the consummation.

Are you all ready for the signing of the contract, the league, the solemn treaty proposed between Journalism and Evangelism? Let it be a Christian marriage of the pulpit and the printing-press. The ordination of the latter on my head, the pen of the latter in my hand, it is appropriate that *I* should publish the banns of such a marriage. Let them from this day be one in the magnificent work of the world's redemption !

THE CLOUDS HIS CHARIOT.

BRUTES are constructed so as to look down. Those earthly creatures that have wings when they rise from the earth, still look down—the eagle searching for mice in the grass, the raven for carcasses in the field. Man alone is made to look up. To induce him to look up, God makes the sky a picture-gallery, a Dusseldorf, a Louvre, a Luxembürg, a Vatican that eclipses all that German or French or Italian art has ever accomplished. But God has failed so far to attract the attention of most of us by the scenery of the sky. We go into raptures over flowers in the soil, but have little or no appreciation for the “morning glories” that bloom on the walls of the sky at sunrise, or the dahlias in the clouds at sunset. We are in ecstasies over a Gobelin tapestry, or a bridal veil of rare fabric, or a snow-bank of exquisite curve, but see not at all, or see without emotion, the bridal veil of mist that covers the face of the Catskills, or the swaying upholstery around the couch of the dying day, or the snow-banks of vapor piled up in the sky.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE CLOUDS.

Let us lift our chins three or four inches, and open the two telescopes which under the forehead are put on swivels easily turned upward, and we will see that the clouds are not merely uninteresting signs of wet or dry weather, but that they are embroidered canopies of shade, that they are the conservatories of the sky, that they are thrones of pomp, that they are crystalline bars, that they are paintings in water-color, that they are the angels of the mist, that they are great cathedrals of light, with broad aisles for angelic feet to walk through and to bow at altars of amber and alabaster, that they are the mothers of the dew, that they are ladders of ascending and descending glories—

Cotopaxis of belching flame, Niagaras of color—that they are the masterpieces of the Lord God Almighty. The clouds are a favorite Bible simile, and the sacred writers have made much use of them. After the deluge, God hung on the clouds in concentric bands the colors of the spectrum, saying, “I do set my bow in the clouds.” As a mountain is sometimes entirely hidden by vapors, so, says God, ‘ I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions.” David measured the Divine goodness and found it so high that he thus apostrophized it: “Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds.” As sometimes there are thousands of fleeces of vapor scurrying across the sky, so, says Isaiah, will be the converts in the millennium, “as clouds and as doves.” As in the wet season no sooner does the sky clear than there comes another obscuration, so, says Solomon, one ache or ailment of old folks has no sooner gone than another comes, “as clouds return after the rain.” A column of illuminated clouds led the Israelites through the wilderness. In the book of Job, Elihu, watching the clouds, could not understand why they did not all fall or why they did not all roll together, the laws of evaporation and condensation not being then understood, and he cried out, “Dost thou know the balancing of the clouds?” The clouds are God’s equipage, and their whirling masses are the wheels, and the tongue of the cloud is the pole of the celestial vehicle, and the winds are the harnessed steeds, and God is the royal occupant and driver, “who maketh the clouds his chariot.”

ROYAL EQUIPAGE.

The chariot of old was sometimes a sculptured brilliancy made of ivory, sometimes of solid silver, and rolled on two wheels which were fastened to the axle by stout pins, and the awful defeat of CENOMAS by Pelops was caused by the fact that a traitorous charioteer had inserted a linchpin of wax instead of the linchpin of iron. All the six hundred chariots of Pharaoh lost their linchpins in the Red Sea, for the Bible says, “The Lord took off their wheels.” Look at the long flash of Solomon’s fourteen hundred chariots of the Philistines!

If you have ever visited the buildings where kings or queens keep their coaches of state, as I have, you know that kings and queens have a great variety of turnouts. The keeper will tell you: “This is the State carriage and is used only on State occasions.” “This is the coronation carriage and in it the king rode on the day he took the

throne." "In this the queen went to open Parliament." "This is the carriage in which the czar and sultan rode on the occasion of their visit." All costly and tessellated and rich and emblazoned they are, and when the driver takes the reins of the ten white horses in his hands, and amid mounted troops and bands in full force sounding the national air, the splendor starts and rolls on under arches entwined with banners, and amid the huzzas of hundreds of thousands of people, the scene is memorable. But the inspired Psalmist puts all such occasions into insignificance, as he represents the King of the universe coming to the door of his palace, while the gilded vapors of the heavens roll up to his feet, and He, stepping in and taking the reins of the galloping winds in his hand, starts in triumphal ride over the arches of sapphire, and over the atmospheric highways of opal and chrysolite, "the clouds his chariot."

Do not think that God belittles Himself when He takes such a conveyance. Do you know that the clouds are among the most wondrous and majestic things in the whole universe? Do you know that they are flying lakes and rivers and oceans? God waved his hand over them and said, "Come up higher," and they obeyed the mandate. Yonder cloud, instead of being, as it seems, a small gathering a few yards wide and high, is really seven or eight miles across, and is a mountain—from its base to its top fifteen thousand feet, eighteen thousand feet, twenty thousand feet, and cut through with ravines five thousand feet deep. No, David did not make an unworthy representation of God when he spoke of the clouds as his chariot. But, as I suggested in the case of an earthly king, He has his morning cloud-chariot, and his evening cloud-chariot—the cloud-chariot in which He rode to Sinai to open the law, and the cloud-chariot in which He rode down to Tabor to honor the gospel, and the cloud-chariot in which He will come to the judgment.

GOD'S MORNING CHARIOT.

When He rides in his morning chariot at this season, about six o'clock, He puts golden coronets on the domes of cities, and out of the dew makes a diamond ring for the finger of every grass blade, and bids good cheer to invalids who in the night have said, "Would God it were morning!" From this morning chariot He distributes light—light for the earth and light for the heavens, light for the earth and light for the sea,

great bars of it, great wreaths of it, great columns of it, a world full of it. Hail him in worship every morning. He drives out his chariot of morning-cloud and cries with David: "My voice shalt thou hear in the morning: in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee and look up." I rejoice in these Scripture ejaculations: "Joy cometh in the morning." "My soul waiteth for Thee more than they that watch in the morning." "If I take the wing of the morning." "The eyelids of the morning." "The morning cometh." "Who is she that looketh forth in the morning?" "His going forth is prepared as the morning." "As the morning spread on the mountains." "That thou wouldst visit him every morning." What a mighty thing the King throws from his chariot when He throws us morning!

GOD'S EVENING CHARIOT.

He has also his evening cloud-chariot. It is made out of the saffron and the gold and the purple and the vermilion and the upshot flame of the sunset. That is the place where the splendors of the day have marched, having ended the procession, thrown down the torches, and set the heavens on fire. That is the only hour of the day when the atmosphere is clear enough to let us see the walls of the heavenly city, with its twelve manner of precious stones, from the foundation of jasper to the middle strata of sardius and on up to the coping of amethyst. At that hour, without any of Elisha's supernatural vision, we see horses of fire and chariots of fire and banners of fire and ships of fire and cities of fire and seas of fire, and it seems as if the last conflagration had begun and there was a world on fire! When God makes these clouds his chariots, let us all kneel. Another day past. What have we done with it? Another day is done and this is its catafalque. Now is the time for what David called the "evening sacrifice," or Daniel called the "evening oblation." Oh, what a chariot made out of evening-cloud! Have you hung over the taffrail on the ocean ship and seen this cloudy vehicle roll over the pavements of a calm summer sea, the wheels dripping with magnificence? Have you from the top of Ben Lomond or the Cordilleras or the Berkshire Hills seen the day pillowed for the night, and yet had no aspiration of praise or homage? Oh, what a rich God we have that He can put on one evening sky pictures that excel Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" and Ghirlandaio's "Adoration of the Magi" and whole galleries of Madonnas, and for only

an hour and then put away, and the next evening put on the same sky something that excels all that the Raphaels and the Titians and the Rembrandts and the Corregios and the Leonardo de Vincis ever executed, and then draw a curtain of mist over them never again to be exhibited. How rich God must be to have a new chariot of clouds every morning!

THE BLACK CHARIOT OF WRATH.

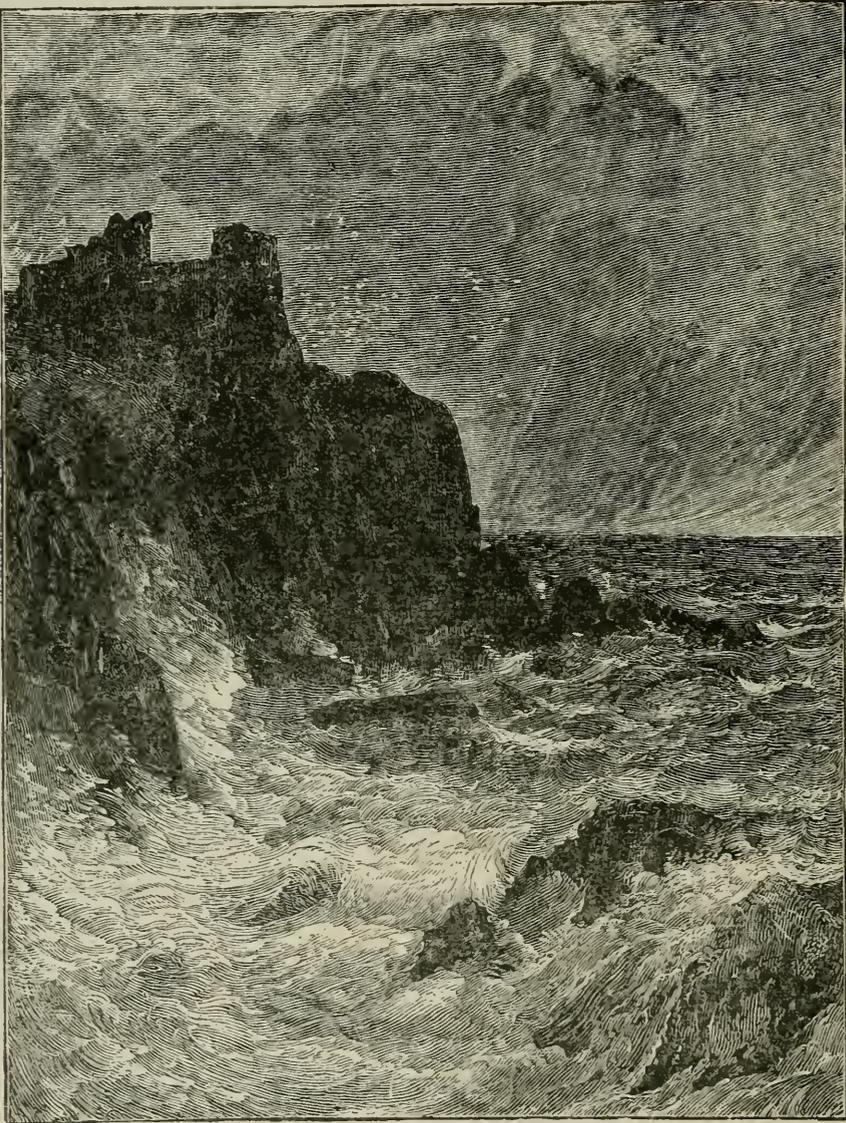
But the Bible tells us that our King has also a black chariot. "Clouds and darkness," we are told, "are all around about him." That chariot is cloven out of night and that night is trouble. When He rides in that black chariot pestilence and earthquake and hurricane and famine and woe attend Him. Then let the earth tremble. Then let nations pray. Again and again has He ridden forth in that black chariot of clouds, across England, France, Italy, Russia, America, and over all nations. That which men took to be the cannonading at Sebastopol, at Sedan, at Gettysburg, at Tel-el-Kebir, at Bunker Hill, was only the rumbling of the wheels of the black chariot of the Almighty. Aye, it was the chariot of storm-cloud armed with thunderbolts, and neither man nor angels nor devils nor earth nor hell nor heaven could resist it. On these boulevards of blue this chariot never turns out for anything. Aye, no one else drives there. Under one wheel of that chariot Babylon was crushed and Baalbec fell dead and the Roman Empire was prostrated and Atlantis—a whole continent that once connected Europe with America—sank so far out of sight that the longest anchor chain of ocean steamer cannot touch the top of its highest mountains. The throne of the Cæsars was less than a pebble under the right wheel of this chariot, and the Austrian despotism less than a snowflake under the left wheel. And over destroyed worlds on worlds that chariot has rolled without a jar or jolt.

This black chariot of war-cloud rolled up to the northwest of Europe in 1812, and four hundred thousand men marched to take Moscow, but that chariot of clouds rolled back, and only twenty-five thousand out of the four hundred thousand troops lived to return. No great snow-storm like that ever before or ever since has visited Russia. Aye, the chariot of the Lord is irresistible.

POWER OF PRAYER.

There is only one thing that can halt or turn one of God's chariots, and that is *prayer*. Again and again has it stopped it, wheeled it

around, and the chariot of black clouds under that sanctified human breath has blossomed into such brightness and color that men and angels had to veil their faces from its brightness. Mark you, the ancient



THE TEMPEST UNCHAINED.

chariot which David uses as a symbol had only two wheels, that they might turn quickly, two wheels taking less than half the time to turn that four wheels would have taken. And our Lord's chariot



THE STORM CLOUD.

has only two wheels ; and that means instant reversal, and instant deliverance, and instant help. While the combined forces in battle array could not stop his black chariot a second or diverge it an inch, the driver of this chariot says : “Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee.” “While they are yet speaking I will hear.” Two-wheeled chariot—one wheel justice, the other wheel mercy. Aye, they are swift wheels. A cloud, whether it belongs to the cirrus, the clouds which float the highest, or belongs to the stratus, the central region, or to the cumulus, the lowest ranges, seems to move slowly along the sky, if it moves at all. But many clouds go at a speed that would make a limited lightning-express train seem lethargic, so swift is the chariot of our God ; yea, swifter than the storm, swifter than the light. Yet a child ten years old has been known to reach up, and with the hand of prayer take the courser of that chariot by the bit, slow it up, or stop it, or turn it aside, or turn it back. The boy Samuel stopped it. Elijah stopped it. Hezekiah stopped it. Daniel stopped it. Joshua stopped it. Esther stopped it. Ruth stopped it. Hannah stopped it. Mary stopped it. My father stopped it. My mother stopped it. My sister stopped it. We have in our Sabbath-school children who have again and again stopped it.

THE DIVINE DRIVER.

Notice that those old-time chariots had what we would call a high dash-board in the front, but were open behind. And the king would stand at the dash-board and drive with his own hands. And I am glad that He, whose chariot the clouds are, drives Himself. He does not let the natural law drive, for natural law is deaf. He does not let fate drive, for fate is merciless. But our Father King drives Himself, and He puts his loving hand on the reins of the flying coursers, and He has a loving ear open to the cry of all who want to catch his attention. Oh, I am so glad that my Father drives, and never drives too fast, and never drives too slow, and never drives off the precipice—that He controls, by a bit that never breaks, the wildest and most raging circumstances. I heard of a ship captain who put out in his vessel with a large number of passengers, from Buffalo on Lake Erie, very early in the season while there was much ice. When they were well out the captain saw with horror that the ice was closing in on them from all sides, and he saw no way out from destruction and death. He called



MOUNTAIN GLORIES.

into the cabin the passengers and all the crew that could be spared from their posts, and told them the ship must be lost unless God interposed, and though he was not a Christian man, he said, "Let us pray"; and they all knelt, asking God to come to their deliverance. They went back to the deck and the man at the wheel shouted, "All is right, captain, it's blowing nor' by nor'-west now." While the prayer was going on in the cabin the wind had changed and blown the ice out of the way. The mate asked, "Shall I put on more sail, cap'n?" "No," responded the captain, "don't touch her. Some one else is managing this ship."

O men and women, shut in on all sides with icy troubles and misfortunes, in earnest prayer put all your affairs in the hands of God. You will come out all right. Some one else is managing the ship. It did not merely *happen* that when Leyden was besieged, and the Duke of Alva felt sure of his triumph, suddenly the wind turned, and the swollen waters compelled him to stop the siege, and the city was saved. God that night drove along the coast of the Netherlands in a black chariot of storm-cloud. It did not merely happen that Luther rose from the place where he was sitting just in time to keep from being crushed by a stone which that instant fell on the very spot. Had he stopped, where would have been the Reformation? It did not merely happen that Columbus was saved from drowning by an oar that was floating on the water. Otherwise, who would have unveiled America? It did not merely happen that when George Washington was in Brooklyn, a great cloud settled down over all the place where the city now stands, over all the western end of Long Island, and under that fog he and his army escaped from the clutches of Generals Howe and Clinton. In a chariot of mist and cloud the God of American Independence rode along there. On that pillow of consolation I put down my head to sleep at night. On that solid foundation I build when I see this nation in political paroxysm every four years, not because they care two cents whether it is high tariff or low tariff or no tariff at all, but only whether the Democrats or the Republicans shall have the salaried offices. Yea, when European nations are holding their breath, wondering whether Russia or Germany will launch a war that will incarnadine a continent, I fall back on the faith that my Father holds the reins of human affairs. Yes, I cast this as an anchor, and plant this as a column of strength, and lift this as a telescope, and build this as a fortress, and propose

without any perturbation to launch upon an unknown future, triumphant in the fact that my Father drives. Yes, He drives very near. I know that many of the clouds you see in summer are far off, the base of some of them five miles above the earth. High on the highest peaks of the Andes, travelers have seen clouds far higher than where they were standing. Gay Lussac, after he had risen in a balloon twenty-three thousand feet, saw clouds still above him.

THREE GRAND OCCASIONS.

But there are clouds which touch the earth and discharge their rain, and though the clouds out of which God's chariot is made may sometimes be far away, often they are close by—they touch our shoulders, and they touch our homes, and they touch us all over. I have heard of two different rides the Lord took in two different chariots of clouds, and another that He will take. One day, in a chariot of clouds that was a mingling of fog and smoke and fire, God drove down to the top of a terrible crag fifteen hundred feet high, now called *Jebel-Musa*, then called *Mount Sinai*, and He stepped out of his chariot among the shelvings of the rocks. The mountains shook as with ague, and there were ten volleys of thunder, each of the ten emphasizing a tremendous "Thou shalt," or "Thou shalt not." Then the Lord resumed his chariot of cloud and drove up the hills of Heaven. They were dark, portentous clouds that made the chariot at the giving of the law. But one day He took another ride, and this time down to *Mount Tabor*. The clouds out of which his chariot was made were bright clouds, roseate clouds, illumined clouds, and music rained from them, and the music was a mingling of carol and chant and triumphal march: "This is my beloved Son, with whom I am well pleased."

It is in the mirror of revelation, and with the eye of faith, that we see the third great ride of the Almighty. On either side of the central chariot apostles and martyrs who in the same or approximate centuries suffered for Him—Paul, Stephen, and Ignatius and Polycarp and Justin Martyr, and multitudes who went up in the chariot of fire—are now coming in a chariot of cloud, while in the rear of the central chariot may be seen the multitudes of later days and of our own time who have tried to serve the Lord—ourselves, I hope, among them. "Behold the Lord comes with ten thousand of his saints." Yes, although we are unworthy of such companionship, we want to come with

Him on that day to see, the last of this old world which was our residence. Coming through the skies, myriads of chariots rolling on, rolling down. By that time how changed this world will be! Its deserts all flowers, its rocks all mossed and lichened, its poor-houses all palaces, its sorrows all joys, its sins all virtues, and in the same pasture-field lion and calf, and on the same perch hawk and dove. Now all the chariots of clouds strike the earth, filling all the valleys, covering all the mountain sides, halting over all the cemeteries and graveyards, and over the waters deep where the dead sleep in coral sarcophagi. A loud blast of the resurrection trumpet is given, and the bodies of the dead rise and join the spirits from which they have long been separated. Then Christ, our King, rising in the center chariot of cloud, with his scarred hands waves the signal, and the chariots wheel and come into line for the glorious ascent. Drive on! Drive up! Chariots of clouds ahead of the King, chariots of clouds on either side of the King, chariots of clouds following the King. Upward past starry hosts and through immensities, and across infinitudes, higher, higher, higher, unto the gates, the shining gates! Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, for Him who maketh the clouds his chariot, and who through condescending and uplifting grace invites us to mount and ride with Him!

SIN'S ADVANCE GUARDS.

THERE is no more absorbing question to-day for every man and every patriot than this: "*Is there anything we can do to stem the awful torrent of pernicious literature?* Are we to make our minds the receptacle for all that bad people choose to write? Are we to stoop down, and drink out of the trough which wickedness has filled? Are we to mire in iniquity, or to chase will-o'-the-wisps across swamps of death, when God invites us into the blooming gardens of his love? Is there anything *you* can do? Is there anything that *I* can do to help stem this mighty torrent of pernicious literature? Yes.

The first thing for us all to do is to keep ourselves and our families aloof from iniquitous books and newspapers. Standing, as we do, chin deep in fictitious literature, the question is every day asked, "Is it right to read novels?" Well, I have to say that there are good novels, honest novels, christian novels, useful novels, novels that make the heart purer and the life better. The world can never pay its debt of obligation to Hawthorne, and Mackenzie, and scores of others who in times past have written healthful novels. The follies of the world were never better excoriated than in the books of Miss Edgeworth. The memories of the past were never better embalmed than in the writings of Walter Scott. No healthier books have been written than those by Fenimore Cooper, his novels full of the breath of the seaweed and the air of the American forests. Kingsley did a grand work in his books by smiting morbidity, and giving us the poetry of strong muscles and good health and fresh air. Thackeray accomplished a good work when he caricatured pretenders to gentility and high blood. The writings of Charles Dickens are an everlasting protest against injustice, and a plea for the poor.

I take all the histories, false and true ; all the romances, beautiful and hideous ; all the epilogues, commentaries, catalogues ; family, city, state, and national libraries ; and I heave them into one great pyramid. I bring to bear upon these some grand and glorious and infallible Christian principles, so that if you ask me to-day, "Is there anything we can do to stem this tide?" I answer, "Yes, very much, every way."

First, let us stand aloof from all books that give false pictures of human life. Life is neither a tragedy nor a farce. Men are not all either knaves or heroes. Women are neither angels nor furies. If we should judge, however, from much of the literature of this day, we would come to the idea that life is a fitful, fantastic, and extravagant thing, instead of a practical and useful thing. After people have been reading late at night romances which glorify iniquity and present knavery in most attractive form, how poorly prepared are they for the work of life. That man who is an indiscriminate novel-reader is unfit for the duties of the store, the shop, the factory. He will be looking for his heroine in the tin-shop, in the grocery-store, in the banking-house, and will not find her.

ONE WOMAN'S WORK.

Years ago there came forth a French authoress under the assumed name of George Sand. She smoked cigars and wore masculine apparel. She wrote with a style ardent, eloquent, graphic in its pictures, horrible in its suggestions, damnable in its results, and sending forth into the libraries and the homes of the world an influence which has not yet relaxed ; and I want to tell you that most of the infamous stories we have got from Paris in the last five or ten years are copies of that woman's iniquity. These books are sold by Christian booksellers. Under the nostrils of your cities there is to-day a fetid, reeking, unwashed literature, enough to poison all the fountains of virtue, and smite your sons and daughters as with the wings of a destroying angel, and it is high time that the ministers of religion and all reformers should band together and marshal an army of righteousness armed to the teeth to fight back this moral calamity.

What do you make of the fact that more than fifty per cent. of the criminals in the jails and penitentiaries of this country are under twenty-one years of age ; many of them under eighteen, many under sixteen, many under fifteen? You go along the corridors of the

prisons, and you will find that nine out of ten came there from reading bad books or newspapers. The men will tell you so ; the women will tell you so. Is not that a fact worthy the consideration of those whose families are dear to them ?

PERNICIOUS PICTORIALS.

I must, in this connection, call to your mind the iniquitous pictorials of our time. For good pictures I have great admiration. But you know our cities are to-day cursed with evil pictorials. These death-warrants are on every street. A young man purchases perhaps one copy, and he purchases with it his eternal discomfiture. That one bad picture poisons one soul, that soul poisons fifty souls, the fifty despoil a hundred, the hundred a thousand, the thousand a million, and the million other millions, until it will take the measuring line of eternity to tell the height, and the depth, and the ghastliness of the great undoing. A young man buys one copy, and he unrolls it amid roaring companions ; but long after that paper is gone the evil will be seen in the blasted imaginations of those who looked at it. Every night the Queen of Death holds a banquet, and these evil pictorials are the printed invitations to the guests.

Alas ! that the fair brow of American art should be blotched with that plague-spot. O young man, buy none of that moral strychnine ; do not pick up a nest of coiled adders for your pocket. Your heart will be more pure than your eye. A man is never better than the picture he loves to look at. Show me what style of pictures a man buys, and I will tell you his character. Out of a thousand times I will not make one failure in judgment. When Satan fails to get a man to read a bad book, he sometimes captures him by getting him to look at a bad picture. When Satan goes a-fishing, he does not care whether it is a long line or a short line, if he only hauls in his victim.

Remember that one column of good reading may save a soul—that one column of bad reading may destroy a soul. *Examine your libraries!* After you have got through your libraries, examine the stand where the pictorials and newspapers are ; and if you find anything there that cannot stand the test of the judgment-day, do not give it to others—that would despoil them ; do not sell it—that would be receiving the price of blood ; but kindle a fire on your kitchen-hearth or in your back-yard, and put the poison in, and keep stirring

the blaze until everything has gone to ashes, from preface to appendix.

Crowd your minds with good books, and there will be no room for the bad. When Thomas Chalmers was riding beside a stage-driver, and the horses were going beautifully, the stage-driver drew his long lash and struck the ear of the leader. It seemed to Thomas Chalmers a great cruelty, and he said, "Why did you strike that horse; he is going splendidly?" "Ah!" said the stage-driver, "do you see that frightful object along the road? I never in the world would have got that horse along there if I hadn't given him something else to think of!" Thomas Chalmers went home and wrote his immortal sermon, "The Expulsive Power of a New Affection."

While you have looked after yourselves, and looked after your families, I want you to join this great army enlisted against pernicious literature. We are going to triumph. I feel to the tips of my fingers and in the depths of my soul the assurance that righteousness is going to triumph over all iniquity. "If God be with us, who can be against us?"

PROGRESS OF INFIDELITY.

Bad books are not only enlisted in the service of crime, but they also aid the progress of infidelity and modern materialism. It is to this subject that we must now turn our attention. If an object be lifted to a certain point and not fastened there, and the lifting power be withdrawn, how long will it be before that object will fall down to the point from which it started? It will assuredly fall, and will go still further than the point from which it started. Christianity has lifted women up from the very depths of degradation almost to the skies. If that lifting power be withdrawn, she will fall clear back to the depth from which she was resurrected; but not lower, for there is no lower depth.

If infidelity triumph, and Christianity be overthrown, it means the demoralization of society. The one idea in the Bible that atheists and infidels most hate, is the idea of retribution. Take away the idea of retribution and punishment from society, and it will begin very soon to disintegrate; and take away from the minds of men the fear of hell, and there are a great many of them who would very soon turn this world into a hell.

The mightiest restraints to-day against theft, against immorality, against libertinism, against crime of all sorts, are the retributions of eternity. Men know that they can escape the law, but down in the offender's soul there is the realization of the fact that he cannot escape God. He stands at the end of the road of profligacy, and He will not set free the guilty. Take all idea of retribution and punishment out of the hearts and minds of men, and it will not be long before Brooklyn and New York and Boston and Charleston and Chicago become Sodoms. The only restraints against the evil passions of the world to-day are Bible restraints.

Suppose now these generals of Atheism and Infidelity should win the victory, and suppose they should marshal a great army made up of the majority of the world. They are in companies, in regiments, in brigades—a well-appointed army. Forward, march! ye host of infidels and atheists, banners flying before, banners flying behind, banners inscribed with the words, “No God! No Christ! No punishment! No restraints! Down with the Bible! Do as you please!” Forward, march! ye great army of infidels and atheists.

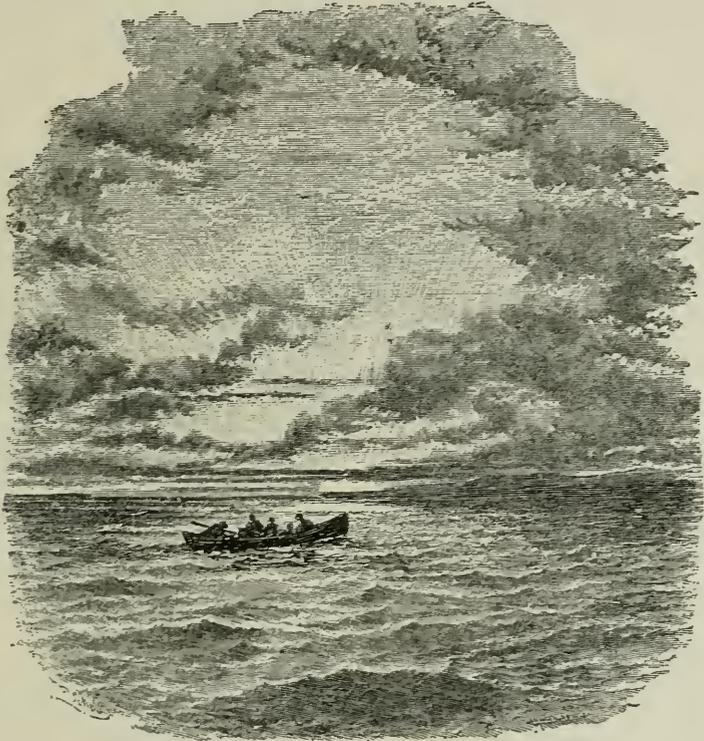
First of all they will attack the churches. Away with those houses of worship! They have been standing there too long deluding the people with consolation in their bereavements and sorrows. All those churches ought to be extirpated; they have done so much to relieve the lost and bring home the wandering, and they have so long held up the idea of eternal rest after the paroxysm of this life is over. Turn the St. Peters and St. Pauls and the temples and tabernacles into club-houses. Away with those churches!

A thousand voices come up to me saying, “Do you really think Infidelity will succeed? Has Christianity received its death-blow? Will the Bible become obsolete?”—Yes, when the smoke of the city chimney arrests and destroys the noonday sun. Josephus says that about the time of the destruction of Jerusalem the sun was turned into darkness; but in truth only the clouds rolled between the sun and the earth. The sun went right on. It is the same sun, the same luminary as when at the beginning it shot out like an electric spark from God's finger, and to-day it is warming the nations, and gilding the sea, and filling the earth with light. The same old sun, not at all worn out, though its light steps one hundred and ninety thousand miles a second, though its pulsations are four hundred and fifty trillion undulations in

a second ; the same sun, with its beautiful white light made up of the violet and the indigo and the blue and the green and the red and the yellow and the orange—the seven beautiful colors now just as when the solar spectrum first divided them.

SKEPTICISM.

To our consideration of modern infidelity we may add some thoughts about its advance courier, skepticism. Forward, ye troops



“THE GLORY OF SUNRISE.”

of God, to this third line of the enemy's intrenchments, the intellectual difficulties about religion. Some of you find a hundred perplexities about the parables ; a hundred questions about the ninth chapter of Romans ; passage set against passage in seeming contradiction. You pile up a battlement of Colenso on the *Pentateuch*, and Tom Paine's "Age of Reason," and Renan's "Life of Christ" ; and some parts of the wall are so high that it would be folly to attempt to take them. But there is a hole in the wall of fortification, and through that hole in

the wall I put my right hand, and take your own, and say, "My brother, do you want to be saved?" And you say, "Yes." "Well, Jesus Christ came to seek and to save that which is lost. Wilt thou let him in—the bruised One of the Cross? He will take away all thy sins and all thy sorrows. In one half hour he will give thee more peace than thou hast had in all the twenty years of thy questioning and doubting! Let the great guns of Colenso and Renan blaze away. Christ comes not to the gate of your head, but to the door of your heart, and, tapping gently against it, he says, 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock. Whosoever will open to me, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me.'"

Skepticism seems to do quite well in prosperity, but it fails in adversity. A celebrated infidel, on shipboard, in the sunshine, caricatured the Christian religion, and scoffed at its professors. But the sea arose, and the waves dashed across the hurricane-deck, and the man cried out, "O my God, what shall I do? what shall I do?" A father went down to see his dying son in a southern hospital during the war. Finding that the boy was dying, he went to the chaplain and said, "I wish you would go and see my boy, and get him prepared for the future." "Why," said the chaplain, "I thought you did not believe in religion!" "Well," said he, "I don't, but his mother does; and I would a great deal rather the boy should follow his mother. Go and get him prepared." Skepticism does tolerably well to live by, but it is a poor thing to die by. It may do for the peaceful land, but it will never do for an ocean storm.



PERILS OF THE SEA.

A LIVE CHURCH.

A live church will look after all its financial interests, and be as prompt in the meeting of those obligations as any bank in all the cities.

There is no more ghastly suffering in the United States to-day than is to be found in some of the parsonages of this country. I denounce the niggardliness of many of the churches of Jesus Christ, which keeps some men, who are very apostles for piety and consecration, in circumstances where they are always apologetic, and have not that courage which they would have, could they stand in the presence of people whom they knew to be faithful in the discharge of their financial duties to the Christian Church. Alas! for those men of whom the world is not worthy. Do you know the simple fact that in the United States to-day the salary of ministers averages less than six hundred dollars? When you consider that some of the salaries are very large, you, as business men, will immediately see to what great straits many of God's noblest servants are this day reduced.

THE REQUISITES OF CHURCH VITALITY.

A live church will be punctual in its attendance. If in such a church the services begin at half-past ten o'clock in the morning, the people will not come at a quarter of eleven. If in such a church the services begin at half-past seven o'clock in the evening, the people will not come at a quarter of eight. In many churches there is great tardiness. The fact is, some people are always late. They were born too late, and I suppose they will die too late. It is poor inspiration to a Christian minister when, in preliminary exercises, half the people seated in their pews are looking around to see the other half come in, accompanied with the rustling of dresses through the aisle and the slamming of doors at the entrance. There ought to be no preliminary

exercises. There is a grand delusion in the churches of Jesus Christ on this subject. The very first word of the invocation is as important as anything that may come after. The Scripture lesson is the voice of God to man, while a sermon may be only the voice of man to man. Happy is that church where all the worshipers are present at the beginning of the services. I know there is a difference in time-pieces, but a live church goes by railroad time.

I go further, and tell you that in every live church all the people take part in the exercises. A stranger can tell, by the way the first hymn starts, whether it is a live church. It is a sad thing when the music comes down in a cold drizzle from the organ loft, and freezes on the heads of the silent people beneath. It is an awful thing for a hymn to start and then find itself lonely and unbefriended, wandering around about, and after a while lost amid the arches. That is not melody to the Lord. In heaven they all sing, although some sing not half as well as others.

A live church will have commodious and appropriate architecture. A log church may do in a place where people live in log cabins; but in cities where people have commodious and beautiful apartments, a church that is not commodious and beautiful is a moral nuisance; it is an insult to God and an insult to man.

A live church must be a soul-saving church. The Gospel of Jesus Christ must be preached in it. A church may be built around one man who shall read an essay, the church may be built around one man who shall preach something else than the Gospel, and there may be a large congregation; but after a while the man dies, and the church dies. That church has a very poor foundation that is built on two human shoulders. I could tell you of a church in the city of Boston that was more largely attended some thirty years ago than any other church in that city. Where is it to-day? Utterly gone out of existence. A man stood there who preached everything but the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He died, and the church died. We want a church built on the Rock of Ages.

OLD INSURANCE.

The trouble is, that a great many are depending upon old insurances against the damage of sin, and old insurances against the damage of the great future—old insurances that have run out. Suppose that you had allowed the fire insurance on your home to expire yesterday,

and to-day your home should be consumed; would you have the impertinence to go to-morrow morning with the papers to the insurance company and demand the amount of the policy? No. If you did, they would say, "You have no business here; you have no right to ask that; you let the insurance expire on Saturday—this is Monday." O follower of the Lord Jesus, do not depend upon old insurances, ten, or twenty, or forty years old, as I know some of you are depending upon them! You want the policy paid up by the blood and the tears of the Son of God.

You will notice, in regard to the old laver looking-glass, that the priests there washed their hands and their feet. The water came down through the spouts from the basin, and they carefully and completely washed their hands and their feet, an action typical of the fact that this Gospel is to reach to the very extremities of our moral nature. Here is a man who says, "I will fence off part of my heart, and it shall be a garden full of flowers and fruits of Christian character, and all the rest shall be the devil's commons." You cannot do it. It is all garden or none. You tell me about a man, that he is a good Christian except in politics. I deny your statement. If his religion will not take him in purity through the autumnal election, that religion is worth nothing in May, June or July. You say, "That man is a very good man, he is a Christian, he is useful, but he overreaches in a bargain." I deny your statement. If it is an all-pervading religion, and if it touches a man at all at one point of his nature, it will pervade his entire nature.

Just as soon as we come in and look at this mirror of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, we see ourselves just as we are. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." That is one showing. "All we, like sheep, have gone astray." That is another showing. "From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot there is no health in us." That is another showing. Some people call these defects imperfections, or eccentricities, or erratic behavior, or wild oats, or high living; but the Bible calls them filth, transgression, the abominable thing that God hates. Paul got one glance at that mirror—that polished mirror—and he cried out, "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?" David caught one glimpse of that mirror, and he cried out, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean!" Martin Luther got one glimpse

of that mirror, and he cried out to Staupitz, "Oh, my sins, my sins, my sins!"

FASHION-PLATES.

There is another mirror in which it is at times wholesome to look—that of fashion and folly. Show me the fashion-plates of any age between this and the time of Louis the Sixteenth of France, and of Henry the Eighth of England, and I will tell you the type of morals or immorals of that age or that year. There is no exception to the fact that modest apparel indicates a righteous people, and that immodest apparel indicates a contaminated and depraved society. You wonder



FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

that the city of Tyre was destroyed with such a terrible destruction. Have you ever seen the fashion-plate of Tyre?

I will show it to you: "Moreover, the Lord saith, because the daughters of Zion are haughty and walk with stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet, in that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon, . . . the rings and nose-jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the cringing-pins." (Isaiah 3: 16—22.) That is the fashion-plate of ancient Tyre. Do you wonder that God in his indignation blotted out that city?

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

I N our journey we change stirrup for wheel. It is four o'clock in the morning at Damascus, Syria, and we are among the lanterns of the hostelry waiting for the stage to start. A Mohammedan in high life is putting his three wives on board within an apartment by themselves, and our party occupy the main apartment of one of the most uncomfortable vehicles in which mortals were ever jammed and half-strangled. But we must not let the discomforts annul or disparage the opportunities. We are rolling on, and out, and up the mountains of Lebanon, their forehead under a crown of snow, which coronet the fingers of the hottest summer cannot cast down.

We are ascending heights around which is garlanded much of the finest poesy of the Scriptures, and are rising toward the mightiest dominion that botany ever recognized, reigned over by the most imperial tree that ever swayed a leafy scepter—the Lebanon cedar—a tree eulogized as having grown from a nut put into the ground by God himself, for no human hand had anything to do with its planting: “The trees of Lebanon which He hath planted.”

ARBORESCENT GIANTS.

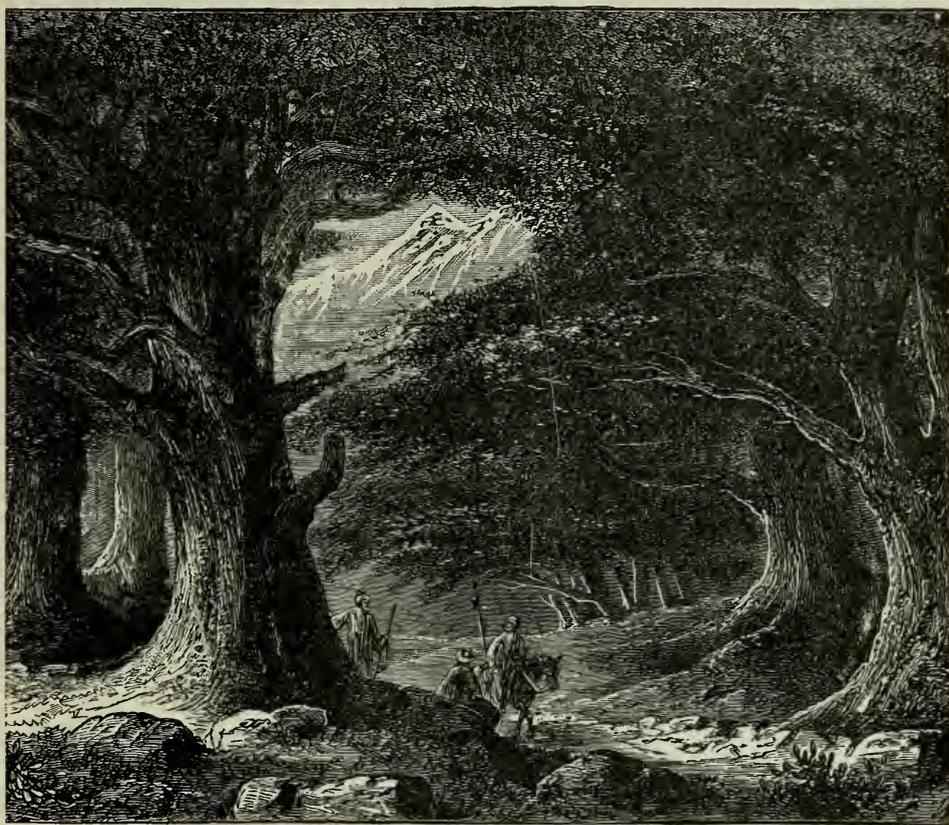
The average height of this mountain is seven thousand feet, but in one place it lifts its head to an altitude of ten thousand. No higher than six thousand feet can vegetation exist, but below that line, at the right season, are vineyards, and orchards, and olive groves, and flowers that dash the mountain side with a very carnage of color, and fill the air with aromatics that the inspired prophet Hosea, and Solomon, the great and wise king, celebrated as “the smell of Lebanon.” At a height of six thousand feet is a grove of cedars, the only descendants of those forests from which Solomon cut timber for the temple, and



PURITY.

where at one time there were one hundred thousand axe-men hewing out the beams from which great cities were constructed.

But this nation of trees has by human iconoclasm been massacred until only a small group is left. This race of giants is nearly extinct ; but I have no doubt that some of these were here when Hiram, king of Tyre, ordered the assassination of those cedars of Lebanon which the Lord planted. From the multitude of uses to which it may be put and



THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

the employment of it in the Scriptures, the cedar is the divine favorite. When the storms of winter terrify the earth, and hurl the rocks in avalanche down this mountain side, this tree grapples the hurricane of snow in triumph, and leaves the spent fury at its feet. From sixty to eighty feet in height is it, the horizontal branches of great sweep, with their burden of leaves needle-shaped, the top of the tree pyramidal, a throne of foliage on which might, and splendor, and glory sit. But so

continuously has the extermination of trees gone on, that for the most part the mountains of Lebanon are bare of foliage ; while, I am sorry to say, the earth in all lands is being likewise denuded.

The axe is slaying the forests all round the earth. To stop the slaughter God opened the coal-mines of England, and Scotland, and America, and the world, practically saying by that : " Here is fuel ; as far as possible, let my trees alone." And by opening for the human race the great quarries of granite, and showing the human family how to make brick, God is practically saying : " Here is building material ; let my trees alone." We had better stop the axes among the Adirondacks. We had better stop the axes in all our forests, as it would have been better for Syria if the axes had long ago been stopped among the mountains of Lebanon.

GOD'S TEMPLES.

Plant the trees in your parks, that the weary may rest under them. Plant them along your streets, that up through the branches passers-by may see the God who first made the trees, and then made man to look at them. Plant them along the brooks, that under them children may play. Plant them in your gardens, that, as in Eden, the Lord may walk there in the cool of the day. Plant them in cemeteries, their shade like a mourner's veil, and their leaves sounding like the rustle of the wings of the departed.

Let Arbor day, or the day for the planting of trees, recognized by the legislatures of many of the States, be observed by all our people, and the next one hundred years do as much in planting these leafy glories of God as the last one hundred years have accomplished in their destruction. When, not long before his death, I saw on the banks of the Hudson, in his glazed cap, riding on horseback, George P. Morris, the great song writer of America, I found him grandly emotional, and I could understand how he wrote, " Woodman, spare that tree !" the verses of which many of us have felt like quoting in belligerent spirit, when, under the stroke of some one without sense or reason we saw a beautiful tree prostrated.

SCRIPTURAL SIMILES.

As we ride along on these mountains of Lebanon, we bethink how its cedars spread their branches and breathe their aroma and cast their

“The groves were God’s first Temples.”



shadows all through the Bible. Solomon discoursed about them in his botanical works when he spoke of trees, "from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." The Psalmist says, "The righteous shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon," and in one of his magnificent doxologies calls on the cedars to praise the Lord. Solomon says, the countenance of Christ is excellent as the cedars, and Isaiah declares, "The day of the Lord shall be upon all the cedars of Lebanon." And Jeremiah and Ezekiel and Amos and Zephaniah and Zechariah weave its foliage into their sublimest utterances.

As we ride over Lebanon to-day, there is a howling wind sweeping past, and a dash of rain, all the better enabling us to appreciate that description of a tempest which, no doubt, was suggested by what David had seen with his own eyes among these heights, for as a soldier he carried his wars clear up to Damascus, and such a poet as he, I warrant, spent many a day on Lebanon. And perhaps while he was seated on this very rock against which our carriage jolts, he wrote that wonderful description of a thunder-storm: "The voice of the Lord is powerful. The voice of the Lord is full of majesty. The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon. Yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon. He maketh them also to skip like a calf, Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn. The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire."

As the lion is the monarch of the fields, and behemoth the monarch of the waters, the cedar is the monarch of the trees. And I think one reason why it is so glorified all up and down the Bible is because we need more of its characteristics in our religious life. We have too much of the willow, and are easily bent this way or that; too much of the aspen, and we tremble under every zephyr of assault; too much of the bramble tree, and our sharp points sting and wound; but not enough of the cedar, wide-branched and heaven-aspiring and tempest-grappling.

But the reason these cedars stand so well is that they are deep-rooted. They run their anchors down into the caverns of the mountain and fasten to the very foundations of the earth, and twist around and clinch themselves on the other side of the deepest layer of rock they can reach. And that is the difference between Christians who stand and Christians who fall. It is the difference between a superficial

character and one that has clutched its roots deep down around and under the Rock of Ages.

EVERLASTING STRENGTH.

One of the Lebanon cedars, still standing, was examined by a scientist, and from its concentric circles it was found to be thirty-five hundred years old; and there is such a thing as everlasting strength, and such a stanchness of Christian character that all time and all eternity instead of being its demolition shall be its opportunity. Not such are those vacillating Christians who are so pious on Sunday that they have no religion left for the week-day. As the anaconda gorges itself with food and then seems for a long time to lie thoroughly insensible, so there are men who will on Sunday get such a religious surfeit that the rest of the week they seem thoroughly dead to all religious emotion.

The reason that God planted these cedars was to suggest that we ought, in our religious character, to be deep like the cedar, high like the cedar, broad-branched as the cedar. A traveler measured the spread of the boughs of one of these trees, and found it to be one hundred and eleven feet from branch tip to branch tip, and I have seen cedars of Christian character that, through their prayers and charities, put out one branch to the uttermost parts of America and another branch to the uttermost parts of Asia, and these wide-branched Christians will keep on multiplying until all the earth is overshadowed with mercy.

But mark you, these cedars of Lebanon could not grow if planted in mild climates, and in soft air, and in carefully-watered gardens. They must have the gymnasium of the midnight hurricane to develop their arms. They must play the athlete with a thousand winters before their feet are rightly planted, and their foreheads rightly lifted, and their arms rightly muscled. And if there be any other way for developing strong Christian character except by storms of trouble, I never heard of it. Call the roll of martyrs, call the roll of the prophets, call the roll of the apostles, and see which of them had an easy time of it. Which of these cedars grew in the warm valley? Not one of them. Honey-suckles thrive best on the south side of the house, but cedars in a Syrian whirlwind.

PERFECTED THROUGH SUFFERING.

What has been the history of most of the great cedars in merchandise, in art, in law, in medicine, in statesmanship, in Christian

usefulness? "John, get up and milk the cows ; it's late ; it's half-past five in the morning. Split an armful of wood on your way out, so that we can build the fires for breakfast. Put your bare feet on the cold oilcloth and break the ice in your pitcher before you can wash. Yes, it has been snowing and drifting again last night, and we will have to break the roads." The boy's educational advantages—a long oak plank without any back to it in a country school-house, and stove throwing out more smoke than heat—pressing on from one hardship to another. After a while, a position on salary or wages large enough to keep life, but keep it at its lowest ebb ; starting in occupation or business with prosperous men trying to fight you back at every step. But after a good while you get fairly on your feet, your opportunities widen, and then by some sudden turn you are triumphant. You are master of the situation and defiant of all earth and hell. A Lebanon cedar !

John Milton, on his way up to the throne of the world's sacred poesy, must sell his copyright of "Paradise Lost" for seventy-two dollars in three payments. William Shakespeare, on his way up to be acknowledged the greatest dramatist of all ages, must hold horses at the door of the London theater for a sixpence ; and Homer must struggle through total blindness to immortality ; and John Bunyan must cheer himself on the way up by making a flute out of his prison stool ; and Canova, the sculptor, must toil on through orphanage, modeling a lion in butter before he could cut his statues in marble. The great Stephenson must watch cows in the field for a few pennies, and then become a stoker, and afterward mend clocks, before he puts the locomotive on its track and calls forth plaudits from parliaments and medals from kings. Abel Stevens is picked up a neglected child of the street, and rises through his consecrated genius to be one of the most illustrious clergymen and historians of the century. And Bishop Janes, of the same church, in boyhood worked his passage from Ireland to America and up to usefulness, where, in the bishopric, he was second to no one who ever adorned it.

The Bible speaks of the snows of Lebanon, and at this season of the year the snows there must be tremendous. The cedars catch that skyful of crystals on their brow and on their long arms. Piled up in great heaps are those snows, enough to crush other trees to the ground, splitting the branches from the trunk and leaving them rent and torn,

never to rise. But what do the cedars care for these snows on Lebanon? They look up to the winter skies and say: "Snow on! Empty the white heavens upon us, and when this storm is passed let other processions of tempest try to bury us in their fury. We have for five hundred winters been accustomed to this, and for the next five hundred winters we will cheerfully take all you have to send, for that is the way we develop our strength, and that is the way we serve God and teach all ages how to endure and conquer." So I say: Good cheer to all people who are snowed under! Put your faith in God and you will come out gloriously. Others may be stunted growths, or weak junipers on the lower levels of spirituality, but you are going to be Lebanon cedars. At last it will be said of such as you: "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

But, while crossing over these mountains of Lebanon, I bethink myself of what an exciting scene it must be when one of these cedars *does* fall. It does not go down like other trees, with a slight crackle that hardly makes the woodsman look up, or a hawk flutter from a neighboring bough. When a cedar falls it is the great event in the calendar of the mountains. The axe-men fly. The wild beasts slink to their dens. The partridges swoop to the valley for escape. The neighboring trees go down under the awful weight of the descending monarch. The rocks are moved out of their places, and the earth trembles as from miles around all ravines send back their sympathetic echoes. Crash! crash! crash! So when the great cedars of worldly or Christian influence fall, it is something terrific. Within the past few years how many mighty and overtopping men have gone down!

THE PRESENT MORAL STORM.

There seems now to be an epidemic of moral disaster. The moral world, the religious world, the political world, the commercial world, are quaking with the fall of Lebanon cedars. It is awful. We are compelled to cry out with Zechariah, the prophet: "Howl, fir-trees, for the cedar is fallen!" Some of the smaller trees are glad of it. When some great dealer in stocks goes down, the small dealers clap their hands and say, "Good for him!" When a great political leader goes down, the small politicians clap their hands and say, "Just as I expected!" When a great minister of religion falls, many little

ministers laugh up their sleeves and think themselves somehow advantaged. Ah, beloved readers, no one makes anything out of moral shipwreck.

Not a willow by the rivers of Dantascus, not a sycamore on the plains of Jericho, not an olive tree in all Palestine, is helped by the fall of a Lebanon cedar. Better weep and pray and tremble and listen to Paul's advice to the Galatians when he says, "Considering thyself lest thou also be tempted." No man is safe until he is dead unless he be divinely protected. A greater thinker than Lord Francis Bacon the world never saw, and he changed the world's mode of thinking for all time by his "Novum Organum," a miracle of literature. Yet with thirty-eight thousand dollars salary and estates worth millions, and from the highest judicial bench of the world, he went down under the power of bribery, confessed his crime and was sentenced to the Tower and the scorn of centuries. Howl, fir-tree, for the cedar is fallen!

Warren Hastings, rising until he became governor-general of India and the envy of the chief public men of his day, plunged into cruelties against the barbaric people he had been sent to rule, until his name was chiefly associated with the criminal trial in Westminster Hall. where came upon him the anathemas of Sheridan, Fox, Edmund Burke, the English nation, and all time. Howl, fir-tree, for the cedar is fallen! As eminent instances of moral disaster are found in our own land and our own time, instances that I do not recite lest I should wound the feelings of those now alive to mourn the shipwreck. Let your indignation against the fallen turn to pity.

A judge in one of our American courts gives this experience. In a respectable but poor family a daughter was getting a musical education. She needed one more course of lessons to complete that education. The father's means were exhausted, and so great was his anxiety to help his daughter that he feloniously took some money from his employer, and, going home to his daughter, said, "There is the money to complete your musical education." The wife and mother suspected something wrong, and obtained from her husband the whole story, and that night went around with her husband to the merchant's house and surrendered the whole amount of the money and asked forgiveness. Forgiveness was denied and the man was arrested. The judge, knowing all the circumstances, and that the money had all been returned, suggested to the merchant that he had better let the matter drop for

the sake of the wife and the daughter. No! He would not let it drop, and he did all he could to make the case conspicuous and blasting. The judge says that afterward that same inexorable merchant was before him for breaking the law of the land. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall. Not congratulation, but tears, when a cedar is fallen.

Yet there is one cedar of Lebanon that always has and always will overtop all others. It is the Christ whom Ezekiel describes as a goodly cedar, and says, "Under it shall come all fowl of every wing." Make your nest in that Great Cedar! Then let the storms beat and the earth rock, and time end, and eternity begin, all shall be well.

THE BOTANY OF PALESTINE.

In my journey up and down Palestine and Syria, nothing impressed me with greater force than the trees—the terebinths, the sycamores, the tamarisks, the oleanders, the mulberries, the olives, the myrtles, the cedars—all of them explanatory of so much of the Scriptures. And the time is coming when, through an improved arboriculture, the round world shall be circumferenced, engirdled, embosomed, emparadised in shade-trees and fruit-trees and flower-trees. Isaiah declares in one place, "The glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it," and in another place, "All the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree; instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree." Oh, grandest arborescence of all time! Begin! Begin!

I am so glad that the holy land of Heaven, like the holy land of Palestine and Syria, is a great place for trees—an orchard of them, a grove of them, a forest of them! St. John saw them along the streets and on both sides of the river, and every month they yielded a great crop of fruit. You know what an imposing appearance trees give to a city on earth, but how it exalts my idea of heaven when St. John describes the city on high as having its streets and its rivers lined with them. Oh, the trees! the trees! The jasper walls, the fountains, the temples were not enough. There would have been something wanting yet. So, to complete all that pomp and splendor, I behold the up-branching trees of life.

"Woodman, spare that tree!
 Touch not a single bough!
 In youth it sheltered me,
 And I'll protect it now.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

“When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters play'd.
My mother kiss'd me here,
My father press'd my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

“My heartstrings round thee cling
Close as thy bark, old friend.
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot.
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.”

NATIONAL EVILS.

THAT there are hundreds and thousands of infelicitous homes in America, no one will doubt. If there were only one skeleton in the closet, that might be locked up and abandoned ; but in many a home there is a skeleton in the hallway and a skeleton in each of the apartments.

“Unhappily married ” are two words descriptive of many a home-stead. It needs no orthodox minister to prove to a badly-mated pair that there is a hell ; they are in it now.

Some say that for the alleviation of all these domestic disorders of which we hear, easy divorce is a good prescription. God sometimes authorizes divorce as certainly as he authorizes marriage. I have just as much regard for one lawfully divorced as I have for one lawfully married. But all of us know that wholesale divorce is one of our national scourges ; nor am I surprised that it is so when I think of the influences which have been abroad militating against the marriage relation.

Frequency of divorce always goes along with dissoluteness of society. Rome, for five hundred years, had not one case of divorce. These were her days of glory and virtue. Then the reign of vice began, and divorce became epidemic. If you want to know how rapidly the Empire went down, ask Gibbon. Do you know how the Reign of Terror was introduced in France? By 20,000 cases of divorce in one year in Paris. What we want in this country, and in all lands, is that divorce be made more, and more, and more difficult. Then people, before they enter the marriage relation, will be persuaded that there will probably be no escape from it, except through the door of the sepulcher. Then they will pause on the verge of that relation, until they are fully satisfied that it is best, and that it is right, and that it is happiest. Then we shall have no more marriage in fun. Then

men and women will not enter the relation with the idea that it is *only* a trial trip, and if they do not like it they can get out at the first landing. Then this whole question will be taken out of the frivolous into the tremendous, and there will be no more joking about the blossoms in a bride's hair than about the cypress on a coffin.

UNIFORM DIVORCE LAW.

What we want is that the Congress of the United States shall move for changing the national Constitution, so that a law can be passed which will be uniform all over the country, until what is right in one State will be right in all the States, and what is wrong in one State will be wrong in all the States.

Rigorous divorce law will hinder women from the fatal mistake of marrying men to reform them. If a young man at twenty-five or thirty years of age has the habit of strong drink fixed on him, he is as certainly bound for a drunkard's grave as that the train starting out from the Grand Central Depot at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning is bound for Albany. The train may not reach Albany, for it may be thrown from the track. The young man may not reach a drunkard's grave, for something may throw him off the iron track of evil habit. But the probability is that the train that starts to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock for Albany will get there; and the probability is that the young man who has the habit of strong drink fixed on him before he reaches twenty-five or thirty years of age, will arrive at a drunkard's grave. *She* knows he drinks, although he tries to hide it by chewing cloves. Everybody knows he drinks. Parents warn, neighbors and friends warn. *She* will marry him—*she* will reform him.

If she is unsuccessful in the experiment, why then the divorce law will emancipate her, because habitual drunkenness is a cause for divorce in Indiana, Kentucky, Florida, Connecticut, and nearly all the States. So the poor thing goes to the altar of sacrifice. If you will show me the poverty-struck streets in any city, I will show you the homes of the women who married men to reform them. In one case out of ten thousand it may be a successful experiment. I never saw the successful experiment.

Having read much about love in a cottage, people brought up in ease will go and starve in a hovel. Runaway matches and elopements, 999 out of 1000 of which mean death and hell, are multiplying on all hands. You see them in every day's newspapers. Our ministers in

this region have no defense, such as they have in other cities where the bans must be previously published and an officer of the law must give a certificate that all is right; so clergymen are left defenseless, and unite those who ought never to be united. Perhaps they are too young, or perhaps they are standing already in some domestic compact.

By the wreck of ten thousand homes, by the holocaust of ten thousand sacrificed men and women, by the hearthstone of the family, which is the corner-stone of the state, and in the name of that God who hath set up the family institution and who hath made the breaking of the marital oath the most appalling of all perjuries, I implore the Congress of the United States to make some righteous, uniform law for all the States, and from ocean to ocean, on this subject of marriage and divorce. Let us have a divine rage against anything that wars on the marriage state. Blessed institution! Instead of two arms to fight the battle of life, four. Instead of two eyes to scrutinize the path of life, four. Instead of two shoulders to lift the burden of life, four. Twice the energy, twice the courage, twice the holy ambition, twice the probability of worldly success, twice the prospects of heaven.

THE SHAME OF POLYGAMY.

And while on this subject, let us turn to one of its most frightful outgrowths, the shameful monstrosity of Mormon polygamy.

Are we so cowardly and selfish in this generation that we are going to bequeath to the following generations this great evil? Shall we let it go on until our children come to the front and we are safely entrenched under the mound of our own sepulchers, leaving them through all their active life to wonder why we postponed this evil for them to extirpate, when we might have destroyed it with a hundred-fold less exposure? What a legacy for this generation to leave to the following generation! A vast acreage of sweltering putrefaction, of lowest beastliness, of suffocating stench, all the time becoming more and more mal-odorous and rotten and damnable!

We want some great political party, in some strong and unmistakable plank, to declare that it will extirpate heroically and immediately this great harem of the American continent. We want some President of the United States to come in on such an anti-Mormonistic platform, and in his opening message to Congress to ask for an appropriation for a military expedition, and then to put some Phil Sheridan in his lightning stirrups, heading his horse westward, and in

one year Mormonism will be extirpated and national decency vindicated. Compelling Mormonistic chiefs to take the oath of allegiance will not do it, for they have declared in open assembly that perjury in their cause is commendable. Religious tracts on purity amount to nothing. They will not read them. Anything shorter than bayonets and anything softer than bullets will never do that work.

Every day you open a paper you read of some bigamist in the State of New York being arrested and punished. What you prohibit on a small scale for a state you allow on a large scale for a nation. Bigamy must be put down—polygamy must go free! What has been the effect of such a policy? It has demoralized this whole nation. That carbuncle on the back of the nation has infected all the nerves, and muscles, and arteries, and veins, and limbs of the body politic. I account in that way for many of the loose ideas abroad on the subject of the marriage relation. Divorce by the wholesale! Concubinage in high circles! Libertinism, if gloved and patent-leathered, admitted into high life! The malaria of Salt Lake City has smitten the nation with a moral typhoid. Its bad influence has well-nigh spiked that gun of Sinai which needs to thunder over the New England hills, over the savannahs of the South, and over the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevadas clear to the Pacific coast, "Thou shalt not commit adultery!"

Yet I want the people of America to know that for more than twenty years we have had a positive law prohibiting polygamy in the Territories. People are crying out for some new law, as though we had not an old law already with which that infamy could be swept into the perdition from which it smoked up. Polygamy in Utah has warred against the marriage relation throughout the land. It is impossible to have such an awful sewer of iniquity sending up its miasma, which is wafted by the winds north, south, east, and west, without the whole land being affected by it.

THE REIGN OF LIBERTINISM.

Another evil threatening the destruction of our American institutions is *the low state of public morals*. What killed Babylon? What killed Phœnicia? What killed Rome? Their own depravity; and the fraud and the drunkenness and the lechery which have destroyed other nations will destroy ours, unless a merciful God prevent.

I have to tell you what you know already, that American politics have sunken to such a low depth that there is nothing beneath. What

we see in some directions we see in nearly all directions. The speculation and the knavery hurled to the surface by the explosion of banks and business firms are only specimens of great Cotopaxis and Strombolis of wickedness that boil and roar and surge beneath, but have not yet regurgitated to the surface. When the heaven-descended Democratic party enacted the Tweed rascality, it seemed to eclipse everything; but after awhile the heaven-descended Republican party outwitted Pandemonium with the Star Route infamy!

My friends, we have in this country people who say that the marriage institution amounts to nothing. They scoff at it. We have people walking in polite parlors in our day who are not good enough to be scavengers in Sodom! I went over to San Francisco a few years ago—that beautiful city, that Queen of the Pacific. May the blessing of God come down upon her great churches, and her noble men and women! When I got into the city, the mayor and the president of the Board of Health called on me and insisted that I should go and see the Chinese quarters—no doubt, so that on my return to the Atlantic coast I might tell what dreadful people the Chinese are. But on the last night of my stay in San Francisco, before thousands of people in their great opera house, I said, “Would you like me to tell you just what I think, plainly and honestly?” They said, “Yes, yes, yes!” I said, “Do you think you can stand it all?” They said, “Yes, yes, yes!” “Then,” I said, “my opinion is that the curse of San Francisco is not your Chinese quarters, but your millionaire libertines!” And two of them sat right before me—Felix and Drusilla.

So it is in all the cities. I never swear; but when I see a man go unwhipt of justice, laughing over his shame, and calling his damnable deeds gallantry and peccadillo, I am tempted to hurl at him red-hot anathema, and to conclude that if, according to some people's theology, there is no hell, there ought to be! There is enough out-and-out licentiousness in American cities to-day to bring down upon them the wrath of that God who, on the 24th of August, 79, buried Herculaneum and Pompeii so deep in ashes that the eighteen subsequent centuries have not been able to complete the exhumation.

THE CLUB-HOUSE.

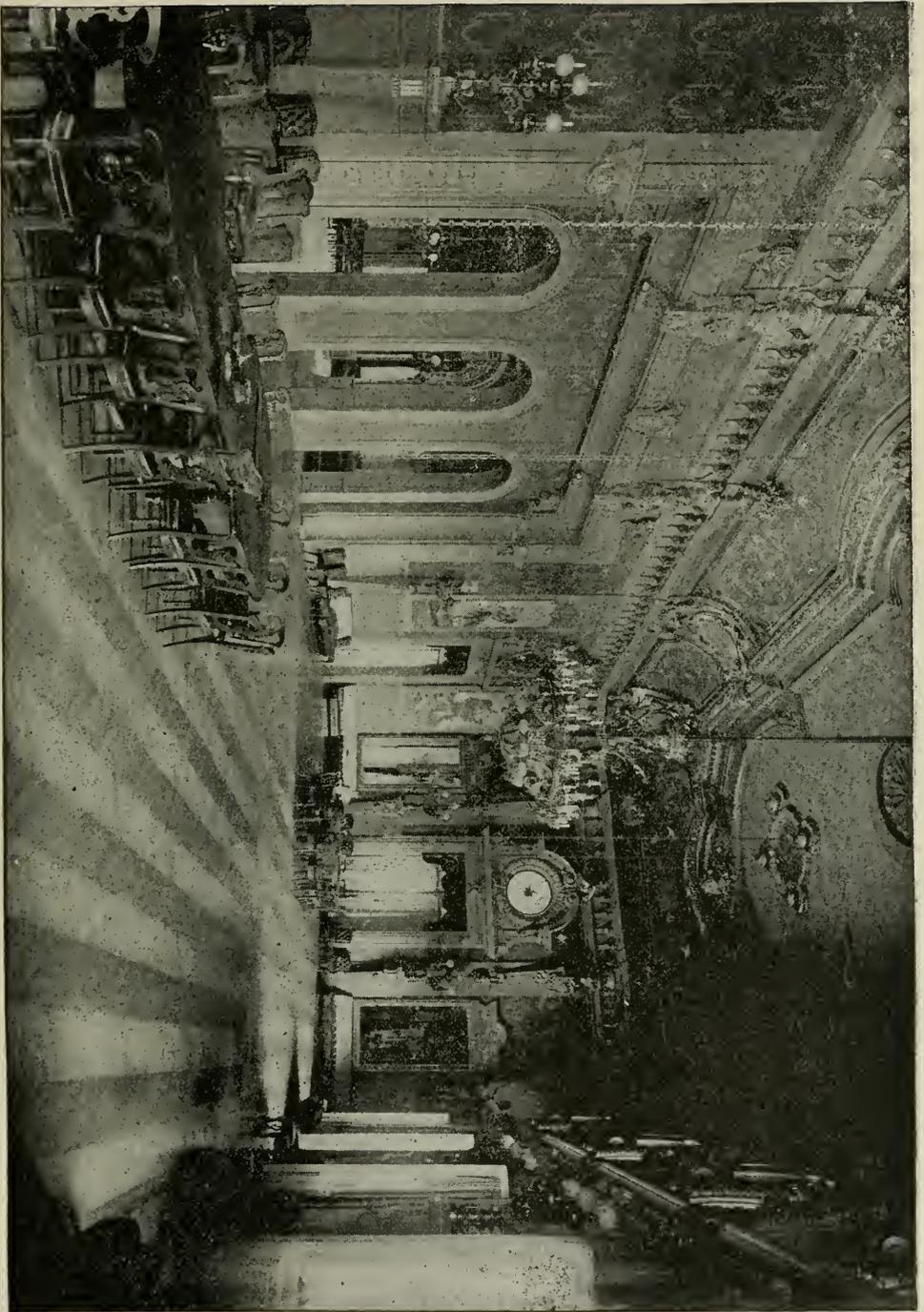
Not least among the evils that threaten our nation is the club-house. Let us enter one of these advance posts of the army of Satan.

You open the door, and the fumes of strong drink and tobacco are something almost intolerable. You do not have to ask what those young men are doing, for you can see, by the flushed cheek and intent look and almost angry way of tossing the dice and dropping the chips, that they are gambling.

That is an only son seated there at another table. He has had all art, all culture, all refinement, showered upon him by his parents. This is the way he is paying them for their kindness. That is a young married man. A few months ago, he made promises of fidelity and kindness, every one of which he has broken. Around a table in the club-house there is a group telling vile stories. It is getting late now, and three-fourths of the members of the club are intoxicated. It is between twelve and one o'clock, and after a while it will be time to shut up. The conversation has got to be groveling, base, filthy, outrageous.

It is time to shut up. The young men saunter forth—those who can walk—and balance themselves against the lamp-post or the fence. A young man not able to get out has a couch extemporized for him in the club-house, or is led to his father's house by two comrades not quite so overcome by strong drink. The door-bell is rung, the door opens, and these two imbecile escorts usher into the front hall the ghastliest thing ever ushered into a father's house—a drunken son! There are dissipating club-houses which would do well if they could make a contract with Inferno to furnish ten thousand men a year, and do that for twenty years, on the condition that no more would be asked of them. They would save hundreds of homesteads, and bodies, minds, and souls innumerable. The ten thousand they furnish a year, by contract, would be small when compared with the vaster multitudes they furnish without contract. Yet let it not be understood that I condemn all club-houses. I make a vast difference between the club-houses. I have during my life belonged to four clubs—a base-ball club, a theological club, and two literary clubs. They were to me physical recuperation, mental food, moral health.

The influence which some of the club-houses are exerting is the more to be deplored because it takes down the very best men. The admission fee sifts out the penurious, and leaves only the best fellows. They are frank, they are generous, they are whole-souled, they are talented. Oh, I begrudge the devil such a prize! After a while the frank look will go out of the face, and the features will be haggard,



GREAT GAMBLING HALL OF MONTE CARLO.

and when talking to you, instead of looking you in the eye, they will look down, and every morning the mother will kindly ask, "My son, what kept you out so late last night?" and he will make no answer, or he will say, "That's my business." Then some time he will come to the store or the bank cross and befogged, and he will neglect some duty, and after a while he will lose his place, and then, with nothing to do, he will come down at ten o'clock in the morning to curse the servant because the breakfast is cold. The lad who was a clerk in the cellar has got to be chief clerk in the great commercial establishment; the young man who ran errands for the bank has got to be cashier; thousands of the young men who were at the foot of the ladder have got to the top of the ladder; but here goes the victim of the dissipating club-house, with staggering step and bloodshot eye and mud-splattered hat set sidewise on a shock of greasy hair, his cravat dashed with cigar ashes. Look at him! Pure-hearted young man, look at him! The club-house did that!

The revolving Drummond light in front of a hotel, the signal light in front of a locomotive, may flash this way, and flash that, upon the mountains, upon the ravines, upon the city; but I take the lamp of God's eternal truth, and I flash it upon all the club-houses of these cities, so that no young man shall be deceived. Oh, leave the dissipating influences of the club-room, if the influences of your club-room are dissipating! Paid your money, have you? Better sacrifice that than your soul. Good fellows, are they? Under that process they will not remain such. Tufts of osier and birch grow on the hot lips of volcanic Sneehaettan; but a pure heart and an honest life thrive in a dissipating club-house—*never!*

The way to conquer a wild beast is to keep your eye on him, but the way for you to conquer your temptations, my friend, is to turn your back on them and fly for your life. Oh, my heart aches! I see men struggling against evil habits, and they want help. I have knelt beside such a man, and I have heard him cry for help; and then we have risen, and he has put one hand on my right shoulder, and the other hand on my left shoulder, and looked into my face with an infinity of earnestness which the judgment day will have no power to make me forget, as he has cried out with his lips scorched in ruin, "God help me!" For such there is no help except in the Lord God Almighty.

GLORIOUS OLD AGE.

BLESSED is old age, if you let it come naturally. You cannot hide it. You may try to cover the wrinkles, but you cannot cover the wrinkles. If the time has come for you to be old, be not ashamed to be old. The grandest things in all the universe are old—old mountains, old rivers, old seas, old stars, and an old eternity. Then do not be ashamed to be old, unless you are older than the mountains, and older than the stars.

How men and women will lie! They say that they are forty, but they are sixty. They say that they are twenty, but they are thirty. They say that they are sixty, but they are eighty. How some people will lie!

Glorious old age, if it be found in the way of righteousness! How beautiful was the old age of Jacob, leaning on the top of his staff; of John Quincy Adams, falling with the harness on; of Washington Irving, sitting, pen in hand, amid the scenes himself had made classical; of John Angell James, to the last proclaiming the Gospel to the masses of Birmingham; of Theodore Frelinghuysen, down to feebleness and emaciation devoting his illustrious faculties to the kingdom of God! At eventime it was light!

THE ALMOND-TREE BLOOM.

Solomon gives us a full-length portrait of an aged man. By striking figures of speech, he sets forth his trembling and decrepitude, and then comes to describe the whiteness of his locks by the blossoming of the almond-tree. It is the master-touch of the picture, for I see in that one sentence not only the appearance of the hair, but an announcement of the beauty of old age. The white locks of a bad man are but the gathered frosts of the second death, but "a hoary head is a crown of

glory" if it be found in the way of righteousness. There may be no color in the cheek, no lustre in the eye, no spring in the step, no firmness in the voice, and yet around the head of every old man whose life has been upright and Christian there hovers a glory brighter than ever bloomed in the white tops of the almond-tree. If the voice quiver, it is because God is changing it into a tone fit for the celestial choral. If the back stoop, it is only because the body is just about to lie down in peaceful sleep. If the hand tremble, it is because God is unloosing it from worldly disappointments to clasp it on ringing harp and waving palm. If the hair has turned, it is only the gray light of heaven's dawn streaming through the scant locks. If the brow, once adorned by a luxuriance of auburn or raven, is smitten with baldness, it is only because God is preparing a place to set the everlasting crown.

THE OLD FOLKS.

Blessed is the home where Christian parents come to visit. Whatever may have been the style of the architecture when they come, it is a palace before they leave. If they visit you fifty times, the two most memorable visits will be the first and the last. Those two pictures will hang in the hall of your memory while memory lasts, and you will remember just how they looked, and where they sat, and what they said, and at what doorsill they parted with you, giving you the final good-bye. Do not be embarrassed if your father come to town and have the manners of the shepherd, and if your mother come to town and there be in her hat no sign of costly millinery. The wife of Emperor Theodosius said a wise thing when she said, "Husband, remember what you lately were, and remember what you are, and be thankful."

"What a nuisance it is to have poor relations!" Joseph did not say that, but he rushed out to meet his father with perfect abandon of affection and brought him up to the palace, and introduced him to the monarch, and provided for all the rest of his father's days, and nothing was too good for the old man while living; and when he was dead, Joseph, with military escort, took his father's remains to the family cemetery at Machpelah, and put them down beside Rachel, Joseph's mother. Would God all children were as kind to their parents!

If the father have large property, and he be wise enough to keep it in his own name, he will be respected by the heirs; but how often it

happens, when the son finds his father in famine, as Joseph found Jacob in famine, that the young people make it very hard for the old man. They are so surprised that he eats with a knife instead of a fork! They are chagrined at his antediluvian habits. They are provoked because he cannot hear as well as he used to; and when he asks it over again, and the son has to repeat it, he bawls in the old man's ear, "*I hope you hear that!*" How long he must wear the old coat or the old hat before they get him a new one! How chagrined



SORROWFUL OLD AGE.

they are at his independence of the English grammar! How long he hangs on! Seventy years and not gone yet! Seventy-five years and not gone yet! Eighty years and not gone yet! Will he *ever* go? They think it of no use to have a doctor in his last sickness, and so they go up to the drug-store and get a dose of something that makes him worse; and they economize on a coffin, and beat the undertaker down to the last point, giving a note for the reduced amount, which they never pay!



SPRINGTIME AND WINTER.

I have officiated at obsequies of aged people where the family have been so inordinately resigned to the Providence that I felt like taking my text from Proverbs: "The eye that mocketh at its father, and refuseth to obey its mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." In other words, such an ingrate ought to have a flock of crows for pall-bearers! I congratulate you if you have the honor of providing for aged parents. The blessing of the Lord God of Joseph and Jacob will be on you.

As if to disgust us with unfilial conduct, the Bible presents us the story of Micah, who stole the eleven hundred shekels from his mother, and the story of Absalom, who tried to dethrone his father. But all history is beautiful with stories of filial fidelity. Epaminondas, the warrior, found his chief delight in reciting to his parents the story of his victories. There goes Æneas from burning Troy, and on his shoulders Anchises, his father. There goes beautiful Ruth escorting venerable Naomi across the desert, amid the howling of the wolves and the barking of the jackals. John Lawrence, burned at the stake in Colchester, was cheered in the flames by his children, who said, "O God, strengthen thy servant, and keep thy promise!" And Christ, in the hour of excruciation, provided for his old mother. Jacob kept his resolution—"I will go and see him before I die"—and a little while after, we find them walking the tessellated floor of the palace, Jacob and Joseph, the prime-minister proud of the shepherd!

MY FATHER.

Through how many thrilling scenes he had passed! He stood, at Morristown, in the choir that chanted when George Washington was buried; talked with young men whose grandfathers he had held on his knee; watched the progress of John Adams's administration; denounced at the time Aaron Burr's infamy; heard the guns that celebrated the New Orleans victory; voted against Jackson, but lived long enough to wish we had one just like him; remembered when the first steamer struck the North River with its wheel-buckets; flushed with excitement in the time of National Banks and Sub-Treasury; was startled at the birth of telegraphy; saw the United States grow from a speck on the world's map till all nations dipped their flag at our passing merchantmen, and our "national airs" were heard on the steeps of the Himalayas; was born while the Revolutionary cannon were



“ My days pass pleasantly away
My nights are blessed with sweetest sleep;
I feel no symptoms of decay,
I have no cause to mourn or weep;

My foes are impotent and shy,
My friends are neither false nor cold;
And yet, of late, I often sigh:
‘I’m growing old.’ ”

coming home from Yorktown, and lived to hear the tramp of troops returning from the war of the great Rebellion; lived to speak the names of eighty children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. Nearly all his contemporaries were gone. Aged Wilberforce said that sailors drink to "friends astern" until half way over the sea, and then drink to "friends ahead." With him it had for a long time been "friends ahead." So also with my father. Long and varied pilgrimage! Nothing but sovereign grace could have kept him true, earnest, useful and Christian through so many exciting scenes.

HIS TEMPERANCE PRINCIPLES.

If there was a bright side to anything, my father always saw it. His name was a synonym for exhilaration of spirit. Some might ascribe this cheerfulness to natural disposition. No doubt there is such a thing as sunshine of temperament. But constitutional structure certainly had much to do with it. He had, by a life of sobriety, preserved his freshness and vigor. You know that good habits are better than speaking-tubes to the ear; better than a staff to the hand; better than lozenges to the throat; better than warm baths to the feet; better than bitters for the stomach. His lips had not been polluted nor his brain befogged by the fumes of the noxious weed that has sapped the life of whole generations, sending even ministers of the gospel to untimely graves, over which the tombstone declared, "Sacrificed by overwork in the Lord's vineyard," when, if the marble had not lied, it would have said, "Killed by villainous tobacco!" He abhorred anything that could intoxicate, being among the first in this country to join the crusade against alcoholic beverage. When urged, during a severe sickness, to take some stimulus, he said, "No; if I am to die, let me die sober!" The swill of the brewery had never been poured around the roots of this thrifty almond. To the last week of his life his ear could catch a child's whisper, and at four score years his eyes refused spectacles, although he would sometimes have to hold the book off on the other side of the light, as octogenarians are wont to do. No trembling of the hands, no rheum in the eyes, no knocking together of the knees, no hobbling on crutches with what polite society terms rheumatism in the feet, but what everybody knows is nothing but gout. Death came, not to fell the gnarled trunk of a tree worm-eaten and lightning-blasted, but to hew down a

Lebanon cedar, which made the mountains tremble and the heavens ring!

EARLY STRUGGLES.

My father started in life belonging to the aristocracy of hard knuckles and homespun, but had this high honor that no one could despise; he was the son of a father who loved God and kept his commandments. What is the house of Hapsburg, or Stuart, compared with the honor of being a son of the Lord God Almighty? Two eyes, two hands, and two feet were the capital my father started with. For fifteen years an invalid, he had a fearful struggle to support his large family. Nothing but faith in God upheld him. His recital of help afforded and deliverances wrought was more like a romance than a reality. He walked through many a desert, but every morning had its manna, and every night its pillar of fire, and every hard rock a rod that could shatter it into crystal fountains at his feet. More than once he came to his last dollar, but right behind that last dollar he found Him who owns the cattle on a thousand hills, and out of the palm of whose hand all the fowls of heaven peck their food, and who hath given to each one of his disciples a warrantee deed for the whole universe in the words, "ALL ARE YOURS."

He worked unweariedly from the sunrise of youth to the sunset of old age, and then, in the sweet nightfall of death, lighted by the starry promises, went home, taking his sheaves with him. Mounting from earthly to heavenly service, I doubt not there were a great multitude that thronged heaven's gate to hail him into the skies—those whose sorrows he had appeased, whose burdens he had lifted, whose guilty souls he had pointed to a pardoning God, whose dying moments he had cheered, whose ascending spirits he had helped up on the wings of sacred music. I should like to have heard that long, loud, triumphant shout of heaven's welcome. I think that the harps throbbed with another thrill, and the hills quaked with a mightier hallelujah. Hail, ransomed soul! Thy race run—thy toil ended. Hail to the coronation!

CLOSING SCENE.

On the morning of the 27th of October—just three years from the day when the soul of his companion sped into the heavens—it was evident that the last moment had come. Softly the news came to all

the sleepers in the house, and the quick glance of lights from room to room signaled the coming of the death-angel. We took out our watches, and said, "*Four o'clock and fifteen minutes!*" The pulse fluttered as a tree-branch lifts and falls at the motion of a bird's wing about to cleave its way into the heavens. No quick start of pain; no glassy stare; but eyelid lightly closed, and calm lip, and white blossoms of the almond-tree. From the stand we turned over the old timepiece that he had carried so long, and which he thought always went right, and announced, "*Just four o'clock and twenty minutes!*" The tides of the cold river rising. Felt of the wrist, but no pulse; of the temples, but no stir; of the heart, but no action. We listened, but heard nothing. Still! still! The gates of the earthly prison-house silently open wider and wider. Clear the way for the conquering spirit! "*Four o'clock and thirty minutes!*" Without a groan or a sigh, he had passed upward into the light. "And when Jacob had made an end of commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people."

" Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on his breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there."

MY MOTHER.

A deep shadow fell across the old homestead. The "golden wedding" had been celebrated nine years before. My mother looked up, pushed back her spectacles, and said, "Just think of it, father, we have been together fifty-nine years!" The twain stood together like two trees of the forest with interlocked branches. Their affections had taken deep root together in many a kindred grave. Side by side in life's great battle they had fought the good fight and won the day. But death comes to unjoint this alliance. God will not any longer let her suffer mortal ailments. The reward of righteousness is ready, and it must be paid. But what tearing apart! What rending up! What will the aged man do without this other to lean on? Who can so well understand how to sympathize and counsel? What voice so cheering as hers to conduct him down the steep of old age? "Oh," she said, in her last moments, "father, if you and I could only go together, how pleasant it would be!" But the hush of death came down one autumnal afternoon, and for the first time in all my life, on my arrival

home, I received no maternal greeting, no answer of the lips, no pressure of the hand. God had taken her !

“An ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy.”—*Spanish Proverb.*

“The mother’s heart is the child’s school-room.”—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

“The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother.”—*Napoleon.*

“Youth fades; love droops; the leaves of friendship fall; a mother’s secret hope outlives them all.”
—*Oliver W. Holmes.*

There are words that speak of a quenchless love
Which burns in the hearts we cherish,
And accents that tell of a friendship proved,
That will never blight or perish.
There are soft words murmured by dear, dear lips,
Far richer than any other;
But the sweetest word that the ear hath heard
Is the blessed name of Mother.”—*Anonymous.*

THE BURDEN OF DEBT.

THERE is one word that has dragged down more people into bankruptcy, and state-prison, and perdition, than any other word in the commercial world, and that is the word "*borrow*." This word is responsible for nearly all the defalcations, and embezzlements, and financial consternations of every land and age. When an executor takes money out of a large estate to speculate with it, he does not purloin it, he only "borrows." When a banker makes an overdraft that he may go into speculation, he does not commit a theft; he only "borrows." When the head of a large financial institution, through flaming advertisements in some religious paper, or gilt-edged certificate, gets country people to put their money into some enterprise for carrying on an undeveloped nothing, it is not fraud; he only "borrows." When a young man having easy access to a money drawer, or a confidential clerk having easy access to the books, takes a certain amount of money, and with it makes a Wall Street excursion, he is going to put it back, he is going to put it all back, he is going to put it back pretty soon; he only "borrows." What is needed is some one with giant limb to stand by the curbstone at the foot of Trinity Church, at the head of Wall Street, and when that word "borrow" comes bounding along, kick it clear to Wall Street Ferry, and if it strike the deck of the ferry-boat and bound clear over to Brooklyn Heights and Brooklyn Hill, all the better for the City of Churches. Why, when you are going to do wrong, need you pronounce so long a word as the word "borrow"—a word of six letters—when you can get a shorter word, a word more accurate, a word more descriptive of the reality, a word of five letters—the word "steal"?

EXTRAVAGANCE.

There have been no more absorbing questions in America than these: What caused "Black Wednesday"? What caused "Black

Friday"? What has caused all the black days of financial disaster with which Wall Street has been connected for the last forty years? Some say it is the credit-system. Something back of that. Some say it is the spirit of gambling ever and anon becoming epidemic. Something back of that. Some say it is the sudden shrinkage in the value of securities, which even the most honest and intelligent men could not have foreseen. Something back of that. I will give you the primal cause of all these disturbances. *It is the extravagance of modern society which impels a man to spend more money than he can honestly make.* He goes into Wall Street in order to get the means for inordinate display. Sometimes the man is to blame, and sometimes his wife, and oftener both. An income of five thousand dollars, of ten thousand dollars, of twenty thousand dollars, is not enough for a man to keep up the style of living he proposes, and therefore he steers his bark toward the maelstrom. Other men have suddenly snatched up fifty or a hundred thousand dollars—why not he? The present income of the man not being large enough, he must move earth and hell to catch up with his neighbors. Others have a country seat—so must he. Others have an extravagant caterer—so must he. Others have a palatial residence—so must he.

Extravagance is the cause of all the defalcations of the last forty years; and if you will go through the history of all the great panics and the great financial disturbances, no sooner have you found the story of trouble than right back of it you find the story of how many horses the man had, how many carriages the man had, how many residences in the country the man had, how many banquets the man gave; always, and not one exception, either directly or indirectly, extravagance was the cause.

Now for the elegances and the refinements and the decorations of life I cast my vote. While I am considering this subject a basket of flowers is handed in—flowers paradisaical in their beauty. White calla with a green background of begonia. A cluster of heliotropes nestling in geraniums. Sepal and perianth bearing on them the marks of God's finger. When I see that basket of flowers they persuade me that God loves beauty and adornment and decoration. God might have made the earth so as to supply the gross demands of sense, but have left it without adornment or attraction. Instead of the variegated colors of the seasons, the earth might have worn an unchanging dull

brown. The tree might have put forth its fruit without the prophecy of leaf or blossom. Niagara might have come down in gradual descent without thunder-winged spray. Yet not thus has God worked. We owe to his foreseeing wisdom the beauty and grandeur which it is our privilege and duty to admire and enjoy.

Extravagance accounts for the disturbance of national finances. Aggregations are made up of units, and when one-half of the people of this country owe the other half, how can we expect financial prosperity? Every four years we get a great spasm of virtue, and when a President is to be elected we say, "Now, down with the old administration, and let us have another Secretary of the Treasury, and let us have a new deal of things, and then we will get over all our



MODEST FRUGALITY.

perturbation." I do not care who is President or who is Secretary of the Treasury, or how much breadstuffs go out of the country, or how much gold is imported, for until we learn to pay our debts, and it becomes a general theory in this country that men must buy no more than they can pay for, there will be no permanent prosperity. Look at the pernicious extravagance. Take the one fact that New York every year pays two million dollars for theatrical amusements. While once in a while a Henry Irving or an Edwin Booth or a Joseph Jefferson thrills a great audience with tragedy, you know as well as I do that the vast majority of the theatres of New York are as debased as debased they can be, as unclean as unclean they can be, and as damnable as

damnable they can be! Of these two million dollars much the greater part has been swallowed up in a pernicious extravagance.

GRAND LARCENY.

Extravagance accounts for much of the pauperism which afflicts communities. Who are these people whom you have to help? Many of them are the children of parents who had plenty, lived in luxury, had more than they needed, spent all they had—spent more, too—then died, and left their families in poverty. Some of those who call on you now for aid had an ancestry that supped on Burgundy and woodcock. I could name a score of men who have every luxury. They smoke the best cigars, and they drink the finest wines, and they have the grandest surroundings, and when they die their families will go on the cold charity of the world. Now, the death of such a man is a grand larceny. He swindles the world as he goes into his coffin, and he deserves to have his bones sold to the medical museum for anatomical specimens, the proceeds to furnish bread for his children.

I know it cuts close. Some of you make a great swash in life, and after a while you will die, and ministers will be sent for to come and stand by your coffin and lie about your excellencies; but they will not come. If you send for me, this will be my text: "He that provideth not for his own, and especially for those of his own household, is worse than an infidel." And yet we find Christian men, men of large means, who sometimes talk eloquently about the Christian Church and about civilization, expending everything on themselves and nothing on the cause of God, and they crack the back of their Palais Royal glove in trying to hide the one cent they put in the Lord's treasury. What an apportionment! Twenty thousand dollars for ourselves, and one cent for God. Ah, my friends, this extravagance accounts for a great deal of what the cause of God suffers.

And the desecration goes on, even to the funeral day. You know very well that there are men who die solvent, but the expenses are so great before they get under ground that they are insolvent. There are families that go into penury in wicked response to the demands of this day. They put into casket and tombstone that which they ought to put into bread. They wanted bread—you give them a tombstone!

O my friends, let us take our stand against the extravagances of society. Do not pay for things which are frivolous, when you may lack the necessities of life. Do not pay one month's wages for one trinket. Keep your credit good by seldom asking for it. Pay! Do not starve a whole year to afford one Belshazzar's carnival. Do not buy a coat of many colors, and then in six months be out at the elbows. Flourish not like some people I have known, who took apartments at a fashionable hotel, and had elegant drawing-rooms attached, and then vanished in the night, not even leaving their compliments for the landlord. I tell you, my friends, in the day of God's judgment, we will not only have to give an account for the way we *made* our money, but for the way we *spent* it.

BILLS DUE.

I will put on your table some bills of indebtedness. If they are wrong, don't pay them. If they are right, say so. The first bill of indebtedness that I put upon your table is the *bill for rent*. This world is the house that God built for us to live in. He lets it to us already furnished. What a carpet!—the grass interwoven with figure of flowers. What a ceiling!—the frescoed sky. What tapestried pillars!—the rocks. What a front door!—the flaming sunrise through which the day comes in. What a back door!—the sunset through which the day goes out. What a chandelier and candelabra!—the sun and stars. What a flour-bin!—the wheat-fields. What chimneys!—Stromboli and Cotopaxi. Ah! the Alhambra and Windsor Castle are but Queenstown-shanties compared with this great house that God has put up for us to live in, and of which the rent is due! Are we ready to pay it?

The next bill for indebtedness that I find upon the table is the *bill for taxes*. You have paid the city taxes, the state taxes, the United States taxes; but have you paid God for letting you live in this beautiful city and in this glorious country? Think of the contrast between your own condition and that of those who heard the howling Communists rushing through the *Champs Elysées* of Paris, their shoes soaked with the blood of women and children! What is this Brooklyn that we live in? New York in its better mood, and surrounded with its family. What is this great nation? The most divinely blessed that ever existed. Washington and Jefferson never dreamed of such a

land as this has got to be. The Jews were God's *ancient* people; Americans are God's *modern* people. And we have the advantage over them. They wandered forty years through the desert; we have gone for nigh a hundred years through a garden. God struck *one* rock for them, and the water came down to slake their thirst; *all* the rocks of this land are struck to supply our thirst. One flock of quails came down to the Israelites, and they ate, and died; this land is full of quails, and grosbeaks, and robins, and prairie-fowl, and the nation eats and lives. Manna came down in the dew for the Israelites, but if it was not picked right up, it became wormy; God drops the manna down on all the wheat-fields from Pennsylvania to California, and we gather it into the granaries. You may not like the President of the United States; you may not like the governor; you may not like the mayor; but, come now, men of all parties, be frank, and acknowledge that it is a glorious country to live in. You have paid the amount of earthly taxes you owe—the city tax, the state tax, the United States tax, but “*how much owest thou unto my Lord?*”

There is one more bill of indebtedness laid upon the table, and that is the *bill for your redemption*. I have been told that the bells in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, never toll save when the king or some member of the royal family dies. The thunders in the dome of heaven never tolled so dolefully as when they rang out to the world the news, “King Jesus is dead!” When a king dies, the whole land is put in black: they shroud the pillars; they put the people in procession; they march to a doleful drum-beat. What shall we do now that our King is dead? Put blackness on the gates of the morning. Let the cathedral organs wail; let the winds sob; let all the generations of men fall into line, and beat a funeral-march of woe! woe! woe! as we go to the grave of our dead King.

In Philadelphia they have a habit, after the coffin is deposited in the grave, of the friends going formally up and standing at the brink of the grave and looking in. So I take you all to-night to look into the grave of our dead King. The lines of care are gone out of his face. The wounds have stopped bleeding. Just lift up that lacerated hand. Lift it up, and then lay it down softly over that awful gash in the left side. He is dead! He is dead!

Eight hundred years after Edward I. was buried, they brought up his body, and they found that he still lay with a crown on his head.



Hill House

SUBLINE NATURE.

More than eighteen hundred years have passed, and I look into the grave of my dead King, and I see not only a crown, but "on his head are many crowns." And, what is more, he is rising. Yea, he has risen! Time was when this could not be said; time was when Christ's record was one of agony, his approaching fate a terrible death. In that day there was none to help. The wave of anguish came up to his feet, came up to his knee, floated to his waist, rose to his chin, swept to his temples, yet none to help! Angels by thousands in the skies, ready, had God's word been spoken, to plunge into the affray and strike back the hosts of darkness, yet none to help! none to help!

That day of agony has passed, and the day of victory has come. Weep not for our King, for He is risen. Ye who came to the grave weeping, go away rejoicing. Let your dirges now change to anthems. He lives! Take off the blackness from the gates of the morning. He lives! Let earth and heaven keep jubilee. He lives! "I know that my Redeemer lives!"

THE COLUMBIAN WORLD'S FAIR.

FAIRS may be for the sale of goods, or for the exhibition of goods on a small scale or a large scale, for county or city, for one nation or for all nations. Tyre was once the mistress of the sea and the queen of international commerce. All nations cast their crowns at her feet. Referring to the richest countries of the world, the sacred Book says of Tyre, "They traded in thy fairs." Look in upon a world's fair at Tyre. Ezekiel leads us through one department, and it is a horse-fair. Under-fed and over-driven for ages, the horses of to-day give you no idea of the splendid animals which, rearing and plunging and snorting and neighing, were brought down over the plank of the ships and led into the world's fair at Tyre, until Ezekiel, who was a minister of religion and not supposed to know much about horses, cried out in admiration, "They of the house of Togarmah traded in thy fairs with horses." Here in another department of that world's fair at Tyre, led on by Ezekiel the prophet, we find everything all ablaze with precious stones. Like petrified snow are the corals; like fragments of fallen sky are the sapphires; and here is agate ablush with all colors. What is that aroma we inhale? It is from chests of cedar which we open, and find them filled with all styles of fabric. But the aromatics increase as we pass down this lane of enchantment, and here are cassia and frankincense and balm. Led on by Ezekiel the prophet, we come to an agricultural fair with a display of wheat from Minnith and Pannag, rich as that of our modern Dakota or Michigan. And here is a mineralogical fair, with specimens of iron and silver and tin and lead and gold. But halt, for here is purple, Tyrian purple, of all tints and shades, deep almost unto the black and bright almost unto the blue; waiting for kings and queens to order it

made into robes for coronation day ; purple not like that which is now made from the Orchilla weed, but the extinct purple, the lost purple, which the ancients knew how to make out of the gasteropod mollusks of the Mediterranean. Oh, look at those casks of wine from Helbon ! See those snow-banks of wool from the back of sheep that once pastured in Gilead ! Oh, the bewildering riches and variety of that world's fair at Tyre !

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GREAT EXPOSITIONS.

The world has copied these Bible-mentioned fairs in all succeeding ages, and it has had its Louis the Sixth's fair at Dagobert, and Henry the First's fair on St. Bartholomew's day, and Hungarian fairs at Pesth, and Easter fairs at Leipsic, and the Scotch fairs at Perth, (bright was the day when I was at one of them,) and afterward came the London world's fair, and the New York world's fair, and the Vienna world's fair, and the Parisian world's fair, and the Centennial world's fair, and it has been decided that, in commemoration of the discovery of America in 1492, there shall be held in this country in 1893—allowing one year of grace to cover municipal strife and official mismanagement—a world's fair that shall eclipse all preceding national expositions.

God speed the movement ! Surely the event commemorated is worthy of all the architecture and music and pyrotechnics and eloquent and stupendous planning and monetary expenditure and congressional appropriations which the most sanguine Christian patriot has ever dreamed of. Was any voyage that the world ever heard of crowned with such an arrival as that of Columbus and his men ? After they had been encouraged for the last few days by flight of land-birds and floating branches of red berries, and while Columbus was down in the cabin studying the sea-chart, Martin Pinzon, standing on deck and looking to the southwest, cried, "Land ! Land ! Land !" And "Gloria in Excelsis" was sung in raining tears on all the three ships of the expedition. Most appropriate and patriotic and Christian will be a commemorative world's fair.

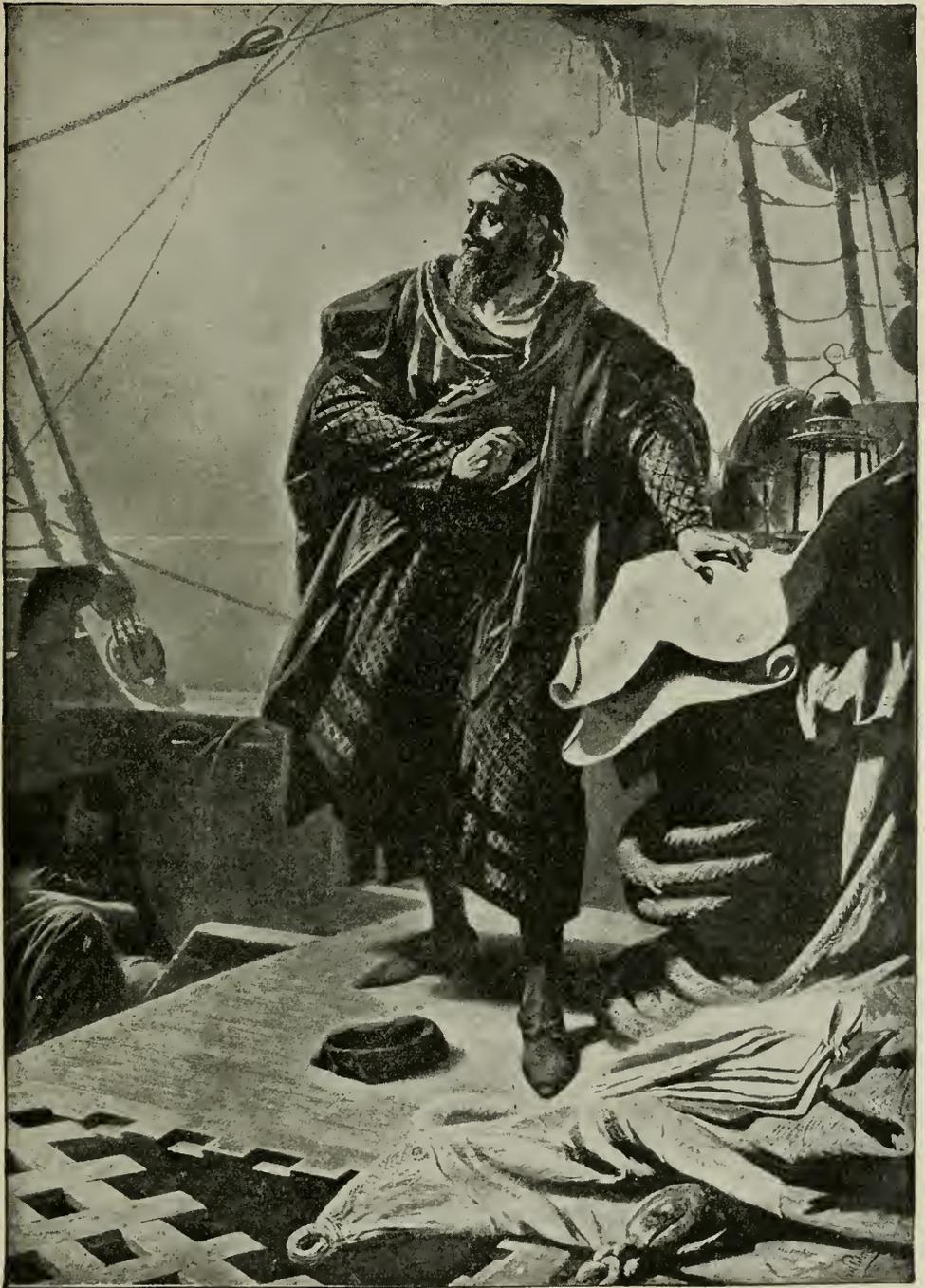
I want to say some things from the point of Christian patriotism which ought to be said, and the earlier the better, that we may get thousands of people talking in the right direction, and that will make healthful public opinion. I beg you to consider prayerfully what I feel

called upon of God as an American citizen and as a preacher of righteousness to utter.

THEIR RELIGIOUS ASPECT.

My first suggestion concerning the coming exposition is, let not the materialistic and monetary idea overpower the moral and religious. During that exposition for the first time in all their lives, there will be thousands of people from other lands who will see a country without a state religion. Let us, by an increased harmony among all denominations of religion, impress other nationalities, as they come here that year, with the superior advantage of having all denominations equal in the sight of government. All the rulers and chief men of Europe belong to the state religion, whatever it may be. Although our last two Presidents have been Presbyterians, the previous one was an Episcopalian; and the two preceding, Methodists; and going further back in that line of presidents, we find Martin Van Buren a Dutch Reformed; and John Quincy Adams a Unitarian; and a man's religion in this country is neither a hindrance nor an advantage in the matter of political elevation. All Europe needs that. All the world needs that. A man's religion is something between himself and his God, and it must not, directly or indirectly, be interfered with.

Furthermore, during that exposition, Christian civilization will confront barbarism. We shall, as a nation, have a greater opportunity to make an evangelizing impression upon foreign nationalities than would otherwise be afforded us in a quarter of a century. Let the churches of the city where the exposition is held be open every day, and prayers be offered and sermons preached and doxologies sung. In the interim, let us get a baptism of the Holy Ghost, so that the six months of that world's fair shall be fifty Pentecosts in one, and instead of three thousand converted, as in the former Pentecost, hundreds of thousands will be converted. You must remember that the Pentecost mentioned in the Bible occurred when there was no printing-press, no books, no Christian pamphlets, no religious newspapers, and yet the influence was tremendous. How many nationalities were touched? The account says: "Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites," that is, people from the eastern countries; "Phrygia and Pamphylia," that is, the western countries; "Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Cretes and Arabians," that is, the southern countries; but they were all moved by the mighty spectacle. Instead of the sixteen or eighteen tribes of



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people reported at that Pentecost, all the chief nations of Europe and Asia, North and South America, will be represented at our world's fair in 1893, and a Pentecost here and then would mean the salvation of the round world.

But, you say, we may have at that fair the people of all lands and all the machinery for gospelization, the religious printing-presses and the churches, but all that would not make a Pentecost ; we must have God. Well, you can have Him. Has He not been graciously waiting ? Nothing stands in the way but our own unbelief, and indolence, and sin. May God break down the barriers ! The grandest opportunity for the evangelization of all nations since Jesus Christ died on the cross will be the world's exposition of 1893. God may take us out of the harvest-field before that, but let it be known throughout Christendom that that year—between May and November—will be the mountain of Christian advantage, the Alpine and Himalayan heights of opportunity overtopping all others for salvation. Instead of the slow process of having to send the Gospel to other lands by our own American missionaries, who have difficult toil in acquiring the foreign language and then must contend with foreign prejudices, what a grand thing it will be to have able and influential foreigners converted during their visit in America, and then have them return to their native lands with the glorious tidings ! Oh, for an overwhelming work of grace for the year 1893 !

A PEACE-CONGRESS.

Another opportunity, if our public men see it—and it is the duty of pulpit and printing-press to help them to see it—will be the calling at that time and place of a legal peace-congress for all nations. The convention of representatives from the governments of North and South America, recently held at Washington, is only a type of what we may have on a vast and a world-wide scale at the international exposition of 1893. By one stroke the gorgon of war might be slain and buried so deep that neither trumpet of human dispute or of archangel's blowing could resurrect it. When the last Napoleon called such a congress of nations many did not respond, and those that did respond gathered, wondering what trap that wily destroyer of the French Republic and the builder of a French monarchy might spring on them. But what if the most popular government on earth—I mean the United States government—should practically say to all nations : On the

American continent, in 1893, we will hold a world's fair, and all nations will send to it specimens of their products, their manufactures, and their arts, and we invite all the Governments of Europe, Asia and Africa, to send representatives to a peace-convention that shall be held at the same time and place, and that shall establish an international arbitration commission, to whom shall be referred all controversies between nation and nation, their decision to be final, so that all nations may be relieved from the expense of standing armies and naval equipment, war having been made an everlasting impossibility.

All the nations of the earth worth consideration would come to it ; mighty men of England, and Germany, and France, and Russia, and all the other great nationalities ; Bismarck, who worships the Lord of Hosts, and Gladstone, who worships the God of Peace, and Boulanger, who worships himself. The fact is, that the nations are sick of drinking out of chalices made of human skulls and filled with blood. The United States Government is the only government in the whole world that could successfully call such a congress. Suppose France should call it, Germany would not come ; or Germany should call it, France would not come ; or Russia should call it, Turkey would not come ; or England should call it, nations long jealous of her overshadowing power in Europe would not come. America, in favor with all nationalities, standing out independent and alone, is the spot, and 1893 will be the time.

May this proposition please the President of the United States, may it please the Secretary of State, may it please the Cabinet, may it please the Senate and House of Representatives, may it please the printing-presses, and the churches, and the people, who lift up and put down our American rulers. To them all I make this timely, and solemn, and Christian appeal. Do you not think people die fast enough without this wholesale butchery of war ? Do you not think that we can trust to pneumonias, and consumptions, and apoplexies, and palsies, and yellow fevers, and Asiatic choleras, the work of killing them fast enough ? Do you not think that the greedy, wide-open jaws of the grave ought to be satisfied if filled by natural causes with hundreds of thousands of corpses a year ? Do you not think we can do something better with men than to dash their lives out against casements, or blow them into fragments by torpedoes, or send them out into the world, where they need all their faculties, footless, armless, eyeless ? Do you

not think that women might be appointed to an easier place than the edge of a grave-trench to wring their pale hands, and weep out their eyesight in widowhood and childlessness? The last glory has gone out of war.

HORRORS OF WAR.

There was a time when war demanded that quality which we all admire—namely, courage—for a man had to stand at the hilt of his sword when the point pierced the foe, and while he was slaying another the other might slay him; or it was bayonet charge. But now it is cool and deliberate murder, and clear out at sea a bombshell can be hurled miles away into a city; or while thousands of private soldiers, who have no interest in the contest, for they were conscripted, are losing their lives, their General may sit smoking one of the best Havana cigars after a dinner of quail on toast. It may be well enough for graduating students of colleges on commencement day to orate about the poetry of war; but do not talk about the poetry of war to the men of the Federal or Confederate armies who were at the front, or to some of us who, as members of the Christian commission, saw the ghastly hospitals at Antietam and Hagerstown. Ah! you may worship the Lord of Hosts, I worship the “God of Peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep.”

War is an accursed monster and it was born in the lowest cavern of perdition, and I pray that it may speedily descend to the place from which it arose, its last sword and shield and musket rattling on the bottom of the red hot marl of hell. Let there be called a peace-convention for 1893, with delegates sent by all the decent Governments of Christendom, and while they are in session, if you should some night go out and look into the sky above the exposition buildings, you may find that the old gallery of crystal, that was taken down after the Bethlehem anthem of eighteen centuries ago was sung out, is rebuilt again in the clouds, and the same angelic singers are returned with the same librettos of light to chant “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men.”

FOREIGN VICES.

Again, I suggest in regard to the World's Fair that, while appropriate places are prepared for all foreign exhibits, we make no room for the importation of foreign vices. America has enough of its own,

and we need no installments of that kind. A world's fair will bring all kinds of people, good and bad. The good we must prepare to welcome, the bad we must prepare to shun. The attempt will again be made in 1893, as in 1876, to break up our American Sabbaths. That attempt was made at the Philadelphia Centennial, but was defeated. The American Sabbath is the best kept Sabbath on earth. We do not want it broken down, and substituted in the place thereof the Brussels Sabbath, the Vienna Sabbath, the St. Petersburg Sabbath, or any of the foreign Sabbaths, which are no Sabbaths at all. I think the Lord is more than generous in asking only fifty-two days out of the three hundred and sixty-five for his service. You let the Sabbath go and with it will go your Bible, and after that your liberties, and your children or your grandchildren will be here in America under a despotism as bad as in those lands where they turn the Lord's day into wassail and frolic.

Among those who come there will be, as at other expositions, lordly people who will bring their vices with them. Among the dukes and duchesses and princes and princesses of other lands are some of the best men and women of all the earth. Remember Earl of Kintore, Lord Cairns, and Lord Shaftesbury. But there is a snobbery and flunkeyism in American society that runs after a grandee, a duke, a lord, or a prince, though he may be a walking lazaretto and his breath a plague. It makes the fortune of some of our queens of society to dance one cotillon with one of these princely lepers. Some people cannot get their hat off quick enough when they see such a foreign lord approaching, and they do not care for the mire into which they drop their knees as they bow to worship. Let no splendor of pedigree or any pomp and paraphernalia of circumstance make him attractive. There is only one set of Ten Commandments that I ever heard of, and no class of men or women in all the world are excused from obedience to those laws written by finger of lightning on the granite surface of Mount Sinai. Surely we have enough American vices without making any drafts upon European vice for 1893.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

I rejoice to believe that the advantages will overtop everything in that world's fair. What an introduction to each other of communities, of states, of republics, of empires, of zones, of hemispheres! What doors of information will be swung wide open for the boys and girls

now on the threshold! What national and international education! What crowning of industry with sheaves of grain, and what imperial robing of her with embroidered fabrics! What scientific apparatus! What telescopes for the infinitude above and microscopes for the infinitude beneath, and instruments to put nature to the torture until she tells her last secret! What a display of the munificence of the God who has grown enough wheat to make a loaf of good bread large enough for the human race, and enough cotton to stocking every foot, and enough timber to shelter every head, making it manifest that it is not God's fault, but either man's oppression or indolence or dissipation if there be any without supply. What churches! What public libraries! What asylums of mercy! What academies of music! What mighty men in law and medicine and art and scholarship! What schools and colleges and universities! What women radiant and gracious, and an improvement on all the generations of women since Eve! What philanthropists who do not feel satisfied with their own charities until they get into the hundreds of thousands and the millions! What "God's acres" for the dead, gardens of beauty and palaces of marble for those who sleep the last sleep!

Under the arches of the chief building of that exposition let capital and labor, too long estranged, at last be married, each taking the hand of each in pledge of eternal fidelity, while representations of all nations stand round rejoicing at the nuptials, and saying: "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder." Then shall the threnody of the needle-woman no longer be heard:

"Work, work, work!
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work, work, work!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim.
Seam and gusset and band,
Band and gusset and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream."

O Christian America! Make ready for the grandest exposition ever seen under the sun! Have Bibles enough bound. Have churches enough established. Have scientific halls enough endowed. Have printing-presses enough set up. Have revivals of religion enough in full blast. I believe you will. "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!"

CAPTIVES SET FREE.

THERE is intense excitement in the village of Ziklag. David and his men are bidding good-bye to their families, and are off for the wars. In that little village of Ziklag the defenseless ones will be safe until the warriors, flushed with victory, come home.—But will the defenseless ones be safe?

The soft arms of children are around the necks of the bronzed warriors until they shake themselves free and start, and handkerchiefs and flags are waved and kisses thrown until the armed men vanish beyond the hills. David and his men soon get through with their campaign and start homeward. Every night on their way home, no sooner does the soldier put his head on the knapsack than in his dream he hears the welcome of the wife and the shout of the child. Oh, what long stories they will have to tell their families, of how they dodged the battle-axe, and then will roll up their sleeve and show the half-healed wound!

With glad, quick step they march on, David and his men, for they are marching home. Now they come up to the last hill which overlooks Ziklag, and they expect in a moment to see the dwelling-places of their loved ones. They look, and as they look their cheeks turn pale, and their lips quiver, and their hand involuntarily comes down on the hilt of the sword. "Where is Ziklag? Where are our homes?" Alas! the curling smoke above the ruin tells the tragedy. The Amalekites have come down and consumed the village, and carried the mothers and the wives and the children of David and his men into captivity.

THE HOT PURSUIT.

The swarthy warriors stand for a few moments transfixed with horror. Then their eyes glance at each other, and they burst into

uncontrollable weeping—for when a strong warrior weeps, the grief is appalling. It seems as if the emotion might tear him to pieces. They “wept until they had no more power to weep.”

But soon their sorrow turns into rage, and David, swinging his sword high in the air, cries, “Pursue, for thou shalt overtake them, and without fail recover all.” Now the march becomes a “double-quick.” Two hundred of David’s men stop by the brook Besor, faint with fatigue and grief. They cannot go a step farther. They are left there. But the other four hundred men under David, with a sort of panther step, march on in sorrow and in rage. They find by the side of the road a half dead Egyptian, and they resuscitate him, and compel him to tell the whole story. He says, “Yonder they went, the captors and the captives,” pointing in the direction. Forward, ye four hundred brave men of fire!

Very soon David and his enraged company come upon the Amalekitish host. Yonder they see their own wives and children and mothers, and under Amalekitish guard. Here are the officers of the Amalekitish army holding a banquet. The cups are full, the music is roused, the dance begins. The Amalekitish host cheer and cheer and cheer over their victory. But, without note of bugle or warning of trumpet, David and his four hundred men burst upon the scene, suddenly as Robert Bruce hurled his Scotchmen upon the revelers at Bannockburn. David and his men look up, and one glance at their loved ones in captivity and under Amalekitish guard, throws them into a very fury of determination; for you know how men will fight when they fight for their wives and children. Ah, there are lightnings in their eye, and every finger is a spear, and their voice is like the shout of the whirlwind. Amidst the upset tankards and the costly viands crushed under foot, the wounded Amalekites lie (their blood mingling with their wine), shrieking for mercy. No sooner do David and his men win the victory than they throw their swords down into the dust—what do they want with swords now?—and the broken families come together amidst a great shout of joy that makes the parting scene in Ziklag seem very insipid in the comparison. The rough old warrior has to use some persuasion before he can get his child to come to him now after so long an absence; but soon the little finger traces the familiar wrinkles across the scarred face. And then the empty tankards are set up, and they are filled with the best wine from the hills, and David and his men, the

husbands, the wives, the brothers, the sisters, drink to the overthrow of the Amalekites and to the rebuilding of Ziklag. "So, O Lord, let thine enemies perish!"

THE JOYFUL RETURN.

Now they are coming home—David and his men and their families—a long procession. Men, women and children, loaded with jewels and robes, and with all kinds of trophies that the Amalekites had gathered up in years of conquest—everything now in the hands of David and his men. When they come to the brook Besor, the place where staid the men sick and incompetent to travel, the jewels and the robes and all kinds of treasures are divided among the sick as well as among the well. Surely, the lame and exhausted ought to have some of the treasures. Here is a robe for this pale-faced warrior. Here is a pillow for this dying man. Here is handful of gold for the wasted trumpeter. I really think that these men who fainted by the brook Besor may have endured as much as those men who went into battle. Some mean fellows objected to the sick ones having any of the spoils. The objectors said, "These men did not fight." David, with a magnanimous heart, replied, "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

OUR LOST TREASURES.

This subject is practically suggestive to me. Thank God, in these times a man can go off on a journey, and be gone weeks and months, and come back and see his house untouched of incendiary, and have his family on the step to greet him, if by telegram he has foretold the moment of his coming. But there are Amalekitish disasters, and there are Amalekitish diseases, that sometimes come down upon one's home, making as devastating work as the day when Ziklag took fire.

Many modern homes have been broken up. No battering-ram smote in the door, no iconoclast crumbled the statues, no flame leaped amidst the curtains; but so far as all the joy and merriment that once belonged to that house are concerned, the home has departed. Armed diseases came down upon the quietness of the scene—scarlet fevers, or pleurisies, or consumptions, or undefined disorders came and seized upon some members of that family, and carried them away. Ziklag in ashes! And you go about, sometimes weeping and sometimes

enraged, wanting to get back your loved ones as much as David and his men wanted to reconstruct their despoiled households. Ziklag in ashes! Some of you were away from home. You counted the days of your absence. Every day seemed as long as a week. Oh, how glad you were when the time came for you to go aboard the steamboat or rail-car and start for home! You arrived. You went up the street where your dwelling was, and in the night you put your hand on the door-bell, and, behold! it was wrapped with the signal of bereavement, and you found that Amalekitish Death, which has devastated a thousand other households, had blasted yours. You went about weeping amidst the desolation of your once happy home, thinking of the bright eyes closed, and the noble hearts stopped, and the gentle hands folded, and you wept until you had no more power to weep. Ziklag in ashes!

A gentleman went to a friend of mine in the city of Washington, and asked that through him he might get a consulship to some foreign port. My friend said to him, "What do you want to go away from your beautiful home for, into a foreign port?" "Oh," he replied, "my home is gone! My six children are dead! I must get away, sir, I can't stand it in this country any longer." Ziklag in ashes!

Why is it that in almost every assemblage black is the predominant color of the apparel? Is it because you do not like saffron or brown or violet? Oh, no! You say, "The world is not so bright to us as it once was"; and there is a story of silent voices, and of still feet, and of loved ones gone, and when you look over the hills, expecting only beauty and loveliness, you find only devastation and woe. Ziklag in ashes!

In Ulster county, New York, the village church was decorated until the fragrance of the flowers was almost bewildering. The maidens of the village had emptied the place of flowers upon one marriage altar. One of their own number was affianced to a minister of Christ, who had come to take her to his home. With hands joined, amidst a congratulatory audience, the vows were taken. In three days from that time one of those who stood at the altar exchanged earth for heaven. The wedding march broke down into the funeral dirge. There were not enough flowers now for the coffin lid, because they had all been taken for the bridal hour.

The dead minister of Christ was brought to another village. He had gone out from them less than a week before in his strength; now

he came home lifeless. The whole church bewailed him. The solemn procession moved around to look upon the still face that once had beamed with messages of salvation. Little children were lifted up to look at him. And some of those whom he had comforted in days of sorrow, when they passed that silent form, made the place dreadful with their weeping. Another village emptied of its flowers—some of them put in the shape of a cross to symbolize his hope, others put in the shape of a crown to symbolize his triumph. A hundred lights blown out in one strong gust from the open door of a sepulcher. Ziklag in ashes!

HOW TO RECOVER THEM.

Would you recover the loved and the lost who have been snatched from your homes? Then *you must travel the same way they went*. No sooner had the half-dead Egyptian been resuscitated than he pointed the way the captors and the captives had gone, and David and his men followed after. So our Christian friends have gone into another country, and if we want to reach their companionship we must take the same road. They repented; we must repent. They prayed; we must pray. They trusted in Christ; we must trust in Christ. They lived a religious life; we must live a religious life. They were in some things like ourselves. I know, now that they are gone, that there is a halo around their names; but they had their faults. They said and did things they ought never to have said or done. They were sometimes rebellious, sometimes cast down. They were far from being perfect. So I suppose that when we are gone, some things in us that are now only tolerable may seem almost resplendent. But as they were like us in deficiencies, we ought to be like them in taking a supernatural Christ to make up for the deficits. Had it not been for Jesus they would have all perished; but Christ confronted them, and said, "I am the way," and they took it.

I have also to say that the path that these captives trod was a troubled path, and that David and his men had to go over the same difficult way. While these captives were being taken off, they said, "Oh, we are so tired; we are so sick; we are so hungry!" But the men who had charge of them said, "Stop this crying. Go on!" David and his men also found it a hard way. They had to travel it. It is through much tribulation that we are to enter into the kingdom.

How our loved ones had to struggle ! how their old hearts ached ! how sometimes they had a tussle for bread ! In our childhood we wondered why there were so many wrinkles on their faces. We did not know that what were called "crow's feet" on their faces were the marks of the black raven of trouble.

Did you never hear the old people, seated by the evening fire, talk over their early trials, their hardships, the accidents, the burials, the disappointments, the empty flour-barrel when there were so many hungry ones to feed, the sickness almost unto death, where the next dose of morphine decided between ghastly bereavement and an unbroken home circle ? Oh, yes ; it was trouble that whitened their hair. It was trouble that shook the cup in their hands. It was trouble that washed the luster from their eyes with the rain of tears until they needed spectacles. It was trouble that made the cane a necessity for their journey. Do you not remember seeing your old mother sitting, on some rainy day, looking out of the window, her elbow on the windowsill, her hand to her brow—looking out, not seeing the falling shower at all, (you well knew that she was looking into the distant past,) until the apron came up to her eyes, because the memory was too much for her ?

" Oft the big, unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrowed cheek,
Told in eloquence sincere,
Tales of woe they could not speak.
But this scene of weeping o'er,
Past this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more—
Never, never weep again."

"Who are these under the altar ?" the question was asked, and the response came : " These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Our friends went by a path of tears into glory. Be not surprised if we have to travel the same pathway.

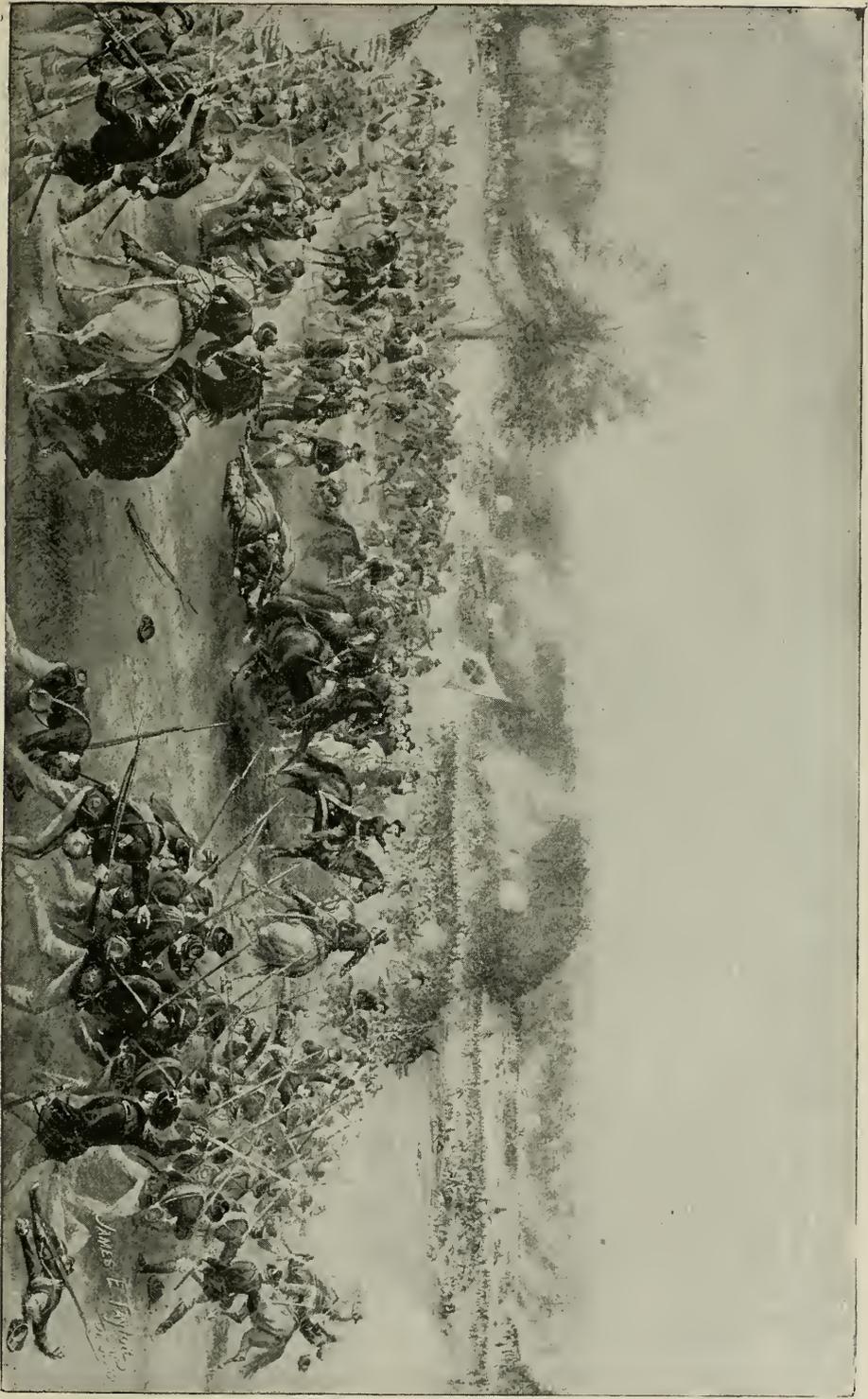
THE DECISIVE BATTLE.

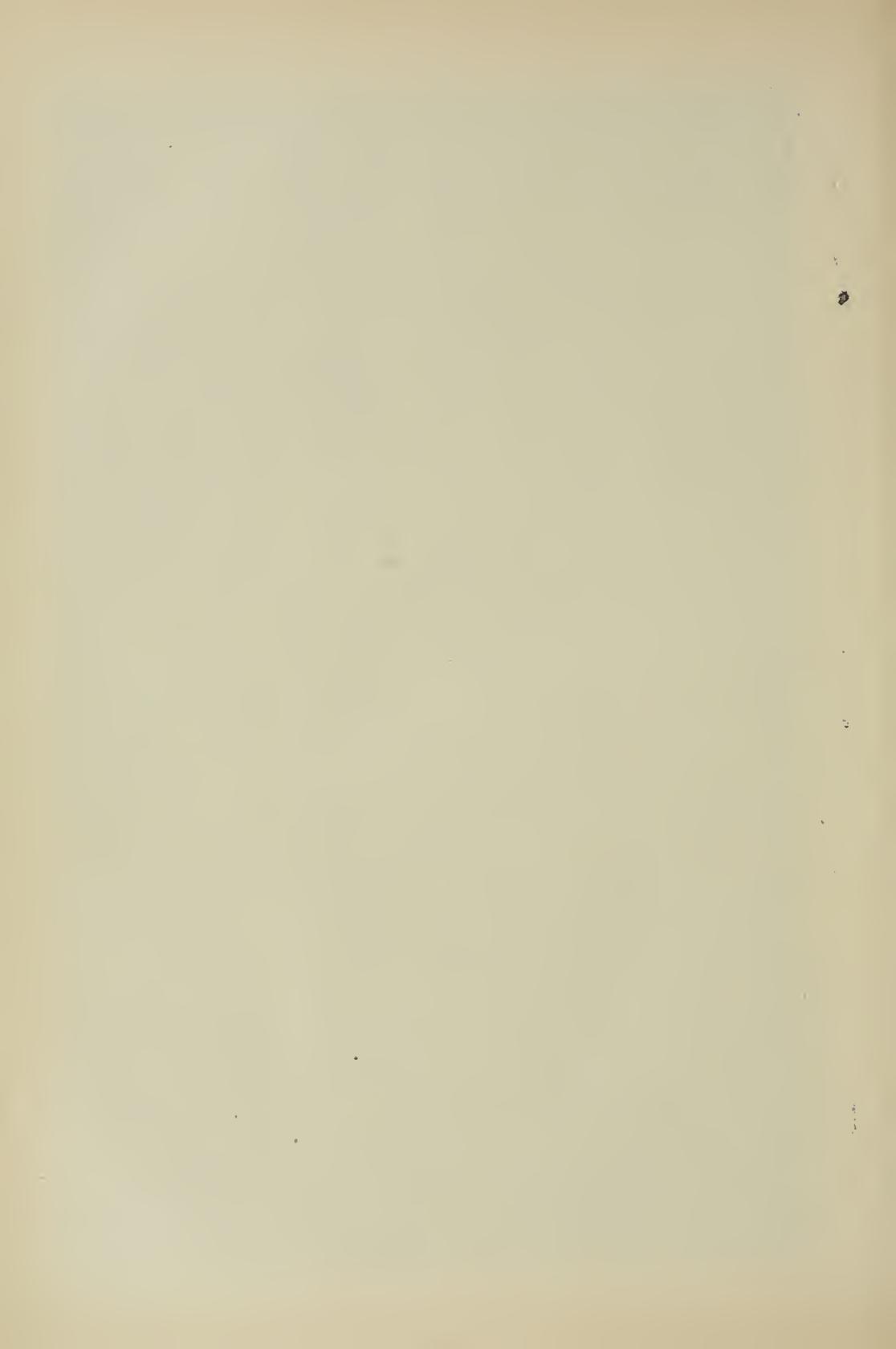
If we want to win the society of our friends in heaven, we will not only have to travel a path of faith and a path of tribulation, but we will also have to positively *battle* for their companionship. David and his men never wanted sharp swords and invulnerable shields and thick breastplates so much as they wanted them on the day when they came

down upon the Amalekites. If they had lost that battle, they never would have got their families back. I suppose that one glance at their loved ones in captivity hurled them into the battle with ten-fold courage and energy. They said: "We must win it. Everything depends upon it. Let each one take a man on point of spear or sword. We must win it." I have to tell you that between us and the coming into the companionship of our loved ones who are departed there is an Austerlitz, there is a Gettysburg, there is a Waterloo—war with the world, war with the flesh, war with the devil. We have either to conquer our troubles, or our troubles will conquer us. David will either slay the Amalekites, or the Amalekites will slay David. And yet is not the fort to be taken worth all the pain, all the peril, all the besiegement? Look! who are they on the bright hills of heaven yonder? There they are, those who sat at your own table. There they are, those whom you rocked in infancy in the cradle, or hushed to sleep in your arms. There they are, those in whose life your life was bound up. There they are, their brows more radiant than ever before you saw them, their lips waiting for the kiss of heavenly greeting, their cheeks roseate with the health of eternal summer, their hands beckoning you up the steep, their feet bounding with the mirth of heaven. The pallor of their last sickness is gone out of their face, and they are never more to be sick, never more to cough, never more to limp, never more to be old, never more to weep. They are watching from those heights to see if through Christ you can take that fort, and whether you will rush in upon them—victors. They know that upon this battle depends whether you will ever join their society. Up! Strike harder! Charge more bravely! Remember that every inch you gain puts you so much further on toward that heavenly reunion.

If some day you should hear the cannonade of a foreign navy coming through the Narrows to despoil our city, and if they really should succeed in carrying our families away from us, how long would we take before we resolved to go after them? Every weapon, whether fresh from Springfield or old and rusty in the garret, would be brought out, and we would urge one another on, and, coming in front of the foe, we would look at them, and then look at our families, and the cry would be, "Victory or death!" and when the ammunition was gone, we would take the captors on the point of the bayonet or under the breech of the gun. If you would make such a struggle for the

FURY OF BATTLE-HOSTS





getting back of your earthly friends, will you not make as much struggle for the gaining of the eternal companionship of your heavenly friends? Oh, yes! we must join them. We must sit in their holy society. We must sing with them the new song. We must celebrate with them the triumph. Let it never be told on earth or in heaven that David and his men pushed out with braver hearts for the getting back of their earthly friends for a few years on earth than we to get our departed!

You say that all this implies that our departed Christian friends are alive. Why, had you any idea they were dead? They have only moved. If you should go on the second of May to a house where one of your friends lived, and found him gone, you would not think that he was dead. You would inquire next door where he had moved to. Our departed Christian friends have only taken another house. The secret is that they are richer now than they once were, and can afford a better residence. They once drank out of earthenware; they now drink from the King's chalice. "Joseph is yet alive," and Jacob will go up and see him. Living, are they? Why, if a man can live in this damp, dark dungeon of earthly captivity, can he not live where he breathes the bracing atmosphere of the mountains of heaven? Oh, yes, they are living!

REWARD FOR THE WEARY.

But I must not forget those two hundred men who fainted by the brook Besor. They could not take another step farther. Their feet were sore; their heads ached; their entire nature was exhausted. Besides that, they were broken-hearted because their homes were gone. Ziklag in ashes! And yet David, when he comes up to them, divides the spoils among them. He says they shall have some of the jewels, some of the robes, some of the treasures. I see hundreds around me who have fainted by the brook Besor—the brook of tears. You feel as if you could not take another step farther, as though you could never look up again. But I am going to imitate David, and divide among you some glorious trophies. Here is a robe: "All things work together for good, to them that love God." Wrap yourself in that glorious promise. Here is for your neck a string of pearls, made out of crystallized tears: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Here is a coronet: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." O ye fainting ones by the brook

Besor, dip your blistered feet in the running stream of God's mercy. Bathe your brow at the wells of salvation. Soothe your wounds with the balsam that exudes from the trees of life. God will not utterly cast you off, O broken-hearted man, O broken-hearted woman, fainting by the brook Besor.

A shepherd finds that his musical pipe is bruised. He says: "I can't get any more music out of this instrument, so I will just break it and throw it away. Then I will get another reed, and I will play music on that." But God says He will not cast you off because all the music has gone out of your soul. "The bruised reed He will not break." As far as I can tell the diagnosis of your disease, you want Divine nursing, and it is promised you: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." God will see you all the way through, O troubled soul, and when you come down to the Jordan of death, you will find it to be as thin a brook as Besor; for Dr. Robinson says that, in April, Besor dries up, and there is no brook at all. And in your last moment you will be as placid as the Kentucky minister who went up to God, saying, in the dying hour: "Write to my sister Kate, and tell her not to be worried and frightened about the story of the horrors around the death-bed. Tell her there is not a word of truth in it, for I am there now, and Jesus is with me, and I find it a very happy way; not because I am a good man, for I am not; I am nothing but a poor, miserable sinner; but I have an Almighty Saviour, and both of his arms are around me."

THE MARRIAGE AT CANA.

WE are to-day at the wedding in Cana of Galilee. Jesus and his mother have been invited. It is evident that there are more people there than were expected. Either some people have come who were not invited, or more invitations have been sent out than it was supposed would be accepted. Of course there is not enough supply of wine. You know that there is nothing more embarrassing to a housekeeper than a scant supply. Jesus sees the embarrassment, and He comes up immediately to relieve it. He sees standing six water-pots. He orders the servants to fill them with water, then waves his hand over the water, and immediately it is wine—real wine. Taste of it, and see for yourselves; no logwood in it, no strychnine in it, but first-rate wine—wine so good that the ruler of the feast tastes it and says: “Why, this is really better than anything we have had! Thou hast kept the good wine until now.” Beautiful miracle! A prize was offered to the person who should write the best essay about the miracle in Cana. Long manuscripts were presented in the competition, but a true poet won the prize by just this one line descriptive of the miracle:

“The conscious water saw its God, and blushed.”

LESSONS OF THE MIRACLE.

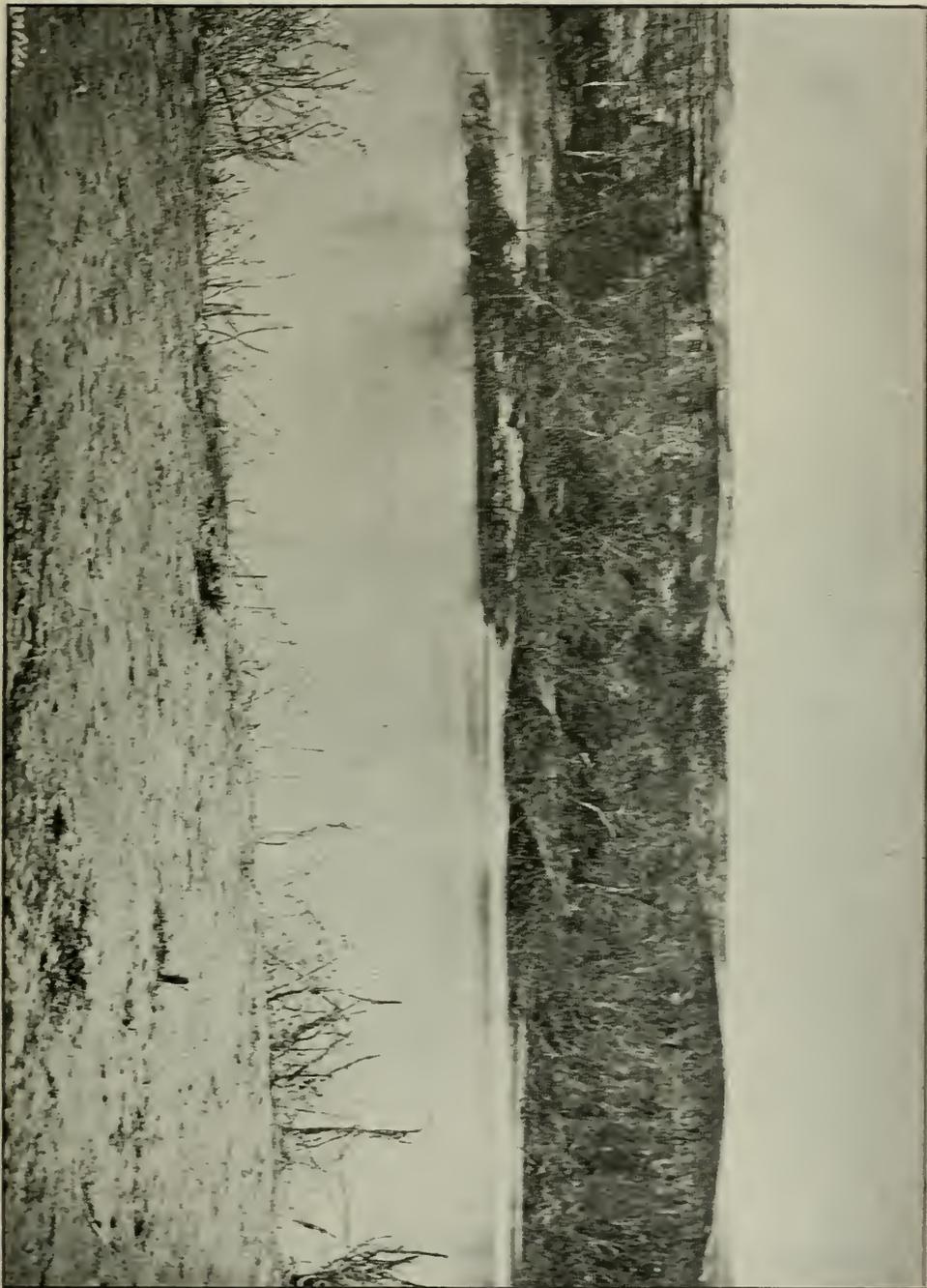
We learn from this miracle, in the first place, that *Christ has sympathy with housekeepers*. You might have thought that Jesus would have said: “I cannot be bothered with this household deficiency of wine. It is not for me, Lord of heaven and of earth, to become caterer to this feast. I have vaster things than this to attend to.” Not so said Jesus. The wine gave out, and Jesus, by miraculous power, came to the rescue. Does there ever come a scant supply in your household?

Have you to make a very close calculation? Is it hard work for you to carry on things decently and respectably? If so, don't sit down and cry. Don't go out and fret: but go to Him who stood in the house in Cana of Galilee. Pray in the parlor! Pray in the kitchen! Let there be no room in all your house unconsecrated by the voice of prayer.

I learn also from this miracle that *Christ does things in abundance*. I think a small supply of wine would have made up for the deficiency. I think certainly they must have had enough for half of the guests. One gallon of wine will do; certainly five gallons will be enough; certainly ten. But Jesus goes on, and He gives them thirty gallons, and forty gallons, and fifty gallons, and seventy gallons, and one hundred gallons, and one hundred and thirty gallons of the very best wine.

It is just like Him to do everything on the largest and most generous scale. Does Christ, our Creator, go forth to make leaves? He makes them by the whole forest full; notched like the fern, or silvered like the aspen, or broad like the palm; thickets in the tropics, Oregon forests. Does He go forth to make flowers? He makes plenty of them; they flame from the hedge, they hang from the top of the grapevine in blossoms, they roll in the blue wave of the violets, they toss their white surf into the spiræa—enough to have for every child's hand a flower, enough to make for every brow a chaplet, enough to cover up with beauty the ghastliness of all the graves. Does He go forth to create water? He pours it out, not by the cupful, but by a river full, a lake full, an ocean full, pouring it out until all the earth has enough to drink, and enough with which to wash.

Does Jesus, our Lord, provide redemption? It is not a little salvation for this one, a little for that, and a little for the other, but enough for all—"Whosoever will, let him come." Each man can have an ocean full for himself. Promises for the young, promises for the old, promises for the lowly, promises for the blind, for the halt, for the outcast, for the abandoned. Pardon for all, comfort for all, mercy for all, heaven for all; not merely a cupful of Gospel supply, but one hundred and thirty gallons. Aye, the tears of godly repentance are all gathered up into God's bottle, and some day, standing before the throne, we will lift our cup of delight and ask that it be filled with the wine of heaven; and Jesus, from that bottle of tears, will begin to pour in the cup, and we will cry, "Stop, Jesus, we do not want to drink our own



ALONG THE JORDAN.

tears!" and Jesus will say, "Know ye not that the tears of earth are the wine of heaven?" Sorrow may endure, but joy cometh in the morning.

HIDE YOUR SORROWS.

I remark further: *Jesus does not shadow the joys of others with his own griefs.* He might have sat down in that wedding and said: "I have so much trouble, so much poverty, so much persecution, and the cross is coming; I shall not rejoice, and the gloom of my face and of my sorrows shall be cast over all this group." So said not Jesus. He said to Himself: "Here are two persons starting out in married life. Let it be a joyful occasion. I will hide my own griefs. I will kindle their joy." There are many not so wise as that. I know a household where there are many little children, yet where for two years the musical instrument has been kept shut because there has been trouble in the house. Alas for the folly! Parents saying: "We will have no Christmas tree this coming holiday because there has been trouble in the house. Hush that laughing upstairs! How can there be any joy when there has been so much trouble?" And so they make everything consistently doleful, and send their sons and daughters to ruin with the gloom they throw around them.

Oh, my dear friends, do you not know that those children will have trouble enough of their own after a while? Be glad they cannot appreciate all yours. Keep back the cup of bitterness from your daughter's lips. When your head is down in the grass of the tomb, poverty may come to her, betrayal to her, bereavement to her. Keep back the sorrows as long as you can. Do you not know that that son may, after a while, have his heart broken? Stand between him and all harm. You may not fight his battles long; fight them while you may. Throw not the chill of your own despondency over his soul; rather be like Jesus, who came to the wedding hiding his own grief and kindling the joys of others. So I have seen the sun, on a dark day, struggling amidst clouds, black, ragged and portentous, but after a while, with golden pry, it heaved back the blackness; and the sun laughed to the lake, and the lake laughed to the sun, and from horizon to horizon, under the saffron sky, the water was all turned into wine.

LUXURIES OF LIFE.

I learn from this miracle that *Christ is not impatient with the luxuries of life.* It was not necessary that they should have that wine.



THE MARRIAGE FEAST AT CANA.

Hundreds of people have been married without any wine. We do not read that any of the other provisions fell short. When Christ made the wine it was not a necessity, but a positive luxury. I do not believe that He wants us to eat hard bread and sleep on hard mattresses, unless we like them the best. I think, if circumstances will allow, we have a right to the luxuries of dress, the luxuries of diet, and the luxuries of residence. There is no more religion in an old coat than in a new one. We can serve God drawn by golden-plated harness as certainly as when we go a-foot. Jesus Christ will dwell with us under a fine ceiling as well as under a thatched roof; and when you can get wine made out of water, drink as much of it as you can.

What is the difference between a Chinese mud hovel and an American home? What is the difference between the rough bear-skins of the Russian boor and the outfit of an American gentleman? No difference, except that which the Gospel of Christ, directly or indirectly, has caused. When Christ shall have vanquished all the world, I suppose every house will be a mansion, and every garment a robe, and every horse an arch-necked courser, and every carriage a glittering vehicle, and every man a king, and every woman a queen, and the whole earth a paradise; the glories of the natural world harmonizing with the glories of the material world, until the very bells of the horses shall jingle the praises of the Lord.

I remark again that *Christ comes to us in the hour of our extremity*. He knew the wine was giving out before there was any embarrassment or mortification. Why did He not perform the miracle sooner? Why wait until it was all gone, and no help could come from any source, and then come in and perform the miracle? This is Christ's way; and when He did come in, at the hour of extremity, He made first-rate wine, so that they cried out, "Thou hast kept the good wine until now." Jesus in the hour of extremity! He seems to prefer that hour.

In a Christian home in Poland great poverty had come, and on the next day the man would be obliged to move out of the house with his whole family. That night he knelt with his family and prayed to God. While they were kneeling in prayer there was a tap on the window-pane. They opened the window, and there was a raven that the family had fed and trained, and it had in its bill a ring all set with precious stones, which was found out to be a ring belonging to the royal family. It was taken up to the king's residence, and for the honesty of the

man in bringing it back he had a house given to him, and a garden, and a farm. Who was it that sent the raven to tap on the window? The same God that sent the raven to feed Elijah by the brook Cherith. Christ in the hour of extremity!

WEDDING OF CHRIST AND THE CHURCH.

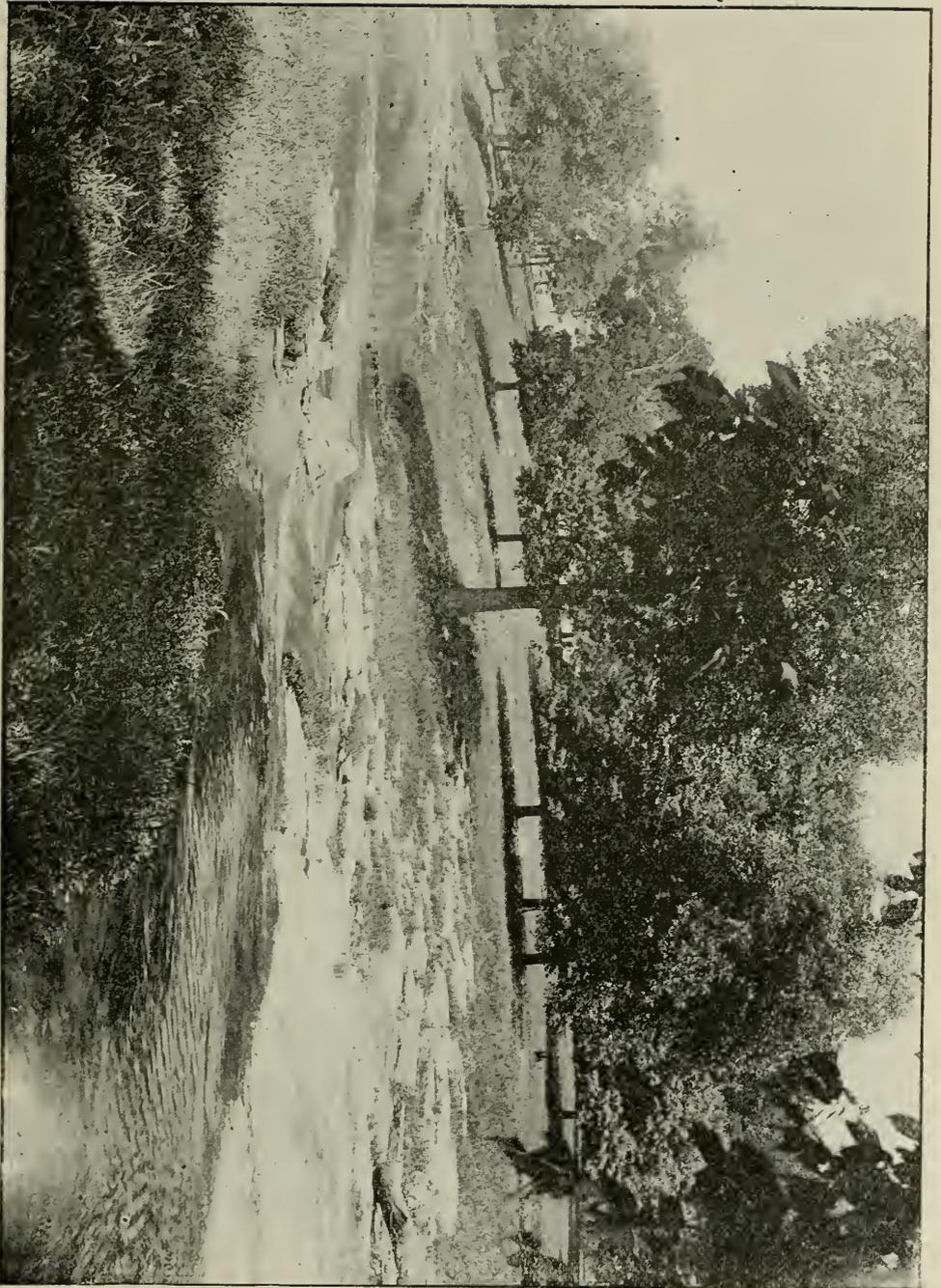
Jesus has invited us to a grand wedding to be celebrated when he comes. You know the Bible says that the Church is the Lamb's wife, and the Lord will after a while come to fetch her home. There will be gleaming of torches in the sky, and the trumpets of God will ravish the air with their music, and Jesus will stretch out his hand, and the Church, robed in white, will put aside her veil, and look up into the face of her Lord the King, and the bridegroom will say to the bride: "Thou hast been faithful through all these years! The mansion is ready! Come home! Thou art fair, my love!" Then He will put upon her brow the crown of dominion, and the table will be spread, and it will reach across the skies, and the mighty ones of heaven will come in, garlanded with beauty and striking their cymbals; and the bridegroom and bride will stand at the head of the table, and the banqueters, looking up, will wonder and admire, and say: "That is Jesus the bridegroom; but the scar on his brow is covered with the coronet, and the stab in his side is covered with a robe! And that is the bride! The weariness of her earthly woe is lost in the flush of her wedding triumph!"

NATURE'S LESSONS.

WHEN Eve touched the forbidden tree it seemed as if the sinful contact had smitten not only that tree, but as if the air had caught the pollution from the leaves, and as if the sap had carried the virus down into the very soil until the entire earth reeked with the leprosy. Under that sinful touch nature withered. The inanimate creation, as if aware of the damage done it, sent up the thorn and brier and nettle to wound and fiercely oppose the human race.

Now as the physical earth felt the effects of the first transgression, so it shall also feel the effect of the Saviour's mission. As from that one tree in Paradise a blight went forth through the entire earth, so from one tree on Calvary another force shall speed out to interpenetrate and check, subdue and override the evil. In the end it shall be found that the tree of Calvary has more potency than the tree of Paradise. As the nations are evangelized, I think a corresponding change will be effected in the natural world. I verily believe that the trees, and the birds, and the rivers, and the skies will have their millennium. If man's sin affected the ground, and the vegetation, and the atmosphere, shall Christ's work be less powerful or less extensive?

Oh, what harvests shall be reaped when neither drouth, nor excessive rain, nor mildew, nor infesting insects shall arrest their growth, and the utmost capacity of the fields for production shall be tested by an intelligent and athletic yeomanry. Thrift and competency characterizing the world's inhabitants, their dwelling-places shall be graceful and healthy and adorned. Tree and arbor and grove round about will look as if Adam and Eve had got back to Paradise. Great cities, now neglected and unwashed, shall be orderly, adorned with architectural symmetry, and connected with far distant seaports by present modes of transportation carried to their greatest perfection,



GROVES IN SUMMER

or by new inventions yet to spring up out of the water or drop from the air at the beck of a Morse or a Robert Fulton belonging to future generations.

NATURE'S TESTIMONY.

The first contribution that nature gives to the Church is her testimony in behalf of the truth of Christianity. This is an age of profound research. Nature cannot evade man's inquiries as formerly. In the chemist's laboratory she is put to the torture and compelled to yield up her mysteries. Hidden laws have come out of their hiding-place. The earth and the heavens, since they have been ransacked by geologist and botanist and astronomer, appear so different from what they once were that they may be called "the new heavens and the new earth."

This research and discovery will have a powerful effect upon the religious world. They must either advance or arrest Christianity, make men better or make them worse, be the Church's honor or the Church's overthrow. Christians, aware of this in the early ages of discovery, were nervous and fearful as to the progress of science. They feared that some natural law, before unknown, would suddenly spring into harsh collision with Christianity. Gunpowder and the gleam of swords would not so much have been feared by religionists as electric batteries, voltaic piles, and astronomical apparatus. It was feared that Moses and the prophets would be run over by skeptical chemists and philosophers. Some of the followers of Aristotle, after the invention of the telescope, refused to look through that instrument, lest what they saw should overthrow the teachings of that great philosopher. But the Christian religion has no such apprehension now.

Bring on your telescopes and microscopes and spectroscopes—and the more the better. The God of nature is the God of the Bible, and in all the universe and in all the eternities He has never once contradicted Himself. Christian merchants endow universities, and in them Christian professors instruct the children of Christian communities. The warmest and most enthusiastic friends of Christ are the bravest and most enthusiastic friends of science. The Church rejoices as much over every discovery as the world rejoices. Good men have found that there is no war between science and religion. That which at first seemed to be the weapon of the infidel has turned out to be the weapon of the Christian.

Men who have gone to Palestine infidels have come back Christians. They who were blind and deaf to the truth at home have seemed to see Christ again preaching upon Olivet, and have beheld in vivid imagination the Son of God again walking the hills about Jerusalem. Caviglia once rejected the truth, but afterward said: "I came to Egypt, and the Scriptures and the pyramids converted me." When I was in Beyrout, Syria, our beloved American missionary, Rev. Dr. Jessup, told me of his friend who met a skeptic at Joppa, the seaport of Jerusalem, and the unbeliever said to his friend: "I am going into the Holy Land to show up the folly of the Christian religion. I am going to visit all the so-called 'sacred places' and write them up, and show the world that the New Testament is an imposition upon the world's credulity." Months after, Dr. Jessup's friend met the skeptic at Beyrout, after he had completed his journey through the Holy Land. "Well, how is it?" said the aforesaid gentleman to the skeptic. The answer was: "I have seen it all, and I tell you the Bible is true! Yes; it is all true!" The man who went to destroy came back to defend.

And from what I myself saw during my recent absence, I conclude that any one who can go through the Holy Land and remain an unbeliever is either a bad man or an imbecile. God employed men to write the Bible, but He took many of the same truths which they recorded and with his own almighty hand He gouged them into the rocks and drove them down into dismal depths, and, as documents are put into the corner-stone of a temple, so in the very foundation of the earth He folded up and placed the records of heavenly truth. The earth's corner-stone was laid, like that of other sacred edifices, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. The Author of revelation, standing among the great strata, looked upon Moses and said: "Let us record for future ages the world's history; you write it there on papyrus; I will write it here on the bowlders."

At Hawarden, England, Mr. Gladstone, while showing me his trees during a prolonged walk through his magnificent park, pointed out a sycamore, and with a wave of his hand said, "In your visit to the Holy Land did you see any sycamore more impressive than that?" I confessed that I had not. Its branches were not more remarkable than its roots. It was to such a tree as this that Jesus pointed when he wished to illustrate the power of faith. "Ye might say unto this sycamore tree, 'Be thou plucked up by the root and be thou cast into

the sea,' and it would obey you." One reason why Christ has fascinated the world as no other teacher, is because instead of using severe argument he was always telling how something in the spiritual world was like unto something in the natural world. Oh, these wonderful "likes" of our Lord! Like a grain of mustard seed. Like a treasure hid in a field. Like a merchant seeking goodly pearls. Like unto a net that was cast into the sea. Like unto a householder.

THE GREAT TEACHERS.

When Christ would teach the precision with which he looks after you, he says he counts the hairs of your head. Well, that is a long and tedious count if the head have the average endowment. It has been found that if the hairs of the head be black there are about one hundred and twenty thousand, or if they be flaxen there are about one hundred and forty thousand. But God knows the exact number: "The hairs of your head are all numbered." Would Christ impress us with the divine watchfulness and care, he speaks of the sparrows, that were a nuisance in those times. They were caught by the thousands in the net. They were thin and scrawny and had comparatively no meat on their bones. They seemed almost valueless, whether living or dead. Now, argues Christ, if my Father takes care of them, will He not take care of you? Christ would have the Christian, despondent over his slowness of religious development, go to his corn-field for a lesson. He watches first the green shoot pressing up through the clods, gradually strengthening into a stalk, and last of all the husk swelling out with the pressure of the corn: "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."

Would Christ set forth the character of those who make great profession of piety, but have no fruit, he compares them to barren fig-trees, which have very large and showy leaves, and nothing but leaves. Would Job illustrate deceitful friendships, he speaks of brooks in those climes, that wind about in different directions, and dry up when you want to drink out of them: "My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as the stream of brooks they pass away." David, when he would impress us with the despondency into which he had sunk, compares it to a quagmire of those regions, through which he had doubtless sometimes tried to walk, but sunk in up to his neck; and he cries, "I sink in deep mire where there is no standing." Would Habakkuk set

forth the capacity which God gives the good man to walk safely amid the wildest perils, he points to the wild animal called the hind walking over slippery rocks, and leaping from wild crag to wild crag, by the peculiar make of its hoofs able calmly to sustain itself in the most dangerous places : "The Lord God is my strength, and He will make my feet like hind's feet."

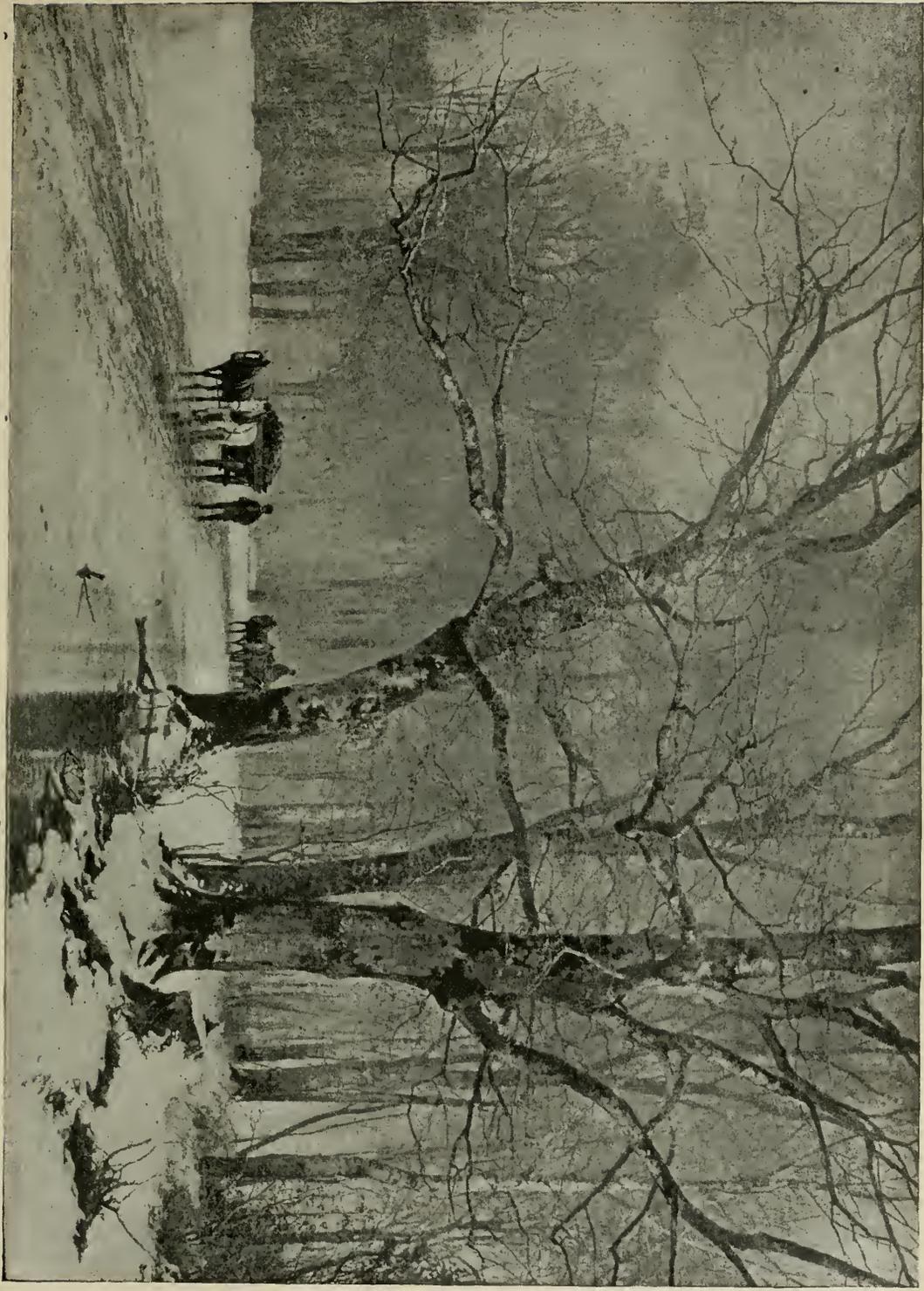
Job makes all natural objects pay tribute to the royalty of his book. As you go through some chapters of Job, you feel as if it were a bright spring morning, and, as you see the glittering drops from the grass under your feet, you say with that patriarch, "Who hath begotten the drops of the dew?" And now, as you read on, you seem in the silent midnight to behold the waving of a great light upon your path, and you look up to find it the aurora borealis, which Job described so long ago as "the bright light in the clouds and the splendor that cometh out of the north." As you read on, there is darkness hurtling in the heavens, and the showers break loose till the birds fly for a hiding-place and the mountain torrents in red fury foam over the rocky shelving, and with the same poet you exclaim, "Who can number the clouds in wisdom, or who can stay the bottles of heaven?" As you read on, you feel yourself coming into frosty climes, and, in fancy wading through the snow, you say with that same inspired writer, "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?" And while the sharp sleet drives in your face, and the hail stings your cheek, you quote him again : "Hast thou seen the treasures of the hail?" In the Psalmist's writings I hear the voices of the sea : "Deep calleth unto deep"; and the roar of forests : "The Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh"; and the loud peal of the black tempest : "The God of glory thundereth"; and the rustle of the long silk on the well-filled husks : "The valleys are covered with corn"; and the cry of wild beasts : "The young lions roar after their prey"; the hum of palm trees and cedars : "The righteous shall flourish like a palm tree; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon"; the sough of wings and the swirl of fins : "Dominion over the fowl of the air and the fish of the sea."

When in the autumn of the year nature preaches thousands of funeral sermons from the text, "We all do fade as a leaf," and scatters her elegies in our path, we cannot help but think of sickness and the tomb. Even winter, "being dead, yet speaketh." The world will not

be argued into the right. It will be tenderly illustrated into the right. Tell them what religion is like. When the mother tried to tell her dying child what heaven was, she compared it to light. "But that hurts my eyes," said the dying girl. Then the mother compared heaven to music. "But any sound hurts me, I am so weak," said the dying child. Then she was told that heaven was like a mother's arms. "Oh, take me there!" she said. "If it is like mother's arms, take me there!" The appropriate simile had been found at last.

PERSONAL COMFORT.

Another contribution which the natural world is making to the kingdom of Christ is the defense and aid which the elements are compelled to give to the Christian personally. There is no law in nature but is sworn for the Christian's defense. In Job this thought is presented as a bargain made between the inanimate creation and the righteous man: "Thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field." What a grand thought that the lightnings, and the tempests, and the hail, and the frosts, which are the enemies of unrighteousness, are all marshaled as the Christian's bodyguard. They fight for him. They strike with an arm of fire or clutch with fingers of ice. Everlasting peace is declared between the fiercest elements of nature and the good man. They may in their fury seem to be indiscriminate, smiting down the righteous with the wicked, yet they cannot damage the Christian's soul, although they may shrivel his body. The wintry blast that howls about your dwelling you may call your brother, and the south wind coming up on a June day by way of a flower garden you may call your sister. Though so mighty in circumference and diameter, the sun and the moon have a special charge concerning you: "The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night." Elements and forces hidden in the earth are now harnessed and at work in producing for you food and clothing. Some grain-field that you never saw, presented you this day with your morning meal. The great earth and the heavens are the busy loom at work for you; and shooting light, and silvery stream, and sharp lightning are only woven threads in the great loom, with God's foot on the shuttle. The same spirit that converted your soul, has also converted the elements from enmity towards you into inviolable friendship; and furthest star and deepest cavern—regions of



WINTER.

everlasting cold as well as climes of eternal summer—all have a mission of good, direct or indirect, for your spirit.

If you have a microscope, put under it one drop of water, and see the insects floating about; and when you see that God makes them, and cares for them, and feeds them, come to the conclusion that He will take care of you and feed you, that all creation is working for your service, and all things, the smallest and greatest, are symbols of God's wisdom and God's mercy.

INFERENCES.

Now I infer from this that the study of natural objects will increase our religious knowledge. If David and Job and John and Paul could not afford to let go without observation one passing cloud, or rift of snow, or spring blossom, we cannot afford to let them go without study. Men and women of God most eminent in all ages for faith and zeal indulged in such observations—Payson and Baxter and Doddridge and Hannah More. That man is not worthy the name of Christian who saunters listlessly among these magnificent disclosures of divine power around, beneath, and above us, stupid and uninstructed.

I learn also from this subject what an honorable position the Christian occupies, when nothing is so great and glorious in nature but it is made to edify, defend, and instruct him. Hold up your heads sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, that I may see how you bear your honors. Though now you may think yourself unbefriended, this spring's soft wind, and next summer's harvest of barley, and next autumn's glowing fruits, and next winter's storms—all seasons, all elements, zephyr and euroclydon, rose's breath and thundercloud, gleaming light and thick darkness—are sworn to defend you, and cohorts of angels would fly to deliver you from peril, and the great God would unsheathe his sword and arm the universe in your cause rather than that harm should touch you with one of its lightest fingers. "As the mountains are around about Jerusalem, so the Lord is around about his people from this time forth for evermore."

Oh, for more sympathy with the natural world! Then we should always have a Bible open before us, and we could take a lesson from the most fleeting circumstances. Once, when a storm came down upon England, Charles Wesley sat in a room watching it through an open window, until, frightened by the lightning and the thunder,

a little bird flew in and nestled in the bosom of the sacred poet. As he gently stroked it and felt the wild beating of its heart, he turned to his desk and wrote that hymn which will be sung while the world lasts :

“ Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly.”

ANIMAL DELIGHT.

Out of joint as nature may seem to us, yet one of its most striking revelations is the almost universal happiness of the animal creation.



JOYS OF ANIMAL LIFE.

On a summer day, when the air and the grass are most populous with life, you will not hear a sound of distress unless, perchance, a heartless school-boy has robbed a bird's nest, or a hunter has broken a bird's wing, or a pasture has been robbed of a lamb, and there goes up a bleating from the flocks.

The whole earth is filled with animal delight—joy feathered, and scaled, and horned, and hoofed. The bee hums it; the frog croaks it :

the squirrel chatters it; the quail whistles it; the lark carols it; the whale spouts it. The snail, the rhinoceros, the grizzly bear, the toad, the wasp, the spider, the shell-fish, have their homely delights—joy as great to them as our joy is to us. Goat climbing the rocks; anaconda crawling through the jungle; buffalo plunging across the prairie; crocodile basking in tropical sun; seal puffing on the ice; ostrich striding across the desert, are so many bundles of joy; they do not go moping or melancholy; they are not only half supplied; God says they are filled with good.

The worm squirming through the sod upturned by the plowshare, and the ants racing up and down the hillock, are happy by day and happy by night. Take up a drop of water under the microscope, and you will find that within it there are millions of creatures that swim in a hallelujah of gladness. The sounds in nature that are repulsive to our ears are often only utterances of joy—the growl, the croak, the bark, the howl. The good God made these creatures, thinks of them ever, and will not let a plowshare turn up a mole's nest, or fisherman's hook transfix a worm, until, by eternal decree, its time has come.

MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

A few days ago I entered Central Park, and the twitter and the chirp, and the carol and the call of the birds were bewildering. Where were they going? I knew without asking. Going to the south, going to groves of magnolias, going to orange plantations, going among the bananas.

Have you ever watched the birds at the time of their migration? There is a flock, and here a flock, fifty different flocks making excursions for a few miles out, and then coming back—so strengthening their wings for a longer flight, and then coming back for seeming consultation. The fact is, they want to know just the time to start south. They must not go too soon, for that would leave our forests silent before their time. They must not start too late, lest the poor things may be overcome on the way.

So a squadron of birds sails out in one direction, and comes back and reports the condition of the corn-fields, and another squadron of birds sails out in another direction, and comes back to report the condition of the ponds and rivers, if there be any film of ice on the waters; and then another squadron of birds sails out to meet a squadron from

farther north, so as to find what weather we may expect from the Arctics, and one afternoon they all come together, until the woods for miles around are filled with the feathered tribe, and the next morning they start—not in flocks, a flock here and a flock there, as before—but in one great company, darkening the air as they sweep over in silence for the most part, for they have a long voyage of air before them, and



READY FOR FLIGHT.

know not what heat, or cold, or lightning, or tempest may cross their path. On and on across the Hudson, across the Chesapeake, across the Savannah, across the lagoons, seeking the rice fields of the Carolinas, the orange groves of Florida, the luxuriant islands of the West Indies, the tropical lowlands of far-off Mexico. "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed time, and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of her going."

We ought all to be alee at the thought of migration suggested by the birds. We are going to a more genial clime when we get through with this. Going, not among icicles, but among flowers. But let us not be too anxious to escape the rigorous winter. The eternal spring will come soon enough, and the wintry experience will better fit us for its enjoyment.

We owe much to winter. That is the best season for sociality, best for study, best for church work. On winter nights the stars are brighter. There are longer evenings to read. It is winter that develops nations. Perpetual summer enervates and bedwarfs. No great things have been done by nations which had no experience of frost and cold. Health comes down horsed on the north wind. Most of us feel stronger in January than in August. At the season when we are at our best let us be most busy for God and the welfare each of each. While the ponds freeze over, and the lakes freeze over, and the rivers freeze over, let none of us have frozen nerves, or frozen affections, or a frozen soul. Warmer be our hopes, warmer our activities, until we shall exchange the fitful climate of earth for the eternal June of heaven. The trees of life are never frost-bitten; the crystal river from under the throne will never freeze; and the sea that John saw was not a cold expanse, but warm as well as glittering—"a sea of glass, mingled with fire."

AUTUMN LEAVES.

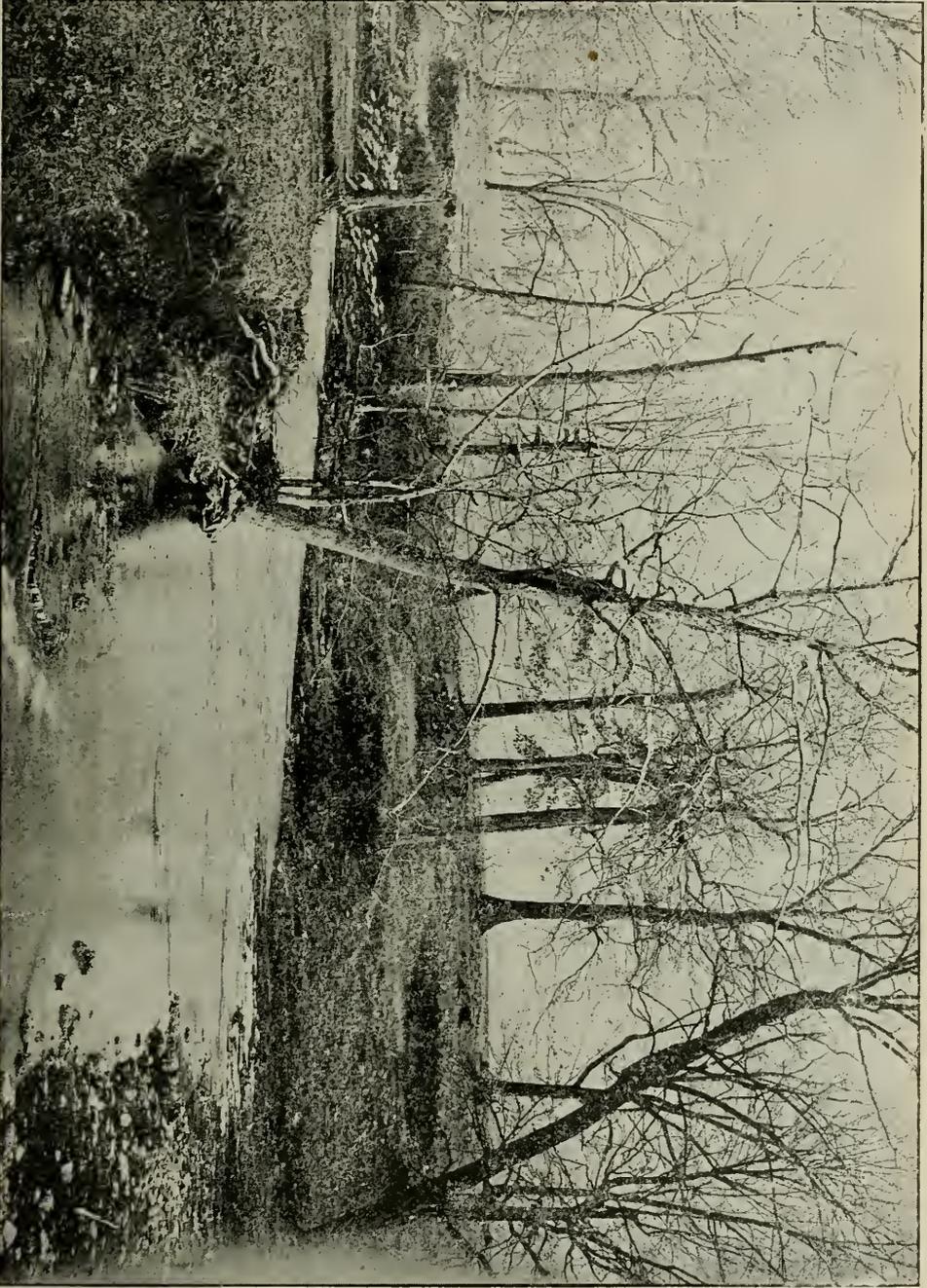
For several autumns I made a lecturing expedition to the Far West, and one autumn, about this time, saw that which I shall never forget. I have seen the autumnal sketches of Cropsey's and other skillful pencils, but that week I saw a pageant two thousand miles long. Let artists stand back when God stretches his canvas! A grander spectacle was never kindled before mortal eyes. Along by the rivers, and up and down the sides of the great hills, and by the banks of the lakes, there was an indescribable mingling of gold, and orange, and crimson, and saffron, now sobering into drab and maroon, now flaming up into solferino and scarlet. Here and there the trees looked as if just their tips had blossomed into fire. In the morning light the forests seemed as if they had been transfigured, and in the evening hour they looked as if the sunset had burst and dropped upon the leaves. In more sequestered spots, where the frosts had been hindered in their work, we saw the first kindling of the flames of color, in a lowly sprig;

then they rushed up from branch 'to branch, until the glory of the Lord submerged the forest. Here you would find a tree just making up its mind to change, and there one looked as if, wounded at every pore, it stood bathed in carnage. Along the banks of Lake Huron there were hills over which there seemed pouring cataracts of fire, tossed up and down and every whither by the rocks. Through some of the ravines we saw occasionally a foaming stream, as though it were rushing to put out the conflagration. If at one end of the woods a commanding tree would set up its crimson banner, the whole forest prepared to follow. If God's urn of colors were not infinite, one swamp that I saw along the Maumee would have exhausted it forever. It seemed as if the sea of divine glory had dashed its surf to the tip-top of the Alleghanies, and then had come dripping down to lowest leaf and deepest cavern.

The changing foliage on the Rhine is not to be compared with that of the Hudson, nor that of the Alps with that of the Alleghanies. The fountain of American color is deeper than the transatlantic fountains. The frost has a more skillful pencil here than in other atmospheres. Many nervous people at this season get depressed. James Martineau sighs about the autumn, and says: "It cries out in the night wind and shrill hail. It steals the summer bloom from the infant cheek. It makes old age shiver at the heart. It goes to the churchyard and chooses many a grave. It flies to the bell, and enjoins it when to toll."

All this I pronounce poetic slander. Autumn does not slay one-half as many as summer, but still to many this season is productive of melancholy. They are reminded of nothing but decay and death and graveyards, when the chief lesson ought to be one of coronation.

The only real triumph that the forest has is in the autumn. The sober green takes on carnivals of color, and the fashions of the hill become more gay. Here and there, during the Presidential conflict, we had banners stretched across the street, but for the following month, from Mount Washington to the Sierra Nevadas, there were banners lifted—banners of the King—banners of autumnal joy, banners of fire. Instead of leading us down into the dust and darkness, they ought to lead us on and up toward the country where our best possessions lie.



“To him, who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
▲ various language.”

OUR DUTY TO OUR CHILDREN.

WHEN children spend six or seven hours in school, and then must spend two or three hours in preparation for school the next day, will you tell me how much time they will have for sunshine and fresh air, and the obtaining of that exuberant vitality which is necessary for the duties of the coming life?

No one can feel more thankful than I do for the advancement of common-school education. The printing of books appropriate for schools, the multiplication of philosophical apparatus, the establishment of normal schools, which provide for our children teachers of large calibre, are themes on which every philanthropist ought to be congratulated. But this herding of great multitudes of children in ill-ventilated school-rooms, and poorly-equipped halls of instruction, is making many of the places of knowledge in this country huge holocausts.

Politics in many of the cities gets into educational affairs, and while the two political parties are scrabbling for the honors, Jephthah's daughter perishes. This is so much the case that there are many schools in the country to-day which are preparing tens of thousands of invalid men and women for the future; so that, in many places, by the time the child's education is finished *the child is finished!* In many places, in many cities of the country, there are for everything else large and cheerful appropriations; but as soon as the appropriation is to be made for the educational or moral interests of the city, we are struck through with an economy that is well-nigh the death of us.

THE CRAMMING SYSTEM.

In connection with this, I mention what I might call the cramming system of the common schools and many of the academies: children of delicate brain compelled to tasks that might appal a mature intellect;

children going down to school with a strap of books half as high as themselves! The fact is, that in some of the cities parents do not allow their children to graduate, for the simple reason, they say, "We cannot afford to allow our children's health to be destroyed in order that they may gather the honors of an institution." Tens of thousands of children *educated into imbecility!* Connected with many such literary establishments there ought to be asylums for the wrecked.

It is push, and crowd, and cram, and stuff, and jam, until the child's intellect is bewildered, and the memory is ruined, and the health is gone. There are children turned out from the schools who once were full of romping and laughter, and had cheeks crimson with health, who are now pale-faced, irritated, asthmatic, old before their time. One of the saddest sights on earth is an old-mannish boy, or an old-womanish girl.

Think of it! Girls ten years of age studying algebra! Boys twelve years of age racking their brains over trigonometry! Children unacquainted with their mother-tongue crying over their Latin, French, and German lessons! All the vivacity of their nature beaten out of them by the heavy beetle of a Greek lexicon! And you doctor them for this, and you give them a little medicine for that, and you wonder what is the matter of them. I will tell you what is the matter of them. They are "*finishing their education*"!

AN EDUCATED IDIOT.

In my parish in Philadelphia a little child was so pushed at school that she was thrown into a fever, and in her dying delirium, all night long, she was trying to recite the multiplication-table. In my boyhood I remember that in our class at school there was one lad who knew more than all of us put together. If we were fast in our arithmetic, he extricated us. When we stood up for the spelling-class, he was almost always at the head of the class. Visitors came to his father's house, and he was always brought in as a prodigy. At eighteen years of age *he was an idiot!* He lived ten years an idiot, and died an idiot, not knowing his right hand from his left, or day from night. The parents and the teachers made him an idiot.

You may flatter your pride by forcing your child to know more than any other children, but you are making a sacrifice of that child, if by the additions to its intelligence you are making a subtraction from

its future. The child will go away from such maltreatment with no exuberance to fight the battle of life. Such children may get along very well while you take care of them, but when you are old or dead, alas! for them, if, through the long system of education which you adopted, they have no swarthisness or force of character to take care of themselves. Be careful how you make the child's head ache or its heart flutter. I hear a great deal about black men's rights, and Chinamen's rights, and Indians' rights, and woman's rights. Would God that somebody would rise to plead for *children's* rights!

The Carthaginians used to sacrifice their children by putting them into the arms of an idol which thrust forth its hand. The child was put into the arms of the idol, and no sooner touched the arms than it dropped into the fire. But it was the art of the mothers to keep the children smiling and laughing until the moment they died. There may be a fascination and a hilarity about the styles of education of which I am speaking; but it also is only laughter at the moment of sacrifice. Would God there were only one Jephthah's daughter!

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

Shall I tell the story of Jephthah's daughter? Before going out to the war Jephthah made a very solemn vow, that, if the Lord would give him the victory, then, on his return home, whatsoever first came out of his doorway he would offer in sacrifice as a burnt-offering. The battle opened. It was no skirmishing on the edges of danger, no unlimbering of batteries two miles away, but the hurling of men on the point of swords and spears, until the ground could no more drink the blood, and the horses reared to leap over the pile of bodies of the slain. In those old times, opposing forces would fight until their swords were broken, and then each one would throttle his man until they both fell, teeth to teeth, grip to grip, death-stare to death-stare, until the plain was one tumbled mass of corpses from which the last trace of manhood had been dashed out.

Jephthah wins the day. Twenty cities lie captured at his feet. Sound the victory all through the mountains of Gilead. Let the trumpeters call up the survivors. Homeward to your wives and children. Homeward with your glittering treasures. Homeward to have the applause of an admiring nation. Build triumphal arches. Swing out flags all over Mizpeh. Open all your doors to receive the captured

treasures. Through every hall spread the banquet. Pile up the viands. Fill high the tankards. The nation is redeemed, the invaders are routed, and the national honor is vindicated.

Huzza for Jephthah, the conqueror! Jephthah, seated on a prancing steed, advances amid the acclaiming multitudes, but his eye is not on the excited populace. Remembering that he had made a solemn vow that, returning from victorious battle, whatsoever first came out of the doorway of his home should be sacrificed as a burnt-offering, he has his anxious look upon the door. I wonder what spotless lamb, what brace of doves, will be thrown upon the fires of the burnt-offering!

The paleness of death blanches his cheek. Despair seizes his heart. His *daughter*—his only child—rushes out of the doorway to throw herself in her father's arms and shower upon him more kisses than there are wounds on his breast or dents on his shield. All the triumphal splendor vanishes. Holding back this child from his heaving breast, and pushing the locks back from the fair brow, and looking into the eyes of inextinguishable affection, with choked utterance he says: "Would God I lay stark on the bloody plain! My daughter, my only child, joy of my home, life of my life, *thou art the sacrifice!*"

The whole matter was explained to her. This was no whining, hollow-hearted girl into whose eyes the father looked. All the glory of sword and shield vanished in the presence of the valor of that girl. There may have been a tremor of the lip, as a rose-leaf trembles in the sough of the south wind; there may have been the starting of a tear like a rain-drop shook from the anther of a water-lily; but with a self-sacrifice that man may not reach, and only woman's heart can compass, she surrenders herself to fire and to death! She cries out, "My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do unto me whatsoever hath proceeded from thy mouth."

She bows to the knife, and the blood, which so often at the father's voice had rushed to the crimson cheek, smokes in the fires of the burnt-offering. No one can tell us her name. There is no need that we know her name. The garlands that Mizpeh twisted for Jephthah the warrior have gone into the dust; but all ages are twisting this girl's chaplet. It is well that her name came not to us, for no one can wear it. They may take the name of Deborah, or Abigail, or Miriam, but no one in all the ages shall have the title of *this daughter of sacrifice.*

Of course this offering was not pleasing to the Lord; but before you hurl your denunciations at Jephthah's cruelty, remember that in olden times, when vows were made, men thought they must execute them, perform them, whether they were wicked or good. There were two wrong things about Jephthah's vow: First, he ought never to have made it. Next, having made it, it were better broken than kept. But do not take on pretentious airs and say, "I could not have done as Jephthah did." If to-day you were standing on the banks of the Ganges, and you had been born in India, you might have been throwing your children to the crocodiles.

And in this very free and enlightened land of America many of you are pursuing the course of the superstitious chieftain of old. The sacrifice of Jephthah's daughter was a type of the physical, mental, and spiritual sacrifice of ten thousand children in this day. There are parents all unwittingly bringing to bear upon their children a class of influences which will as certainly ruin them as knife and torch destroyed Jephthah's daughter. And yet the whole nation, without emotion and without shame, looks upon the stupendous sacrifice.

WRONG SYSTEMS OF DISCIPLINE.

Too great rigor, or too great leniency! There are children in families who rule the household. They come to the authority. The high chair in which the infant sits is the throne, and the rattle is the scepter, and the other children make up the parliament where father and mother have no vote. Such children come up to be miscreants!

There is no chance in this world for a child that has never learned to mind. Such people become the botheration of the Church of God and the pest of the world. Children that do not learn to obey human authority are unwilling to learn to obey divine authority. Children will not respect parents whose authority they do not respect. Who are these young men that swagger through the street, with their thumbs in their vests, talking about their father as "the old man," "the governor," "the squire," "the old chap," or their mother as "the old woman"? They are those who in youth, in childhood, never learned to respect authority.

Eli, having heard that his sons had died in their wickedness, fell over backward, and broke his neck and died. Well he might. What is life to a father whose sons are debauched? The dust of the valley



SWEET CHILDHOOD.

is pleasant to his taste, and the driving rains that drip through the roof of the sepulcher are sweeter than the wines of Helbon.

There must be harmony between the father's government and the mother's government. The father will be tempted to too great rigor. The mother will be tempted to too great leniency. Her tenderness will overcome her. Her voice is a little softer, her hand seems better fitted to pull out a thorn and soothe a pang. Children wanting anything from the mother, cry for it. They hope to dissolve her will with tears. But the mother must not interfere, must not coax off, must not beg for the child when the hour comes for the assertion of parental supremacy and the subjugation of a child's temper.

There comes in the history of every child an hour when it is tested whether the parents shall rule or the child shall rule. That is the crucial hour. If the child triumphs in that hour, then he will some day make you crouch. It is a horrible scene; I have witnessed it; a mother come to old age, shivering with terror in the presence of a son who cursed her gray hairs, and mocked her wrinkled face, and begrudged her the crust she munched with her toothless gums!

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child."

But, on the other hand, too great rigor must be avoided. It is a sad thing when domestic government becomes cold military despotism. Trappers on the prairie fight fire with fire, but you cannot successfully fight your child's bad temper with your own bad temper. We must not be too minute in our inspection. We cannot expect our children to be perfect. *We must not see everything.* Since we have two or three faults of our own, we ought not to be too rough when we discover that our children have as many. If tradition be true, when we were children we were not all little Samuels, and our parents were not fearful lest they could not raise us because of our premature goodness.

You cannot scold or pound your children into nobility of character. The bloom of a child's heart can never be seen under a cold drizzle. Above all, avoid fretting and scolding in the household. Better than ten years of fretting at your children is one good, round, old-fashioned application of the slipper! That minister of the Gospel who is said to have whipped his child to death because he would not say his prayers, will never come to canonization. The arithmetics cannot calculate how many thousands of children have been ruined forever either through

too great rigor or too great leniency. The heavens and the earth are filled with the groans of the sacrificed. In this important matter, seek divine direction, O father, O mother!

Some one asked the mother of Lord Chief Justice Mansfield if she was not proud to have three such eminent sons, and all of them so good. "No," she said, "it is nothing to be proud of, but something for which to be very grateful."

SACRIFICED TO WORLDLINESS.

Some one asked a mother, whose children had turned out very well, what was the secret by which she prepared them for usefulness and for the Christian life, and she said, "This was the secret: When, in the morning, I washed my children, I prayed that they might be washed in the fountain of a Saviour's mercy. When I put on their garments, I prayed that they might be arrayed in the robe of a Saviour's righteousness. When I gave them food, I prayed that they might be fed with manna from heaven. When I started them on the road to school, I prayed that their path might be as the shining light, brighter and brighter to the perfect day. When I put them to sleep, I prayed that they might be enfolded in the Saviour's arms." "Oh," you say, "that was very *old-fashioned*." It *was* quite old-fashioned. But do you suppose that a child under such nurture as that ever turned out bad?

In our day most boys start out with no idea higher than the all-encompassing dollar. They start in an age which boasts that it can scratch the Lord's Prayer on a ten-cent piece, and the Ten Commandments on a ten-cent piece. Children are taught to reduce morals and religion, time and eternity, to vulgar fractions! It seems to be their chief attainment that ten cents make a dime, and ten dimes make a dollar. How to get money is only equaled by the other art, how to keep it.

Tell me, ye who know, what chance there is for those who start out in life with such perverted sentiments. The money market resounds again and again with the downfall of such people. If I had a drop of blood on the tip of a pen, I would tell you by what awful tragedy many of the youth of this country are ruined.

Further on, thousands and tens of thousands of the daughters of America are sacrificed to worldliness. They are taught to be in sympathy with all the artificialities of society. They are inducted into all

the hollowness of what is called fashionable life. They are taught to believe that history is dry, but that fifty-cent stories of adventurous love are delicious. With capacity that might have rivaled a Florence Nightingale in heavenly ministries, or made the father's house glad with filial and sisterly demeanor, their life is a waste, their beauty a curse, their eternity a demolition.

In the siege of Charleston, during the late war, a lieutenant of the army stood on the floor beside the daughter of the ex-Governor of the State of South Carolina. They were taking the vows of marriage. A bombshell struck the roof, dropped into the group, and nine were wounded and slain; among those wounded to death was the bride. While the bridegroom knelt on the carpet, trying to stanch the wounds, the bride demanded that the ceremony should be completed, that she might take the vows before her departure; and when the minister said, "Wilt thou be faithful unto death?" with her dying lips she said, "I will," and in two hours she had departed. That was the slaughter and the sacrifice of the body; but at thousands of marriage-altars there are daughters slain for time and slain for eternity. *It is not a marriage—it is a massacre!*

Affianced to some one who is only waiting until his father dies, so that he can get the property; then a little while they swing around in the brilliant circles of fashionable society; then the property is gone, and having no power to earn a livelihood, the twain sink into some corner of society, the husband an idler and a sot, the wife a drudge, a slave, and a sacrifice. You may spare your denunciations from Jephthah's head, and expend them upon this wholesale modern sacrifice.

I lift up my voice against the sacrifice of children. I look out of my window on a Sabbath, and I see a group of children, unwashed, uncombed, unchristianized. Who cares for them? Who prays for them? Who utters to them one kind word?

When the city missionary, passing along the Park in New York, saw a ragged lad and heard him swearing, he said to him: "My son, stop swearing! You ought to go to the house of God to-day. You ought to be good; you ought to be a Christian." The lad looked in his face and said: "Ah, it is easy for you to talk, well clothed as you are, and well fed; but we chaps hain't got no chance." Who goes forth to snatch them up from crime and death and woe? Who to-day will go forth and bring them into schools and churches?

During the early French Revolution, there was at Bourges a company of boys who used to train every day as young soldiers. They had on their flag this inscription: "Tremble, tyrants, tremble; we are growing up." Mightily suggestive! This generation is passing off, and a mightier generation is coming on. Will they be the foes of tyranny, the foes of sin, and the foes of death, or will they be the foes of God? They are coming up!

I congratulate all parents who are doing their best to keep their children away from the altar of sacrifice. Your prayers are going to be answered. Your children may wander away from God, but they will come back again. A voice comes from the throne to-day, encouraging you: "I will be a God to thee, and to thy seed after thee." And though when you lay down your head in death there may be some wanderer of the family far away from God, and you may be twenty years in heaven before salvation shall come to his heart, he will be brought into the kingdom, and before the throne of God you will rejoice that you were faithful.



GOLDEN DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

DESCENDANTS OF THE PILGRIMS.

[At a New England dinner, to which many noted men had been invited to celebrate the landing of our Pilgrim fathers, Doctor Talmage made the following felicitous remarks:]

WHAT an honored month is December, the month of the two greatest landings the world ever saw or ever will see—the landing of Christ in the Old World and the landing of political redemption in the New World! Until time shall be no more, let the two landings be celebrated by banquet and song. What a transformation of scene it would be if by a rap on the table all these beaming guests of to-night should vanish, and the mighty New Englanders of the past should take their place. I risk it and give two raps, and no sooner have we vanished than the departed mighty ones of New England come in and take their places at this New England dinner. The first who enter are Miles Standish, and the Robinsons, the Bradfords, the Brewsters, and their fellow-passengers—a little decrepit from hardship and exposure, leaning on staves made out of pieces of the “Mayflower” that brought them across the sea—and they take their places at these tables.

Following these come John Otis, John Adams, and Increase Mather—the giant of the New England pulpits—and the men of Faneuil Hall—who started echoes that will reverberate till the last chain is snapped and the last tyranny fallen—and Daniel Webster, and William Lloyd Garrison—whom all earth and hell could not intimidate. They take their places at the tables, and after Increase Mather has offered prayer, one of them rises and proposes the toast of the evening, “Our descendants: may they prove true to the principles for which we sailed the stormy waters of the Atlantic or the rougher seas of political agitation. Our blessings on their cradles and their graves,

upon their schoolhouses and their churches, upon their agriculture and their literature, upon their politics and their religion, for this century and for all centuries." At these sentiments all the old New Englanders rise and click glasses with a huzza that shall ring round the world for a thousand years. I rap the table twice and they are gone, and we are



PLYMOUTH ROCK.

back again to answer the lips of these old wrinkled faces, pledging ourselves anew to our country and our God.

THE VALUE OF ANCESTRY.

Men of New England, I am not surprised at what you are and at what you have achieved, descended from such an ancestry. Of course, every one comes to be judged by what he himself is worth. I always

feel sorry for a man that has so little character himself that he has to go back and marshal a lot of ancestral ghosts to make up the deficiency. It is no great credit to a fool that he has a wise grandfather. But it is nevertheless true that the way the cradle rocks, your destiny will rock. The Pilgrim fathers were a chosen people to do a peculiar work. This father blood, as I analyze it, is a mixture of courage, old-fashioned honesty, ardent domesticity, respect for the Holy Sabbath, freedom of religious thought, and faith in the eternal God. These are the characteristics of the New Englanders whom I have happened to meet, and if anybody has had a different experience, he has happened to fall among an exceptionally bad lot. Notwithstanding their severe winters, they lived long. Walk through your cemeteries and see how many died septuagenarians, octogenarians and nonagenarians, so that the inscription that the Irishman saw would not be inappropriate. Passing up the Baltimore and Ohio railroad an Irishman saw a milestone with the inscription, "108 miles to Baltimore." And he said to his comrade, "Pat, tread easy around this place, for there is a very old man buried here; his name was Miles, and he was from Baltimore!"

AN UNFOUNDED CHARGE.

New Englanders, I know, have been charged with "close-fistedness," but I do not think that it is any more true of them than of people all over the world. It was up in New York State that a man asked his neighbor to take a drink. The neighbor replied: "No, I never drink, but I will take a cigar and three cents." It was over there in Tennessee that a child had such wrong notions of money, that, when on a Sunday-school anniversary day each boy was to present his contribution and quote a passage of Scripture, a boy handed in his contribution and quoted: "A fool and his money are soon parted." The most of the stories of the New England "close-fistedness" are told by those who tried a sharp game on a Yankee and were worsted, and the retort is natural. I think the most cases where men have been flung by Yankees have been where the Yankee would not be imposed upon any longer. Economy, of course, prudence and forecast, of course, but no "close-fistedness." When I have been raising money for some charitable object, the critic of the New Englander has

given five dollars, the New Englander has given five hundred dollars.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PILGRIMS.

Freedom of religious thought I rightly announced as among the characteristics of the Pilgrim fathers. Flying hither for the purpose of worshipping God in their own way, they opened the door for such liberty in this respect as is enjoyed in no other country. Gentlemen, as descendants of the men who embarked off Delft Haven for this promised land of America, and stepped on shore in the face of a December hurricane—all of these men foreigners from a foreign land—I ask you not to echo the stupid and asinine cry of “America for Americans.” Of course we want none of the thieves and scoundrels and anarchists of other lands, for we have enough of our own. But I say, *America for all men who will come and be genuine Americans, swearing loyalty to our Government, and working for the public good!* Drive out from our American merchandise and American law and American theology and American art the foreigners, and you would set this country back a half century. And among the children of these Englishmen coming to America there will yet be a William E. Gladstone, and among the Scotch there will be John Knoxes, and among the Irishmen, Daniel O’Connells, and among the Italians, Garibaldiis. But I would stand at the gates of Castle Garden, and meet all those who came and present them with copies of the Constitution of the United States, the Declaration of Independence, the Ten Commandments, and the Sermon on the Mount, and then tell them to go wherever they will, and do the best they can for their families.

As the governments at the South are gradually melting into our own, soon at the North all troubles between Canada and the United States will be amicably settled, and the United States will offer heart and hand in marriage to beautiful Canada. And Canada will blush, and thinking of the allegiance across the way, will say, “Ask mother!”

And now, men of Brooklyn, whether descendants of the Puritans, or the Hollanders, or the Huguenots, we are assembled at this annual table for commemoration and jubilee, and surely gastronomics were never put to grander use. At this table we have both literature and victuals, and we shall go away from this room thinking better of our ancestors, and better of each other, and with a firmer resolve to do our very best for our beloved country.

JOSHUA'S BATTLE-FIELDS.

WE are encamped to-night in Palestine by the waters of Merom. After a long march we have found our tents pitched, our fires kindled, and though far away from civilization, have a variety of food that would not compromise a first-class American hotel, for the most of our caravan starts an hour and a half earlier in the morning. We detain only two mules, carrying so much of our baggage as we might accidentally need, and a tent for the noon-day luncheon. The malarias around this Lake Merom are so poisonous that at any other season of the year encampment here is perilous, but on this winter night the air is tonic and healthful. In this neighborhood Joshua fought his last great battle. The nations had banded themselves together to crush him, but along the banks of these waters Joshua left their carcasses. This great leader crossed and recrossed Palestine, and next to Jesus is the most stirring and mighty character whose foot ever touched the Holy Land.

Joshua was a magnificent fighter, but he always fought on the right side, and he never fought unless God told him to fight. He got his military equipment from God, who gave him the promise at the start, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life." God fulfilled this promise, although Joshua's first battle was with the spring freshet, and the next with a stone wall, and the next leading on a regiment of whipped cowards, and the next battle against darkness, wheeling the sun and the moon into his battalion, and the last against the king of terrors, Death—five great victories.

For the most part, when the general of an army starts out in a conflict, he would like to have a small battle in order that he may get his courage up and rally his troops and get them drilled for greater conflicts; but this first undertaking of Joshua was greater than the

leveling of Fort Pulaski, or the thundering down of Gibraltar, or the overthrow of the Bastile. It was the crossing of the Jordan at the time of the spring freshet. The snows of Mount Lebanon had just been melting, and they poured down into the valley, and the whole valley was a raging torrent. So the Canaanites stand on one bank, and they look across and see Joshua and the Israelites, and they laugh and say, "Aha! aha! they cannot disturb us in time—until the freshets fall it is impossible for them to reach us." But after a while they look across the water and see a movement in the army of Joshua. They say: "What's the matter now? Why, there must be a panic among these troops, and they are going to fly, or perhaps they are going to try to march across the river Jordan. Joshua is a lunatic." But Joshua, the chieftain, looks at his army and cries, "Forward, march!" and they start for the bank of the Jordan.

ARK OF THE COVENANT.

One mile ahead go two priests, carrying a glittering box four feet long and two feet wide. It is the ark of the covenant. And they come down, and no sooner do they touch the rim of the water with their feet than by an almighty fiat Jordan parts. The army of Joshua marches right on without getting their feet wet, over the bottom of the river, a path of chalk and broken shells and pebbles, until they get to the other bank. Then they lay hold of the oleanders and tamarisks and willows and pull themselves up a bank thirty or forty feet high, and having gained the other bank they clap their shields and their cymbals, and sing the praises of the God of Joshua. But no sooner have they reached the bank than the waters begin to dash and roar, and with a terrific rush they break loose from their strange anchorage.

As the hand of the Lord God is taken away from the uplifted waters—uplifted perhaps half a mile—those waters rush down, and some of the unbelieving Israelites say: "Alas, alas, what a misfortune! Why could not those waters have staid parted? Because, perhaps, we may want to go back. O Lord, we are engaged in a risky business. How if we want to go back? Would it not have been a more complete miracle if the Lord had parted the waters to let us come through, and kept them parted to let us go back if we are defeated?" But God makes no provision for a Christian's retreat. He clears the path all the way to Canaan. To go back is to die. The same gatekeepers

that swung back the amethystine and crystalline gate of the Jordan to let Israel pass through, now swing shut this amethystine and crystalline gate.

THE RAM'S HORN.

But this is no place for the host to stop. Joshua gives the command, "Forward, march!" In the distance there is a long grove of trees, and at the end of the grove is a city. It is a city of arbors, a city with walls seeming to reach to the heaven, to buttress the very sky. It is the great metropolis that commands the mountain pass. It is Jericho. That city was afterward captured by Pompey, and it was afterward captured by Herod the Great, and it was afterward captured by the Mohammedans; but this campaign the Lord plans. There shall be no swords, no shields, no battering rams. There shall be only one weapon of war, and that a ram's horn.

The horn of the slain ram was sometimes taken and holes were punctured in it, and then the musician would put the instrument to his lips, and he would run his fingers over this rude musical instrument and make a great deal of sweet harmony for the people. That was the only kind of weapon now needed. Seven priests were to take these rude rustic musical instruments, and they were to go around the city every day for six days—once a day for six days and then on the seventh day they were to go around blowing these rude musical instruments seven times, and then at the close of the seventh blowing of the rams' horns on the seventh day the peroration of the whole scene was to be a shout at which those great walls should tumble from capstone to base.

The seventh day comes, the climacteric day. Joshua is up early in the morning and examines the troops, walks all around, and looks at the city wall. The priests start to make the circuit of the city. They go all around once, all around twice, three times, four times, five times, six times, seven times, and a failure.

THE VICTORIOUS SHOUT.

There is only one more thing to do, and that is to utter a great shout. I see the Israelitish army straightening themselves up, filling their lungs for a vociferation such as was never heard before and never heard after. Joshua feels that the hour has come, and he cries out to his host, "Shout, for the Lord hath given you the city!" All the people

begin to cry, "Down, Jericho, down, Jericho!" and the long line of solid masonry begins to quiver and to move and to rock. Stand from under! She falls! Crash go the walls, the temples, the towers, the palaces! The air is blackened with the dust. The huzza of the victorious Israelites and the groan of the conquered Canaanites commingle, and Joshua, standing there in the *debris* of the wall, hears a voice saying, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

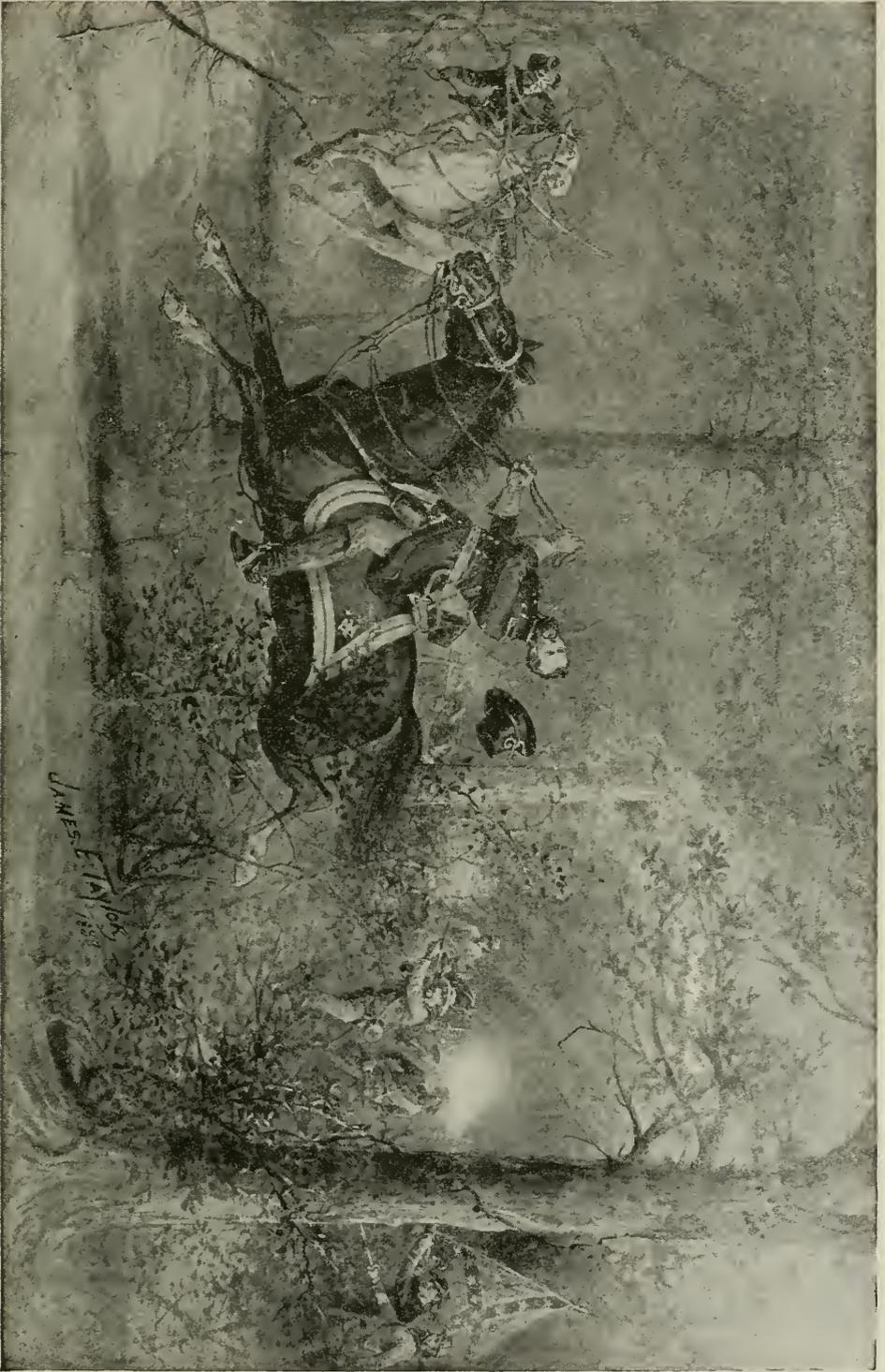
Only one house was spared. Who lives there? Some great king? No. Some woman distinguished for her great kindly deeds? No. She had been conspicuous for her crimes. It is the house of Rahab. Why was her house spared? Because she had been a great sinner? No, but because she repented, demonstrating to all the ages that there is mercy for the chief of sinners. The red cord of divine injunction reached from her window to the ground, so when the people saw that red cord they knew it to be the divine indication that they should not disturb the premises. This makes us think of the divine cord of a Saviour's deliverance, the red cord of a Saviour's kindness, the red cord of a Saviour's mercy, the red cord of our rescue. Mercy for the chief of sinners! Put your trust in that God and no damage shall befall you. When our world shall be more terribly surrounded than was Jericho, even by the trumpets of the judgment-day, and the hills and the mountains and the metal bones and the ribs of nature shall break, they who have had Rahab's faith shall have Rahab's deliverance.

"When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And heaven's last thunder shakes the earth below;
Thou undismayed shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at nature's funeral pile."

THE CITY OF AI.

But Joshua's troops may not halt here. The command is, "Forward, march!" There is the city of Ai; it must be taken. How shall it be taken? A scouting party comes back and says, "Joshua, we can do that without you; it is going to be a very easy job; you just stay here while we go and capture it." They march with a small regiment in front of that city. The men of Ai look at them and give one yell, and the Israelites run like reindeer. The Northern troops at Bull Run did not make such rapid time as these Israelites with the Canaanites after them. They never cut such a sorry figure as when they were on

CHANCES OF WAR.



the retreat. Let us learn from this the folly of going out in the battles of God with only half a force. Instead of taking the men of Ai, the men of Ai will take us!

Look at the church of God on the retreat. The Borneian cannibals ate up Munson, the missionary. "Fall back!" said a great many Christian people—"fall back, O church of God! Borneo will never be taken. Don't you see the Borneian cannibals have eaten up Munson, the missionary?" Tyndall delivers his lecture at the University of Glasgow, and a great many good people say: "Fall back, O church of God! Don't you see that Christian philosophy is going to be overcome by worldly philosophy? Fall back!" Geology plunges its crowbar into the mountains, and there are a great many people who say: "Scientific investigation is going to overthrow the Mosaic account of the creation. Fall back!" Friends of the church have never had any right to fall back.

Joshua falls on his face in chagrin. It is the only time you ever see the back of his head. He falls on his face and begins to whine, and he says: "O Lord God, wherefore hast thou at all brought this people over Jordan to deliver us into the hand of the Amorites to destroy us? Would to God we had been content and dwelt on the other side of Jordan! For the Canaanites and all the inhabitants of the land shall hear of it, and shall environ us round and cut off our name from the earth."

I am very glad Joshua said that. Before it seemed as if he were a supernatural being, and therefore could not be an example to us; but I find he is a man, he is only a man. Just as sometimes you find a man under severe opposition, or in a bad state of physical health, or worn out with overwork, lying down and sighing about everything being defeated. I am encouraged when I hear this cry of Joshua as he lies in the dust.

God comes and rouses him. How does he rouse him? By complimentary apostrophe? No. He says: "Get thee up. Wherefore liest thou upon thy face?" Joshua rises, and I warrant you with a mortified look. But his old courage comes back. The fact was, that was not his battle. If he had been in it he would have gone on to victory. He gathers his troops around him and says: "Now, let us go up and capture the city of Ai; let us go up right away."

They march on. He puts the majority of the troops behind a ledge of rocks in the night, and then sends comparatively small

regiments up in front of the city. The men of Ai come out with a shout. The small regiments of Israelites in stratagem fall back and fall back, and when all the men of Ai have left the city and are in pursuit of these scattered or seemingly scattered regiments, Joshua stands on a rock. I see his locks flying in the wind as he points his spear toward the doomed city, and that is the signal. The men rush out from behind the rocks and take the city, and it is put to the torch, and then these Israelites in the city march down and the flying regiments of Israelites return, and between these two waves of Israelitish prowess the men of Ai are destroyed, and the Israelites gain the victory ; and while they see the curling smoke of that destroyed city on the sky, and hear the huzza of the Israelites and the groan of the Canaanites, Joshua hears something louder than it all, ringing and echoing through his soul, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

· FORWARD, MARCH !

But this is no place for the host of Joshua to stop. "Forward, march!" cries Joshua to the troops. There is the city of Gibeon. It has put itself under the protection of Joshua. They send word, "There are five kings after us ; they are going to destroy us ; send troops quick ; send us help right away." Joshua has a three days' march at more than double quick. On the morning of the third day he is before the enemy. There are two long lines of battle. The battle opens with great slaughter, but the Canaanites soon discover something. They say : "That is Joshua ; that is the man who conquered the spring freshet, and knocked down the stone wall, and destroyed the city of Ai. There is no use fighting." And they sound a retreat, and as they begin to retreat Joshua and his hosts spring upon them like panthers, pursuing them over the rocks, and as these Canaanites with sprained ankles and gashed foreheads retreat, the catapults of the sky pour a volley of hailstones into the valley, and all the artillery of the heavens with bullets of iron pound the Canaanites against the ledges of Beth-heron.

"Oh!" says Joshua, "this is surely a victory. But do you not see that the sun is going down? Those Amorites are going to get away after all, and then they will come up some other time and annoy us, and perhaps destroy us. See, the sun is going down! Oh, for a longer day than has ever been seen in this climate!" Joshua is in

prayer. Look out when a good man makes the Lord his ally. Joshua raises his face, radiant with prayer, and looks at the descending sun over Gibeon, and at the faint crescent of the moon, for you know the queen of the night sometimes will linger around the palaces of the day. Pointing one hand at the descending sun and the other hand at the faint crescent of the moon, in the name of that God who shaped and who moves the worlds, he cries, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou moon, in the valley of Ajalon." They halt.

Whether it was by refraction of the sun's rays or by the stopping of the whole planetary system I do not know and do not care. I leave it to the Christian scientists and the infidel scientists to settle that question, while I tell you I have seen the same thing. "What!" say you, "not the sun standing still?" Yes. The same miracle is performed nowadays. The wicked do not live out half their day, and the sun sets at noon. But let a man start out in battle for God and the truth and against sin, and the day of his usefulness is prolonged and prolonged and prolonged.

JOHN SUMMERFIELD.

John Summerfield was a consumptive Methodist. He looked fearfully white, I am told, as he stood in old Sands Street church, in Brooklyn, preaching Christ, and when he stood on the anniversary platform in New York pleading for the Bible until unusual and unknown glories rolled forth from that book. When he was dying his pillow was brushed with the wings of the angel from the skies, the messenger that God sent down. Did John Summerfield's sun set? Did John Summerfield's day end? Oh, no. He lives on in his burning utterances in behalf of the Christian church.

Robert McCheyne was a consumptive Presbyterian. It was said that when he preached he coughed so that it seemed as if he would never preach again. His name is now fragrant in all Christendom, that name mightier to-day than was ever his living presence. He lived to preach the Gospel in Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and Dundee, but he went away very early. He preached himself into the grave. Has Robert McCheyne's sun set? Is Robert McCheyne's day ended? Oh, no. His dying delirium was filled with prayer, and when he lifted his hand to pronounce the benediction upon his family and the benediction upon his country, he seemed to say: "I cannot die now. I want to live on

and on. I want to start an influence for the church that will never cease. I am only thirty years of age. Sun of my Christian ministry, stand still over Scotland." And it stood still.

KINGS TO BE SLAIN.

But Joshua was not quite through. There was time for five funerals before the sun of that prolonged day set. Who will preach their funeral sermon? Massillon preached the funeral sermon over Louis XVI. Who will preach the funeral sermon of those five dead kings—king of Jerusalem, king of Hebron, king of Jarmuth, king of Lachish, king of Eglon? Let it be by Joshua. What is his text? What shall be the epitaph put on the door of the tomb? "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But before you fasten up the door I want five more kings beheaded and thrust in: King *Alcohol*, King *Fraud*, King *Lust*, King *Superstition*, King *Infidelity*. Let them be beheaded and hurl them in! Then fasten up the door forever. What shall the inscription and what shall the epitaph be? All Christian philanthropists of all ages are going to come and look at it. What shall the inscription be? "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

THE LAST BATTLE.

But it is time for Joshua to go home. He is 110 years old. Washington went down the Potomac, and at Mount Vernon closed his days. Wellington died peacefully at Apsley House. Now, where shall Joshua rest? Why, he is to have his greatest battle still. After 110 years he has to meet a king, who has more subjects than all the present population of the earth, his throne a pyramid of skulls, his parterre the graveyards and the cemeteries of the world, his chariot the world's hearse—the king of terrors. But if this is Joshua's greatest battle, it is going to be Joshua's greatest victory. He gathers his friends around him and gives his valedictory and it is full of reminiscence.

Young men tell what they are going to do; old men tell what they have done. And as you have heard a grandfather or great-grandfather, seated by the evening fire, tell of Monmouth or Yorktown, and then lift the crutch or staff, as though it were a musket, to fight, and show how the old battles were won; so Joshua gathers his friends around his dying couch, and tells them the story of what

he has been through, and as he lies there, his white locks snowing down on his wrinkled forehead, I wonder if God has kept his promise all the way through. As he lies there he tells the story one, two, or three times—you have heard old people tell a story two or three times over—and he answers, “I go the way of all the earth, and not one word of the promise has failed, not one word thereof has failed; all has come to pass, not one word thereof has failed.” And then he turns to his family, as a dying parent will, and says: “Choose now whom you will serve, the God of Israel or the God of the Amorites. As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.”

A dying parent cannot be reckless or thoughtless in regard to his children. Consent to part with them forever at the door of the tomb we cannot. By the cradle in which their infancy was rocked, by the bosom on which they first lay, by the blood of the covenant, by the God of Joshua, it shall not be. We will not part, we cannot part. Jehovah Jireh, we take thee at thy promise, “I will be a God to thee and thy seed after thee.”

Dead, the old chieftain must be laid out. Handle him very gently; that sacred body is over a hundred and ten years of age. Lay him out; stretch out those feet that crossed dry-shod the parted Jordan. Close those lips which helped blow the blast at which the walls of Jericho fell. Fold the arm that lifted the spear toward the doomed city of Ai. Fold it right over the heart that exulted when the five kings fell. But where shall we get the burnished granite for the headstone and the footstone? I bethink myself now. I imagine that for the head it shall be the sun that stood still upon Gibeon, and for the foot the moon that stood still in the valley of Ajalon.

DAMASCUS—OLD AND NEW.

IN Palestine we spent last night in a mud hovel of one story, but with camels and sheep in the basement. Yet never did the most brilliant hotel on any continent seem so attractive to me as that structure. If we had been obliged to stay in a tent, as we expected to do that night, we must have perished. A violent storm had opened upon us its volleys of hail and snow and rain and wind as if to let us know what the Bible means when prophet and evangelist and Christ himself spoke of the fury of the elements. The atmospheric wrath broke upon us about one o'clock in the afternoon, and we were until night exposed to it. With hands and feet benumbed, and our bodies chilled to the bone, we made our slow way onward. While high up on the rocks, and when the gale was blowing the hardest, a signal of distress halted the party, for down in the ravines one of the horses had fallen, and his rider must not be left alone amid that wildness of scenery and horror of storm. As the night approached the tempest thickened and blackened and strengthened. Some of our attendants, going ahead, had gained permission for us to halt for the night in the mud hovel already mentioned.

Our first duty on arrival was to resuscitate the exhausted of our party. My room was without a window, and an iron stove without any top occupied the center of the room, the smoke selecting my eyes in the absence of a chimney. Through an opening in the floor Arab faces were several times thrust up to see how I was progressing. But the tempest ceased during the night, and before it was fully day we were feeling for the stirrups of our saddled horses, this being the day whose long march was to bring us to that city whose name cannot be pronounced in the hearing of the intelligent or the Christian without making the blood tingle and the nerves thrill, and putting the best

emotions of the soul into agitation—Damascus! During the day we passed Cæsarea Philippi, the northern terminus of Christ's journeyings. North of that he never went. We lunched at noon, seated on the fallen columns of one of Herod's palaces.

IN SIGHT OF DAMASCUS.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, coming to a hilltop, we saw on the broad plain a city, which the most famous camel driver of all time, afterward called Mohammed, the prophet and the founder of the most stupendous system of error that has ever cursed the earth, refused to enter because he said God would allow man to enter but one paradise, and he would not enter this earthly paradise lest he should be denied entrance to the heavenly. But no city that I ever saw so plays hide-and-seek with the traveler. The air is so clear that the distant objects seem close by. You come on the top of a hill and Damascus seems only a little way off. But down you go into a valley, and you see nothing for the next half hour but barrenness and rocks regurgitated by volcanoes of other ages. Up another hill and down again. Up again and down again. But after your patience is almost exhausted you reach the last hilltop, and the city of Damascus, the oldest city under the whole heavens, and built by Noah's grandson, grows upon your vision. Every mile of the journey now becomes more solemn and suggestive and tremendous.

This is the very road—for it has been the only road for thousands of years—from Jerusalem to Damascus, along which a cavalcade of mounted officers went, about one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four years ago, in the midst of whom a fierce little man, who made up by magnitude of hatred for Christianity for his diminutive stature, was the leading spirit, and, though suffering from chronic inflammation of the eyes, from those eyes flashed more indignation against Christ's followers than from those of any other of the horsed procession. This little man, before his name was changed to Paul, was called Saul. So many of the mightiest natures of all ages are condensed into smallness of stature.

SAUL'S QUICK HALT.

Well, that galloping group of horsemen on the road to Damascus was halted quicker than bombshell or cavalry charge ever halted a regiment. The Syrian noonday, because of the clarity of the atmosphere,

is the brightest of all noondays, and the noonday sun in Syria is positively terrific for brilliance. But suddenly, on that noon, there flashed from the heavens a light which made that Syrian sun seem tame as a star in comparison. It was the face of the slain and ascended Christ looking from the heavens, and under the dash of that overpowering light all the horses dropped with their riders. Human face and horse's mane together in the dust! And then two claps of thunder followed, uttering two words, the second word like the first: "Saul! Saul!"

For three days that fallen equestrian was totally blind, for excessive light will sometimes extinguish the eyesight. And what cornea and crystalline lens could endure a brightness greater than the noonday Syrian sun? I had read it a hundred times, but it never so impressed me before, and probably will never so impress me again, as when I took my Bible from the saddle-bags and read aloud to our comrades in travel: "As he journeyed he came near Damascus, and suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven, and he fell to the earth and heard a voice saying unto him: 'Saul! Saul! why persecutest thou me?' And he said, 'Who art thou, Lord?' And the Lord said, 'I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest.'"

FRUITFULNESS OF DAMASCUS.

But we cannot stop longer on this road, for we shall see this unhorsed equestrian later in Damascus, toward which his horse's head is turned and at which we must ourselves arrive before night. The evening is near at hand, and as we leave snowy Hermon behind us, and approach the shadow of the cupolas of two hundred mosques, we cut through a circumference of many miles of garden which embower the city. So luxuriant are these gardens, so opulent in colors, so luscious of fruits, so glittering with fountains, so rich with bowers and kiosks, that the Mohammedan's heaven was fashioned after what are to be seen here of bloom and fruitage. Here in Damascus, at the right season, are cherries and mulberries and apricots and almonds and pistachios and pomegranates and pears and apples and plums and citrons and all the richness of the round world's pomology. No wonder that Julian called this city "the eye of the east," and that the poets of Syria have styled it "the luster on the neck of doves," and historians have said, "It is the golden clasp which couples the two sides of the world together."



LIFE IN THE ORIENT.

Many travelers express disappointment with Damascus, but the trouble is that they have carried in their minds from boyhood the book which dazzles so many young people—"The Arabian Nights"—and they come into Damascus looking for Aladdin's lamp and Aladdin's ring and the genii which appeared by rubbing them. But, as I have never read "The Arabian Nights," such stuff not being allowed around our house in my boyhood, and nothing lighter in the way of reading than Baxter's "Saints' Everlasting Rest" and D'Aubigny's "History of the Reformation," Damascus appeared to me as sacred and secular histories have presented it, and so the city was not a disappointment, but with few exceptions a surprise.

THE RIVERS ABANA AND PHARPAR.

Under my window to-night, in the hotel at Damascus, I hear the perpetual ripple and rush of the river Abana. Ah, the secret is out! Now I know why all this flora and fruit appears, and why everything is so green, and the plain one great emerald. The river Abana! And not far off the river Pharpar, which our horses waded through to-day! Thank the rivers, or rather the God who made the rivers! Deserts to the north, deserts to the south, deserts to the east, deserts to the west, but here a paradise. And as the rivers Gihon and Pison and Hiddekel and Euphrates made the other paradise, Abana and Pharpar make this Damascus a paradise. That is what made General Naaman of this city of Damascus so angry when he was told for the cure of his leprosy to go and wash in the river Jordan.

The river Jordan is, during much of the year, a muddy stream, and it is never so clear as this river Abana that I hear rumbling under my window to-night, nor as the river Pharpar that we crossed to-day. They are as clear as though they had been sieved through some special sieve of the mountains. General Naaman had great and patriotic pride in these two rivers of his own country, and when Elisha the prophet told him that if he wanted to get rid of his leprosy he must go and wash in the Jordan, he felt as we who live on the magnificent Hudson would feel if told that we must go and wash in the muddy Thames; or as if those who live on the transparent Rhine were told that they must go and wash in the muddy Tiber. So General Naaman cried out with a voice as loud as ever he had used in commanding his troops, uttering those memorable words which every

minister of the gospel sooner or later takes for his text: "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?"

MOHAMMEDAN WORSHIP.

We are awakened in the morning in Damascus by the song of those who have different styles of food to sell. It is not a street cry as in London or New York, but a weird and long drawn out solo, compared with which a buzz saw is musical. It makes you inopportunately waken and will not let you sleep again. But to those who understand the exact meaning of the song, it becomes quite tolerable, for they sing: "God is the nourisher, buy my bread;" "God is the nourisher, buy my milk;" "God is the nourisher, buy my fruit." As you look out of the window you see the Mohammedans, who are in large majority in the city, at prayer. And if it were put to vote who should be king of all the earth, fifteen thousand in that city would say Christ, but one hundred and thirty thousand would say Mohammed.

Looking from the window, you see on the housetops and on the streets Mohammedans at worship. The muezzin, or the officers of religion, who announce the time of worship, appear high up on the different minarets or tall towers, and walk around the minaret, inclosed by a railing, and cry in a sad and mumbling way: "God is great. I bear witness that there is no God but God. I bear witness that Mohammed is the apostle of God. Come to prayers! Come to salvation! God is great. There is no other but God. Prayers are better than sleep." Five times a day must the Mohammedan engage in worship.

There are two or three commendable things about Mohammedanism. One is that its disciples wash before every act of prayer, and that is five times a day, and there is a gospel of cleanliness. Another commendable thing is, they don't care who is looking, and nothing can stop them in their prayer. Another thing is, that by the order of Mohammed, and an order obeyed for thirteen hundred years, no Mohammedan touches strong drink. But the polygamy, the many wifehood of Mohammedanism, has made that religion the unutterable and everlasting curse of woman, and when woman sinks, the race sinks. The proposition recently made in high ecclesiastical places for the reformation of Mohammedanism, instead of its obliteration, is like

an attempt to improve a plague or educate a leprosy. There is only one thing that will ever reform Mohammedanism, and that is its extirpation from the face of the earth by the power of the gospel of the Son of God, which makes not only man but woman free for this life and free for the life to come.

A MODERN MASSACRE.

The spirit of the horrible religion which pervades the city of Damascus, along whose streets we walk and out of whose bazars we make purchases, and in whose mosques we study the wood carvings and bedizenments, was demonstrated as late as 1860, when in this city it put to death six thousand Christians in forty-eight hours, and put to the torch three thousand Christian homes, and those streets we walk to-day were red with carnage, and the shrieks and groans of the dying and dishonored men and women made this place a hell on earth. This went on until a Mohammedan better than his religion, Abd-el-Kader by name—a great soldier, who in one war had with twenty-five hundred troops beaten sixty thousand of the enemy—protested against this massacre, and gathered the Christians of Damascus into castles and private houses, and filled his own home with the affrighted sufferers.

After a while the mob came to his door and demanded the "Christian dogs" whom he was sheltering. And Abd-el-Kader mounted a horse and drew his sword, and with a few of his old soldiers around him charged on the mob and cried: "Wretches! Is this the way you honor the prophet? May his curses be upon you! Shame on you! Shame! You will yet live to repent. You think you may do as you please with the Christians, but the day of retribution will come. The Franks will yet turn your mosques into churches. Not a Christian will I give up. They are my brothers. Stand back or I will give my men the order to fire." Then by the might of one great soul under God the wave of assassination rolled back. Huzza for Abd-el-Kader! Although now we Americans and foreigners pass through the streets of Damascus unhindered, there is in many parts of the city the subdued hissing of a hatred for Christianity that if it dared would put to death every man, woman, and child in Damascus who does not declare allegiance to Mohammed.

But I am glad to say that a wide, hard, splendid turnpike road has within a few years been constructed from Beyrout, on the shore of the

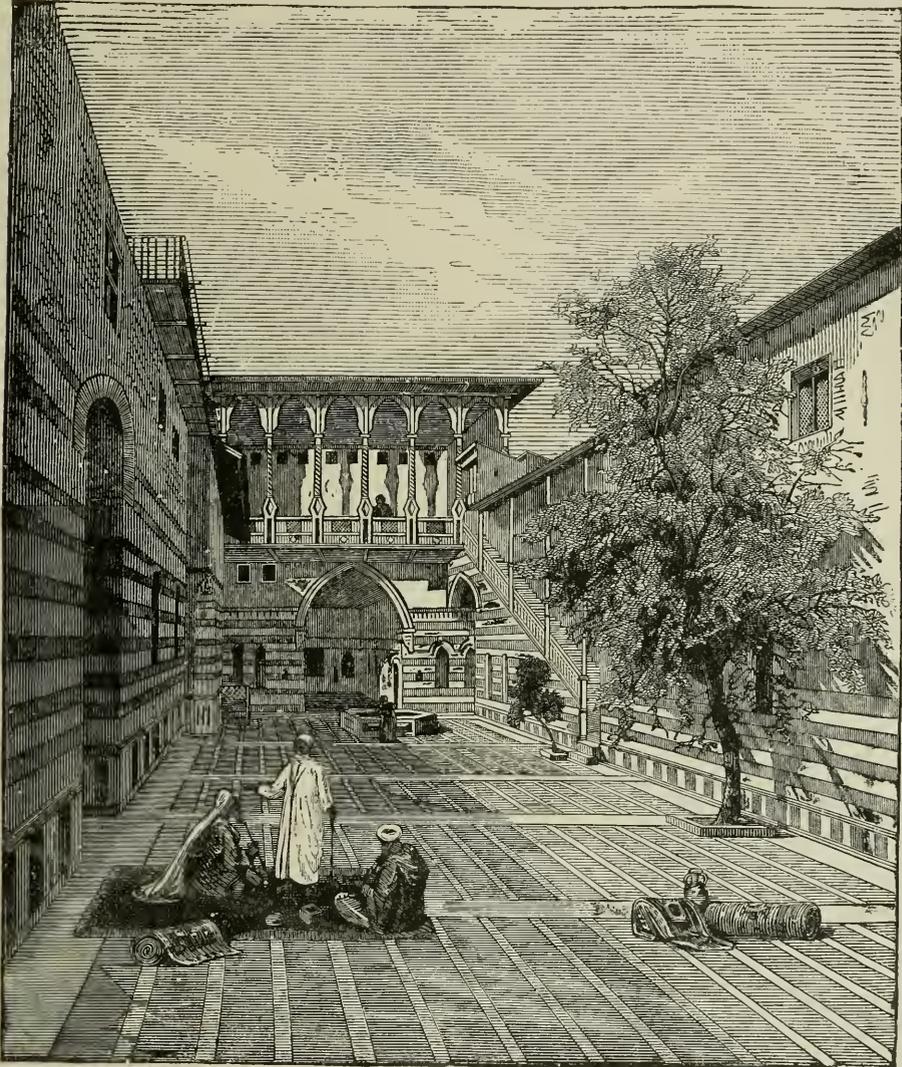
Mediterranean, to this city of Damascus, and, if ever again that wholesale assassination were attempted, French troops and English troops would, with jingling bits and lightning hoofs, dash up the hills and down on this Damascus plain, and leave the Mohammedan murderers dead on the floor of their mosques and seraglios. It is too late in the history of the world for governments to allow such things as the modern massacre at Damascus. For such murderous attacks on Christian disciples the gospel is not so appropriate as bullets or sabers sharp and heavy enough to cut through with one stroke from crown of head to saddle.

THE OLD DAMASCUS.

But I must say that this city of Damascus, as I see it now, is not so absorbing as the Damascus of olden times. I turn my back upon the bazars; with rugs from Bagdad, fascinating the merchants, and the Indian textile fabric of incomparable make, and the manufactured saddles and bridles gay enough for princes of the orient to ride and pull; and on baths where ablution becomes inspiration; and on the homes of those bargain makers of to-day, marbled and divanned and fountained and upholstered and mosaiced and arabesqued and colonnaded until nothing can be added; and on the splendid remains of the great mosque of John, originally built with gates so heavy that it required five men to turn them, and columns of porphyry and kneeling places framed in diamond, and seventy-four stained glass windows, and six hundred lamps of pure gold—a single prayer offered in this mosque said to be worth thirty thousand prayers offered in any other place!

I turn my back on all these, and see Damascus as it was when this narrow street, which the Bible calls Straight, was a great wide street, a New York Broadway or a Parisian Champs Elysees, a great thoroughfare crossing the city from gate to gate, along which tramped and rolled the pomp of all nations. There goes Abraham, the father of all the faithful. He has in this city been purchasing a celebrated slave. There goes Ben Hadad of Bible times, leading thirty-two conquered monarchs. There goes David, king, warrior and sacred poet. There goes Tamerlane, the conqueror. There goes Haroun al Raschid, once the commander of an army of ninety-five thousand Persians and Arabs. There comes a warrior on his way to the barracks, carrying that kind of sword which the world has forgotten how to make—a Damascus blade, with the interlacings of color changing at every new turn of the

light, many colors coming and going and interjoining, the blade so keen it could cut in twain an object without making the lower part of the object tremble, with an elasticity that could not be broken, though you brought the point of the sword clear back to the hilt, and having a



COURT-YARD IN DAMASCUS.

watered appearance which made the blade seem as though just dipped in a clear fountain—a triumph of cutlery which a thousand modern foundrymen and chemists have attempted in vain to imitate. On the

side of this street are seen damasks, named after this city—figures of animals and fruits and landscapes here being first wrought into silk—damasks, and specimens of damaskeening, by which in this city steel and iron were first grooved, and then the grooves filled with wire of gold. But stand back or be run over, for here are at the gates of the city laden caravans from Aleppo in one direction, and from Jerusalem in another direction, and caravans of all nations, paying toll to this supremacy. Great is Damascus!

SIGHT TO THE BLIND.

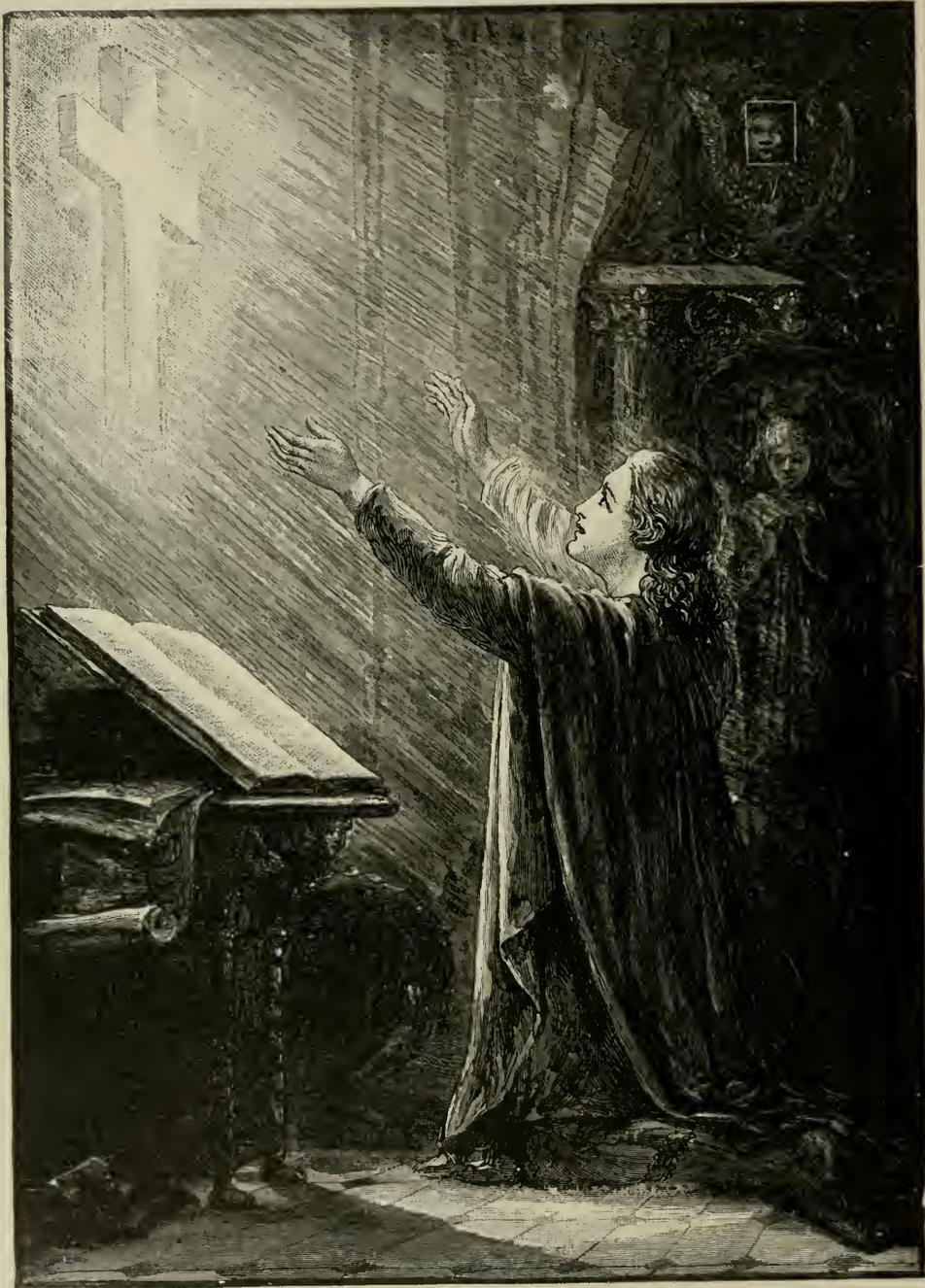
But what most stirs my soul is neither chariot, nor caravan, nor bazar, nor palace, but a blind man passing along the street, small of stature and insignificant in personal appearance. Oh, yes, we have seen him before. He was one of that cavalcade coming from Jerusalem to Damascus to kill Christians, and we saw him and his horse tumble up there on the road some distance out of the city, and he got up blind. Yes, it is Saul of Tarsus now going along this street called Straight. He is led by his friends, for he cannot see his hand before his face, unto the house of Judas—not Judas the bad but Judas the good. In another part of the city one Ananias—not Ananias the liar, but Ananias the Christian—is told by the Lord to go to this house of Judas on Straight street and put his hands on the blind eyes of Saul that his sight might return. "Oh," said Ananias, "I dare not go; that Saul is a terrible fellow. He kills Christians, and he will kill me." "Go," said the Lord, and Ananias went.

There sat in blindness that tremendous persecutor. His was a great nature crushed. He started for the city of Damascus for the one purpose of assassinating Christ's followers, but since that fall from his horse he had entirely changed. Ananias stepped up to the sightless man, put his right thumb on one eye and the left thumb on the other eye, and in an outburst of sympathy and love and faith, said: "Brother Saul! Brother Saul! the Lord, even Jesus that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, has sent me that thou mayst receive thy sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost."

Instantly something like scales fell from the blind man's eyes, and he arose from that seat the mightiest evangel of all the ages, a Sir William Hamilton for metaphysical analysis, a John Milton for sublimity of thought, a Whitefield for popular eloquence, a John Howard for

widespread philanthropy, but more than all of them put together, inspired, thunderbolted, multipotent, apostolic. Did Judas, the kind host of this blind man, or Ananias, the visitor, see scales drop from the sightless eyes? I think not. But Paul knew they had fallen, and that is all that happens to any of us when we are converted. The blinding scales drop from our eyes and we see things differently.

Sometimes the scales do not all fall at once. When I was a boy at Mount Pleasant, one Sunday afternoon reading Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," that afternoon some of the scales fell from my eyes and I saw a little. After I had been in the ministry about a year, one Sunday afternoon in the village parsonage, reading the Bible story of the Syro Phenician's faith, other scales fell from my eyes and I saw better. Still later, while preparing for an evening service, I picked up a book that I did not remember to have seen before, and after I had read a page about reconsecration to God, I think the remaining scales fell from my eyes, and I saw as Paul saw after Ananias had touched his eyes.



THE EMBLEM OF SALVATION.

AMONG THE HOLY HILLS.

WHAT a splendid sleep I had last night in a Catholic convent—my first sleep within doors since leaving Jerusalem—and all of us as kindly treated as though we had been the pope and his college of cardinals passing that way. Last evening the genial sisterhood of the convent ordered a hundred bright-eyed Arab children to be brought out to sing for me, and it was glorious! This morning I come out on the steps of the convent and look upon the most beautiful village of all Palestine, its houses of white limestone. Guess its name. *Nazareth*, historical Nazareth; one of the trinity of places that all Christian travelers must see, or feel that they have not seen Palestine; namely, Bethlehem—Jerusalem—Nazareth. Babyhood, boyhood, manhood of Him for whom I believe there are fifty million people who would now, if it were required, march out and die, whether under axe, or down in the floods, or straight through the fire.

NAZARETH.

A grand old village is Nazareth, even putting aside its sacred associations. First of all, it is clean; and that can be said of few of the oriental villages. Its neighboring town of Nablous is the filthiest town I ever saw, although its chief industry is the manufacture of soap. They export all of it. Besides that, Nazareth has been the scene of battles passing it from Israelite to Mohammedan, and from Mohammedan to Christian, the most wonderful of the battles being that in which twenty-five thousand Turks were beaten by twenty-one hundred French, Napoleon Bonaparte commanding—that greatest of French commanders walking these very streets through which Jesus walked for nearly thirty years. Morally, these two were as widely separated as the antipodes, the snows of Russia and the plagues of Egypt appropriately following

the one, the doxologies of earth and the hallelujahs of heaven appropriately following the other.

And then this town is so beautifully situated in a great green bowl, the sides of the bowl being the surrounding fifteen hills. The God of nature, who is the God of the Bible, evidently scooped out this valley for privacy and separation from all the world during three most important decades, the thirty years of Christ's boyhood and youth; for of the thirty-three years of Christ's stay on earth he spent thirty of them in this town getting ready—a startling rebuke to those who have no patience with the long years of preparation necessary when they enter on any special mission for the church or the world.

BOYHOOD OF JESUS.

All Christ's boyhood was spent in this village and its surroundings. There is the very well, called "The Fountain of the Virgin," to which, by his mother's side, he trotted along, holding her hand. No doubt about it; it is the only well in the village, and it has been the only well for three thousand years. This morning we visit it, and the mothers have their children with them now as then. The work of drawing water in all ages in those countries has been women's work. Scores of them are waiting for their turn at it, three great and everlasting springs rolling out into that well their barrels, their hogsheads of water, in floods gloriously abundant. The well is surrounded by olive groves and wide spaces, in which people talk, and children, wearing charms on their heads as protection against the "evil eye," are playing, and women, with their strings of coin on either side of their face, and in skirts of blue, and scarlet, and white, and green, move on with water-jars on their heads.

While one day he stood on a high point where now stands the tomb of Neby Ismail, he had seen winging past him so near as almost to flurry his hair the partridge, and the hoopoe, and the thrush, and the osprey, and the crane, and the raven; and no wonder that afterward, in his manhood sermon, he said, "Behold the fowls of the air." In Nazareth, and on the road to it, there are a great many camels. I see them now in memory, making their slow way up the zigzag road from the plain of Esdraelon to Nazareth. Familiar was Christ with their appearance, also with that small insect, the gnat, which he had seen his mother strain out from a cup of water or pail of milk; and no wonder



MARY AND THE INFANT JESUS.

he brings afterward the large quadruped and the small insect into his sermon, and, while seeing the Pharisees careful about small sins and reckless about large ones, cries out: "Woe unto you, blind guides, which strain out a gnat and swallow a camel."

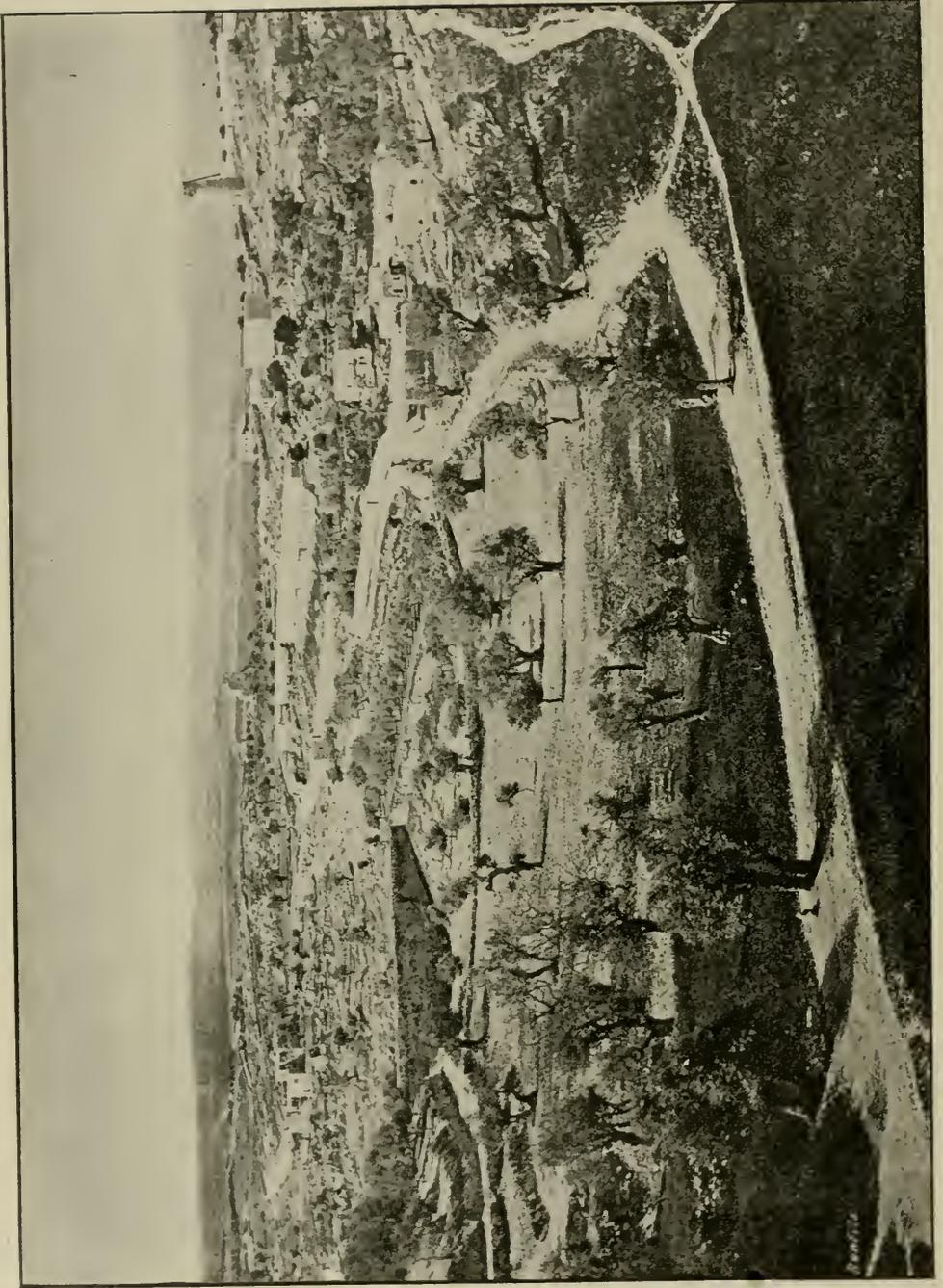
BIRTH-PLACE OF PARABLES.

He had in boyhood seen the shepherds get their flocks mixed up, and to one not familiar with the habits of shepherds and their flocks, hopelessly mixed up. And a sheep-stealer appears on the scene, and dishonestly demands some of those sheep, when he owns not one of them. "Well," say the two honest shepherds, "we will soon settle this matter," and one shepherd goes out in one direction, and the other shepherd goes out in the other direction, and the sheep-stealer in another direction, and each one calls, and the flocks of each of the honest shepherds rush to their owner, while the sheep-stealer calls and calls again, but gets not one of the flock. No wonder that Christ, years after, preaching on a great occasion, and illustrating his own shepherd qualities, says: "When he putteth forth his own sheep he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice, and the stranger they will not follow, for they know not the voice of the stranger."

The sides of these hills are terraced for grapes. The boy Christ had often stood with great round eyes watching the trimming of the grape-vines. Clip! goes the knife and off falls a branch. The child Christ says to the farmer, "What do you do that for?" "Oh," says the farmer, "that is a dead branch, and it is doing nothing, and is only in the way, so I cut it off." Then the farmer, with his sharp knife, prunes from a living branch this and that tendril, and the other tendril. "But," says the child Christ, "these twigs that you cut off now are not dead. What do you do that for?" "Oh," says the farmer, "we prune off these that the main branch may have more of the sap, and so be more fruitful." No wonder that in after years Christ said in his sermon: "I am the true vine and my Father is the husbandman; every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away, and every branch that beareth fruit he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." Capital! No one who had not been a country boy would have said that.

CITY INDEBTED TO COUNTRY.

This country boy of Nazareth came forth to atone for the sins of the world, and to correct the follies of the world, and to stamp out the



JERUSALEM.

cruelties of the world, and to illumine the darkness of the world, and to transfigure the hemispheres. So it has been the mission of the country boys in all ages to transform, and inspire, and rescue. They come into our merchandise, and our court-rooms, and our healing art, and our studios, and our theology. They lived in Nazareth before they entered Jerusalem. And but for that annual influx, our cities would have enervated, and sickened, and slain the race. Late hours, and hurtful apparel, and overtaxed digestive organs, and crowding environments of city life would have halted the world, but the valleys and mountains of Nazareth have given fresh supply of health and moral invigoration to Jerusalem, and the country saves the town.

From the hills of New Hampshire, and the hills of Virginia, and the hills of Georgia, came into our national eloquence the Websters, and the Clays, and the Henry W. Grady. From the plain homes of Massachusetts and Maryland came into our national charities the George Peabodys and the William Corcorans. From the cabins of the lonely country regions came into our national destinies the Andrew Jacksons and the Abraham Lincolns. From plowboy's furrow, and village counter, and blacksmith's forge, came most of our city giants. Nearly all the Messiahs in all departments dwelt in Nazareth before they came to Jerusalem. I send this day thanks from these cities, mostly made prosperous by country boys, to the farm-houses, and the prairies, and the mountain cabins, and the obscure homesteads of north, and south, and east, and west, to the fathers and mothers in plain homespun, if they be still alive, or the hillocks under which they sleep the long sleep. Thanks from Jerusalem to Nazareth.

A gentleman long ago entered a school in Germany, and bowed very low before the boys, and the teacher said, "Why do you do that?" "Oh," said the visitor, "I do not know what mighty man may yet be developed among them." At that instant the eyes of one of the boys flashed fire. Who was it? Martin Luther. A lad on his way to school passed a doorstep on which sat a lame and invalid child. The passing boy said to him, "Why don't you go to school?" "Oh, I am lame and I can't walk to school!" "Get on my back," said the well boy, "and I will carry you to school." And so he did, that day and for many days, until the invalid was fairly started on the road to an education. Who was the well boy that did that kindness? I don't know. Who was the invalid he carried? It was Robert Hall, the rapt pulpit orator

of all Christendom. Better give to the boys who come up from Nazareth to Jerusalem a crown instead of a cross.

AN OLD-TIME CARPENTER-SHOP.

On this December morning in Palestine, on our way out from Nazareth, we saw just such a carpenter-shop as Jesus worked in, supporting his widowed mother, after he was old enough to do so. I looked in, and there were hammer, and saw, and plane, and auger, and vise, and measuring rule, and chisel, and drill, and adze, and wrench, and bit, and all the tools of carpentry. Think of it! He who smoothed the surface of the earth shoving the plane. He who cleft the mountains by earthquake pounding a chisel. He who opened the mammoth caves of the earth turning an auger. He who wields the thunderbolt striking with a hammer. He who scooped out the bed of the ocean hollowing a ladle. He who flashes the morning on the earth, and makes the midnight heavens quiver with aurora, constructing a window. I cannot understand it, but I believe it.

A skeptic said to an old clergyman, "I will not believe anything I cannot explain." "Indeed!" said the clergyman. "You will not believe anything you cannot explain? Please to explain to me why some cows have horns and others have no horns." "No," said the skeptic; "I did not mean exactly that. I mean that I will not believe anything I have not seen." "Indeed!" said the clergyman. "You will not believe anything you have not seen? Have you a backbone?" "Yes," said the skeptic. "How do you know?" said the clergyman. "Have you ever seen it?" This mystery of Godhead and humanity inter-joined I cannot understand, and I cannot explain, but I believe it. I am glad there are so many things we cannot understand, for that leaves something for heaven. If we knew everything here, heaven would be a great indolence.

VILLAGE OF CANA.

In about two hours we pass through Cana, the village of Palestine where the mother of Christ and our Lord attended the wedding of a poor relative, having come over from Nazareth for that purpose. The mother of Christ—for women are first to notice such things—found that the provisions had fallen short, and told this to Christ, and he, to relieve the embarrassment of the housekeeper, who had invited more guests than the pantry warranted, became the butler of the occasion,

and out of a cluster of a few sympathetic words squeezed a beverage of a hundred and twenty-six gallons of wine in which was not one drop of intoxicant, or it would have left that party as maudlin and drunk as the great centennial banquet in New York two years ago left senators, and governors, and generals, and merchant princes.

The difference between the wine at the wedding in Cana and the wine at the banquet in New York was that the Lord made the one and the devil made the other. You see, there was no strychnine, or logwood, or nux vomica in that beverage, and as the Lord made it, it would keep. He makes mountains and seas that keep thousands of years, and certainly he could make a beverage that would keep four or five years. Among the arts and inventions of the future, I hope there will be one by which the juices from the grape can be so pressed and mingled that, without one drop of damning alcohol, they will keep for years. And the more of this beverage you take the clearer will be the brain and the healthier the stomach. In my recent journey, I traveled through Italy, and Greece, and Egypt, and Palestine, and Syria, and Turkey, and how many intoxicated people do you think I saw in all these five great realms? *Not one!* We must in our Christianized lands have got hold of some kind of beverage that Christ did not make.

THE LAKE OF GALILEE.

But we must hasten on, for I do not mean to close my eyes to-night till I see from a mountain-top Lake Galilee, on whose banks next Sabbath we will worship, and on whose waters the following morning we will take a sail. On and up we go in the severest climb of all Palestine, the ascent of the Mount of Beatitudes, on the top of which Christ preached that famous sermon on the blessed—blessed this and blessed that. Up to their knees the horses plunge in mole-hills and a surface that gives way at the first touch of the hoof, and again and again the tired beasts halt, as much as to say to the riders, "It is unjust for you to make us climb these steeps." On and up over mountain sides, where in the later season hyacinths and daisies and phloxes and anemones will kindle their beauty. On and up until on the rocks of black basalt we dismount, and, climbing to the highest peak, look out on an enchantment of scenery that seems to be the beatitudes themselves arched into skies, and rounded into valleys, and silvered into waves.

The view is like that of Tennessee and North Carolina from the top of Lookout mountain, or like that of Vermont and New Hampshire from the top of Mount Washington. Hail, hills of Galilee! Hail, Lake Gennesaret, only four miles away! Yonder, clear up and most conspicuous, is Safed, the very city to which Christ pointed for illustration in the sermon preached here, saying, "A city set on a hill cannot be hid." There are rocks around me on this Mount of Beatitudes enough to build the highest pulpit the world ever saw. And it is the highest pulpit. It overlooks all time and all eternity. The valley of Hattin, between here and Lake Galilee, is an amphitheatre, as though the natural contour of the earth had invited all nations to come and sit down and hear Christ preach a sermon, in which there were more startling novelties than were ever announced in all the sermons that were ever preached.

Do you see how the Holy Land and the Holy Book fit each other? God with his left hand built Palestine, and with his right wrote the Scriptures, the two hands of the same being; and in proportion as Palestine is brought under close inspection, the Bible will be found more glorious and more true. Mightiest book of the past! Mightiest book of the future! Monarch of all literature!

The proudest works of genius shall decay,
 And reason's brightest luster fade away.
 The sophist's art, the poet's boldest flight,
 Shall sink in darkness and conclude in night.
 But faith triumphant over time shall stand,
 Shall grasp the sacred volume in her hand,
 Back to its source the heavenly gift convey,
 Then in the flood of glory melt away.

LIFE IN PALESTINE.





WHAT TEARS ARE FOR.

RIDING across a western prairie, with wild flowers up to the hub of the carriage wheel, and while a long distance from any shelter, there came a sudden shower; and while the rain was falling in torrents the sun was shining as brightly as I ever saw it shine, and I thought what a beautiful spectacle it was. So the tears of the Bible are not midnight storm, but rain on panted prairie in God's sweet and golden sunlight. You remember that bottle which David labeled as containing tears; and Mary's tears, and Paul's tears, and Christ's tears, and the harvest of joy that is to spring from the sowing of tears. God mixes them. God rounds them. God shows them where to fall. God exhales them. A census is taken of them, and there is a record as to the moment when they are born, and as to the place of their grave. Tears of bad men are not kept. Alexander, in his sorrow, had the hair clipped from his horses and mules, and made a great ado about his grief; but in all the vases of heaven there is not one of Alexander's tears. I speak of the tears of the good. Alas! they are falling all the time. In summer, you sometimes hear the growling thunder, and you see there is a storm miles away; but you know from the drift of the clouds that it will not come anywhere near you. So, though it may be all bright around us, there is a shower of trouble somewhere all the time. Tears! tears!

MISSION OF TEARS.

What is the use of tears? Why not substitute laughter? Why not make this a world where all the people are well and eternal strangers to pains and aches? What is the use of an eastern storm when we might have a perpetual nor'wester? Why, when a family is put together, not have them all stay, or if they must be transplanted

to make other homes, then have them all live—the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no deaths? Why not have the harvests chase each other without fatiguing toil? Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile, or a success, or a congratulation; but come now, and bring all your dictionaries and all your philosophies and all your religions, and help me explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made up of salt and lime and other component parts; but he misses the chief ingredients—the acid of a soured life, the viperine sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is: *it is agony in solution.*

If it were not for trouble this world would be a good enough heaven for me. You and I would be willing to take a lease of this life for a hundred million years, if there were no trouble. The earth cushioned and upholstered and pillared and chandeliered with such expense, no story of other worlds could enchant us. We would say: "Let well enough alone. If you want to die and have your body disintegrated in the dust, and your soul go out on a celestial adventure, then you can go; but this world is good enough for me." You might as well go to a man who has just entered the Louvre at Paris, and tell him to hasten off to the picture-galleries of Venice or Florence. "Why," he would say, "what is the use of my going there? There are Rembrandts and Rubens and Raphaels here that I haven't looked at yet."

No man wants to go out of this world, or out of any house, until he has a better one. To cure this wish to stay here, God must somehow create a disgust for our surroundings. How shall He do it? He cannot afford to deface his horizon, or to tear off a fiery panel from the sunset, or to subtract an anther from the water-lily, or to banish the pungent aroma from the mignonette, or to drag the robes of the morning in the mire. You cannot expect a Christopher Wren to mar his own St. Paul's Cathedral, or a Michael Angelo to dash out his own "Last Judgment," or a Handel to discord his "Israel in Egypt," and you cannot expect God to spoil the architecture and music of his own world. How then are we to be made willing to leave? Here is where trouble comes in. After a man has had a good deal of trouble, he says: "Well, I am ready to go. If there is a house somewhere whose roof doesn't leak, I would like to live there. If there is an atmosphere somewhere that does not distress the lungs, I would like to



breathe it. If there is a society somewhere where there is no tittle-tattle, I would like to live there. If there is a home circle somewhere where I can find my lost friends, I would like to go there." He used to read the first part of the Bible chiefly, now he reads the last part of the Bible chiefly. Why has he changed Genesis for Revelation? Ah! he used to be anxious chiefly to know how this world was made, and all about its geological construction. Now he is chiefly anxious to know how the next world was made, and how it looks, and who live there, and how they dress. He reads Revelation ten times now where he reads Genesis once. The old story, "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth," does not thrill him half so much as the other story, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth." The old man's hand trembles as he turns over this apocalyptic leaf, and he has to take out his handkerchief to wipe his spectacles. That book of Revelation is a prospectus now of the country into which he is soon to immigrate—the country in which he has lots already laid out, and avenues opened, and trees planted, and mansions built.

A MIGHTY MAGNETISM.

The thought of that blessed place comes over me mightily, and I declare that if this house were a great ship, and you all were passengers on board it, and one hand could launch that ship into the glories of heaven, I should be tempted to take the responsibility and launch you all into glory with one stroke, holding on to the side of the boat until I could get in myself. And yet there are people to whom this world is brighter than heaven. Well, dear souls, I do not blame you. It is natural. But after a while you will be ready to go. It was not until Job had been worn out with bereavements and carbuncles and a pest of a wife, that he wanted to see God. It was not until the prodigal got tired of living among the hogs that he wanted to go to his father's house. It is the ministry of trouble to make this world worth less and heaven worth more.

Once, on the Cincinnati express train, going at forty miles an hour, the train jumped the track. We were near a chasm eighty feet deep; and the men who a few minutes before had been swearing and blaspheming God, began to pull and jerk at the bell-rope, and got up on the backs of the seats and cried out, "O God, save us!" There was another time, about eight hundred miles out at sea, on a

foundering steamer, after the last lifeboat had been split finer than kindling wood. They prayed then. Why is it you so often hear people, in reciting the last experience of some friend, say, "He made the most beautiful prayer I ever heard"? What makes it beautiful? It is the earnestness of it. Oh, I tell you a man is in earnest when his stripped and naked soul wades out into the soundless, shoreless, bottomless ocean of eternity.

It is trouble, my friends, that makes us feel our dependence upon God. We do not know our own weakness or God's strength until the last plank breaks. It is contemptible in us, when there is nothing else to take hold of, that we catch hold of God only. A man is unfortunate in business. He has to raise a great deal of money, and raise it quickly. He borrows on word and note all he can borrow. After a while he puts a mortgage on his house. After a while he puts a second mortgage on his house. Then he puts a lien on his furniture. Then he makes over his life-insurance. Then he assigns all his property. Then he goes to his father-in-law and asks for help!

THE LAST RESORT.

Well, having failed everywhere, completely failed, that man gets down on his knees and says, "O Lord, I have tried everybody and everything, now help me out of this financial trouble." He makes God the last resort instead of the first resort. There are men who have paid ten cents on a dollar who could have paid a hundred cents on a dollar if they had gone to God in time. Why, you do not know who the Lord is. He is not an autocrat seated far up in a palace, from which he emerges once a year, preceded by heralds swinging swords to clear the way! No. But a Father willing, at our call, to stand by us in every crisis and predicament of life.

A young man goes off from home to earn his fortune. He goes with his mother's consent and benediction. She has large wealth, but he wants to make his own fortune. He goes far away, falls sick, gets out of money. He sends for the hotel-keeper where he is staying, asking for lenience, and the answer he gets is: "If you don't pay up Saturday night you'll be removed to the hospital." The young man sends for a comrade in the same building. No help. He writes to a banker who was a friend to his deceased father. No relief. He writes to an old schoolmate, but gets no help. Saturday night comes

and he is removed to the hospital. Getting there, he is frenzied with grief; and he borrows a sheet of paper and a postage stamp, and he sits down, and he writes home, saying: "Dear mother, I am sick unto death. Come." It is ten minutes of ten o'clock when she gets the letter. At ten o'clock the train starts. She is five minutes from the depot. She gets there in time to have five minutes to spare. She wonders why a train that can go thirty miles an hour cannot go sixty miles an hour. She rushes into the hospital. She says: "My son, what does all this mean? Why didn't you send for me? You sent to everybody but me. You knew I could and would help you. Is this the reward I get for my kindness to you always?" She bundles him up, takes him home, and gets him well very soon.

Many business men treat God just as that young man treated his mother. When they get into a financial perplexity, they call on the banker, call on the broker, call on their creditors, call on their lawyer for legal counsel; they call upon everybody, and when they cannot get any help, then they go to God, and say: "O Lord, I come to Thee. Help me now out of my perplexity." And the Lord comes, though it is the eleventh hour. He says: "Why did you not send for Me before? As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." It is to throw us back upon an all-comforting God that we have this ministry of tears.

POETRY CHANGED TO PROSE.

When I began to preach, my sermons on the subject of trouble were all poetic and in semi-blank verse; but God knocked the blank verse out of me long ago, and I have found out that I cannot comfort people except as I myself have been troubled. God make me the son of consolation to the people. I would rather be the means of soothing one perturbed spirit than to play a tune that would set all the sons of mirth reeling in the dance. I am an herb-doctor. I put into the caldron the Root out of dry ground without form or comeliness. Then I put in the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley. Then I put into the caldron some of the leaves from the Tree of Life, and the Branch that was thrown into the wilderness Marah. Then I pour in the tears of Bethany and Golgotha, and stir them up. Then I kindle under the caldron a fire made of the wood of the cross, and one drop of that potion will cure the worst sickness that ever afflicted a human



POETRY.

soul. Mary and Martha shall receive their Lazarus from the tomb. The damsel shall rise. And on the darkness shall break the morning, and God will wipe all tears from their eyes.

You know that on a well-spread table the food becomes more delicate at the last. Let the table now be cleared, and let us set on the chalice of heaven. Let the King's cup-bearers come in. Good morning, heaven! "Oh," says some critic in the audience, "the Bible contradicts itself. It intimates again and again that there are to be no tears in heaven, and if there be no tears in heaven, how is it possible that God will wipe any away?" I answer, have you never seen a child crying one moment and laughing the next? While she was laughing, you saw the tears still on her face. And perhaps you stopped her in the very midst of her resumed glee, and wiped off those delayed tears. So, I think, after the heavenly raptures have come upon us, there may be the mark of some earthly grief, and while those tears are glittering in the light of the jasper sea, God will wipe them away. How well He can do that!

THE GREAT SYMPATHIZER.

Jesus had enough trial to make Him sympathetic with all trial. The shortest verse in the Bible tells the story: "Jesus wept." The scar on the back of either hand, the scar on the arch of either foot, the row of scars along the line of the hair, will keep all heaven thinking. Oh, that great weeper is just the one to silence all earthly trouble, wipe out all stains of earthly grief. Gentle! Why, his step is softer than the step of the dew. It will not be a tyrant bidding you to hush up your crying. It will be a Father who will take you on his left arm, his face gleaming into yours, while with the soft tips of the fingers of the right hand he shall wipe away all tears from your eyes. I have noticed that when the children get hurt, and their mother is away from home, they come to me for comfort and sympathy; but I have noticed that when the children get hurt and their mother is at home, they go right past me to her—I am then of no account.

So, when the soul comes up into heaven out of the wounds of this life, it will not stop to look for Paul, or Moses, or David, or John. These did very well once, but now the soul will rush past them, crying: "Where is Jesus? Where is Jesus?" Methinks it will take us some time to get used to heaven; the fruits of God without one speck; the

fresh pastures without one nettle ; the orchestra without one snapped string ; the river of gladness without one torn bank ; the solferinos and the saffron of sunrise and sunset swallowed up in the eternal day that beams from God's countenance !

If we could get any appreciation of what God has in reserve for us, it would make us so homesick we would be unfit for every-day work. Professor Leonard, formerly of Iowa University, put in my hand a meteoric stone, a stone thrown off from some other world to this. How suggestive it was to me ! The best representations we have of heaven are only aerolites flung off from that world which rolls on, bearing the multitudes of the redeemed. We analyze these aerolites and find them crystallizations of tears. No wonder—flung off from heaven ! “ God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.”

FROM CRADLE TO CROWN.

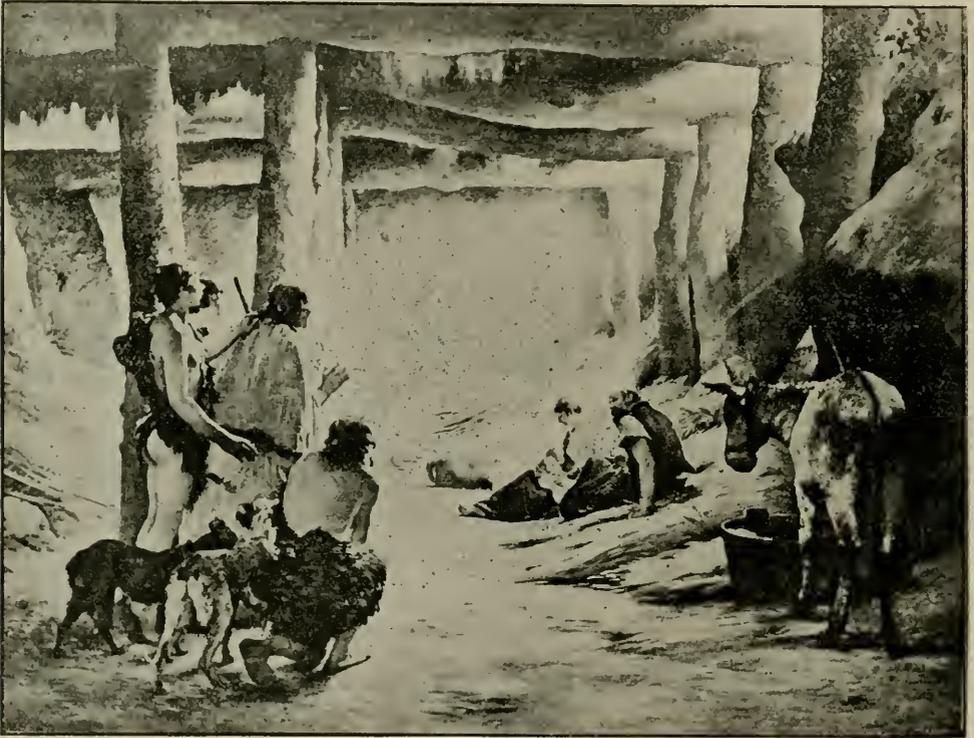
AT the time our Chieftain was born, there were castles on the beach of Galilee, and palaces at Jerusalem, and imperial bath-rooms at Jericho, and obelisks at Cairo, and the Pantheon at Rome, with its Corinthian portico and its sixteen granite columns; and the Parthenon at Athens, with its glistening coronet of temples; and there were mountains of fine architecture in many parts of the world. But none of them were to be the starting place of the Chieftain I celebrate.

A cow's stall, a winter month, an atmosphere in which are the moan of camels, and the baaing of sheep, and the barking of dogs, and the rough banter of hostleries. He takes his first journey before he could walk. Armed desperadoes with hands of blood were ready to snatch him down into butchery. Rev. William H. Thompson, the veteran and beloved missionary whom I saw this last month in Denver, in his eighty-sixth year, has described in his volume entitled, "The Land and the Book," Bethlehem as he saw it. Winter before last I walked up and down the gray hills of Jura limestone on which the village now rests.

The fact that King David had been born there had not during ages elevated the village into any special attention. The other fact that it was the birthplace of our Chieftain did not keep the place in after years from special dishonor, for Hadrian built there the Grove of Adonis, and for one hundred and eighty years the religion there observed was the most abhorrent debauchery the world has ever seen. Our Chieftain was considered dangerous from the start. The world had put suspicious eyes upon Him, because at the time of his birth the astrologers had seen the stellar commotions, a world out of its place and shooting down toward a caravansary. Star divination was a

science. As late as the eighteenth century it had its votaries. At the court of Catharine de Medici it was honored. Kepler, one of the wisest philosophers that the world ever saw, declared it to be a true science.

As late as the reign of Charles II. Lilly, an astrologer, was called before the House of Commons in England to give his opinion as to future events. For ages the bright appearance of Mars meant war; of Jupiter, meant power; of the Pleiades, meant storms at sea. And as history moves in circles, I do not know but that after a while it may



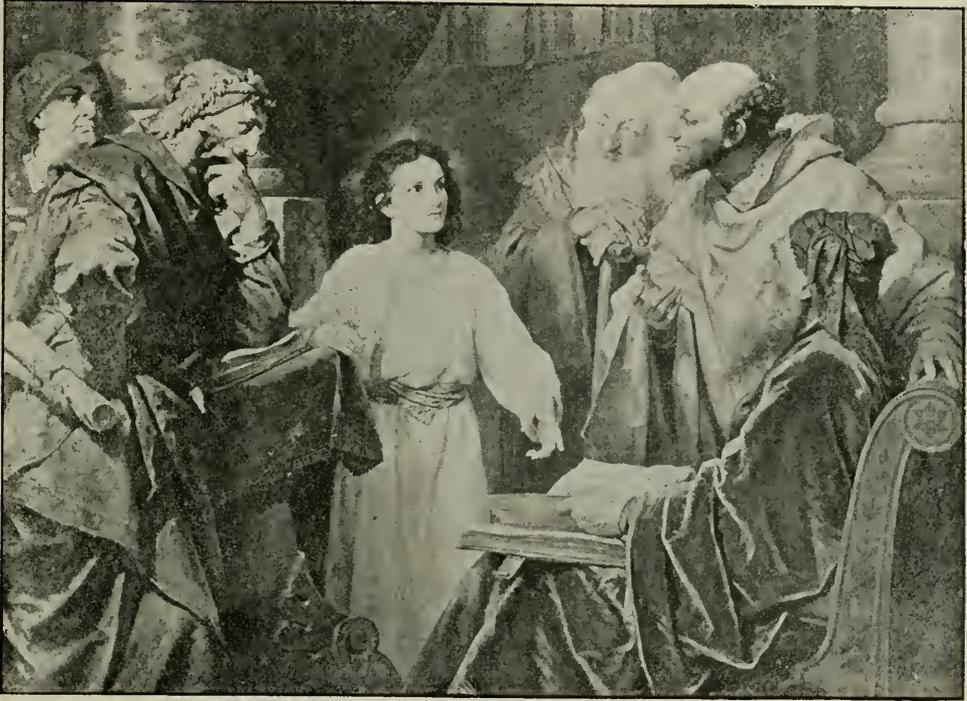
IN THE STALL.

be found that as the moon lifts the tides of the sea and the sun affects the growth or blasting of crops, other worlds besides those two worlds may have something to do with the destiny of individuals and nations in this world.

THE CHILDHOOD OF CHRIST.

I do not wonder that the commotions in the heavens excited the wise men on the night our Chieftain was born. As He came from

another world, and after thirty-three years was again to exchange worlds, it does not seem strange to me that astronomy should have felt the effect of his coming. And instead of being unbelieving about the one star that stooped, I wonder that all the worlds in the heavens did not that Christmas night make some special demonstration. Why should they leave to one world or meteor the bearing of the news of the humanization of Christ? Where was Mars that night that it did not indicate the mighty wars that were to come between righteousness



CHRIST AND THE DOCTORS.

and iniquity? Where was Jupiter that night that it did not celebrate Omnipotence incarnated? Where were the Pleiades that night that they did not announce the storms of persecution that would assail our Chieftain?

In watching this march of Christ through the centuries, we must not walk before Him or beside Him, for that would not be reverential or worshipful. So we walk behind Him. We follow Him while not yet in his teens, up a Jerusalem terrace, to a building six hundred feet long and six hundred feet wide, and under the hovering splendor of

gateways, and by a pillar crowned with capital chiseled into the shape of flowers and leaves, and along by walls of beveled masonry and near a marble screen, until a group of white-haired philosophers and theologians gather around Him, and then the boy bewilders and confounds and overwhelms these scholarly septuagenarians with questions they cannot answer, and under his quick whys and wherefores and hows and whens they pull their white beards with embarrassment, and rub their wrinkled foreheads in confusion, and putting their staff hard down on the marble floor as they arise to go, they must feel like chiding the boldness that allows twelve years of age to ask seventy-five years of age such puzzlers.

TEMPTATION AND TRIUMPH.

Out of this building we follow Him into the Quarantania, the mountain of temptation, its side to this day black with robbers' dens. Look ! Up the side of this mountain come all the forces of perdition to effect our Chieftain's capture. But although weakened by forty days and forty nights of abstinence, He hurls all Pandemonium down the rocks, suggestive of how He can hurl into helplessness all our temptations.

And now we climb right after Him up the tough sides of the "Mount of Beatitudes," and on the highest pulpit of rocks—the Valley of Hatin before Him, the Lake of Galilee to the right of Him, the Mediterranean sea to the left of Him—He preaches a sermon that yet will transform the world with its applied sentiment. Now we follow our Chieftain on Lake Galilee. We must keep to the beach, for our feet are not shod with the supernatural, and we remember what poor work Peter made of it when he tried to walk the water.

Christ, our leader, is on the top of the tossing waves, and it is about half-past three in the morning, and it is the darkest time just before daybreak. But by the flashes of lightning we see Him putting his feet on the crest of the wave, stepping from crest to crest, walking the white surf, solid as though it were frozen snow. The sailors think a ghost is striding the tempest, but He cheers them into placidity, showing himself to be a great Christ for sailors. And He walks the Atlantic and Pacific and Mediterranean and Adriatic now, and if exhausted and affrighted voyagers will listen for his voice at half-past three o'clock in

the morning on any sea, indeed at any hour, they will hear his voice of compassion and encouragement.

CHRIST THE HEALER.

We continue to follow our Chieftain, and here is a blind man by the wayside. It is not from cataract of the eye or from ophthalmia, the eye-extinguisher of the east, but he was born blind. "Be opened!" He cries, and first there is a smarting of the eyelids, and then a twilight, and then a midnoon, and then a shout. "I see! I see!" Tell it to all the blind, and they at least can appreciate it. And here is the widow's dead son, and here is the expired damsel, and here is Lazarus! "Live!" our Chieftain cries, and they live. Tell it through all the bereft households; tell it among the graves.

And here around Him gather the deaf, and the dumb, and the sick, and at his word they turn on their couches and blush from awful pallor of helpless illness to rubicund health, and the swollen foot of the dropsical sufferer becomes fleet as a roe on the mountains. The music of the grove and household wakens the deaf ear, and lunatic and maniac return into bright intelligence, and the leper's breath becomes as sweet as the breath of a child, and the flesh as roseate. Tell it to all the sick, through all the homes, through all the hospitals. Tell it at twelve o'clock at night; tell it at two o'clock in the morning; tell it at half-past three, and in the last watch of the night, that Jesus walks the tempest.

Still we follow our Chieftain until the government that gave Him no protection insists that He pay tax, and too poor to raise the requisite two dollars and seventy-five cents, He orders Peter to catch a fish that has in its mouth a Roman stater, which is a bright coin (and you know that fish naturally bite at anything bright), but it was a miracle that Peter should have caught it at the first haul.

THE BETRAYAL.

Now we follow our Chieftain until for the paltry sum of fifteen dollars Judas sells Him to his pursuers. Tell it to all the betrayed! If for ten thousand dollars, or for five hundred dollars, or for one hundred dollars, your interests were sold out, consider for how much cheaper a sum the Lord of earth and heaven was surrendered to humiliation and death. But here, while following him on a spring night,

between eleven and twelve o'clock, we see the flash of torches and lanterns, and we hear the cry of a mob of nihilists. They are breaking in on the quietude of Gethsemane with clubs—like a mob with sticks chasing a mad dog.

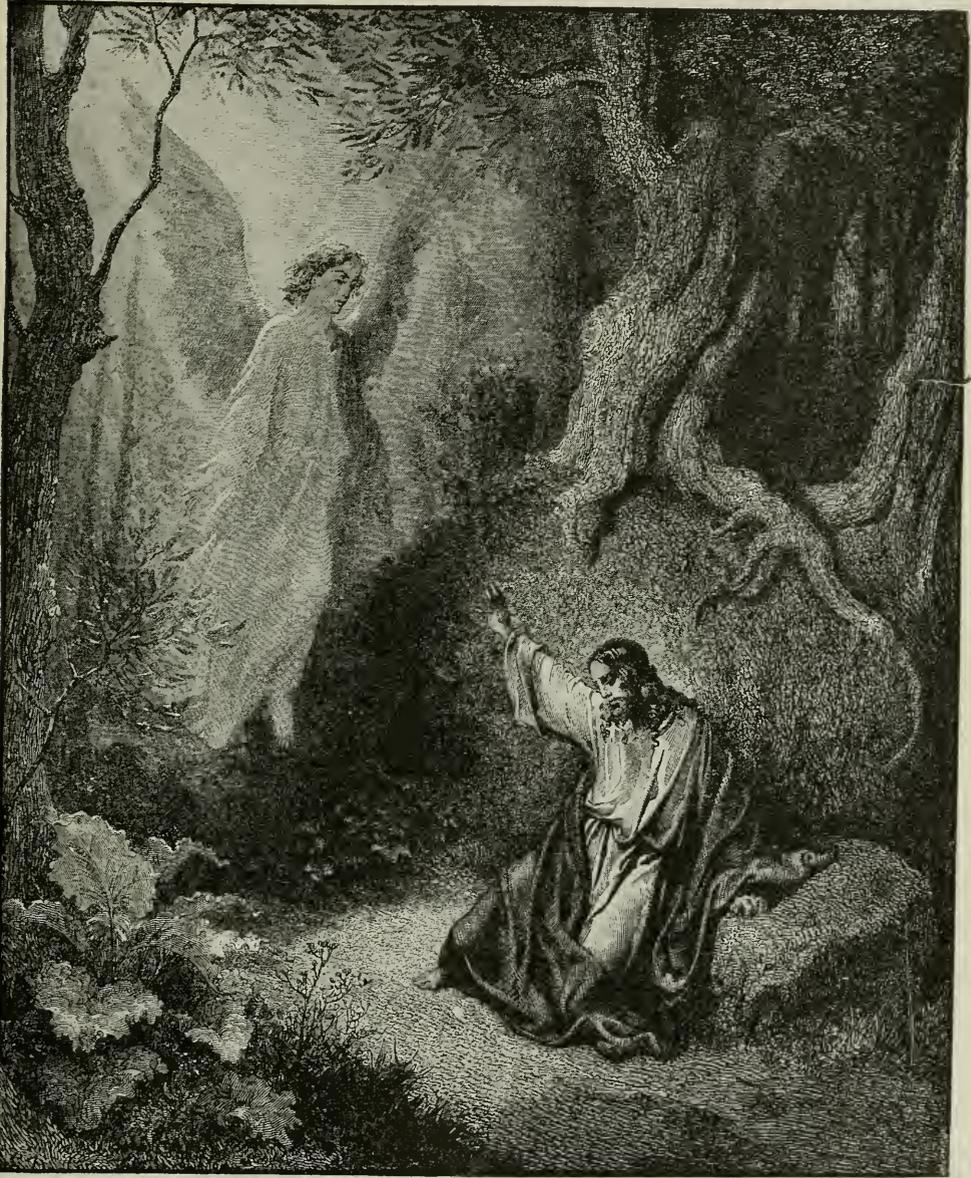
It is a herd of Jerusalem "roughs," led on by Judas, to arrest Christ and punish him for being the loveliest and best being that ever lived. But rioters are liable to assail the wrong man. How were they to be sure which one was Jesus? "I will kiss him," says Judas, "and by that signal you will know on whom to lay your hands of arrest." So the kiss which throughout the human race and for all time God intended as the most sacred demonstration of affection—for Paul writes to the Romans and the Corinthians and the Thessalonians concerning the "holy kiss," and Peter celebrates the kiss of charity, and with that conjunction of lips Laban met Jacob, and Joseph met his brethren, and Aaron met Moses, and Samuel met Saul, and Jonathan met David, and Orpah departed from Naomi, and Paul separated from his friends at Ephesus, and the father in the parable greeted the returning prodigal, and when the millennium shall come we are told righteousness and peace will kiss each other, and all the world is invited to greet Christ as inspiration cries out, "Kiss the Son, lest he be angry and ye perish from the way"—that most sacred demonstration of reunion and affection was desecrated as the filthy lips of Judas touched the pure cheek of Christ, and the horrid smack of that kiss has its echo in the treachery and debasement and hypocrisy of all ages.

TRIAL AND SENTENCE.

As, in December, 1889, I walked on the way from Bethany, and at the foot of Mount Olivet, a half mile from the wall of Jerusalem, through the Garden of Gethsemane, and under the eight venerable olive trees now standing, their pomological ancestors having been witnesses of the occurrences spoken of, the scene of horror and of crime came back to me until I shuddered with the historical reminiscence.

In further following our great Chieftain's march through the centuries, I find myself in a crowd in front of Herod's palace in Jerusalem, and on a movable platform placed upon a tessellated pavement Pontius Pilate sits. And as once a year a condemned criminal is pardoned, Pilate lets the people choose whether it shall be an assassin or our Chieftain, and they all cry out for the liberation of the assassin, thus

declaring that they prefer a murderer to the salvation of the world. Pilate took a basin of water in front of these people and tried to wash



THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

off the blood of this murderer from his hands, but he could not. They are still lifted, and I see them looming up through all the ages, eight fingers and two thumbs standing out red with the carnage.

Still following our Chieftain, I ascend the hill which General Gordon, the great English explorer and arbiter, first made a clay model of. It is hard climbing for our Chieftain, for He has not only two heavy timbers to carry on his back, the upright and horizontal pieces of the cross, but He is suffering from exhaustion caused by lack of food, mountain chills, desert heats, whippings with elmwood rods, and years of maltreatment.

It took our party, in 1889, only fifteen minutes to climb to the top of the hill and reach that limestone rock in yonder wall, which I rolled down from the apex of Mount Calvary. But I think our Chieftain must have taken a long time for the ascent, for He had all earth and all heaven and all hell on his back as He climbed from base to summit, and there endured what William Cowper and John Milton and Charles Wesley and Isaac Watts and James Montgomery and all the other sacred poets have attempted to put in verse ; and Angelo and Raphael and Titian and Leonardo da Vinci and all the great Italian and German and Spanish and French artists have attempted to paint ; and Bossuet and Massillon and George Whitefield and Thomas Chalmers have attempted to preach.

THE CRUCIFIXION AND ASCENSION.

Something of its overwhelming awfulness you may estimate from the fact that the sun which shines in the heavens could not endure it ; the sun which unflinchingly looked upon the deluge that drowned the world, which, without blinking, looked upon the ruins of earthquakes which swallowed Lisbon and Caraccas, and has looked unblanched on the battle-fields of Arbela, Blenheim, Megiddo and Esdraelon, and all the scenes of carnage that have ever scalded and drenched the earth with human gore—that sun could not look upon the scene. The sun dropped over its face a veil of cloud. It withdrew. It hid itself. It said to the midnight, “I resign to thee this spectacle upon which I have no strength to gaze ; thou art blind, O midnight ! and for that reason I commit to thee this tragedy !” Then the night hawk and the bat flew by, and the jackal howled in the ravines.

Now we follow our Chieftain as they carry his limp and lacerated form amid the flowers and trees of a garden, the gladioluses, the oleanders, the lilies, the geraniums, the mandrakes, down five or six steps to an aisle of granite where he sleeps. But only a little while He



HE IS NOT HERE.—HE IS RISEN.

sleeps there, for there is an earthquake in all that region, leaving the rocks to this day in their aslant and ruptured state declarative of the fact that something extraordinary there happened. And we see our Chieftain arouse from his brief slumber and wrestle down the ruffian Death who would keep him imprisoned in that cavern, and put both heels on the monster, and coming forth with a cry that will not cease to be echoed until on the great resurrection day the door of the lost sepulcher shall be unhinged and flung clanging into the debris of demolished cemeteries.

Now we follow our Chieftain to the shoulder of Mount Olivet, and without wings He rises, the disciples clutching for his robes too late to reach them, and across the great gulfs of space with one bound He gains that world which for thirty-three years had been denied his companionship, and all heaven lifts a shout of welcome as He enters, and of coronation as up to the mediatorial throne He mounts. It was the greatest day heaven had ever seen. They had him back again from tears, from wounds, from ills, from a world that never appreciated him to a world in which He was the chief delight. In all the libretto of celestial music it was hard to find an anthem enough conjubilant to celebrate the joy saintly, seraphic, archangelic, deific.

CHRIST'S MARCH THROUGH THE CENTURIES.

But still we follow our Chieftain in his march through the centuries, for invisibly He still walks the earth, and by the eye of faith we still follow Him. You can tell where He walks by the churches and hospitals and reformatory institutions and houses of mercy that spring up along the way. I hear his tread in the sick-room and in the abodes of bereavement. He marches on and the nations are gathering around Him. The islands of the sea are hearing his voice. The continents are feeling his power. America will be his. Europe will be his. Asia will be his. Africa will be his. Australia will be his. New Zealand will be his. All the earth will be his! Do you realize that until now it was impossible for the world to be converted? Not until very recently has the world been found. The Bible talks about the "ends of the earth" and the "uttermost parts of the world" as being saved, but not until now have the "ends of the earth" been discovered, and not until now have the "uttermost parts of the world" been revealed.

The navigator did his work, the explorer did his work, the scientist did his work, and now for the first time since the world has been created has the world been known, measured off, and geographized, the lost, hidden and unknown tract has been mapped out, and now the work of evangelization will be begun with an earnestness and velocity as yet unimagined. The steamships are ready, the lightning express trains are ready, the printing-presses are ready, the telegraph and telephone are ready, millions of Christians are ready and now see Christ marching on through the centuries. Marching on! Marching on!

One by one, governments will fall into line, and constitutions and literatures will adore his name. More honored and worshiped is He in this year of 1892 than at any time since the year one, and the day hastens when all nations will join one procession "following the Lamb whithersoever he goeth." Marching on, marching on!

This dear old world whose back has been scourged, whose eyes have been blinded, whose heart has been wrung, will yet rival heaven. This planet's torn robe of pain and crime and dementia will come off, and the white and spotless and glittering robe of holiness and happiness will come on. The last wound will have stung for the last time, the last grief will have wiped its last tear, the last criminal will have repented of his last crime, and our world that has been a straggler among the worlds, a lost star, a wayward planet, a rebellious globe, a miscreant satellite, will hear the voice that uttered childish plaint in Bethlehem and agonized prayer in Gethsemane and dying groan on Golgotha, and as this voice cries "Come," our world will return from its wanderings never again to stray. Marching on, marching on!

Then this world's joy will be so great that other worlds besides heaven may be glad to rejoice with us. By the aid of powerful telescopes, year by year becoming more powerful, mountains in other stars have been discovered, and chasms and volcanoes and canals and the style of atmosphere, and this will go on, and mightier and mightier telescopes will be invented until I should not wonder if we will be able to exchange signals with other planets.

And as I have no doubt other worlds are inhabited,—for God would not have built such magnificent world houses to have them stand without tenants or occupants,—in the final joy of earth's redemption, all astronomy, I think, will take part, we signaling other worlds, and they in turn signaling their stellar neighbors. Oh, what a day in heaven

that will be when the march of Christ is finished! I know that on the cross Christ said, "It is finished," but He meant his sacrificial work was finished. All earth and all heaven knows that evangelization is not finished.

It may be after our world, which is thought to contain about fifteen hundred million people, shall have on its decks twice its present population, namely, three thousand million souls and all redeemed, and it will be after this world shall be so damaged by conflagration that no human foot can tread its surface and no human being can breathe its air; but most certainly the day will come when heaven will be finished and the last of the twelve gates of the eternal city shall have clanged shut, never to open except for the admission of some celestial embassy returning from some other world, and Christ may strike his scarred but healed hand in emphasis on the arm of the amethystine throne, and say in substance: "All my ransomed ones are gathered. The work is done. I have finished my march through the centuries."

When in 1813, after the battle of Leipsic, which decided the fate of the nineteenth century, in some respects the most tremendous battle ever fought, the bridge down, the river incarnadined, the street choked with the wounded, the fields for miles around strewn with a dead soldiery from whom all traces of humanity had been dashed out, there met in the public square of that city of Leipsic the allied conquerors and kings who had gained the victory—the king of Prussia, the emperor of Russia, the crown prince of Sweden—followed by the chiefs of their armies. With drawn swords these monarchs saluted each other and cheered for the continental victory they had together gained. History has made the scene memorable.

Greater and more thrilling will be the spectacle when the world is all conquered for the truth, and in front of the palace of heaven the kings and conquerors of all the allied powers of Christian usefulness shall salute each other and recount the struggles by which they gained the triumph, and then hand over their swords to Him who is the Chief of the conquerors, crying: "Thine, O Christ, is the kingdom; take the crown of victory, the crown of dominion, the crown of grace, the crown of glory."

WE ARE WITNESSES.

IN the days of George Stephenson, the perfector of the locomotive engine, the scientists proved conclusively that a railroad train could never be driven by steam power successfully without peril ; but the rushing express trains from Liverpool to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh to London, have made all the nation witnesses of the splendid achievement.

Machinists and navigators proved conclusively that a steamer could never cross the Atlantic ; but no sooner had they successfully proved the impossibility of such an undertaking than the work was done, and the passengers on the Cunard, and the Inman, and the National, and the White Star lines are witnesses. There went up a guffaw of wise laughter at Professor Morse's proposition to make the lightning of heaven his errand-boy, and it was proved conclusively that the thing could never be done ; but now all the news of the wide world put in your hands every morning and night has made all nations witnesses.

So in the time of Christ, it was proved conclusively that it was impossible for Him to rise from the dead. It was shown logically that when a man was dead he was dead, and, the heart and the liver and the lungs having ceased to perform their offices, the limbs would be rigid beyond all power of friction or arousal. They showed it to be an absolute absurdity that the dead Christ should ever get up alive ; but no sooner had they proved this than the dead Christ arose, and the disciples beheld Him, heard His voice, and talked with Him, and they took the witness stand to prove that to be true which the wiseacres of the day had proved to be impossible ; the record of the experiment and of the testimony is in the words : "Him hath God raised from the dead, whereof we are witnesses."



THE ANGEL OF CHRISTMAS TIME.

Now let me play the skeptic for a moment. "There is no God," says the skeptic, "for I have never seen Him with my physical eyesight. Your Bible is a pack of contradictions. There never was a miracle. Lazarus was not raised from the dead, and the water was never turned into wine. Your religion is an imposition on the credulity of the ages." I see an aged man moving as though he would like to respond. Here are hundreds of people with faces a little flushed at these announcements, and all through this throng there is a suppressed feeling which would like to speak in behalf of the truth of our glorious Christianity, crying out, "We are witnesses!"

The fact is that if this world is ever brought to God it will not be through argument, but through testimony. You might cover the whole earth with apologies for Christianity and learned treatises in defence of religion—you would not convert a soul. Lectures on the harmony between science and religion are beautiful mental discipline, but have never saved a soul and never will save a soul. Put a man of the world and a man of the church against each other, and the man of the world will, in all probability get the triumph. There are a thousand things in our religion that seem illogical to the world, and always will seem illogical.

Our weapon in this conflict is faith, not logic; faith not metaphysics; faith, not profundity; faith, not scholastic exploration. But then, in order to have faith we must have testimony, and if five hundred men, or one thousand men, or five hundred thousand men, or five million men get up and tell me that they have felt the religion of Jesus Christ a joy, a comfort, a help, an inspiration, I am bound, as a fair minded man, to accept their testimony. I want to put before you three propositions the truth of which I think my readers will attest with overwhelming unanimity. The first proposition is: We are witnesses that the religion of Christ is able to convert a soul. The Gospel may have had a hard time to conquer us, we may have fought it back, but we were vanquished. You say conversion is only an imaginary thing. We know better. "We are witnesses." There never was so great a change in our heart and life on any other subject as on this.

FAITH AGAINST LOGIC.

People laughed at the missionaries in Madagascar because they preached ten years without one convert; but there are many thousands

of converts in Madagascar to-day. People laughed at Dr. Judson, the Baptist missionary, because he kept on preaching in Burmah five years without a single convert ; but there are many thousands of Baptists in Burmah to-day. People laughed at Dr. Morrison in China for preaching there seven years without a single conversion ; but there are many thousands of Christians in China to-day. People laughed at the missionaries for preaching at Tahiti for fifteen years without a single conversion ; yet in all those lands there are multitudes of Christians to-day.

THE FORCE OF TESTIMONY.

If ten men should come to you when you are sick with appalling sickness and say they had the same sickness and took a certain medicine and it cured them, you would probably take it. Now, suppose ten other men should come up and say: "We don't believe that there is anything in that medicine." "Well," I say, "have you tried it?" "No, I never tried it, but I don't believe there is anything in it." Of course you discredit their testimony. The skeptic may come and say: "There is no power in your religion." "Have you ever tried it?" "No, no." "Then avaunt!" Let me take the testimony of the millions of souls that have been converted to God and comforted in trial and solaced in the last hour. We will take their testimony as they cry, "We are witnesses!"

Professor Henry, of Washington, discovered a new star, and the tidings sped by submarine telegraph, and all the observatories of Europe were watching for that new star. Oh, hearer, looking out through the darkness of thy soul, canst thou see a bright light beaming on thee? "Where?" you say. "Where? How can I find it?" Look along by the line of the Cross of the Son of God. Do you not see it trembling with all tenderness and beaming with all hope. It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Oh, my readers, get your eye on it. It is easier for you now to become Christians than it is to stay away from Christ and heaven. When Mme. Sontag began her musical career she was hissed off the stage at Vienna by the friends of her rival, Amelia Steininger, who had already begun to decline through her dissipation. Years passed on, and one day Mme. Sontag, in her glory, was riding through the streets of Berlin, when she saw a little child leading a blind woman, and she said: "Come here, my little child, come here. Who is that you are leading by the hand?" And the little child replied: "That's my mother,

that's Amelia Steininger. She used to be a great singer, but she lost her voice, and she cried so much about it that she lost her eyesight." "Give my love to her," said Mme. Sontag, "and tell her an old acquaintance will call on her this afternoon."

THE ENTRANCE OF THE WORD GIVETH LIGHT.



The next week in Berlin a vast assemblage gathered at a benefit for that poor blind woman, and it was said that Sontag sang that night as she had never sung before. And she took a skilled oculist, who in vain tried to restore eyesight to the poor blind woman. Until the day

of Amelia Steininger's death Madam Sontag took care of her and her daughter after her. That was what the queen of song did for her enemy. But oh, hear a more thrilling story still. Blind, immortal poor and lost ; thou who, when the world and Christ were rivals for thy heart didst hiss thy Lord away—Christ comes now to give thee sight, to give thee a home, to give thee heaven. With more than a Sontag's generosity, He comes now to meet your need. With more than a Sontag's music, He comes to plead for thy deliverance.

SACRED SONG.

LAMECH had two boys, the one a herdsman and the other a musician. Jubal, the younger son, was the first organ builder. He started the first sound that rolled from the wondrous instrument which has had so much to do with the worship of the ages. But what improvement has been made under the hands of organ builders such as Bernhard, Sebastian Bach and George Hogarth and Joseph Booth and Thomas Robjohn, clear on down to George and Edward Jardine of our own day! I do not wonder that when the first organ, that we read of as given in 757 by an emperor of the East to a king of France, sounded forth its full grandeur, a woman fell into a delirium from which her reason was never restored. The majesty of a great organ skillfully played is almost too much for human endurance, but how much the instrument has done in the re-enforcement of divine service it will take all time and all eternity to celebrate.

There has been much discussion as to where music was born. I think at the beginning, when the morning stars sang together, and all the suns of God shouted for joy, that the earth heard the echo. The cloud on which the angels stood to celebrate the creation was the birth-place of song. Inanimate nature is full of God's stringed and wind instruments. Silence itself—perfect silence—is only a musical rest in God's great anthem of worship. Wind among the leaves, insects humming in the summer air, the rush of billow upon beach, the ocean far out sounding its everlasting psalm, the bobolink on the edge of the forest, the quail whistling up from the grass, are music.

On Blackwell's island I heard coming from a window of the lunatic asylum a very sweet song. It was sung by one who had lost her reason; and I have come to believe that even the deranged and dis-

ordered elements of nature would make music to our ear, if we only had acuteness enough to listen. I suppose that even the sounds in nature that are discordant and repulsive make harmony in God's ear. One may come so near to an orchestra that the sounds are painful instead of pleasurable, and I think we stand so near devastating storm and frightful whirlwind that we cannot hear that which makes to God's ear and the ear of the spirits above us a music as complete as it is tremendous.

Not only is inanimate nature full of music, but God has wonderfully organized the human voice, so that in the plainest throat and lungs there are fourteen direct muscles which can make over sixteen thousand different sounds, and there are thirty indirect muscles which can make, it has been estimated, more than one hundred and seventy-three millions of sounds!

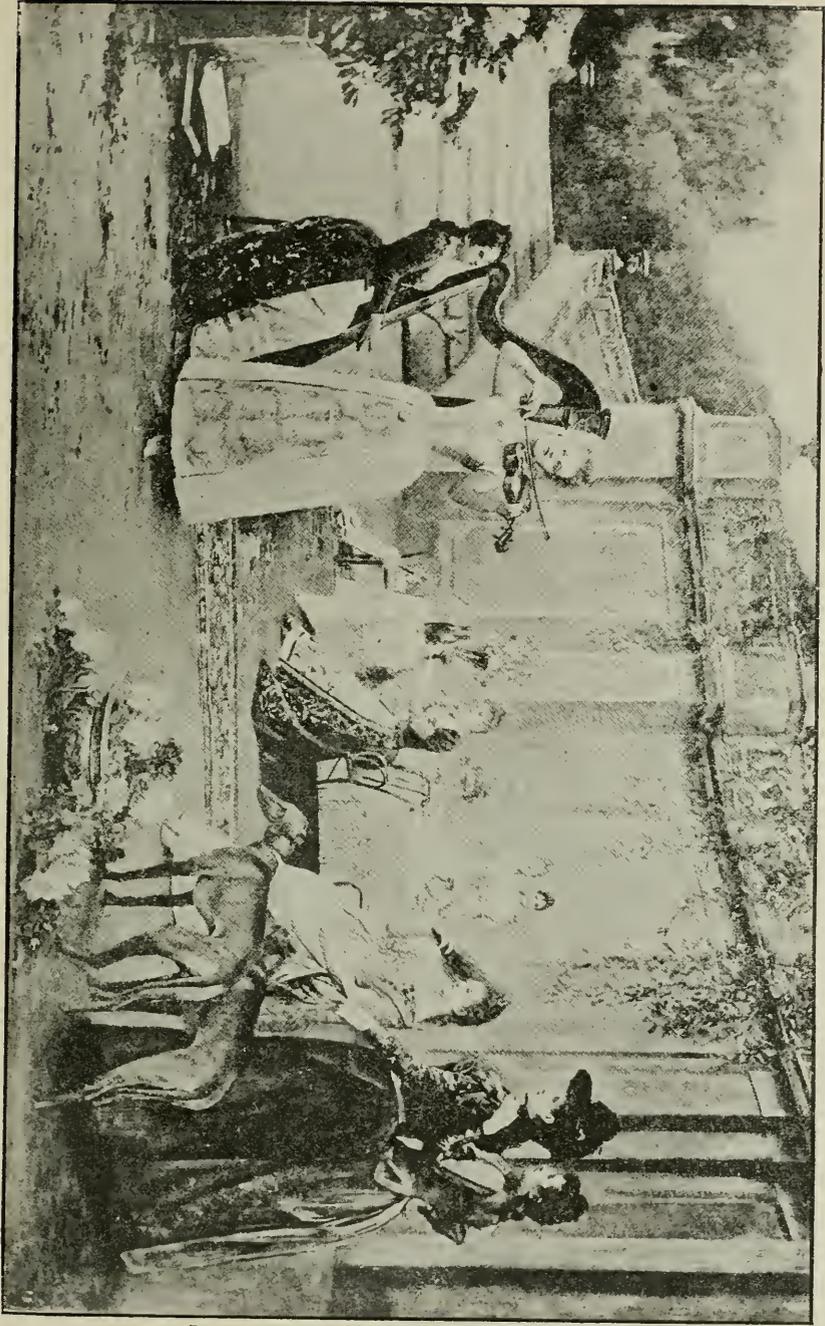
Now, I say, when God has so constructed the human voice, and when he has filled the whole earth with harmony, and when he recognized it in the ancient temple, I have a right to come to the conclusion that God loves music.

IMPORTANCE OF SACRED MUSIC.

We draw the first argument for the importance of sacred music from the fact that God has commanded it. Through Paul he tells us to admonish one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, and through David he cries out, "Sing ye to God, all ye kingdoms of the earth." And there are hundreds of other passages we might name proving that it is as much a man's duty to sing as it is his duty to pray. Indeed, I think there are more commands in the Bible to sing than there are to pray.

God not only asks for the human voice but for instruments of music. He asks for the cymbal, and the harp, and the trumpet, as well as the organ. And I suppose that, in the last days of the church, the harp, the lute, the trumpet and all the instruments of music, whether they have been in the service of righteousness or sin will be brought by their masters and laid down at the feet of Christ, and then sounded in the church's triumph, on her way from suffering into glory. "Praise ye the Lord!" Praise him with your voices. Praise him with stringed instruments and with organs.

We may draw another argument for the importance of this exercise



REFINING POWER OF MUSIC.

from its impressiveness. We know something of what secular music has achieved. We know it has made its impression on governments, upon laws, upon literature, upon whole generations. One inspiring national air is worth thirty thousand men as a standing army. There comes a time in the battle when one bugle is worth a thousand muskets. No nation or church can afford to severely economize in music.

Many of us are illustrations of what sacred song can do. There was a Scotch soldier dying in New Orleans, and a Scotch minister came in to give him the consolations of the Gospel. The man turned over on his pillow and said "Don't talk to me about religion." Then the Scotch minister began to sing a familiar hymn of Scotland that was composed by David Dickenson, beginning with the words :

Oh, mother, dear Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?

He sang it to the tune of "Dundee," and everybody in Scotland knows that: and as he began to sing the dying soldier turned over on his pillow, and said to the minister, "Where did you learn that?" "Why," replied the minister, "my mother taught me that." "So did mine," said the dying Scotch soldier; and the very foundation of his heart was upturned, and then and there he yielded himself to Christ. Oh, it has an irresistible power. Luther's sermons have been forgotten, but his "Judgment Hymn" sings on through the ages, and will keep on singing until the blast of the archangel's trumpet shall bring about that very day which the hymn celebrates.

THE ROYAL OLD HYMNS.

In addition to the inspiring music of our own day we have a glorious inheritance of church psalmody which has come down fragrant with the devotions of other generations—tunes no more worn out than they were when our great-grandfathers climbed up on them from the church pew to glory? Dear old souls, how they used to sing! When they were cheerful, our grandfathers and grandmothers used to sing "Colchester." When they were very meditative, then the board meeting house rang with "South Street" and "St. Edmond's." Were they struck through with great tenderness they sang "Woodstock." Were they wrapped in visions of the glory of the church, they sang "Zion." Were they overborne with the love and glory of Christ, they sang "Ariel." And in those days there were certain tunes married to cer-

tain hymns, and they have lived in peace a great while, these two old people, and we have no right to divorce them. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." But how hard hearted we must be if all the sacred music of the past, and all the sacred music of the present does not start us heavenward.

I have also noticed the power of sacred song to soothe perturbation. You may come in church with a great many worriments and anxieties, yet, perhaps, in the singing of the first hymn, you lose all those worriments and anxieties. We read in the Bible of Saul and how he was sad and angry, and how the boy David came in and played the evil spirit out of him. A Spanish king was melancholy. The windows were all closed. He sat in the darkness. Nothing could bring him forth until Faraneli came and discoursed music three or four days to him. On the fourth day he looked up and wept and rejoiced, and the windows were thrown open, and that which all the splendors of the court could not do the power of song accomplished. If we have anxieties and worriments we should try this heavenly charm upon them. We must not sit down on the bank of the hymn, but plunge in, that the devil of care may be brought out of us.

Music also arouses to action. A singing church is always a triumphant church! If a congregation is silent during the exercise, or partially silent, it is the silence of death. If, when the hymn is given out, we hear the faint hum of here and there a father and mother in Israel, while the vast majority are silent, that minister of Christ who is presiding needs to have a very strong constitution if he does not get the chills. He needs not only the grace of God, but nerves like whalebone. It is amazing how some people, who have voice enough to discharge all their duties in the world, when they come into the house of God, have no voice to discharge this duty. I really believe that, if the church of Christ could rise up and sing as it ought to sing, that where we have a hundred souls brought into the kingdom of Christ, there would be a thousand.

I am far from believing that music ought always to be positively religious. Refined art has opened places where music has been secularized, and lawfully so. The drawing room, the musical club, the orchestra, the concert, by the gratification of pure taste and the production of harmless amusement, and the improvement of talent, have become great forces in the advancement of our civilization. Music

has as much right to laugh in Surrey gardens as it has to pray in St. Paul's.

In the kingdom of nature we have the glad fiving of the wind as well as the long meter psalm of the thunder ; but while all this is so, every observer has noticed that this art, which God intended for the improvement of the ear, and the voice, and the head, and the heart, has often been impressed into the service of false religions. False religions have depended more upon the hymning of their congregations than upon the pulpit proclamation of their dogmas. Tartini, the musical composer, dreamed one night that Satan snatched from his hands an instrument and played upon it something very sweet—a dream that has often been fulfilled in our days, the voice and the instruments that ought to have been devoted to Christ, being captured from the church and applied to purposes of superstition.

OBSTACLES TO CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

An obstacle to church singing has been an inordinate fear of criticism. The vast majority of people singing in church never want anybody else to hear them sing. Everybody is waiting for somebody else to do his duty. If we all sang, then the inaccuracies that are evident when only a few sing would not be heard at all ; they would be drowned out. God only asks you to do as well as you can, and then if you get the wrong pitch, or keep wrong time, he will forgive any deficiency of the ear and imperfection of the voice. Angels will not laugh if you should lose your place in the musical scale, or come in at the close a bar behind.

Another obstacle that has been in the way of the advancement of this holy art has been the fact that there has been so much angry discussion on the subject of music. There are those who would have this exercise conducted by musical instruments. In the same church there are those who do not like musical instruments, and so it is organ or no organ, and there is a fight. In another church it is a question whether music shall be conducted by a precentor or a drilled choir. Some want a drilled choir and some want a precentor, and there is a fight. Then there are those who would like in the church to have the organ played in a dull, lifeless, droning way, while there are others who would have it wreathed into fantastics, branching out in jets and spangles of sound, rolling and tossing in marvelous convolutions, as when, in pyro-

technic display, after you think a piece is exhausted, it breaks out in wheels, rockets, blue lights and serpentine demonstrations.

Some would have the organ played in almost inaudible sweetness, and others would have it full of staccato passages that make the audience jump, with great eyes and hair on end, as though by a vision of the Witch of Endor. And he who tries to please all will fail in everything. Nevertheless, we must admit the fact that this contest which is going on, not in hundreds, but in thousands of the churches of the United States to-day, is a mighty hindrance to the advancement of this art. In this way scores of churches are entirely crippled as to all influence, and the music is a damage rather than a praise.

Another obstacle in the advancement of this art has been the erroneous notion that this part of the service could be conducted by delegation. Churches have said: "Oh, what an easy time we shall have. This minister will do the preaching, the choir will do the singing and we will have nothing to do." There are a great multitude of churches all through this land, where the people are not expected to sing, and the whole work is done by delegation of four or six to ten persons and the audience are silent.

In such a church in Syracuse an old elder persisted in singing, and so the choir appointed a committee to go and ask the squire if he would not stop. You know that in a great multitude of churches the choir are expected to do all the singing, and the great mass of the people are expected to be silent, and if you utter your voice you are interfering. There they stand, the four, with opera glass dangling at their side, singing, "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," with the same spirit that the night before, on the stage, they took their part in the "Grand Duchess" or "Don Giovanni."

DELEGATION DUTY.

We have no right to delegate to others the discharge of this duty which God demands of us. Suppose that four wood thrushes should propose to do all the singing some bright day when the woods are ringing with bird voices. It is decided that four wood thrushes shall do all the singing of the forest. Let all the other voices keep silent. How beautifully the four warble! It is really fine music. But how long will you keep the forest still! Why, Christ would come into that forest and look up as he looked through the olives, and he would wave

his hand and say, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord," and, keeping time with the stroke of innumerable wings, there would be five thousand bird voices leaping into the harmony.

Suppose this delegation of musical performers were tried in heaven; suppose that four choice spirits should try to do the singing of the upper temple. Hush, now, thrones and dominions and principalities. David! be still, though you were "the sweet singer of Israel." Paul! keep quiet, though you have come to that crown of rejoicing. Richard Baxter! keep still, though this is the "Saint's Everlasting Rest." Four spirits now do all the singing. But how long would heaven be quiet? How long? "Hallelujah!" would cry some glorified Methodist from under the altar. "Praise the Lord!" would sing the martyrs from among the thrones. "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory!" a great multitude of redeemed spirits would cry.

Myriads of voices coming into the harmony, and the one hundred and forty and four thousand breaking forth into one acclamation. Stop that loud singing! Stop! Oh, no they cannot hear me. You might as well try to drown the thunder of the sky, or beat back the roar of the sea, for every soul in heaven has resolved to do its own singing. Alas! that we should have tried on earth that which they cannot do in heaven, and instead of joining all our voices in the praise of the most high God, delegating perhaps to unconsecrated men and women this most solemn and most delightful service.

After a shower there are scores of streams that come down the mountain side with voices rippling and silvery, pouring into one river and then rolling in united strength to the sea. So I would have all church congregations send forth the voice of prayer and praise, pouring it into the great tide of public worship that rolls on and on to empty into the great, wide heart of God.

A COMING REVOLUTION.

There will be a great revolution on this subject in all our churches. God will come down by his spirit and rouse up the old hymns and tunes that have not been more than half awake since the time of our grandfathers. The silent pews in the church will break forth into music, and when the conductor takes his place on the Sabbath day there will be a great host of voices rushing into the harmony. If we



MUSIC.

have no taste for this service on earth, what will we do in heaven, where they all sing, and sing forever?

I shall never forget hearing a Frenchman sing the "Marseillaise" on the Champs Elysees, Paris, just before the battle of Sedan in 1870. I never saw such enthusiasm before or since. As he sang that national air, Oh! how the Frenchmen shouted! Have you ever in an English assemblage heard the band play "God Save the Queen?" If you have, you know something about the enthusiasm of a national air.

Now, these songs we sing Sabbath by Sabbath are the national airs of Jesus Christ and of the kingdom of heaven, and if we do not learn to sing them here, how do we expect to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb? I should not be surprised at all if some of the best anthems of heaven were made up of some of the best songs on earth. May God increase our reverence for Christian psalmody, and keep us from disgracing it by our indifference and frivolity. When Cromwell's army went into battle, he stood at the head of them one day, and gave out the long meter doxology to the tune of the "Old Hundred," and that great host, company by company, regiment by regiment, battalion by battalion, joined in the doxology:

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

And while they sang they marched, and while they marched they fought, and while they fought they got the victory. Oh, men and women of Jesus Christ, let us go into all our conflicts singing the praises of God, and then instead of falling back, as we often do, from defeat to defeat, we will be marching on from victory to victory.

THE RAIN'S STORY.

THE Book of Job has been the subject of unbounded theological wrangle. Men have made it the ring in which to display their ecclesiastical pugilism. Some say that the Book of Job is a true history; others, that it is an allegory; others, that it is an epic poem, others, that it is a drama. Some say that Job lived eighteen hundred years before Christ, others say that he never lived at all. Some say that the author of this book was Job; others, David; others, Solomon. The discussion has landed some in blank infidelity. Now, I have no trouble with the Books of Job or Revelation—the two most mysterious books in the Bible—because of a rule I adopted some years ago.

I wade down into a Scripture passage as long as I can touch bottom, and when I cannot, then I wade out. I used to wade in until it was over my head and then I got drowned. I study a passage of Scripture so long as it is a comfort and help to my soul, but when it becomes a perplexity and a spiritual upturning I quit. In other words, we ought to wade in up to our heart, but never wade in until it is over our head. No man should ever expect to swim across this great ocean of divine truth. I go down into that ocean as I go down into the Atlantic Ocean at East Hampton, Long Island, just far enough to bathe; then I come out. I never had any idea that with my weak hand and foot I could strike my way clear over to Liverpool.

ORIGIN OF THE RAIN.

I suppose you understand your family genealogy. You know something about your parents, your grandparents, your great-grandparents. Perhaps you know where they were born, or where they

died. Have you ever studied the parentage of the shower? "Hath not the rain a father?" This question is not asked by a poetaster or a scientist, but by the head of the universe. To humble and to save Job God asks him fourteen questions. About the world's architecture, about the refraction of the sun's rays, about the titles, about the snow crystal, about the lightnings, and then He arraigns him with the interrogation of the text "Hath the rain a father?"

Safely housed during the storm, you hear the rain beating against the window pane, and you find it searching all the crevices of the window sill. It first comes down in solitary drops, pattering the dust, and then it deluges the fields and angers the mountain torrents, and makes the traveler implore shelter. You know that the rain is not an accident of the world's economy. You know it was born of the cloud. You know it was rocked in the cradle of the wind. You know it was sung to sleep by the storm. You know that it is a flying evangel from heaven to earth. You know it is the gospel of the weather. You know that God is its father.

If this be true, then how wicked is our murmuring about climatic changes! The first eleven Sabbaths after I entered the ministry it stormed. Through the week it was clear weather, but on the Sabbaths the old country meeting house looked like Noah's ark before it landed. A few drenched people sat before a drenched pastor; but most of the farmers stayed at home and thanked God that what was bad for the church was good for the crops. I committed a good deal of sin in those days in denouncing the weather. Ministers of the Gospel sometimes fret about stormy Sabbaths or hot Sabbaths, or inclement Sabbaths. They forget the fact that the same God who ordained the Sabbath and sent forth his ministers to announce salvation also ordained the weather. "Hath the rain a father?"

Merchants, also, with their stores filled with new goods, and their clerks hanging idly around the counters, commit the same transgression. There have been seasons when the whole spring and fall trade has been ruined by protracted wet weather. The merchants then examined the "weather probabilities" with more interest than they read their Bibles. They watched for a patch of blue sky. They went complaining home again. In all that season of wet feet and dripping garments and impassable streets they never once asked the question, "Hath the rain a father?"

So agriculturists commit this sin. There is nothing more annoying than to have planted corn rot in the ground because of too much moisture, or hay all ready for the mow dashed of a shower, or wheat almost ready for the sickle spoiled with the rust. How hard it is to bear these agricultural disappointments! God has infinite resources, but I do not think He has capacity to make weather to please all the farmers. Sometimes it is too hot, or it is too cold; it is too wet, or it



FINE WEATHER AT SEA.

is too dry; it is too early, or it is too late. They forget that the God who promised seed time and harvest, summer and winter, cold and heat, also ordained all climatic changes. There is one question that ought to be written on every barn, on every fence, on every haystack, on every farm-house, "Hath the rain a father?"

MEN HARD TO PLEASE.

If you only knew what a vast enterprise it is to provide appropriate

weather for this world, we would not be so critical of the Lord. Isaac Watts at ten years of age complained that he did not like the hymns that were sung in the English chapel. "Well," said his father, "Isaac, instead of your complaining about the hymns, go and make hymns that are better." And he did go and make hymns that were better. Now I say to you, if you do not like the weather, get up a weather company, and have a president, and a secretary, and a treasurer, and a board of directors, and ten million dollars of stock, and then provide weather that will suit us all. There is a man who has a weak head, and he cannot stand the glare of the sun. You must have a cloud always hovering over him.

I like the sunshine ; I cannot live without plenty of sunlight ; so you must always have enough light for me. Two ships meet in mid-Atlantic. The one is going to Southampton, the other is coming to New York. Provide weather that, while it is abaft for one ship, is not a head wind for the other. There is a farm that is dried up for the lack of rain, and there is a pleasure party going out for a field excursion. Provide weather that will suit the dry farm and the pleasure excursion. No, sirs, I will not take one dollar of stock in your weather company. There is only one Being in the universe who knows enough to provide the right kind of weather for this world. "Hath the rain a father?"

GOD'S SUPERVISION.

My subject suggests God's minute supervisal. You see the divine Sonship in every drop of rain. The jewels of the shower are not flung away by a spendthrift who knows not how many he throws or where they fall. They are all shining princes of heaven. They all have eternal lineage. They are all the children of a king. "Hath the rain a father? Well, then, I say if God takes note of every minute raindrop, he will take notice of the most insignificant affair of my life, It is the astronomical view of things that bothers me.

We look up into the night heavens, and we say, "Worlds ! worlds !" and how insignificant we feel ! We stand at the foot of Mount Washington or Mont Blanc, and we feel that we are only insects, and then we say to ourselves, "Though the world is so large, the sun is one million four hundred thousand times larger." "Oh !" we say, "it is no use ; if God wheels that great machinery through immens-

ity, He will not take the trouble to look down at me." Infidel conclusion. Saturn, Mercury and Jupiter are no more rounded and weighed and swung by the hand of God than are the globules on a lilac bush the morning after a shower.

God is no more in magnitude than life is in minutiaë. If He has scales to weigh the mountains, He has balances delicate enough to weigh the infinitesimal. You can no more see him through the telescope than you can see him through the microscope ; no more when you look up than when you look down. Are not the hairs of your head all numbered? And if Himalaya has a God. "Hath not the rain a father?" I take this doctrine of a particular Providence, and I thrust it into the very midst of your every-day life. If God fathers a raindrop, is there anything so insignificant in your affairs that God will not father that?

When Druyse, the gunsmith, invented the needle gun, which decided the battle of Sadowa, was it a mere accident? When a farmer's boy showed Blucher a short cut by which he could bring his army up soon enough to decide Waterloo for England, was it a mere accident? When Lord Byron took a piece of money and tossed it up to decide whether or not he should be affianced to Miss Millbank, was it a mere accident which side of the money was up and which was down? When the Christian army was besieged at Baziers, and a drunken drummer came in at midnight and rang the alarm bell, not knowing what he was doing, but waking up the host in time to fight their enemies that moment arriving, was it accident?

When in one of the Irish wars a starving mother, flying with her starving child, sank down and fainted on the rocks in the night and her hand fell on a warm bottle of milk, did that just happen so? God is either in the affairs of men or our religion is worth nothing at all, and you had better take it away from us, and instead of this Bible, which teaches the doctrine, give us a secular book, and let us, like the the famous Mr. Fox, in his last hour, cry out: "Read me the eighth book of Virgil!"

Oh! my friends, let us rouse up to an appreciation of the fact that all the affairs of our life are under a king's command and under a father's watch. Alexander's war horse, Bucephalus, would allow anybody to mount him when he was unharnessed, but as soon as they put on that war horse the saddle and trappings of the conqueror he would



SUMMER IN GALILEE.

allow no one but Alexander to touch him. And if a soulless horse could have so much pride in his owner, shall not we immortals exult in the fact that we are owned by a king?

THE MYSTERY OF RAIN.

Again my subject teaches me that God's dealings with us are inexplicable. That was the original force of my text. The rain was a great mystery to the ancients. They could not understand how the water should get into the cloud, and getting there, how it should be suspended, or falling, why it should come down in drops. Modern science comes along and says there are two portions of air of different temperature, and they are charged with moisture, and the one portion of air decreases in temperature so the water can no longer be held in vapor, and it falls. And they tell us that some of the clouds that look to be only as large as a man's hand, and to be almost quiet in the heavens, are great mountains of mist four thousand feet from base to top, and that they rush miles a minute.

But after all the brilliant experiments of Dr. James Hutton, and Saussure, and other scientists, there is an infinite mystery about the rain. There is an ocean of the unfathomable in every raindrop, and God says to-day as He said in the time of Job, "If you cannot understand one drop of rain do not be surprised if My dealings with you are inexplicable." Why does that aged man, decrepit, beggared, vicious, sick of the world, and the world sick of him, live on, while here is a man in mid-life, consecrated to God, hard working, useful in every respect, who dies? Why does that old gossip, gadding along the street about everybody's business but her own, have such good health, while the Christian mother, with a flock of little ones about her whom she is preparing for usefulness and for heaven—the mother you think could not not be spared an hour from that household—why does she lie down and die of a cancer?

Why does that man, selfish to the core, go on adding fortune to fortune, consuming everything on himself, continue to prosper, while that man, who has been giving ten per cent. of all his income to God and the church, goes into bankruptcy? Before we make stark fools of ourselves, let us stop pressing that everlasting "why." Let us worship where we cannot understand. Let a man take that one question, "Why?" and follow it far enough, and push it, and he will land in

wretchedness and perdition. We want in our theology fewer interrogation marks and more exclamation points. Heaven is the place for explanation. Earth is the place for trust. If you cannot understand so minute a thing as a raindrop, how can you expect to understand God's dealings?

THE SOURCE OF TEARS.

Again, as I believe, the rain of tears is of divine origin. Great clouds of trouble sometimes hover over us. They are black, and they are gorged, and they are thunderous. They are more portentous than any that Salvator or Claude ever painted—clouds of poverty, or persecution, or bereavement. They hover over us, and they get darker and blacker, and after awhile a tear starts, and we think by an extra pressure of the eyelid to stop it. Others follow, and after awhile there is a shower of tearful emotion. Yea, there is a rain of tears. "Hath that rain a father?"

"Oh," you say, "a tear is nothing but a drop of limpid fluid secreted by the lachrymal gland—is only a sign of weak eyes." Great mistake. It is one of the Lord's richest benedictions to the world. There are people in Blackwell's Island insane asylum, and at Utica, and at all the asylums of this land, who were demented by the fact that they could not cry at the right time. Said a maniac in one of our public institutions, under a gospel sermon that started the tears: "Do you see that tear? That is the first I have wept for twelve years. I think it will help my brain."

There are a great many in the grave who could not stand any longer under the glacier of trouble. If that glacier had only melted into weeping they could have endured it. There have been times in your life when you would have given the world, if you had possessed it, for one tear. You could shriek, you could blaspheme, but you could not cry. Have you never seen a man holding the hand of a dead wife, who had been all the world to him? The temples livid with excitement, the eye dry and frantic, no moisture on the upper or lower lid. You saw there were bolts of anger in the cloud, but no rain. To your Christian comfort, he said, "Don't talk to me about God; there is no God, or if there is I hate Him; don't talk to me about God; would He have left me and these motherless children?"

But a few hours or days after, coming across some lead pencil that she owned in life, or some letters which she wrote when he was away

from home, with an outcry that appals, there bursts the fountain of tears, and as the sunlight of God's consolation strikes that fountain of tears, you find out that it is a tender-hearted, merciful, pitiful and all compassionate God who was the Father of that rain.

THE FATHER OF TEARS.

In a religious assemblage a man arose and said: "I have been a very wicked man; I broke my mother's heart. I became an infidel, but I have seen my evil way, and I have surrendered my heart to God, but it a grief that I never can get over that my parents should never have heard of my salvation; I don't know whether they are living or dead." While he was yet standing in the audience a voice from the gallery said, "Oh, my son, my son!" He looked up and he recognized her. It was his old mother. She had been praying for him a great many years, and when at the foot of the cross the prodigal son and the praying mother embraced each other, there was a rain, a tremendous rain, of tears, and God was the Father of those tears.

The king of Carthage was dethroned. His people rebelled against him. He was driven into banishment. His wife and children were outrageously abused. Years went by, and the king of Carthage made many friends. He gathered up a great army. He marched again toward Carthage. Reaching the gates of Carthage the best men of the place came out barefooted and bareheaded and with ropes around their necks, crying for mercy. They said, "We abused you and we abused your family, but we cry for mercy." The king of Carthage looked down upon the people from his chariot and said: "I came to bless, I didn't come to destroy. You drove me out, but this day I pronounce pardon for all the people. Open the gates and let the army come in." The king marched in and took the throne, and the people all shouted, "Long live the king!"

My friends, you have driven the Lord Jesus Christ, the King of the church, away from your heart; you have been maltreating Him all these years; but He comes back to-day. He stands in front of the gates of your soul. If you will only pray for His pardon He will meet you with His gracious spirit and He will say: "Thy sins and thine iniquities I will remember no more. Open wide the gate, I will take the throne. My peace I give unto you." And then, all through this audience, from the young and from the old, there will be a rain of tears, and God will be the father of that rain!

THE LESSON OF THE PYRAMID.

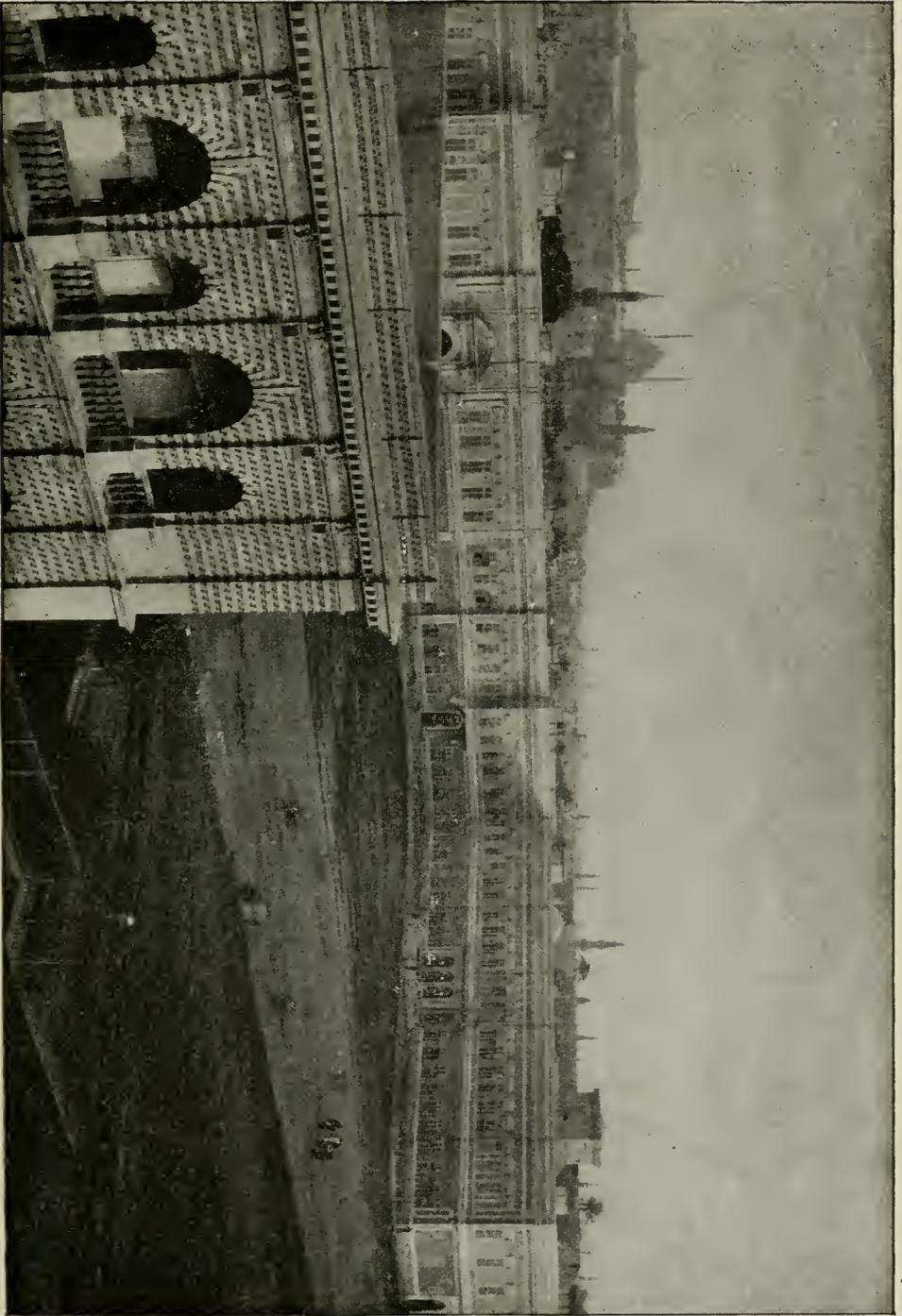
WE had, on a morning of December, 1889, landed in Africa. Amid the howling boatmen at Alexandria, we had come ashore and taken the rail train to Cairo, Egypt, along the banks of the most thoroughly harnessed river of all the world—the river Nile. We had at eventide entered the city of Cairo, the city where Christ dwelt while staying in Egypt during the Herodic persecution. It was our first night in Egypt. No destroying angel swept through the land, as once; but all the stars were out, and the sky was filled with angels of beauty and angels of light, and the air was as balmy as an American June. The next morning we were early awake and at the window, looking upon the palm trees in the full glory of leafage, and upon gardens of fruits and flowers at the very season when our homes far away are canopied by bleak skies and the last leaf of the forest has gone down in the equinoctials.

But how can I describe our thrill of expectation, for to-day we are to see what all the world has seen or wants to see—the pyramids! We are mounted for an hour and a half's ride. We pass on amid bazaars stuffed with rugs and carpets, and curious fabrics of all sorts from Smyrna, from Algiers, from Persia, from Turkey, and through streets where we meet people of all colors and all garbs, carts loaded with garden productions, priests in gowns, women in black veils, Bedouins in long and seemingly superfluous apparel, Janissaries in jackets of embroidered gold—out and on toward the great pyramid; for, though there are sixty-nine pyramids still standing, the pyramid at Gizeh is the monarch of them all. We meet camels grunting under their loads, and see buffaloes on either side browsing in pasture fields.

The road we travel passes for part of the way under clumps of acacia and by long rows of sycamore and tamarisk ; but, after awhile it becomes a path of rock and sand, and we find we have reached the margin of the desert, the great Sahara desert, and we cry out to the dragoman as we see a huge pile of rock looming in sight, "Dragoman, what is that?" His answer is, "The pyramid." And then it seems as if we were living a century every minute. Our thoughts and emotions are too rapid and intense for utterance, and we ride on in silence until we come to the foot of the pyramid, perhaps the oldest structure in all the earth—four thousand years old at least. Here it is. We stand under the shadow of a structure that shuts out all the earth and all the sky, and we look up and strain our vision to appreciate the distant top, and are overwhelmed while we cry, "The pyramid! the pyramid!"

Each person in our party had two or three guides or helpers. One of them unrolled his turban and tied it around my waist and held the other end of the turban as a matter of safety. Many of the blocks of stone are four or five feet high, and beyond an ordinary human stride unless assisted. But with two Arabs to pull and two Arabs to push, I found myself rapidly ascending from height to height, and on to altitudes terrific, and at last at the tiptop we found ourselves on a level space of about thirty feet square. Through clearest atmosphere we looked off upon the desert, and off upon the winding Nile, and off upon the Sphinx, with its features of everlasting stone, and yonder upon the minarets of Cairo glittering in the sun, and yonder upon Memphis in ruins, and off upon the wreck of empires and the battlefields of ages, a radius of view enough to fill the mind and shock the nerves and overwhelm one's entire being.

After we had looked around for awhile, and a kodak had pictured the group, we descended. The descent was more trying than the ascent, for in climbing you need not see the depths beneath ; but in coming down it was impossible not to see the abysses below. But with two Arabs ahead to help us down, and two Arabs to hold us back, we were lowered, hand below hand, until the ground was invitingly near, and amid the jargon of the Arabs we were safely landed. Then came one of the most wonderful feats of daring and agility. One of the Arabs solicited a dollar, saying he would run up and down the pyramid in seven minutes. We would rather have given him a dollar not to go, but this



THE KHEDIVE'S PALACE, CAIRO.

ascent and descent in seven minutes he was determined on, and so by the watch in seven minutes he went to the top and was back again at the base. It was a blood-curdling spectacle.

WHAT THE PYRAMID TEACHES.

Well, of what is this Cyclopean masonry a sign and a witness? Among other things—of the prolongation of human work compared with the brevity of human life. In all of its four thousand years this pyramid has only lost eighteen feet in width; each side of its square at the base is changed only from seven hundred and sixty-four feet to seven hundred and forty-six feet, and the most of that eighteen feet was taken off by architects to furnish stone for building in the city of Cairo. The men who constructed the pyramid worked at it only a few years, and then put down the trowel, and the compass, and the square, and lowered the derrick which had lifted the ponderous weights; but forty centuries has their work stood, and it will be good for forty centuries more.

All Egypt has been shaken by terrible earthquakes, and cities have been prostrated or swallowed, but that pyramid has defied all volcanic paroxysms. It has looked upon some of the greatest battles ever fought since the world stood. Where are the men who constructed it. Their bodies gone to dust, and even the dust scattered. Even the sarcophagus in which the king's mummy may have slept is empty.

So men die, but their work lives on. We are all building pyramids, not to last four thousand years, but forty thousand, forty million, forty trillion, forty quadrillion, forty quintillion. For a while we wield the trowel or pound with the hammer, or measure with the yardstick, or write with the pen, or experiment with the scientific battery, or plan with the brain, and for a while the foot walks and the eye sees, and the ear hears, and the tongue speaks. All the good words or bad words we speak are spread out into one layer for a pyramid. All the kind deeds or malevolent deeds we do are spread out into another layer. All the Christian or un-Christian example we set is spread out in another layer. All the indirect influences of our lives are spread out in another layer. Then the time soon comes when we put down the implements of toil and pass away, but the pyramid stands.

The pyramid is a sign and a witness that big tombstones are not the best way of keeping one's self affectionately remembered. This pyr-

amid and the sixty-nine other pyramids still standing were built for sepulchres—all this great pile of granite and limestone by which we stand to-day, to cover the memory of a dead king. It was the great Westminster Abbey of the ancients. Some say that Cheops was the king who built this pyramid; but this is uncertain. Who was Cheops anyhow? All that the world knows about him could be told in a few sentences. The only thing certain is that he was bad, and that he shut up the temples of worship, and that he was hated so that the Egyptians were glad when he was dead.

This pyramid of rock seven hundred and forty feet each side of the square base, and four hundred and fifty feet high, wins for him no respect. If a bone of his arm or foot had been found in the sarcophagus beneath the pyramid, it would have excited no more veneration than the skeleton of a camel bleaching on the Libyan desert; yea, less veneration; for, when I saw a carcass of a camel by the roadside on the way to Memphis, I said to myself, "Poor thing! I wonder of what it died!" We say nothing against the marble and bronze of the Necropolis. Let all that sculpture and florescence and arborescence can do for the places of the dead be done, if means will allow it. But if, after one is dead, there is nothing left to remind the world of him but some pieces of stone, there is but little left.

While there seems to be no practical use for post mortem consideration later than the time of one's great-grandchildren, yet no one wants to be forgotten as soon as the obsequies are over. This pyramid, which Isaiah says is a sign and a witness, demonstrates that neither limestone nor red granite are competent to keep one affectionately remembered; neither can bronze, neither can Parian marble, neither can Aberdeen granite do the work. But there is something out of which to build an everlasting monument, and that will keep one freshly remembered four thousand years—yea, forever and ever. It does not stand in marble yards. It is not to be purchased at mourning stores. Yet it is to be found in every neighborhood, plenty of it, inexhaustible quantities of it. It is the greatest stuff in the universe to build monuments out of. I refer to the memories of those to whom we can do a kindness, the memories of those whose struggles we may alleviate, the memories of those whose souls we may save.

I said that the dominant color of the pyramid was gray, but in certain lights it seems to shake off the gray of centuries and become a

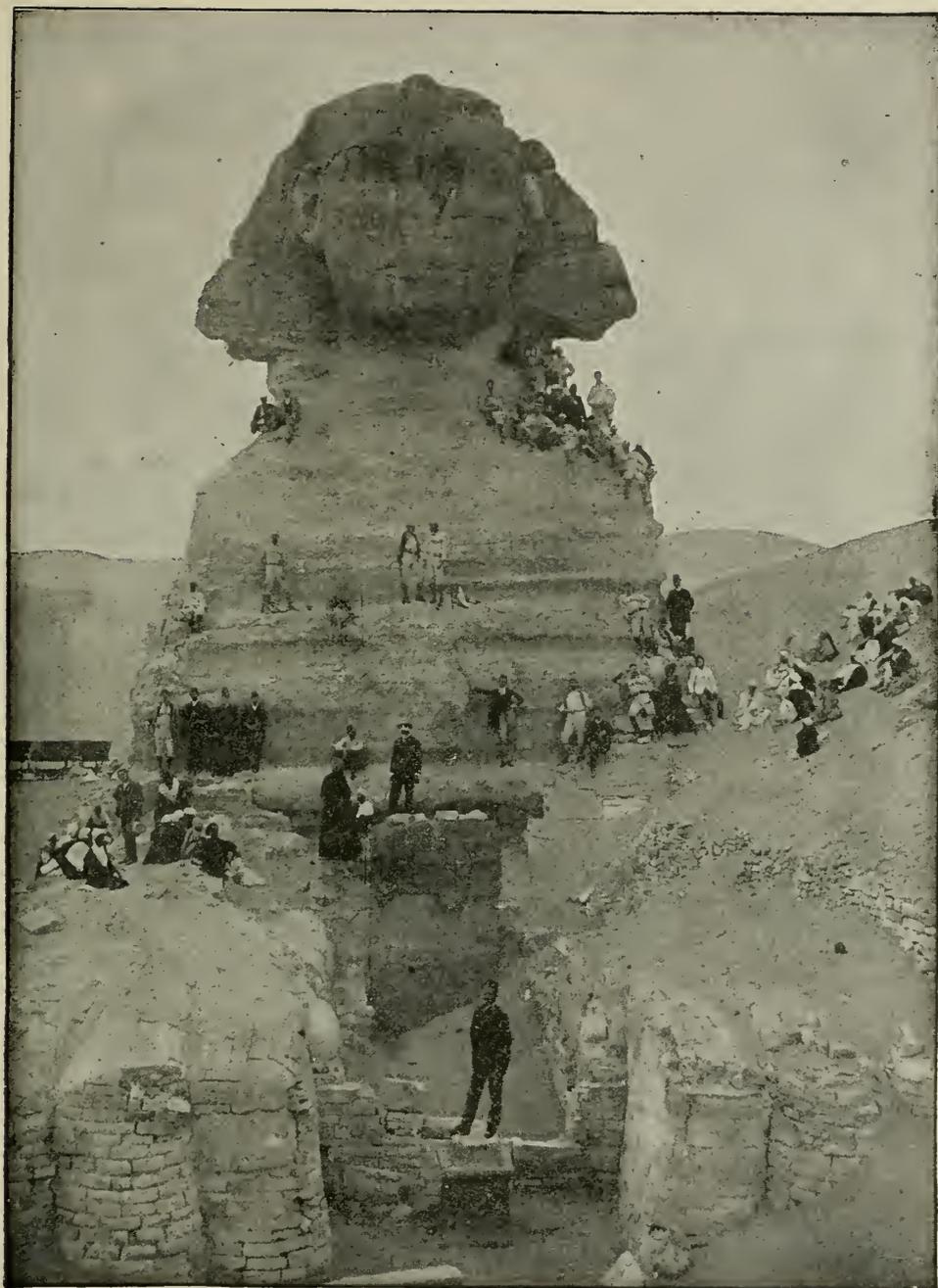


blond, and the silver turns to the golden. It covers thirteen acres of ground. What an antiquity! It was at least two thousand years old when the baby Christ was carried within sight of it by His fugitive parents, Joseph and Mary. The storms of forty centuries have drenched it, bombarded it, shadowed it, flashed upon it, but there it stands, ready to take another forty centuries of atmospheric attack if the world should continue to exist. The oldest buildings of the earth are juniors to this great senior of the centuries.

Herodotus says that for ten years preparations were being made for the building of this pyramid. It has eighty-two million one hundred and eleven thousand cubic feet of masonry. One hundred thousand workman at one time toiled in its erection. To bring the stone from the quarries a causeway sixty feet wide was built. The top stones were lifted by machinery such as the world knows nothing of to-day. It is seven hundred and forty-six feet each side of the square base. The structure is four hundred and fifty feet high; higher than the cathedrals of Cologne, Strasburg, Rouen, St. Peter's, and St. Paul's. No surprise to me that it was put at the head of the seven wonders of the world. It has a subterraneous room of red granite called the "king's chamber," and another room called the "queen's chamber," and the probability is that there are other rooms yet unexplored.

The evident design of the architect was to make these rooms as inaccessible as possible. After all the work of exploration and all the digging and blasting, if you would enter these subterraneous rooms, you must go through a passage only three feet eleven inches high and less than four feet wide. A sarcophagus of red granite stands down under the mountain of masonry. The sarcophagus could not have been carried in after the pyramid was built. It must have been put there before the structure was reared. Probably in that sarcophagus once lay a wooden coffin containing a dead king, but time has destroyed the coffin and destroyed the last vestige of human remains.

For three thousand years this sepulchral room was unopened, and would have been until to-day probably unopened had not a superstitious impression got abroad that the heart of the pyramid was filled with silver and gold and diamonds, and under Al Mamoun an excavating party went to work, and having bored and blasted through a hundred feet of rock, they found no opening ahead, and were about to give up the attempt when the workmen heard a stone roll down into a seem-



THE VOICELESS WONDER.

ingly hollow place, and encouraged by that they resumed their work and came into the underground rooms.

The disappointment of the workmen in finding the sarcophagus empty of all silver and gold and precious stones was so great that they would have assassinated Al Mamoun, who employed them, had he not hid in another part of the pyramid as much silver and gold as would pay them for their work at ordinary rates of wages and induced them there to dig till they to their surprise came upon adequate compensation.

I wonder not that this mountain of limestone and red granite has been the fascination of scholars, of scientists, of intelligent Christians in all ages. Sir John Herschel, the astronomer, said he thought it had astronomical significance. The wise men who accompanied Napoleon's army into Egypt went into profound study of the pyramid. In 1865 Professor Smyth and his wife lived in the empty tombs near by the pyramid that they might be as continuously as possible close to the pyramid which they were investigating. The pyramid, built more than four thousand years ago, being a complete geometrical figure, wise men have concluded it must have been divinely constructed. Men came through thousands of years to fine architecture, to music, to painting, but this was perfect at the world's start, and God must have directed it.

A VOICE FROM THE AGES.

As, in Egypt that December afternoon, 1889, exhausted in body, mind and soul, we mounted to return to Cairo, we took our last look of the pyramid at Gizeh. And you know there is something in the air toward evening that seems productive of solemn and tender emotion, and that great pyramid seemed to be humanized, and with lips of stone it seemed to speak and cry out :

“Hear me, man, mortal and immortal! My voice is the voice of God. He designed me. Isaiah said I would be a sign and a witness. I saw Moses when he was a lad. I witnessed the long procession of the Israelites as they started to cross the Red Sea, and Pharaoh's host in pursuit of them. The falcons and the eagles of many centuries have brushed my brow. I stood here when Cleopatra's barge landed with her sorceries, and Hypatia for her virtues was slain in yonder streets. Alexander the Great, Seostris and Ptolemy admired my proportions. Herodotus and Pliny sounded my praise. I am old, I am very old. For thousands of years I have watched the coming and

going of generations. They tarry only a little while, but they **make** everlasting impression. I bear on my side the mark of the trowel and chisel of those who more than four thousand years ago expired. Beware what you do, O man! for what thou dost will last long after thou art dead! If thou wouldst be affectionately remembered after thou art gone, trust not to any earthly commemoration. I have not one word to say about any astronomer who studied the heavens from my heights, or any king who was sepulchred in my bosom. I am slowly passing away. I am a dying pyramid. I shall yet lie down in the dust of the plain, and the sands of the desert shall cover me, or when the earth goes I will go. But you are immortal. The feet with which you climbed my sides to-day will turn to dust, but you have a soul that will outlast me and all my brotherhood of pyramids. Live for eternity! Live for God! With the shadows of the evening now falling from my side, I pronounce upon you a benediction. Take it with you across the Mediterranean. Take it with you across the Atlantic. God only is great! Let all the earth keep silence before Him. Amen!"

And then the lips of granite hushed, and the great giant of masonry wrapped himself again in the silence of ages, and as I rode away in the gathering twilight, the verse ran through my mind:

Wondrous Egypt! Laud of ancient pomp and pride,
 Where Beauty walks by hoary Ruin's side,
 Where plenty reigns and still the seasons smile,
 And rolls—rich gift of God—exhaustless Nile.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

IN almost every house the articles of furniture take a living personality. That picture—a stranger would not see anything remarkable either in its design or execution, but—it is more to you than all the pictures of the Louvre and the Luxembourg. You remember who bought it, and who admired it. And that hymn book—you remember who sang out of it. And that cradle—you remember who rocked it. And that Bible—you remember who read out of it. And that bed—you remember who slept in it. And that room—you remember who died in it. But there is nothing in all your house so eloquent and so mighty voiced as the vacant chair. Millions have gazed and wept at John Quincy Adams' vacant chair in the House of Representatives, and at Wilson's vacant chair in the vice-presidency, and at Henry Clay's vacant chair in the American senate, and at Prince Albert's vacant chair in Windsor Castle, and at Thiers' vacant chair in the councils of the French nation. But all these chairs are unimportant to you as compared with the vacant chairs in your own household. Have these chairs any lesson for us to learn? Are we any better men and women than when they first addressed us?

THE FATHER'S CHAIR.

First I point out to you the father's vacant chair. Old men always like to sit in the same place and in the same chair. They somehow feel more at home, and some times when you are in their place and they come into the room you jump up suddenly and say, "Here, father, here's your chair." The probability is it is an armchair, for he is not so strong as he once was, and he needs a little upholding. Perhaps a cane chair and old-fashioned apparel, for though you may

have suggested some improvement, father does not want any of your nonsense. Grandfather never had much admiration for new fangled notions.

I sat at the table of one of my parishioners in a former congregation; an aged man was at the table, and the son was presiding. The father somewhat abruptly addressed the son and said, "My son, don't try now to show off because the minister is here!" Your father never liked any new customs or manners, he preferred the old way of doing things, and he never looked so happy as when with his eyes closed, he sat in the armchair in the corner. From the wrinkled brow to the tip of the slippers, what placidity! The wave of the past years of his life broke at the foot of that chair. Perhaps sometimes he was a little impatient, and sometimes told the same story twice,—but over that old chair how many blessed memories hover! I hope you did not crowd that old chair, and that it did not get very much in the way.

Sometimes the old man's chair gets very much in the way, especially if he has been so unwise as to make over all his property to his children, with the understanding that they are to take care of him. I have seen in such cases children crowd the old man's chair to the door, and then crowd it clear into the street, and then crowd it into the poor house, and keep on crowding it until the old man fell out of it into his grave.

But *your* father's chair was a sacred place. The children used to climb up on the rungs of it for a good-night kiss, and the longer he stayed the better you liked it. But that chair has been vacant now for some time. The furniture dealer would not give you fifty cents for it, but it is a throne of influence in your domestic circle. I saw in the French palace, and in the throne room, the chair that Napoleon used to occupy. It was a beautiful chair, but the most significant part of it was the letter "N" embroidered into the back of the chair in purple and gold. And your father's old chair sits in the throne room of your heart, and your affections have embroidered into the back of that old chair in purple and gold the letter "F." Have all the prayers of that old chair been answered? Have all the counsels of that old chair been practiced? Speak out, old armchair!

History tells us of an old man whose three sons were victors in the Olympic games, and when they came back these three sons, with their garlands, put them on the father's brow, and the old man was so

rejoiced at the victories of his three children that he fell dead in their arms. And are you, oh man, going to bring a wreath of joy and Christian usefulness and put it on your father's brow, or on the vacant chair, or on the memory of the one departed?

THE MOTHER'S CHAIR.

I go a little further on in your house and I find the mother's chair. It is very apt to be a rocking chair. She had so many cares and troubles to soothe that it must have rockers. I remember it well; it was an old chair, and the rockers were almost worn out, for I was the youngest, and the chair had rocked the whole family. It made a creaking noise as it moved; but there was music in the sound. It was just high enough to allow us children to put our heads into her lap. That was the bank where we deposited all our hurts and worries. Ah! what a chair that was. It was different from the father's chair; it was entirely different. You ask me how? I cannot tell; but we all felt that it was different. Perhaps there was about this chair more gentleness, more tenderness, more grief when we had done wrong. When we were wayward father scolded, but mother cried. It was a very wakeful chair. In the sick days of children other chairs could not keep awake; that chair always kept awake—kept easily awake. The chair knew all the old lullabies and all those wordless songs which mothers sing to their sick children—songs in which all pity and compassion and sympathetic influence are combined.

That old chair has stopped rocking for a good many years. It may be set up in the loft or the garret, but it holds a queenly power yet. When at midnight you went into that grog shop to get the intoxicating draught, did you not hear a voice that said, "My son, why go in there?" And louder than the boisterous encore of the place of sinful amusement, a voice saying, "My son, what do you do here?" And when you went into the house of abandonment, a voice saying, "What would your mother do if she knew you were here?" And you were provoked with yourself, and you charged yourself with superstition and fanaticism, and your head got hot with your own thoughts, and you went home and you went to bed, and no sooner had you touched the bed than a voice said: "What! a prayerless pillow? Man! what is the matter?" This. You are too near your mother's rocking chair. "Oh, phsaw!" you say. "There's nothing in that. I'm five hundred

miles off from where I was born. I'm three hundred miles off from the church whose bell was the first music I ever heard." I cannot help that. You are too near your mother's rocking chair. "Oh," you say, "there can't be anything in that. That chair has been vacant a great while." I cannot help that. It is all the mightier for that. It is omnipotent, that vacant mother's chair. It whispers, it speaks, it weeps, it carols, it mourns, it prays, it warns, it thunders. A young man went off and broke his mother's heart, and while he was away from home his mother died, and the telegraph brought the son. He came into the room where she lay and looked upon her face, and he cried out: "Oh, mother, mother, what your life could not do your death shall effect! This moment I give my heart to God." And he kept his promise. Another victory for the vacant chair.

THE INVALID'S CHAIR.

I go on a little further, and I come to the invalid's chair. What! How long have you been sick? "Oh, I have been sick ten, twenty, thirty years." Is it possible? What a story of endurance. There are in many of the families of my congregation these invalid's chairs. The occupants of them think they are doing no good in the world, but that invalid's chair is the mighty pulpit from which all these years they have been preaching trust in God. The first time I preached at Lakeside, Ohio, amid the throngs present, there was nothing that so much impressed me as the spectacle of just one face—the face of an invalid who was wheeled in on her chair. I said to her afterward: "Madam, how long have you been prostrated?" for she was lying flat in the chair. "Oh! she replied, "I have been this way fifteen years." I said, "Do you suffer very much?" "Oh, yes," she said, "I suffer very much; I suffer all the time; part of the time I was blind. I always suffer." "Well," I said, "can you keep your courage up?" "Oh, yes," she said, "I am happy, very happy indeed." Her face showed it. She looked the happiest of any one on the ground.

Oh, what a means of grace to the world, the invalid chairs. On that field of human suffering the grace of God gets its victory. Edward Payson, the invalid, and Richard Baxter, the invalid, and Robert Hall, the invalid, and the ten thousand of whom the world has never heard, but of whom all heaven is cognizant. The most conspicuous thing on earth for God's eye and the eye of angels to rest

on, is not a throne of earthly power, but it is the invalid's chair. Oh, these men and women who are always suffering, but never complaining—these victims of spinal disease, and neuralgic torture, and rheumatic excruciation will answer to the roll call of the martyrs, and rise to the martyr's throne, and will wave the martyr's palm.

But when one of these invalid chairs becomes vacant how suggestive it is? No more bolstering up of the weary head. No more changing from side to side to get an easy position. No more use of the bandage and the cataplasm and the prescription. That invalid chair may be folded up or taken apart, or set away, but it will never lose its queenly power, it will always preach of trust in God and cheerful submission. Suffering all ended now. The joy of heaven has taken its place.

THE CHILD'S CHAIR.

I pass on and find one more vacant chair. It is a high-chair. It is the child's chair. If that chair be occupied I think it is the most potent chair in all the household. All the chairs wait on it; all the chairs are turned toward it. That is a strange house that can be dull with a child in it. How that child breaks up the hard worldliness of the place and keeps you young to sixty, seventy and eighty years of age. If you have no child of your own, adopt one; it will open heaven to your soul. It will pay its way. Its crowing in the morning will give the day a cheerful starting, and its glee at night will give the day a cheerful close. You do not like children? Then you had better stay out of heaven, for there are so many of them there they would fairly make you crazy. Only about five hundred millions of them. The old crusty Pharisees told the mothers to keep the children away from Christ. "You bother Him," they said: "you trouble the Master." Trouble Him! He has filled heaven with that kind of trouble.

A pioneer in California says that for the first year or two after his residence in Sierra Nevada county there was not a single child in all the reach of a hundred miles. But the Fourth of July came, and the miners were gathered together and they were celebrating the Fourth with oration and poem and a boisterous brass band. While the band was playing an infant's voice was heard crying, and all the miners were startled, and the swarthy men began to think of their

homes on the eastern coast, and of their wives and children far away, and their hearts were thrilled with home-sickness as they heard the babe cry. But the music went on, and the child cried louder and louder, and the brass band played louder and louder, trying to drown out the infantile interruption, when a swarthy miner, the tears rolling down his face, got up and shook his fist and said, "Stop that noisy band, and give the baby a chance." Oh, there was pathos as well as good cheer in it. There is nothing to arouse and melt and subdue the soul like a child's voice. But when it goes away from you the high-chair becomes a higher chair and there is desolation all about you.

In three-fourths of the homes of my congregation there is a vacant high-chair. Somehow you never get over it. There is no one to put to bed at night; no one to ask strange questions about God and heaven. Oh, what is the use of that high-chair? It is to call you higher. What a drawing upward it is to have children in heaven! And then it is such a preventive against sin. If a father is going away



GOD'S ACRE.

into sin he leaves his living children with their mother; but if a father is going away into sin what is he going to do with his dead children floating about him and hovering over his every wayward step. Oh, speak out, vacant high chair, and say: "Father, come back from sin; mother, come back from worldliness. I am watching you. I am waiting for you.

NO VACANT CHAIRS IN HEAVEN.

I thank God there will be no vacant chairs in heaven. There we shall meet again and talk over our earthly heart-breaks. How much you have been through since you saw them last! On the shining shore you will talk it all over. The heart-aches. The loneliness. The sleepless nights. The weeping until you had no more power to weep, because the heart was withered and dried up. Story of empty cradle and a little shoe only half worn out never to be worn again, just the shape of the foot that once pressed it. And dreams when you thought the departed had come back again, and the room seemed bright with their faces, and you started up to greet them, and in the effort the dream broke and you found yourself standing in the midnight—alone.

Talking it all over, and then, hand in hand, walking up and down in the light. No sorrow, no tears, no death. Oh, heaven! beautiful heaven! Heaven where our friends are. Heaven where we expect to be. In the east they take a cage of birds and bring it to the tomb of the dead, and then they open the door of the cage, and the birds flying out, sing. And I would to-day bring a cage of Christian consolations to the grave of your loved ones, and I would open the door and let them fill all the air with the music of their voices.

Oh, how they bound in these spirits before the throne! Some shout with gladness. Some break forth into uncontrollable weeping for joy. Some stand speechless in their shock of delight. They sing. They quiver with excessive gladness. They gaze on the temples, on the palaces, on the waters, on each other. They weave their joy into garlands, they spring it into triumphal arches, they strike it on timbrels, and then all the loved ones gather in a great circle around the throne of God—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, sons and daughters, lovers and friends, hand to hand around the throne of God—the circle ever widening—hand to hand, joy to joy, jubilee to jubilee, victory to victory, “until the day break and the shadows flee away. Turn thou my beloved, and be like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bethel.”

THE PILLAR OF THE THRONE.

The day will arrive when all the great Christian expeditions shall come back in the presence of many worlds. Not only the leaders but

the led, not only the commanders but the commanded, not only the celebrated but the obscure, shall get celestial and divine recognition.

As Christ, amid the *eclat* of heaven, introduces his friends, He will say: "This is the woman that gave a cup of cool water to the thirsty traveller; this is the child that read the Scriptures to her blind mother; this is the nurse that rocked the sick child's cradle; this is the female clerk of the store who patiently endured the insolence of customers; this is the mother who brought up her children for God; this is the man who forsook not his religion amid the ridicule of the hat-factory; this is the fireman who fell dead in trying to get a child out of the third story of a burning building; this is the sailor of the Franklin search party who, kneeling in the Artic storm, prayed that his sin might be made whiter than snow."

And then Christ, waving his hand over "a great multitude that no man can number," will say, "They were cold, they were sick, they were poor, they were despised, they were wronged, they came out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." That day will be the ratification of everything, and those who expected to take back seats in heaven will be called to take front seats, and those who would have been satisfied to occupy a footstool will be awarded a throne, and those who had no ambition except to get inside the shining gates will be made rulers over many cities.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

THE Island of Malta, the Melita of Scripture, which has always been an important commercial center, belonging at different times to Phœnicia, to Greece, to Rome, to Arabia, to Spain, to France, now belongs to England. The area of the island is about 100 square miles. It is in the Mediterranean sea, and of such clarity of atmosphere that Mount Etna, one hundred and thirty miles away can be distinctly seen. The island is gloriously memorable because the Knights of Malta for a long while ruled there, but is most famous because of the apostolic shipwreck.

The bestormed vessel on which Paul sailed had "laid to" on the starboard tack, and the wind was blowing east-northeast and the vessel drifting probably a mile and a half an hour, ere she struck at what is now called St. Paul's bay. Practical sailors have taken up the Bible account and decided beyond controversy the place of the shipwreck. But the island which has so rough a coast is for the most part a garden. Richest fruits and a profusion of honey characterized it in Paul's time as well as now. The finest oranges, figs and olives grow there. When Paul and his comrades crawled up on the beach, saturated with the salt water, hungry from long abstinence from food, and chilled to the bone, the islanders,—though called barbarians because they could not speak Greek,—opened their doors to the shipwrecked unfortunates.

Everything had gone to the bottom of the deep, and the barefooted, bareheaded apostle and ship's crew were in a condition to appreciate hospitality. I found about twenty-five such men a few seasons ago in the life station near Easthampton, Long Island. They had got ashore in the night from the sea, and not a hat nor shoe had they left.

They found out, as Paul and his fellow voyagers found out, that the sea is the roughest of all robbers.

The shipwrecked crew found themselves thus ashore on Malta, and around a hot fire drying themselves, and with the best provision the islanders could offer them. And they went into government quarters for three days to recuperate, Publius, the ruler, inviting them, although he had severe sickness in the house at that time. For three months they staid on the island, watching for a ship and putting the hospitality of the islanders to a severe test. But these "barbarians" endured the test satisfactorily, and it is recorded for all the ages of time and eternity to read and hear in regard to the inhabitants of Malta, "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

KINDNESS DEFINED.

Kindness! What a great word that is. It would take a reed as long as that which the apocalyptic angel used to measure heaven to tell the length, the breadth, the height of that munificent word. It is a favorite Bible word, and it is early launched in the book of Genesis, caught up in the book of Joshua, embraced in the book of Ruth, sworn by in the book of Samuel, crowned in the book of Psalms, and enthroned in many places in the New Testament. Kindness! A word no more gentle than mighty. I expect it will wrestle me down before I get through with it. It is strong enough to throw an archangel. But it will be well for us to stand around it and warm ourselves by its glow as Paul and his fellow voyagers stood around the fire on the Island of Malta, where the Maltese made themselves immortal by the way they treated these victims of the sea.

Kindness! All definitions of that multipotent word break down half way. You say it is clemency, benignity, generosity; it is made up of good wishes, it is an expression of beneficence, it is a contribution to the happiness of others. Some one else says: "Why, I can give you a definition of kindness. It is sunshine of the soul; it is affection perennial, it is a crowning grace, it is the combination of all graces; it is compassion; it is the perfection of gentlemanliness and womanliness." Are you all through? You have made a dead failure in your definition. It cannot be defined. But we all know what it is, and we have all felt its power. Some of you may have felt it as Paul felt it, on some coast of rock as the ship went to pieces, but more of us have

again and again in in some awful stress of life had either from earth or heaven hands stretched out, which "showed us no little kindness."

THE QUALITY OF KINDNESS.

There is kindness of disposition, kindness of word, kindness of act, and there is Jesus Christ, the impersonation of all of them. Kindness! You cannot affect it, you cannot play it as a part, you cannot enact it, you cannot dramatize it. By the grace of God, you must have it inside you, an everlasting summer, or rather a combination of June and October, the geniality of one and the tonic of the other. It cannot dwell with arrogance or spite or revenge or malevolence. At its first appearance in the soul all these Amalekites and Gergishites and Hittites and Jebusites must quit, and quit forever.

Kindness wishes everybody well—every man well, every woman well, every child well, every bird well, every horse well, every dog well, every cat well. Give this spirit full swing and you would have no more need of societies for prevention of cruelty to animals, no more need of protective sewing woman's associations, and it would dull every sword until it would not cut skin deep, and unwheel every battery until it could not roll, and make gunpowder of no more use in the world except for rock blasting or pyrotechnic celebration.

Kindness is a spirit divinely implanted, and in answer to prayer, and then to be sedulously cultivated until it fills all the nature with a perfume richer and more pungent than mignonette. If you put a tuft of that aromatic beauty behind the clock on the mantel, or in some corner where nobody can see it, you find people walking about your room looking this way and that, and you ask them, "What are you looking for?" and they answer, "Where is that flower?" So if one has in his soul this infinite sweetness of disposition, its perfume will overwhelm every thing.

THE NOBLEST REVENGE.

I do not want to leave this world until I have taken vengeance upon every man that ever did me a wrong, by doing him a kindness. In most of such cases I have already succeeded, but there are a few malignants whom I am yet pursuing, and I shall not be content until I have in some wise helped them or benefited them or blessed them. Let us pray for this spirit of kindness. It will settle a thousand

questions. It will change the phase of everything. It will mellow through and through our entire nature. It will transform a lifetime. It is not a feeling gotten up for occasions, but perennial.

That is the reason I like petunias better than morning-glories. They look very much alike, and if I should put in your hand a petunia and a morning-glory you could hardly tell which is the petunia and which the morning-glory; but the morning-glory blooms only a few hours and then shuts up for the day, while the petunia, is in as wide-spread a glow at twelve o'clock at noon and six o'clock in the evening as at sunrise. And this grace of kindness is not spasmodic, is not intermittent, is not for a little while, but it irradiates the whole nature all through and clear on till the sunset of our earthly existence.

KINDNESS THROUGH CULTURE.

Kindness! I am resolved to get it. Are you resolved to get it? It does not come by haphazard, but through culture under divine help. Thistles grow without culture. Rocky mountain sage grass grows without culture. Mullen stalks grow without culture. But that great red rose in the conservatory, with leaves packed on leaves, deep dyed as though it had been obliged to fight for its beauty and it were still reeking with the carnage of the battle—that rose needed to be cultured and through long years its floral ancestors were cultured. O God, implant kindness in all our souls, and then give us grace to watch it, to enrich it, to develop it!

The king of Prussia had presented to him by the empress of Russia the root of a rare flower, and it was put in the royal gardens on an island where the head gardener, Herr Fintelmann, was told to watch it, and one day it put forth its glory. Three days of every week the people were admitted to these gardens, and a young man, probably not realizing what a wrong thing he was doing, plucked this flower and put it in his buttonhole. The gardener arrested him as he was crossing at the ferry, and asked the king to throw open no more his gardens to the public. The king replied: "Shall I deny to the thousands of good people of my country the privilege of seeing this garden because one visitor has done wrong? No, let them come and see the beautiful grounds."

And when the gardener wished to give the king the name of the offender who had taken the royal flower, he said: "No, my memory is



ADMIRING THE BEAUTIFUL.

very tenacious, and I do not want to have in my mind the name of the offender, lest it should hinder me granting him a favor some other time." Now, I want you to know that kindness is a royal flower, and, blessed be God, the King of mercy and grace, it is ordained that, through a divine gift and not by purloining, we may pluck this royal flower, which we wear not on the outside of our nature, but wear it in our soul and wear it forever, its radiance and aroma not more wonderful for time than wonderful for eternity.

KINDNESS IN SPEECH.

When you meet any one, do you say a pleasant thing or an unpleasant? Do you tell him of agreeable things you have heard about him, or the disagreeable? When he leaves you does he feel better or does he feel worse? Oh, the power of the tongue for the production of happiness or misery! One would think from the way the tongue is caged in we might take the hint that it has a dangerous power. First it is chained to the back part of the mouth by strong muscle. Then it is surrounded by the teeth of the lower jaw, so many ivory bars; and then by the teeth of the upper jaw, more ivory bars. Then outside of all are the two lips, with the power of compression and arrest. Yet notwithstanding these four imprisonments, or limitations, how many take no hint in regard to the dangerous power of the tongue, and the results are laceration, scarification and damnation.

There are those who, if they know a good thing about you and a bad thing, will mention the bad thing and act as though they had never heard the good thing. Now, there are two sides to almost every one's character, and we have the choice of overhauling the virtue or the vice. We can greet Paul and the ship's crew as they come up the beach of Malta with the words: "What a sorry looking set you are! How little of navigation you must know to run on these rocks! Didn't you know better than to put out on the Mediterranean this wintry month! It was not much of a ship anyhow, or it would not have gone to pieces so soon as this. Well, what do you want? We have hard enough work to make a living for ourselves without having thrust on us two hundred and seventy six ragamuffins."

Not so said the Maltese. I think they said: "Come in! Sit down by the fire and warm yourselves! Glad that you all got off with your lives. Make yourselves at home. You are welcome to all we have



CHARITY.

until some ship comes in sight and you resume your voyage. Here, let me put a bandage on your forehead, for that is an ugly gash you got from the floating timbers, and here is a man with a broken arm. We will have a doctor come to attend to this fracture." And though for three months the kindness went on, we have but little more than this brief record, "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

OPTIMIST AND PESSIMIST.

Oh, say the cordial thing! Say the useful thing! Say the hospitable thing! Say the helpful thing! Say the Christian thing! Say the kind thing!—I admit this is easier for some temperaments than for others. Some are born pessimists, and some are born optimists, and that demonstrates itself all through everything. It is a cloudy morning. You meet a pessimist and you say, "What weather to-day?" He answers, "It's going to storm," and umbrella under arm and a waterproof overcoat show that he is honest in that utterance. On the same block, a minute after, you meet an optimist, and you say: "What weather to-day?" "Good weather; this is only a fog and will soon scatter." The absence of umbrella and absence of waterproof overcoat show it is an honest utterance.

On your way at noon to luncheon you meet an optimistic merchant, and you say, "What do you think of the commercial prospects?" and he says: "Glorious. Great crops must bring great business. We are going to have such an autumn and winter of prosperity as we have never seen." On your way back to your store you meet a pessimistic merchant. "What do you think of the commercial prospects?" you ask. And he answers: "Well, I don't know. So much grain will surfeit the country. Farmers have more bushels but less prices, and grain gamblers will get their fist in. There is the high tariff bill; and the hay crop is short in some places; and in the southern part of Wisconsin they had a hailstorm, and our business is as dull as it ever was."

You will find the same difference in judgment of character. A man of good reputation is assailed and charged with some evil deed. At the first story the pessimist will believe in guilt. "The papers said so, and that's enough. Down with him!" The optimist will say: "I don't believe a word of it. I don't think that a man that has been as useful and seemingly honest for twenty years could have got off the track like

that. There are two sides to this story, and I will wait to hear the other side before I condemn him."

My reader, if you are by nature a pessimist, make a special effort by the grace of God to extirpate the dolorous and the hypercritical from your disposition. Believe nothing against anybody until the wrong is established by at least two witnesses of integrity. And if guilt be proved, find out the extenuating circumstances if there are any. By pen, by voice, in public and in private, say all the good about people you can think of, and if there be nothing good, then tighten the chain of muscle on the back end of your tongue and keep the ivory bars of teeth on the lower jaw and the ivory bars of the upper jaw locked, and the gate of your lips tightly closed and your tongue shut up.

What glorious places our cities wou'd be to live in, if charity dominated! What if all the young and old gossipers were dead. The Lord hasten their funerals! What if tittle tattle and whispering were out of fashion! What if, in ciphering out the value of other people's character in our moral arithmetic, we stuck to addition instead of subtraction! Kindness! Let us, morning, noon and night, pray for it until we get it. When you can speak a good word for some one, speak it. If you can conscientiously give a letter of commendation, give it. Watch for opportunities for doing good fifty years after you are dead.

KINDNESS OF ACTION.

Furthermore, there is kindness of action. That is what Joseph showed to his outrageous brothers. That is what David showed to Mephibosheth for his father Jonathan's sake. That is what Onesiphorus showed to Paul in the Roman penitentiary. That is what William Cowper recognized when he said he would not trust a man who would with his foot needlessly crush a worm.

That is what our assassinated President Lincoln demonstrated when his private secretary found him in the Capitol grounds trying to get a bird back to the nest from which it had fallen, and which quality he exhibited years before, when, with some lawyers on the way to court, having passed on the road a swine fast in the mire, he said to the gentlemen, "I must go back and help that hog out of the mire." And he did go back, and put on solid ground that most uninteresting quadruped.

That was the spirit that was manifested by my departed friend, Alex-

ander H. Stephens, of Georgia, (and lovelier man never exchanged earth for heaven). A senator's wife, who told my wife of the circumstance, said to him, "Mr. Stephens, come and see my dead canary bird." He answered, "No, I could not look at the poor thing without crying."

That is the spirit that Grant showed when at the surrender at Appomattox he said to General Lee: "As many of your soldiers are farmers, and will need the horses and mules to raise the crops to keep their families from suffering next winter, let each Confederate who can claim a horse or mule take it along with him."

WHAT KINDNESS MIGHT ACCOMPLISH.

Suppose all this assemblage, and all to whom these words shall come by printer's type, should resolve to make kindness an overarching, undergirding, and all pervading principle of their life, and then carry out the resolution, why, in six months the whole earth would feel it. People would say:

"What is the matter? It seems to me that the world is getting to be a better place to live in. Life after all is worth living. Why, there is Shylock, my neighbor, has withdrawn his law-suit of foreclosure against that man, and because he has had so much sickness in his family, he is to have the house for one year rent free. There is an old lawyer in that young lawyer's office, and do you know what he has gone in there for? Why, he is helping fix up a case which is too big for the young man to handle, and the white-haired attorney is hunting up previous decisions and making out a brief for the boy.

"Down at the bank I heard yesterday that a bill was due, and the young merchant could not meet it, and an old merchant went in and got for him three months' extension, which for the young merchant is the difference between bankruptcy and success in business. And in our street is an artist who had a fine picture of the 'Rapids of Niagara,' and he could not sell it, and his family were suffering, and were themselves in the rapids, but a lady heard of this and said: 'I do not need the picture, but for the encouragement of art and to help you out of your distress, I will take it,' and on her drawing-room wall are the 'Rapids of Niagara.'

"Do you know that a strange thing has taken place. All the old ministers are helping the young ministers, and all the old doctors are

helping the young doctors, and the farmers are assisting each other in gathering the harvest, and for that farmer who is sick the neighbors have made a "bee" as they call it, and they have all turned in to help him get his crops into the garner?

"And they tell me that the older and more skillful reporters who have permanent positions on papers are helping the young fellows who are just beginning to try and don't know exactly how to do it. And after a few erasures and interpolations on the reporter's pad they say: 'Now here is a readable account of that tragedy. Hand it in and I am sure the managing editor will take it.' And I heard this morning of a poor old man whose three children were in hot debate as to who should take care of him in his declining days. The oldest son declared it was his right because he was the oldest, and the youngest son said it was his right because he was the youngest, and Mary said it was her right because she better understood father's vertigo and rheumatism and poor spells, and knew better how to nurse him, and the only way the difficulty could be settled was by the old man's promise that he would divide the year into three parts, and spend a third of his time with each one of them.

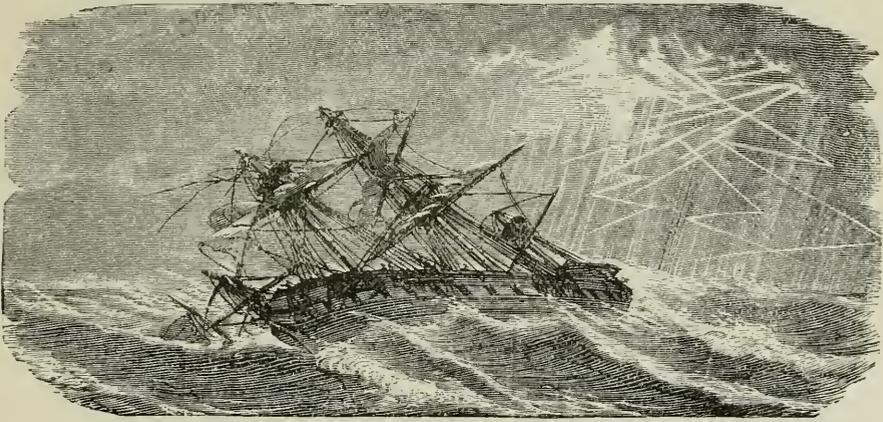
"And neighboring stores in the same line of goods on the same block are acting kindly to each other, and when one is a little short of a certain kind of goods, his neighbor says, 'I will help you until you can replenish your shelves.' It seems to me that the words of Isaiah are being fulfilled, where he says, 'The carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smooths with the hammer, him that smote the anvil, saying it is ready for the soldering.' What is the matter? It seems to me our old world is picking up. Why, the millennium must be coming in. Kindness has gotten the victory."

WHAT THE WINDS SAID.

Why should we not indeed inaugurate a new dispensation of geniality? If we cannot yet have a millennium on a large scale, let us have it on a small scale, and under our own vestments. You cannot fret the world up, although you may fret the world down. You cannot scold it into excellence or reformation or godliness.

The east wind and the west wind were one day talking with each other, and the east wind said to the west wind: "Don't you wish you had my power? Why, when I start they hail me by storm signals all

along the coast. I can twist off a ship's mast as easily as a cow's hoof cracks an alder. With one sweep of my wing I have strewn the coast from Newfoundland to Key West with parted ship-timber. I can lift and have lifted the Atlantic ocean. I am the terror of all invalidism, and to fight me back forests must be cut down for fires, and the mines of continents are called on to feed the furnaces. Under my breath the nations crouch into sepulchres. Don't you wish you had my power?" said the east wind.



IN THE STORM.

The west wind made no answer, but started on its mission, coming somewhere out of the rosy bowers of the sky, and all the rivers and lakes and seas smiled at its coming. The gardens bloomed, and the orchards ripened, and the wheat fields turned their silver into gold, and health clapped its hands, and joy shouted from the hilltops, and the nations lifted their foreheads into the light, and the earth had a doxology for the sky, and the sky an anthem for the earth, and the warmth, and the sparkle, and the gladness, and the foliage, and the flowers, and the fruits, and the beauty, and the life were the only answer the west wind made to the insolence of the east wind's interrogation.

EVERYDAY RELIGION.

WHEN the apostle sets forth the idea that so common an action as the taking of food and drink is to be conducted to the glory of God, he proclaims the importance of religion in the ordinary affairs of our life. In all ages of the world there has been a tendency to set apart certain days, places and occasions for worship, and to think those were the chief realms in which religion was to act. Now, holy days and holy places have their importance. They give opportunity for especial performance of Christian duty, and for regaling of the religious appetite; but they cannot take the place of continuous exercise of faith and prayer.

In other words, a man cannot be so much of a Christian on Sunday that he can afford to be a worldling all the rest of the week. If a steamer puts out for Southampton, and goes one day in that direction and the other six days in other directions, how long will it be before the steamer will get to Southampton? It will never get there. And though a man may seem to be voyaging heavenward during the holy Sabbath day, if, during the following six days of the week, he is going toward the world, and toward the flesh, and toward the devil, he will never ride up to the peaceful harbor of heaven.

You cannot eat so much at the Sabbath banquet that you can afford religious abstinence the other six days. Heroism and princely behavior on great occasions are no apology for lack of right demeanor in circumstances insignificant and inconspicuous. The genuine Christian life is not spasmodic; does not go by fits and starts. It toils on through heat and cold, up steep mountains and along dangerous declivities, its eye on the everlasting hills crowned with the castles of the blessed.

We want to bring the religion of Christ into our conversation. When a dam breaks and two or three villages are overwhelmed, or an earthquake in South America swallows a whole city, then people



THE WORLDLING.

begin to talk about the uncertainty of life, and they imagine they are engaged in positively religious conversation. No. You may talk about these things and have no grace of God at all in your heart. We ought

every day to be talking religion. If there is anything glad about it, any thing beautiful about it, anything important about it, we ought to be continuously discussing it.

I have noticed that men, just in proportion as their Christian experience is shallow, talk about funerals and graveyards and tombstones and deathbeds. The real, genuine Christian man talks chiefly about this life and the great eternity beyond, and not so much about the insignificant pass between these two residences. And yet how few circles there are where the religion of Jesus Christ is welcome. Go into a circle, even of Christian people, where they are full of joy and hilarity, and talk of Christ and heaven, and everything is immediately silenced.

As on a summer day, when the forests are full of life, chatter, chirrup and carol—a mighty chorus of bird harmony, every tree branch an orchestra—if a hawk appear in the sky every voice stops, and the forests are still; just so I have seen a lively religious circle silenced on the appearance of anything like religious conversation. No one has anything to say, save perhaps some old patriarch in the corner of the room, who really thinks that something ought to be said under the circumstances; so he puts one foot over the other, and heaves a long sigh and says, “Oh, yes; that’s so, that’s so!”

My friends, the religion of Jesus Christ is something to talk about with a glad heart. It is brighter than the waters; it is more cheerful than the sunshine. Do not go around groaning about your religion when you ought to be singing it or talking it in cheerful tones of voice. How often it is that we find men whose lives are utterly inconsistent, who attempt to talk religion, and always make a failure of it! My friends, we must live religion or we cannot talk it. If a man is cranky and cross and uncongenial and hard in his dealings, and then begins to talk about Christ and heaven, everybody is repelled by it.

Yet I have heard such men say in whining tones, “We are miserable sinners,” “The Lord bless you,” “The Lord have mercy on you,” their conversation interlarded with such expressions, which mean nothing but canting, and canting is the worst form of hypocrisy. If we have really felt the religion of Christ in our hearts let us talk it, and talk it with an illuminated countenance, remembering that when two Christian people talk, God gives especial attention and writes down what they say. “Then they that feared the Lord spake often

one to another : and the Lord harkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written."

We must bring the religion of Christ into our employments. "Oh," you say, "that is very well if a man handles large sums of money, or if he have an extensive traffic ; but in my thread and needle store, in my trimming establishment, in the humble work in life that I am called to, the sphere is too small for the action of such grand heavenly principles." Who told you so? Do you know that God watches the faded leaf on the brook's surface as certainly as he does the path of a blazing sun? And the moss that creeps up the side of the rock makes as much impression upon God's mind as the waving tops of Oregon pine and Lebanon cedar ; and the alder, cracking under the cow's hoof, sounds as loud in God's ear as the snap of a world's conflagration.

When you have anything to do in life, however humble it may seem to be, God is always there to help you do it. If your work is that of a fisherman, then God will help you, as he helped Simon when he dragged Gennesaret. If your work is drawing water, then he will help you, as when he talked at the well curb to the Samaritan woman. If you are engaged in the custom house he will lead you, as he led Matthew sitting at the receipt of customs. A religion that is not good in one place is not worth anything in another place. The man who has only a day's wages in his pocket, as certainly needs the guidance of religion as he who rattles the keys of a bank and could abscond with a hundred thousand hard dollars.

There are those prominent in the churches who seem to be, on public occasions, very devout, who do not put the principles of Christ's religion into practice. They are the most inexorable of creditors. They are the most grasping of dealers. They are known as sharpers on the street. They fleece every sheep they can catch. A country merchant comes in to buy spring or fall goods, and he gets into the store of one of these professed Christian men who have really no grace in their hearts, and he is completely swindled.

He is so overcome that he cannot get out of town during the week. He stays in town over Sunday, goes into some church to get Christian consolation, when what is his amazement to find that the very man who hands him the poor box in the church is the one who relieved him of his money ! But never mind ; the deacon has his black coat on now. He looks solemn, and goes home talking about "the

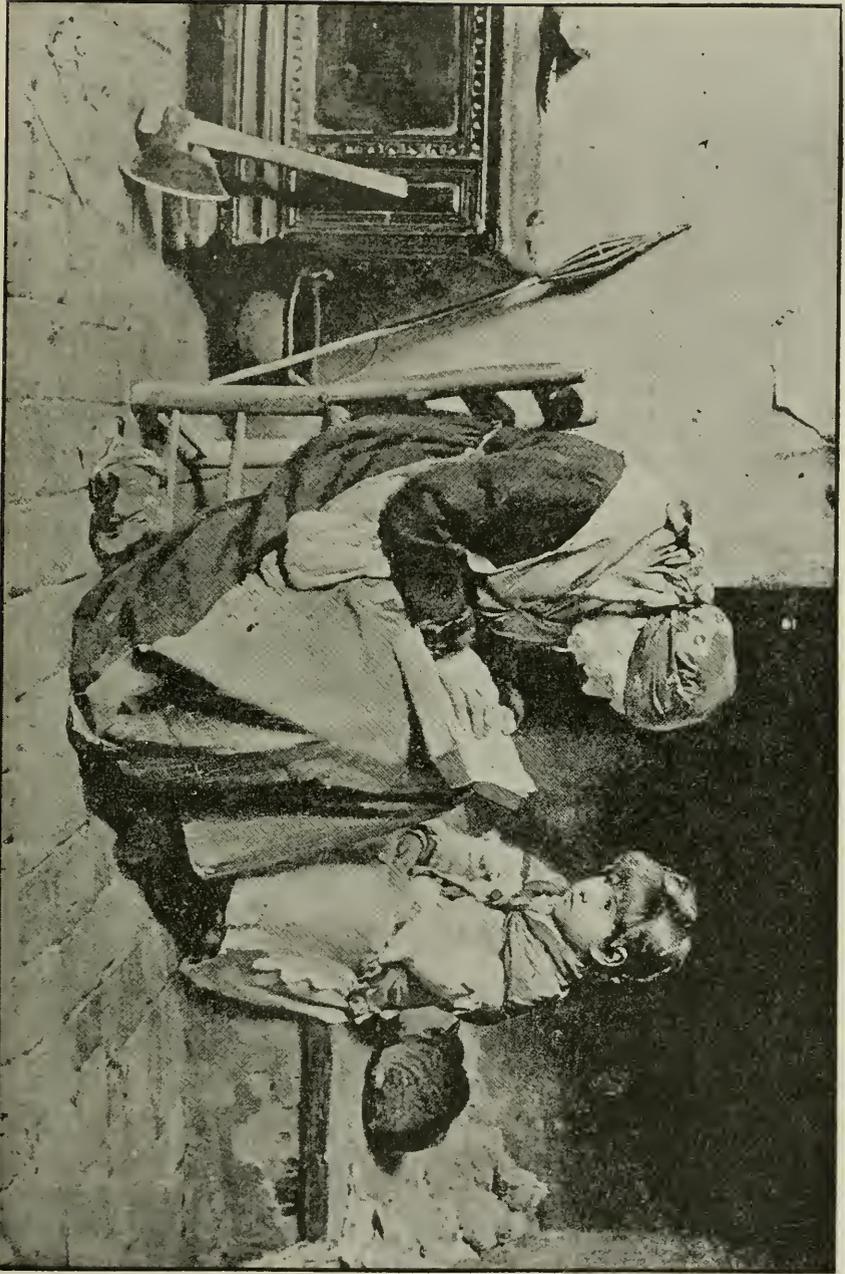
blessed sermon." If the wheat in the churches should be put into a hopper, the first turn of the crank would make the chaff fly.

Some of these men are great sticklers for Gospel preaching. They say: "You stand there in bands and surplice and gown, and preach—preach like an angel, and we will stand out here and attend to business. Don't mix things. Don't get business and religion in the same bucket. You attend to your matters and we will attend to ours." They do not know that God sees every cheat they have practiced in the last six years, that he can look through the iron wall of their fire proof safe, that he has counted every dishonest dollar they have in their pocket, and that a day of judgment will come. These inconsistent Christian men will sit on the Sabbath night in the house of God, singing at the close of the service, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," and then, when the benediction is pronounced, shut the pew door and say, as they go out, "Goodby, religion. I'll be back next Sunday."

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

There are many Christians who say: "We are willing to serve God, but we do not want to do it in these spheres about which we are talking, and it seems so insipid and monotonous. If we had some great occasion, if we had lived in the time of Luther, if we had been Paul's traveling companion, if we could serve God on a great scale, we would do it; but we can't in this everyday life." I admit that a great deal of the romance and knight-errantry of life have disappeared before the advance of this practical age.

The ancient temples of Rome have been changed into storehouses and smithies. The residences of poets and princes have been turned into brokers' shops. The classic mansion of Ashland has been cut up into walking sticks. The groves where the poets said the gods dwelt



OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

have been carted out for fire wood. The muses that we used to read about have disappeared before the emigrant's axe and the trapper's gun, and that man who is waiting for a life bewitched of wonders will never find it. There is, however, a field for endurance and great achievement, but it is in everyday life. There are Alps to scale, there are Hellespontos to swim, there are fires to brave ; but they are all around us now. This is the hardest kind of martyrdom to bear.

It took grace to lead Latimer and Ridley through the fire triumphantly when their armed enemies and their friends were looking on ; but it requires more grace now to bring men through persecution, when nobody is looking on. I could show you in this city a woman who has had rheumatism for twenty years, who has endured more suffering and exhausted more grace than would have made twenty martyrs pass triumphantly through the fire. If you are not faithful in an insignificant position in life you would not be faithful in a grand mission. If you cannot stand the bite of a midge, how could you endure the breath of a basilisk ?

Do not think that any work God gives you to do in the world is on too small a scale for you to do. The whole universe is not ashamed to take care of one little flower. I say : "What are you doing down here in the grass, you poor little flower? Are you not afraid nights? You will be neglected, you will die of thirst, you will not be fed. Poor little flower!" "No," says a star, "I'll watch over it to-night." "No," says a cloud, "I'll give it drink." "No," says the sun, "I'll warm it in my bosom." Then I see the pulleys going and the clouds are drawing water, and I say, "What are you doing there, O clouds?" And they reply "We are giving drink to *that flower.*"

Then the wind rises, and comes bending down the wheat and sounding its psalm through the forest, and I cry, "Whither away on such swift wing, O wind?" And it replies, "We are going to cool the cheek of that flower." And then I bow down and say, "Will God take care of the grass of the field?" and a flower at my foot responds, "Yes; he clothes the lilies of the field, and never yet has forgotten me, a poor flower." Oh, when I see the great heavens bending themselves to what seems insignificant ministration, when I find out that God does not forget any blossom of the spring or any snowflake of the winter, I come to the conclusion that we can afford to attend to the minute things in life, and that what we do we ought

to do well, since there is as much perfection in the construction of a spider's eye as in the conformation of flaming galaxies.

Plato had a fable which I have now nearly forgotten, but it ran something like this: He said spirits of the other world came back to this world to find a body and find a sphere of work. One spirit came and took the body of a king, and did his work. Another spirit came and took the body of a poet, and did his work. After awhile Ulysses came, and he said, "Why, all the fine bodies are taken, and all the grand work is taken. There is nothing left for me." And some one replied, "Ah! the best one has been left for you." Ulysses said, "What's that?" And the reply was, "The body of a common man doing a common work, and for a common reward." A good fable for the world, and just as good a fable for a church. Whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, let us do it to the glory of God.

Again, we need to bring the religion of Christ into our commonest trials. For severe losses, for bereavement, for trouble that shocks like an earthquake and that blasts like a storm, we prescribe religious consolation; but, business man, for the small annoyances of last week how much of the grace of God did you apply? "Oh," you say, "these trials are too small for such application." My brother, they are shaping your character, they are souring your temper, they are wearing out your patience, and they are making you less and less of a man.

I go into a sculptor's studio and see him shaping a statue. He has a chisel in one hand and a mallet in the other, and he gives a very gentle stroke—click, click, click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh!" he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after awhile the features come out and everybody that enters the studio is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal nature. It is click, click, click! I wonder why some great providence does not come and with one stroke prepare you for heaven. Ah, no. God says that is not the way.

And so he keeps on by strokes of little annoyances, little sorrows, little vexations, until at last you shall be a glad spectacle for angels and for men. You know that a large fortune may be spent in small change, and a vast amount of moral character may go away in small

depletion. It is the little troubles of life that are having more effect upon you than great ones. A swarm of locusts will kill a grain field sooner than the incursion of three or four cattle. You say, "Since I lost my child, since I lost my property, I have been a different man."

But you do not recognize the architecture of little annoyances that are hewing, digging, cutting, shaping, splitting and interjoining your moral qualities. Rats may sink a ship. One lucifer match may send destruction through a block of storehouses. Catherine de Medicis got her death from smelling a poisonous rose. Columbus, by stopping and asking for a piece of bread and a drink of water at a Franciscan convent, was led to the discovery of the new world. And there is an intimate connection between trifles and immensities, between nothings and everythings.

Now, be careful to let none of those annoyances go through your soul unarraigned. Compel them to administer to your spiritual wealth. The scratch of a six-penny nail sometimes produces lockjaw, and the clip of a most infinitesimal annoyance may damage you forever. Do not let any annoyance or perplexity come across your soul without its making you better.

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 they reach millions and millions of dollars. And I would have 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 at certain seasons. The only way to get prepared for the great troubles of life is to conquer these small troubles. What would you say of a soldier who refused to load his gun or to go into a conflict because it was only a skirmish, saying "I am not going to expend my ammunition on a skirmish; wait until there comes a general engagement, and then you will see how courageous I am, and what battling I will do?" The general would say to such a man, "If you

are not faithful in a skirmish, you would be nothing in a general engagement."

Again we must bring the religion of Christ into our commonest blessings. When the autumn comes, and the harvests are in, and the governors make proclamations, we assemble in churches, and we are very thankful. But every day ought to be a thanksgiving day. We do not recognize the common mercies of life. We have to see a blind man led by his dog before we begin to think ourselves of what a grand thing it is to have eyesight. We have to see some one afflicted with St. Vitus' dance before we are ready to thank God for the control of our physical energies. We have to see some wounded man hobbling on his crutch, or with his empty coat sleeve pinned up, before we learn to think what a grand thing God did for us when he gave us healthy use of our limbs.

We are so stupid that nothing but the misfortunes of others can rouse us up to our blessings. As the ox grazes in the pasture up to its eyes in the clover, yet never thinking who makes the clover, and as the bird picks up the worm from the furrow, not knowing that it is God who makes everything, from the animalcula in the sod to the seraph on the throne; so we go on eating, drinking and enjoying, but never or seldom thanking, or, if thanking at all, with only half a heart.

I compared our indifference to that of the brute; but perhaps I wronged the brute. I do not know but that, among its other instincts, it may have an instinct by which it recognizes the divine hand that feeds it. I do not know but that God is, through it, holding communication with what we call "irrational creation." The cow that stands under the willow by the water-course chewing its cud looks very thankful, and who can tell how much a bird means by its song? The aroma of the flowers smells like incense, and the mist arising from the river looks like the smoke of a morning sacrifice. Oh, that we were as responsive!

Yet who thanks God for the water that gushes up in the well, and that foams in the cascades, and that laughs over the rocks, and that patters in the showers, and that claps its hands in the sea? Who thanks God for the air, the fountain of life, the bridge of sunbeams, the path of sound, the great fan on a hot summer's day? Who thanks God for this wonderful physical organism, this sweep of the

vision, this chime of harmony struck into the ear, this soft tread of a myriad delights over the nervous tissues, this rolling of the crimson tide through artery and vein, this drumming of the heart on our march to immortality? We take all these things as a matter of course.

But suppose God withdrew these common blessings! This body would then become an inquisition of torture, the cloud would refuse rain, every green thing would crumple up, and the earth would crack open under your feet. The air would cease its healthy circulation, pestilence would swoop, and every house would become a place of skulls. Streams would first swim with vermin and then dry up, and thirst and hunger and anguish and despair would lift their scepters.

I was preaching one Thanksgiving Day and announced my text, "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever." I do not know whether there was any blessing on the sermon or not, but the text went straight to a young man's heart. He said to himself, as I read the text: "'Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good'—Why, I have never rendered him any thanks. Oh, what an ingrate I have been!" Can it be, my brother, that you have been fed by the good hand of God all these days, that you have had clothing and shelter and all beneficent surroundings, and yet have never offered your heart to God?

Oh, let a sense of the divine goodness shown you in the everyday blessings melt your heart; and if you have never before uttered one earnest note of thanksgiving, let this be the day which shall hear your song. Take this practical religion I have recommended into your everyday life. Make every day a Sabbath, and every meal a sacrament, and every room you enter a holy of holies. We all have work to do; let us be willing to do it. We all have sorrows to bear; let us cheerfully bear them. We all have battles to fight; let us courageously fight them. If you want to die right you must live right.

Negligence and indolence will win the hiss of everlasting scorn, while faithfulness will gather its garlands and wave its scepter and sit upon its throne long after this earth has put on ashes and eternal ages have begun their march. Our every step in life will then be a triumphal march, and the humblest footstool on which we are called to sit will be a conqueror's throne.



THERE WAS NO ROOM FOR THEM IN THE INN.

BORROWING TROUBLE.

THE life of every man, woman and child is as closely under the divine care as though such person were the only man, woman or child. There are no accidents. As there is a law of storms in the natural world, so there is a law of trouble, a law of disaster, a law of misfortune ; but the majority of the troubles of life are imaginary, and the most of those anticipated never come. At any rate, there is no cause of complaint against God. See how much He hath done to make thee happy ; His sunshine filling the earth with glory, making rainbow for the storm and halo for the mountain, greenness for the moss, saffron for the cloud and crystal for the billow, and procession of bannered flame through the opening gates of the morning, chaffinches to sing, rivers to glitter, seas to chant, and springs to blossom, and overpowering all other sounds with its song, and overarching all other splendor with its triumph, covering up all other beauty with its garlands and out-flashing all other thrones with its dominion—deliverance for a lost world through the Great Redeemer.

KEEP IN THE SUNSHINE.

I discourse of the sin of borrowing trouble. First, such a habit of mind and heart is wrong, because it puts one into a despondency that ill fits him for duty. I planted two rose bushes in my garden. The one thrived beautifully, the other perished. I found the dead one on the shady side of the house. Our dispositions, like our plants, need sunshine. Expectancy of repulse is the cause of many secular and religious failures. Fear of bankruptcy has upturned many a fine business and sent the man dodging among the note shavers. Fear of slander and abuse has often invited all the long beaked vultures of scorn and

backbiting. Many of the misfortunes of life, like hyenas, flee if you courageously meet them.

You will have nothing but misfortune in the future if you sedulously watch for it. How shall a man catch the right kind of fish if he arranges his line and hook and bait to catch lizards and water serpents? Hunt for bats and hawks, and bats and hawks you will find. Hunt for robin redbreasts and you will find robin redbreasts. One night an eagle and an owl got into a fierce battle; the eagle, unused to the night, was no match for an owl, which is most at home in the darkness, and the king of the air fell helpless; but the morning rose, and with it rose the eagle; and the owls and the night hawks and the bats came a second time to the combat; now, the eagle in the sunlight, with a stroke of his talons and a great cry, cleared the air, and his enemies, with torn feathers and splashed with blood, tumbled into the thickets. Ye are the children of light. In the night of despondency you will have no chance against your enemies that flock up from beneath, but trusting in God and standing in the sunshine of promise, you shall "renew your youth like the eagle."

ENJOY PRESENT BLESSINGS.

Again, the habit of borrowing trouble is wrong because it has a tendency to make us overlook present blessings. To slake man's thirst, the rock is cleft, and cool waters leap into his brimming cup. To feed his hunger, the fields bow down with bending wheat, and the cattle come down with full udders from the clover pastures to give him milk, and the orchards yellow and ripen, casting their juicy fruits into his lap. Alas! that amid such exuberance of blessing man should growl as though he were a soldier on half rations, or a sailor on short allowance; that a man should stand neck deep in harvests looking forward to famine; that one should feel the strong pulses of health marching with regular tread through all the avenues of life and yet tremble at the expected assault of sickness; that a man should sit in his pleasant home, fearful that ruthless want will some day rattle the broken window-sash with tempest, and sweep the coals from the hearth, and pour hunger into the bread tray; that a man fed by Him who owns all the harvests should expect to starve; that one whom God loves and surrounds with benediction, and attends with angelic escort, and hovers over with more than motherly fondness, should be looking for a heritage of tears!

It is high time you began to thank God for your present blessings. Thank Him for your children, happy, buoyant and bounding. Praise Him for your home with its fountain of song and laughter. Adore Him for morning light and evening shadow. Praise Him for fresh, cool water bubbling from the rock, leaping in the cascade, soaring in the mist, falling in the shower, dashing against the rock and clapping its hands in the tempest. Love Him for the grass that cushions the earth and the clouds that curtain the sky, and the foliage that waves in the forest.

Many Christians think it a bad sign to be jubilant, and their work of self-examination is a hewing down of their brighter experiences. Like a boy with a new jackknife, hacking everything he comes across, so their self-examination is a religious cutting to pieces of the greenest things they can lay their hands on. They imagine they are doing God's service when they are going about borrowing trouble, and borrowing it at thirty per cent., which is always a sure precursor of bankruptcy.

TROUBLES NEED NOT BE SOUGHT.

Again, the habit of borrowing trouble is wrong, because the present is sufficiently taxed with trial. God sees that we all need a certain amount of trouble, and so He apportions it for all the days and years of our life. Alas for the policy of gathering it all up for one day or year! Cruel thing to put upon the back of one camel all the cargo intended for the entire caravan. I never look at my memorandum book to see what engagements and duties are far ahead. Let every week bear its own burdens.

The shadows of to-day are thick enough; why implore the presence of other shadows? The cup is already distasteful; why halloo to disasters far distant to come and wring out more gall into bitterness? Are we such champions that, having won the belt in former encounters, we can go forth to challenge all the future?

Here are business men just able to manage affairs as they now are. They can pay their rent and meet their notes and manage affairs as they now are; but what if there should come a panic? Go to-morrow and write on your daybook, on your ledger, on your money safe, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Do not worry about notes that are far from due. Do not pile up on your counting-house desk the financial anxieties of the next twenty years. The God who has

taken care of your worldly occupation, guarding your store from the torch of the incendiary and the key of the burglar, will be as faithful in 1892 as in 1882. God's hand is mightier than the machinations of stock gamblers, or the plots of political demagogues, or the red right arm of revolution, and the darkness will fly and the storm fall dead at His feet.

So there are persons in feeble health, and they are worried about the future. They make out very well now, but they are bothering themselves about the future pleurisies and rheumatisms and neuralgias and fevers. Their eyesight is feeble, and they are worried lest they entirely lose it. Their hearing is indistinct, and they are alarmed lest they become entirely deaf. They felt chilly to-day, and are expecting an attack of typhoid. They have been troubled for weeks with some perplexing malady, and dread becoming life-long invalids. Take care of your health now, and trust God for the future.

Be not guilty of the blasphemy of asking Him to take care of you while you sleep with your window tight down, or eat chicken salad at 11 o'clock at night, or sit down on a cake of ice to cool off. Be prudent and then be confident. Some of the sickest people have been the most useful. It was so with Payson, who died deaths daily, and Robert Hall, who used to stop in the midst of his sermon and lie down on the pulpit sofa to rest, and then go on again. Theodore Frelinghuysen had a great horror of dying, till the time came, and then went peacefully. Take care of the present and let the future look out for itself. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

BORROWED CARE UNFITS FOR REAL.

Again, the habit of borrowing misfortune is wrong because it unfits us for it when it actually does come. We cannot always have smooth sailing. Life's path will sometimes tumble among declivities and mount a steep and be thorn pierced. Judas will kiss our cheek and then sell us for thirty pieces of silver. Human scorn will try to crucify us between two thieves. We will hear the iron gate of the sepulchre creak and grind as it shuts in our kindred. But we cannot get ready for these things by forebodings. They who fight imaginary woes will come, out of breath, into conflict with the armed disasters of the future. Their ammunition will have been wasted long before they come under the guns of real misfortune. Boys in attempting to jump a wall some-

times go so far back in order to get impetus that when they come up they are exhausted ; and these long races in order to get spring enough to vault trouble bring us up at last to the dreadful reality with our strength gone.

God has promised to take care of us. The Bible blooms with assurances. Your hunger will be fed ; your sickness will be alleviated ; your sorrow will be healed. God will sandal your feet and smooth your path, and along by frowning crag and opening grave sound the voices of victory and good cheer. The summer clouds that seem thunder charged really carry in their bosom harvests of wheat, and shocks of corn, and vineyards purpling for the wine-press. Our great Joshua will command, and above your soul the sun of prosperity will stand still. Bleak and wave-struck Patmos shall have apocalyptic vision, and you shall hear the cry of the elders, and the sweep of wings, and trumpets of salvation, and the voice of Hallelujah unto God forever.

Your way may wind along dangerous bridle-paths and amid wolf's howl and the scream of the vulture ; but the way still winds upward till angels guard it, and trees of life over-arch it, and thrones line it, and crystalline fountains leap on it, and the pathway ends at gates that are pearl, and streets that are gold, and temples that are always open, and hills that quake with perpetual song, and a city mingling forever Sabbath and jubilee and triumph and coronation.

TRAPS FOR MEN.

Early in the morning I went out with a fowler to catch wild pigeons. We hastened through the mountain gorge and into the forest. We spread out the net, and covered up the edges of it as well as we could. We arranged the call bird, its feet fast and its wings flapping, in invitation to all fowls of heaven to settle down there. We retired into a booth of branches and leaves and waited.

After awhile, looking out of the door of the booth, we saw a flock of birds in the sky. They came nearer and nearer, and after awhile were about to swoop into the net, when suddenly they darted away. Again we waited. After awhile we saw another flock of birds. They came nearer and nearer until just at the moment when they were about to swoop they darted away.

The fowler was very much disappointed as well as myself. We said to each other, "What is the matter?" and "Why were not these birds caught?" We went out and examined the net, and by a flutter of a branch of a tree part of the net had been conspicuously exposed, and the birds coming very near had seen their peril and darted away. When I saw that, I said to the old fowler, "That reminds me of a passage of Scripture, 'Surely in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird.'"

The call bird of sin tempts men on from point to point and from branch to branch until they are about to drop into the net. If a man finds out in time that it is the temptation of the devil, or that evil men are attempting to capture his soul for time and for eternity, the man steps back. He says, "I am not to be caught in that way; I see what you are about; surely in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird."

TEMPTATIONS.

There are two classes of temptations, the superficial and the subterranean, those above the ground, those under ground. If a man could see sin as it is he would no more embrace it than he would embrace a leper. Sin is a daughter of hell, yet she is garlanded and robed and trinketed. Her voice is a warble. Her cheek is the setting sun. Her forehead is an aurora. She says to men: "Come, walk this path with me; it is thymed and primrosed, and the air is bewitched with the odors of the hanging gardens of heaven; the rivers are rivers of wine, and all you have to do is to drink them up in chalices that sparkle with diamond and amethyst and chrysoprase. See! It is all bloom and roseate cloud and heaven."

If for one moment the choring of all these concerted voices of sin could be hushed we should see the orchestra of the pit with hot breath blowing through fiery flute, and the skeleton arms on drums of thunder and darkness beating the chorus, "The end thereof is death."

I want to point out the insidious temptations that are assailing more especially our young men. The only kind of nature comparatively free from temptation, so far as I can judge, is the cold, hard, stinging, mean temperment. What would Satan do with such a man if he got him? Satan is not anxious to get a man who after awhile may dispute with him the realm of everlasting meanness. It is the generous young man, the warm-hearted young man, the social young man that is in especial peril.

A pirate goes out on the sea, and one bright morning he puts the glass to his eye and looks off, and sees an empty vessel floating from port to port. He says, "Never mind; that's no prize for us." But the same morning he puts the glass to his eye, and he sees a vessel coming from Australia laden with gold, or a vessel from the Indies laden with spices. He says, "That's our prize; bear down on it!" Across that unfortunate ship the grappling hooks are thrown. The crew are blindfolded and are compelled to walk the plank. It is not the empty vessel, but the laden merchantman that is the temptation to the pirate.

MEANNESS.

But a young man, who is empty of head, empty of life—you want no Young Men's Christian Association to keep him safe. He is safe.

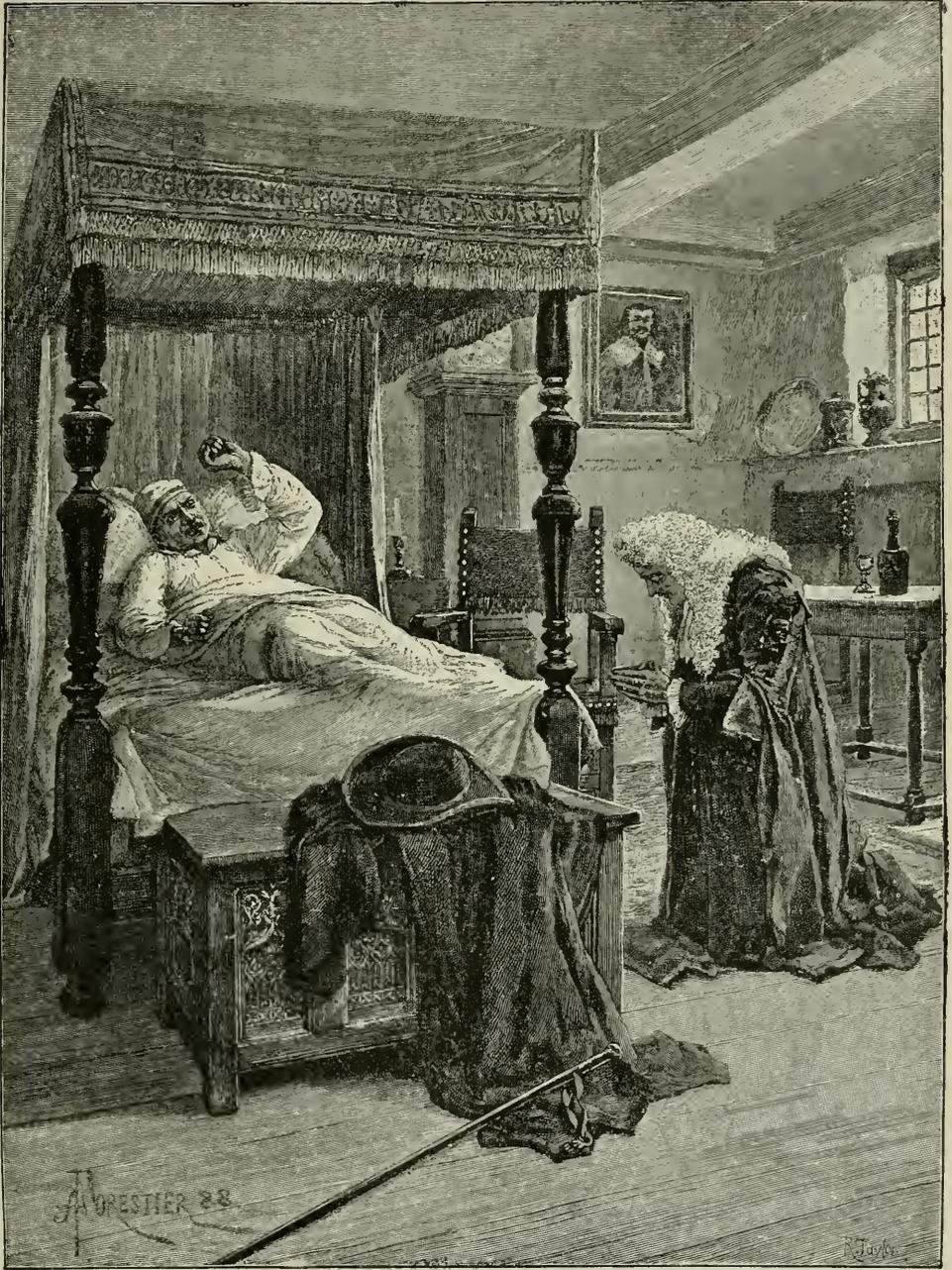
He will not gamble unless it is with somebody else's stakes. He will not break the Sabbath unless somebody else pays the horse hire. He will not drink unless some one else treats him. He will hang around the bar hour after hour waiting for some generous young man to come in. The generous young man comes in and accosts him and says: "Well, will you have a drink with me to-day?" The man, as though it were a sudden thing for him, says, "Well—well, if you insist on it, I will."

Too mean to go to perdition unless somebody else pays his expense? For such young men we will not fight. We would no more contend for them than Tartary and Ethiopia would fight as to who should have the great Sahara desert, but for those young men who are buoyant and enthusiastic, those who are determined to do something for time and for eternity—for them we will fight, and we now declare everlasting war against all the influences that assail them and we ask all good men and philanthropists to wheel into line, and all the armies of heaven to bear down upon the foe, and we pray Almighty God that with the thunder bolts of his wrath he will strike down and consume all these influences that are attempting to destroy the young men for whom Christ died.

LIBERAL MEN.

The first class of temptations that assaults a young man is led on by the skeptic. He will not admit that he is an infidel or an atheist. Oh, no! He is a "free thinker." He is one of your "liberal" men. He is free and easy in religion. Oh, how liberal he is! He is so "liberal" that he will give away his Bible. He is so "liberal" that he will give away the throne of eternal justice. He is so "liberal" that he would be willing to give God out of the universe. He is so "liberal" that he would give up his own soul and the souls of all his friends. Now, what more could you ask in the way of liberality? The victim of this skeptic has probably just come from the country. Through the intervention of friends he has been placed in a shop.

On Saturday the skeptic says to him, "Well, what are you going to do to-morrow?" He says, "I am going to church." "Is it possible?" says the skeptic. "Well, I used to do those things. I was brought up, I suppose, as you were, in a religious family, and I believed all those things, but I got over it. The fact is, since I came



WEALTH CANNOT AVAIL.

to town I have read a great deal, and I have found that there are a great many things in the Bible that are ridiculous. Now, for instance, all that about the serpent being cursed to crawl in the garden of Eden because it had tempted our first parent; why, you see how absurd it is; you can tell from the very organization of the serpent that it had to crawl; it crawled before it was cursed just as well as it did afterwards; you can tell from its organization that it crawled. Then all that story about the whale swallowing Jonah, or Jonah swallowing the whale, which was it? It don't make any difference, the thing is absurd; it is ridiculous to suppose that a man could have gone down through the jaws of a sea monster and yet kept his life: why, his respiration would have been hindered; he would have been digested: the gastric juice would have dissolved the fibrine and coagulated albumen, and Jonah would have been changed from prophet into chyle. Then all that story about the miraculous conception—why, it is perfectly disgraceful! Oh, sir, I believe in the light of nature. This is the Nineteenth century. Progress, sir, progress. I don't blame you, but after you have been in town as long as I have you will think just as I do."

Thousands of young men are going down under that process day by day, and there is only here and there a young man who can endure this artillery of scorn. They are giving up their bibles. The light of nature! They have the light of nature in China; they have it in Hindostan; they have it in Ceylon. Flowers there, stars there, waters there, winds there; but no civilization, no homes, no happiness. Lancets to cut, and juggernauts to fall under, and hooks to swing to; but no happiness. I tell you my young brother, we have to take a religion of some kind.

We have to choose between four or five. Shall it be the Koran of the Mohammedan, or the Shaster of the Hindoo, or the Zendavesta of the Persian, or the Confucius writings of the Chinese, or the Holy Scriptures? Take what you will; God helping me, I will take the Bible. Light for all darkness; rock for all foundation; balm for all wounds. A glory that lifts its pillars of fire over the wilderness march.

Do not give up your bibles. If these people scoff at you as though religion and the Bible were fit only for weak-minded people, you just tell them you are not ashamed to be in the company of Burke

the statesman, and Raphael the painter, and Thorwaldsen the sculptor, and Mozart the musician, and Blackstone the lawyer, and Bacon the philosopher, and Harvey the physician, and John Milton the poet.

Young man, hold on to your Bible; it is the best book you ever owned. It will tell you how to dress, how to bargain, how to walk, how to act, how to live, how to die. Glorious Bible! Whether on parchment or paper, in octavo or duodecimo, on the center table of the drawing room or in the counting room of the banker. Glorious Bible! Light to our feet and lamp to our path. Hold on to it!

THE DISHONEST EMPLOYER.

The second class of insidious temptations that comes upon our young men is led on by the dishonest employer. Every commercial establishment is a school. In nine cases out of ten the principles of the employer become the principles of the employee. I ask the older merchants to bear me out in these statements.

If, when you were just starting in life, in commercial life, you were told that honesty was not marketable, that though you might sell all the goods in the shop you must not sell your conscience, that while you were to exercise all industry and tact you were not to sell your conscience—if you were taught that gains gotten by sin were combustible, and at the moment of ignition would be blown on by the breath of God until all the splendid estate would vanish into white ashes scattered in the whirlwind—then that instruction has been to you a precaution and a help ever since.

There are hundreds of commercial establishments in our great cities which are educating a class of young men who will be the honor of the land, and there are other establishments which are educating young men to be nothing but sharpers. What chance is there for a young man who was taught in an establishment that it is right to lie, if it is smart, and that a French label is all that is necessary to make a thing French, and that you ought always to be honest when it pays, and that it is wrong to steal unless you do it well?

Suppose, now, a young man just starting in life enters a place of that kind where there are ten young men, all drilled in the infamous practices of the establishment. He is ready to be taught. The young man has no theory or commercial ethics. Where is he to get his theory? He will get the theory from his employers.

One day he pushes his wit a little beyond what the establishment demands of him, and he fleeces a customer until the clerk is on the verge of being seized by the law. What is done in the establishment? He is not arraigned. The head of the establishment says to him, "Now be careful, be careful, young man; you might be caught; but really that was splendidly done; you will get along in the world, I warrant you." Then that young man goes up until he becomes head clerk. He has found there is a premium on iniquity.

One morning the employer comes to his establishment. He goes into his counting room and throws up his hands and shouts, "Why the safe has been robbed!" What is the matter? Nothing, nothing; only the clerk who has been practicing a good while on customers is practicing a little on the employer. No new principle introduced into that establishment. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. You must never steal unless you can do it well. He did it well. I am not talking an abstraction; I am talking a terrible and a crushing fact.

Now here is a young man. Look at him to-day. Look at him five years from now, after he has been under trial in such an establishment. Here he stands in the shop to-day, his cheeks ruddy with the breath of the hills. He unrolls the goods on the counter in gentlemanly style. He commends them to the purchaser. He points out all the good points in the fabric. He effects the sale. The goods are wrapped up and he dismisses the customer with a cheerful "good morning," and the country merchant departs so impressed with the straightforwardness of that young man that he will come again and again, every spring and autumn, unless interfered with.

The young man has been now in that establishment five years. He unrolls the goods on the counter. He says to the customer, "Now those are the best goods we have in our establishment,"—they have better on the next shelf. He says, "We are selling those goods at less than cost"—they are making twenty per cent. He says, "There is nothing like them in all the city"—there are fifty shops that want to sell the same thing. He says, "Now, that is a durable article, it will wash,"—yes, it will wash out.

The sale is made, the goods are wrapped up, the country merchant goes off feeling that he has an equivalent for his money, and the sharp clerk goes into the private room of the counting house, and he says, "Well, I got rid of those goods at last; "I really thought we

never would sell them; I told him we were selling them at less than cost, and he thought he was getting a good bargain; got rid of them at last." And the head of the firm says, "That's well done; splendidly done!"

Meanwhile God had recorded eight lies—four lies against the young man, and four lies against his employer, for I undertake to say that the employer is responsible for all the iniquities of his clerks, and all the iniquities of those who are clerks of these clerks, down to the tenth generation, if those employers inculcated iniquitous and damning principles.

Thousands of young men are under this pressure. I say, come out of it. "Oh!" you say, "I can't; I have my widowed mother to support, and if a man loses a situation now he can't get another one." I say, come out of it. Go home to your mother and say to her, "Mother, I can't stay in that shop and be upright; what shall I do?" and if she is worthy of you she will say, "Come out of it, my son—we will just throw ourselves on him who hath promised to be the God of the widow and the fatherless; he will take care of us." And I tell you no young man ever permanently suffered by such a course of conduct.

In Philadelphia in a drug shop a young man said to his employer, "I want to please you really, and I am willing to sell medicines on Sunday; but I can't sell this patent shoe blacking on Sunday." "Well," said the head man, "you will have to do it or else you will have to go away." The young man said: "I can't do it. I am willing to sell medicines, but not shoe blacking." "Well, then, go! Go now." The young man went away. The Lord looked after him. The hundreds of thousands of dollars he won in this world were the smallest part of his fortune. God honored him. By the course he took he saved his soul as well as his fortunes in the future.

A man said to his employer: "I can't wash the wagon on Sunday morning; I am willing to wash it on Saturday afternoon; but, sir, you will please excuse me, I can't wash the wagon on Sunday morning." His employer said: "You must wash it; my carriage comes in every Saturday night, and you have got to wash it on Sunday morning." "I can't do it," the man said. They parted. The Lord looked after him, grandly looked after him. He is worth to-day a hundred fold more than his employer ever was or ever will be, and he saved his soul.

SAFE TO DO RIGHT.

Young men, it is safe to do right. There are young men to-day who, under this storm of temptation, are striking deeper and deeper their roots and spreading out broader their branches. They are Daniels in Babylon, they are Josephs in the Egyptian court, they are Pauls amid the wild beasts of Ephesus.

There is a mistake we make about young men. We put them in two classes—the one class is moral, the other is dissolute. The moral are safe. The dissolute cannot be reclaimed. I deny both propositions. The moral are not safe unless they have laid hold of God, and the dissolute may be reclaimed. There are self-righteous men in this country who feel no need of God, and will not seek after him, and they will go out in the world and they will be tempted, and they will be flung down by misfortune, and they will go down, down, down, until some night you will see them going home hooting, raving, shouting blasphemy—going home to their mother, going home to their sister, going home to the young companion to whom only a little while ago, in the presence of a brilliant assemblage, flashing lights and orange blossoms, and censers swinging in the air, they promised fidelity and purity and kindness perpetual.

As that man reaches the door she will open it, not with an outcry, but she will stagger back from the door as he comes in, and in her look there will be the prophecy of woes that are coming, want that will shiver in need of fire, hunger that will cry in vain for bread, cruelties that will not leave the heart when they have crushed it, but pinch it again, and stab it again, until some night she will open the door of the place where her companion was ruined, and she will fling out her arm from under her ragged shawl and say, with almost omnipotent eloquence; "Give me back my husband! Give me back my protector! Give me back my all! Him of the kind heart and gentle words and the manly brow—give him back to me!" And then the wretches, obese and filthy, will push back their matted locks, and they will say: "Put her out! Put her out!" Oh, self-righteous man, without God you are in peril! Seek after him to-day. Amid the ten thousand temptations of life there is no safety for a man without God.

Is there a voice within you saying, "What did you do that for? Why did you go there? What did you mean by that? Is there a memory in your soul that makes you tremble? God only knows all

our hearts. Yea, if you have gone so far as to commit iniquities, and have gone through the whole catalogue, I invite you back. The Lord waits for you. "Rejoice! oh, 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."

Come home, young man, to your father's God. Come home, young man, to your mother's God. Oh, I wish that all the batteries of the Gospel could be unlimbered against all those influences which are taking down so many of our young men. I would like to blow a trumpet of warning and recruit until an army of reform would march out on a crusade against the evils of society. But let none of us be disheartened.

Oh, Christian workers, my heart is high with hope. The dark horizon is blooming into the morning of which prophets spoke, and of which poets have dreamed, and of which painters have sketched. The world's bridal hour advances. The mountains will kiss the morning radiant and effulgent, and all the waves of the sea will become the crystal keys of a great organ, on which the fingers of everlasting joy shall play the grand march of a world redeemed. Instead of the thorn there shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar there shall come up the myrtle tree, and the mountains and the hills shall break forth into singing, and all the trees of the wood shall clap their hands!

THE OBJECT OF LIFE.

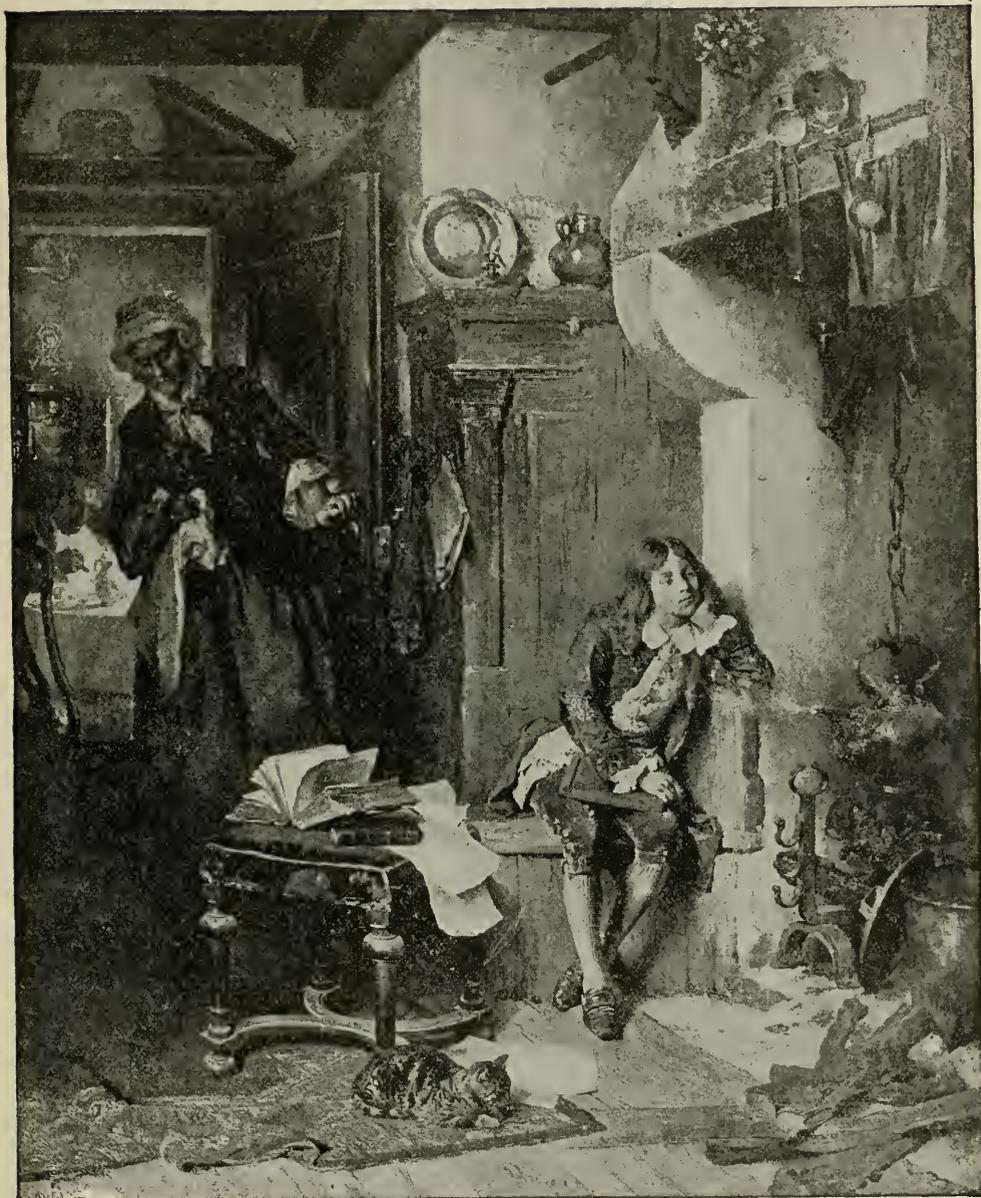
BY the time a child reaches ten years of age the parents begin to discover that child's destiny; but by the time he or she reaches fifteen years of age the question is on the child's own lips: "What am I to be? What was I made for?" It is a sensible and righteous question, and the youth ought to keep on asking it until it is so fully answered that the young man or the young woman can say with the fullest conviction, "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 and 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.

NOT WHOLLY RESPONSIBLE.

I discharge you from all responsibility for most of your environments. You are not responsible for your parentage or grandparent-



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THE GREAT DISCOVERER.

age. You are not responsible for any of the cranks that may have



GEO. W. CHILDS.

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 Dneiper, 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. He is the only being who can see what has been happening for the last five hundred 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 six thousand years but has somehow affected your 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 only one you can ask. Life is so short we have no time to experiment with occupations and professions.

CAUSE OF FAILURE.

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 it is that 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 we have 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 that you can in earnestness smite your hand on your plow handle, or your carpenter's bench, or your Blackstone's "Commentaries," or your medical dictionary, or your

Dr. Dick's "Didactic Theology," saying, "For this end I was born."

NATURAL TENDENCIES.

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 artists 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 making something by the bargain, and they are going to be merchants. When the Abbe de Rance had so advanced in studying Greek that he could translate Anacreon at twelve 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. 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 two hundred 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 would 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 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. Let all parents, and all schools, and all universities, and all colleges recognize this, and then a large number of

those who spend 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."

This thought 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.

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 could 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 every thing. Hands capable of grasping everything. Mind with more wheels than any factory ever turned, more power than any Corliss engine ever displayed. A soul that will outlive all the universe except heaven, and would outlive all heaven if the life of 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 five hundred thousand dollars a year and turning out goods worth seventy cents a year would not be such an incongruity as you, O man, with such semi-infinite

equipment doing nothing or next to nothing in the way of usefulness.

Do not wait for extraordinary qualifications. Philip of Macedon, gained his greatest victories seated on a mule, and if you wait for some caparisoned Bucephalus 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 stupidist beast created. Shamgar slew six hundred 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 stopped at 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; and 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 the Rev. Mr. Champion, one of the most distinguished missionaries in heathen lands. For years he wondered who had done for him this Christian kindness, and did not discover until, in a bundle of books sent him to Africa, he found the biography of Brainerd Taylor, and a picture of him. The missionary recognized the face in this book as that of 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!

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 because he did not work his usual theory, but spread his force out over a wide range. Oh, Christian man, oh, Christian woman, break through somewhere. Not a general engagement for God, but a particular engagement, and made in answer to prayer. If there are sixteen hundred million people in the world, then there are sixteen hundred million 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 fifteen hundred and

ninety-nine million possibilities that you will make a mistake.

We are all rejoiced at the increase in human longevity. People live, as near as I can observe, about ten 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 eighty 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 seventy than they used to do when he was sixty, and no more premium at fifty than when he was forty. By the advancement of medical science, and the wider acquaintance with the laws of health, and the fact that people know better how to take care of themselves, human life is prolonged.

HEAVENLY DURATION.

The world does very well for a little while—eighty or a hundred or a hundred and fifty years—and 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 be turned into a heaven. Perhaps it may, but it would have to undergo radical repairs, and go through 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 winters changed to springtides, and 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. If each one of us 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 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 you see not, O 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.

A HALF HOUR IN HEAVEN.

The busiest place in the universe is heaven. It is the center from which all good influences start; it is the goal at which all good results arrive. The Bible represents it as active with wheels and wings and orchestras and processions mounted or charioted. But it also speaks of a time when the wheels ceased to roll, and the trumpets to sound, and the voices to chant. The riders on the white horses reined in their chargers. The doxologies were hushed and the processions halted. The hand of arrest was put upon all the splendors. "Stop, heaven!" cried an omnipotent voice, and it stopped. For thirty minutes everything celestial stood still. "There was silence in heaven for half an hour.

From all we can learn this is the only time heaven ever stopped. It does not stop as other cities, for the night, for there is no night there. It does not stop for a plague, for the inhabitant never says, "I am sick." It does not stop for bankruptcies, for its inhabitants never fail. It does not stop for impassible streets, for there are no falling snows nor sweeping freshets. What, then stopped it for thirty minutes? Grotius and Professor Stuart think that it was at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem. Mr. Lord thinks that it was in the year 311, between the close of the Diocletian persecution and the beginning of the wars by which Constantine gained the throne. But these were simply guesses. I do not know nor care when it was, but of the fact that such an interregnum of sound took place I am certain.

And, first of all, we may learn that God and all heaven honored silence. The longest and widest dominion that ever existed is that over which stillness was queen. For an eternity there was not a sound, World making was a later-day occupation. For unimaginable ages the universe was mute, God was the only being, and as there was no one

to speak to there was no utterance. But that silence has been all broken up into worlds, and there has arisen a noisy universe. Worlds in upheaval, worlds in congelation, worlds in conflagration, worlds in revolution.

If geologists are right (and I believe they are) there has not been a moment of silence since this world began its travels, and the crashings, and the splittings, and the uproar, and the hubbub are ever in progress. But when among the supernals a voice cried, "Hush!" and for half an hour heaven was still, silence was honored. The full power of silence many of us have yet to learn. We are told that when Christ was arraigned "He answered not a word." That silence was louder than any thunder that ever shook the world.

Ofttimes, when we are assailed and misrepresented, the mightiest thing to say is to say nothing, and the mightiest thing to do is to do nothing. Those people who are always rushing into print to get themselves set right accomplish nothing but their own chagrin. Be silent! Do right and leave the results with God. Among the grandest lessons the world has ever learned are the lessons of patience taught by those who endured uncomplainingly personal or domestic, or social or political injustice. Stronger than any bitter or sarcastic or revengeful answer was the patient silence.

The famous Dr. Morrison, of Chelsea, accomplished as much by his silent patience as by his pen and tongue. He had asthma that for twenty-five years brought him out of his couch at two o'clock each morning. His four sons and daughters were dead. The remaining child had been made insane by sunstroke. The afflicted man said, "At this moment there is not an inch of my body that is not filled with agony." Yet he was cheerful, triumphant, silent. Those who were in his presence said they felt as though they were in the gates of heaven.

Oh, the power of patient silence! Eschylus, the immortal poet, was condemned to death for writing something that offended the people. All the pleas in his behalf were of no avail until his brother uncovered the arm of the prisoner and showed that his hand had been shot off at Salamis. That silent plea liberated him. The loudest thing on earth is silence if it be of the right kind and at the right time. There was a quaint old hymn, spelled in the old style, and once sung in the churches:

The race is not forever got
 By him who fastest runs.
 Nor the battle by those peopell
 That shoot with the longest guns.

The tossing Sea of Galilee seemed most to offend Christ by the amount of noise it made, for he said, "Be still!" Heaven has been crowning kings and queens unto God for many centuries, yet heaven never stopped a moment for any such occurrence, but it stopped thirty minutes for the coronation of Silence.

Heaven must be an eventful and attractive place, from the fact that it could afford only thirty minutes of recess. There have been events on earth and in heaven that seemed to demand a whole day or a whole week or a whole year for celestial consideration. If Grotius was right, and silence occurred at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, that scene was so awful and so prolonged that the inhabitants of heaven could not have done justice to it in many weeks. After fearful besiegement of the two fortresses of Jerusalem had been going on for a long while, a Roman soldier mounted on the shoulders of another soldier hurled into the window of the temple a fire-brand and the temple was all aflame and, after covering many sacrifices to the holiness of God, the building itself became a sacrifice to the rage of man.

The hunger of the people in that city during the siege was so great that, as some outlaws were passing a doorway and inhaling the odors of food, they burst open the door, threatening the mother of the household with death unless she gave them some food, and she took them aside and showed them that it was her own child that she was cooking for the ghastly repast. Six hundred priests were destroyed on Mount Zion because the temple being gone there was nothing for them to do. Six thousand people in one cloister were consumed. There were one million one hundred dead, according to Josephus. Grotius thinks that this was the cause of silence in heaven for half an hour.

If Mr. Lord was right and this silence was during the Diocletian persecutions, by which eight hundred and forty-four thousand Christians suffered death from sword and fire and banishment and exposure, why did not heaven listen throughout at least one of those awful years? No! Thirty minutes! The fact is that the celestial programme is so crowded with spectacle that it can afford only one recess in all eternity,

and that for a short space. While there are great choruses in which all heaven can join, each soul there has a story of divine mercy peculiar to itself, and it must be a solo. How can heaven get through with all its recitatives, with all its cantos, with all its grand marches, with all its victories? Eternity is too short to utter all the praise.

How busy we will be kept in having pointed out to us the heroes and heroines that the world never fully appreciated—the yellow fever and cholera doctors who died, not flying from their posts; the female nurses who faced pestilence in the lazarettos; the railroad engineers who stayed at their places in order to save the train, though they themselves perished! Hubert Goffin, the master miner, who, landing from the bucket at the bottom of the mine just as he heard the waters rush in, and when one jerk at the rope would have lifted him into safety, put a blind miner who wanted to go to his sick child, in the bucket, and jerked the rope for him to be pulled up, crying, “Tell them the water has burst in and we are probably lost; but we will seek refuge at the other end of the right gallery,” and then gave the command to the other miners till they digged themselves so near out that the people from the outside could come to their rescue. This man will be one of the heroes of heaven. The multitudes of men and women who got no crown on earth, we will want to see when they get their crowns in heaven. I tell you heaven will have no more half hours to spare.

Besides that, heaven is full of children. They are in the vast majority. No child on earth that amounts to anything can be kept quiet half an hour, and how are you going to keep five hundred million of them quiet half an hour? You know heaven is much more of a place than it was when that recess of thirty minutes occurred. Its population has quadrupled, sextupled, centupled. Heaven has more on hand, more of rapture, more of knowledge, more of intercommunication, more of worship.

There is not so much difference between Brooklyn seventy-five years ago, when there were a few houses down on the East river and the village reached up only to Sands street, as compared with what that great city is now—yea, not so much difference between New York when Canal street was far uptown and now, when Canal street is far down town—than there is a difference between what heaven was when this silence took place and what heaven is now. The most thrilling

place we have ever been in is stupid compared with that, and if we now have no time to spare we will then have no eternity to spare. Silence in heaven only half an hour!

That half hour is more widely known than any other period in the calendar of heaven. None of the whole hours of heaven are measured off, none of the years, none of the centuries. Of the millions of ages past and the millions of ages to come, not one is especially measured off in the Bible. The half hour of my text is made immortal. The only part of eternity that was ever measured by earthly timepiece was measured by the minute hand of my text.

Oh, the half hours! They decide everything. I am not asking what you will do with the years or months or days of your life, but what of the half hours? Tell me the history of your half hours and I will tell you the story of your whole life on earth and the story of your whole life in eternity. The right or wrong things you can think in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can say in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can do in thirty minutes are glorious or baleful, inspiring or desperate. Look out for the fragments of time. They are pieces of eternity. It was the half hours between shoeing horses that made Elihu Burritt the learned blacksmith; the half hours between professional calls as a physician that made Abercrombie the Christian philosopher; the half hours between his duties as a school-master that made Salmon P. Chase chief justice; the half hours between shoe lasts that made Henry Wilson vice-president of the United States; the half hours between canal boats that made James A. Garfield president.

The half hour a day for good or bad books, the half hour a day for prayer or indolence, the half hour a day for helping others or blasting others, the half hour before you go to business, and the half hour after you return from business; these make the difference between the scholar and the ignoramus, between the Christian and the infidel, between the saint and the demon, between triumph and catastrophe, between heaven and hell. The most tremendous things of your life and mine were certain half hours.

The half hour when in the parsonage of a country minister I resolved to become a Christian then and there; the half hour when I decided to become a preacher of the Gospel; the half hour when I realized that my son was dead, the half hour when I stood on the top

of my house in Oxford street and saw our church burn ; the half hour in which I entered Jerusalem ; the half hour in which I ascended Mount Calvary ; the half hour in which I stood on Mars Hill ; the half hour in which the dedicatory prayer of this temple was made, and about ten or fifteen other half hours are the chief times of my life.

You may forget the name of the exact years or most of the important events of your existence, but those half hours will to you be immortal. I do not query what you will do with the twentieth century, or with the present year, but what will you do with the next half hour ? Upon that hinges your destiny. During that period some of you will receive the Gospel and make complete surrender, and others of you will make final and fatal rejection of the full and free, and urgent and impassioned offer of life eternal.

Oh, that the next half hour might be the most glorious thirty minutes of your earthly existence. Far back in history a great geographer stood with a sailor looking at a globe that represented our planet, and he pointed to a place on the globe where he thought there was an undiscovered continent. The undiscovered continent was America. The geographer who pointed where he thought there was a new world was Martin Behain, and the sailor to whom he showed it was Columbus. This last was not satisfied till he had picked that gem out of the sea and set it in the crown of the world's geography.

Louis XIV, while walking in the garden at Versailles, met Mansard, the great architect, and the architect took off his hat before the king. "Put on your hat," said the king, "for the evening is damp and cold." And Mansard, the architect, the rest of the evening kept on his hat. The dukes and marquises standing with bare heads before the king expressed their surprise at Mansard, but the king said, "I can make a duke or a marquis, but God only can make a Mansard." And I say to you, my hearers, God only by his convicting and converting grace can make a Christian, but he is ready this very half hour to accomplish it.

Is there no way for us to clearly comprehend heaven ? The word "eternity" that we handle so much is an immeasurable word. Knowing that we could not understand that word, the Bible uses it only once. We say, "Forever and ever." But how long is "Forever and ever ? I am glad that we have put under our eye heaven for thirty minutes. As when you would see a great picture, you put a sheet of

paper into a scroll and look through it, or join your forefinger to your thumb look through the circle between, and the picture becomes more intense, so this masterpiece of heaven by St. John is more impressive when you take only thirty minutes of it at a time.

Now we have something that we can come nearer to grasping and it is a quiet heaven. When we discuss about the multitudes of heaven, it must be almost a nervous shock to those who have all their lives been crowded by many people and who want a quiet heaven. For the last thirty-five years I have been much of the time in crowds and under public scrutiny and amid excitements, and I sometimes thought for a few weeks after I reach heaven, I would like to go down in some quiet part of the realm, with a few friends, and for a little while try comparative solitude.

You will find the inhabitants all at home. Enter the King's palace and take only a glimpse, for we have only thirty minutes for all heaven. "Is that Jesus?" "Yes." Just under the hair along his forehead is the mark of a wound made by a bunch of twisted brambles, and his foot on the throne has on the round of his instep another mark of a wound made by a spike, and a scar on the palm of the right hand and a scar on the palm of the left hand. But, what a countenance! What a smile! What a grandeur! What a loveliness! What an overwhelming look of kindness and grace! Why, he looks as if he had redeemed a world! But come on, for our time is short. Do you see that row of palaces? That is the Apostolic row. Do you see that long reach of architectural glories? That is Martyr row. Do you see that immense structure? That is the biggest house in heaven; that is "the House of Many Mansions." Do you see that wall? Shade your eyes against its burning splendor, for that is the wall of heaven; jasper at the bottom and amethyst at the top.

See this river rolling through the heart of the great metropolis? That is the river concerning which those who once lived on the banks of the Hudson, or the Alabama, or the Rhine, or the Shannon, say, "We never saw the like of this for clarity and sheen." That is the chief river of heaven—so bright, so wide, so deep. But you ask, "Where are the asylums for the old?" I answer, "The inhabitants are all young?" "Where are the hospitals for the lame!" "They are all agile." "Where are the infirmaries for the blind and deaf?" "They all see and hear." Where are the almshouses for the poor?"

“They are all multimillionaires.” “Where are the inebriate asylums?” “Why, there are no saloons.” “Where are the grave-yards?” “Why, they never die.”

Pass down those boulevards of gold and amber and sapphire and see those interminable streets built by the Architect of the universe into homes, over the threshold of which sorrow never steps, and out of whose windows faces, once pale with earthly sickness, now look rubicund with immortal health. “Oh, let me go in and see them!” you say. No, you cannot go in. There are those there who would never consent to let you come up. You say, “Let me stay here in this place where they never sin, where they never suffer, where they never part.” No, no! Our time is short, our thirty minutes are almost gone. Come on! We must get back to earth before this half hour of heavenly silence breaks up, for in your mortal state you cannot endure the pomp and splendor and resonance when this half hour of silence is ended.

The day will come when you can see heaven in full blast, but not now. I am now only showing you heaven at the dullest half hour of all the eternities. Come on! There is something in the celestial appearance which makes me think that the half hour of silence will soon be over. Yonder are the white horses being hitched to chariots, and yonder are seraphs fingering harps as if about to strike them into harmony, and yonder are conquerors taking down from the blue halls of heaven the trumpets of victory.

Remember, we are mortal yet, and cannot endure the full roll of heavenly harmonies, and cannot endure even the silent heaven for more than half an hour. Hark! the clock in the tower of heaven begins to strike and the half hour is ended. Descend! Come back! Come down! till your work is done. Shoulder a little longer your burdens. Fight a little longer your battles. Weep a little longer your griefs. And then take heaven not in its dullest half hour, but in its mightiest pomp, and instead of taking it for thirty minutes, take it world without end.

But how will you spend the first half hour of your heavenly citizenship after you have gone in to stay? After your prostration before the throne in worship of him who made it possible for you to get there at all. I think the rest of your first half hour in heaven will be passed in receiving your reward if you have been faithful. I have

a strangely beautiful book containing the pictures of the medals struck by the English government in honor of great battles; these medals pinned over the heart of the returned heroes of the army on great occasions, the royal family present—the Crimean medal, the Victoria Cross, the Waterloo medal.

In your first half hour in heaven in some way you will be honored for the earthly struggles in which you won the day. Stand up before all the royal house of heaven and receive the insignia while you are announced as victor over the droughts and freshets of the farm field, victor over the temptations of the stock exchange, victor over professional allurements, victor over domestic infelicities, victor over mechanic's shop, victor over the storehouse, victor over home worri-ments, victor over physical distresses, victor over the hereditary depressions, victor over sin and death and hell. Take the badge that celebrates those victories through our Lord Jesus Christ. Take it in the presence of all the galleries—saintly, angelic and divine!

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar
And seize it with their eye.

THE HEAVENLY HARVESTS.

THERE was nothing to eat. Plenty of corn in Egypt, but ghastly famine in Canaan. The cattle moaning in the stall. Men, women and children awfully white with hunger. Not the failing of one crop for one summer, but the failing of all the crops for seven years. A nation dying for lack of that which is so common on your table, and so little appreciated; the product of harvest-field and grist-mill and oven; the price of sweat and anxiety and struggle—bread! Jacob the father has the last report from the flour bin, and he finds that everything is out, and he says to his sons, “Boys, hook up the wagons and start for Egypt and get something to eat.”

The fact is, there was a great corncrib in Egypt. The people of Egypt have been largely taxed in all ages, at the present time paying between seventy and eighty per cent. of their products to the government. No wonder in that time they had a large corncrib and it was full. To that crib they came from the regions round about—those who were famished—some paying for corn in money; when the money was exhausted, paying for the corn in sheep and cattle, and horses and camels; and when they were exhausted, then selling their own bodies and their families into slavery.

BENJAMIN DEMANDED.

The morning for starting out on the crusade for bread has arrived. Jacob gets his family up very early. But before the elder sons start they say something that makes him tremble with emotion from head to foot and burst into tears. The fact was that these elder sons had once before been in Egypt to get corn, and they had been treated somewhat roughly, the lord of the corncrib supplying them with corn, but saying at the close of the interview, “Now, you need not come back here for

any more corn unless you bring something better than money—even your younger brother Benjamin.”

Ah! Benjamin—that very name was suggestive of all tenderness. The mother had died at the birth of that son—a spirit coming and another spirit going—and the very thought of parting with Benjamin must have been a heart break. The keeper of this corncrib, nevertheless, says to these older sons, “There is no need of your coming here any more for corn unless you bring Benjamin, your father’s darling.” Now, Jacob and his family very much needed bread; but what a struggle it would be to give up this son!

The Orientals are very demonstrative in their grief, and I hear the outwailing of the father as these older sons keep reiterating in his ears the announcement of the Egyptian lord, “Ye shall not see my face unless your brother be with you.” “Why did you tell them you had a brother?” said the old man, complaining and chiding them. “Why, father,” they said, “he asked us all about our family, and we had no idea he would make any such demand upon us as he has made.” “No use of asking me,” said the father, “I cannot, I will not give up Benjamin.”

The fact was that the old man had lost children; and when there has been bereavement in a household, and a child taken, it makes the other children in the household more precious. So the day for departure was adjourned and adjourned and adjourned. Still the horrors of the famine increased, and louder moaned the cattle, and wider open cracked the earth, and more pallid became the cheeks, until Jacob, in despair, cried out to his sons, “Take Benjamin and be off.” The older sons tried to cheer up their father. They said: “We have strong arms and a stout heart, and no harm will come to Benjamin. We’ll see that he gets back again.” “Farewell!” said the young men to the father, in a tone of assumed good cheer. “F-a-r-e-w-e-l-l!” said the old man; for that word has more quavers in it when pronounced by the aged than by the young.

BEFORE THE PRIME MINISTER.

Well, the bread party—the bread embassy—drives up in front of the corncrib of Egypt. These corncribs are filled with wheat and barley, and other grain. Huzza! the journey is ended. The lord of the corncrib, who is also the prime minister, comes down to these

arrived travelers and says, "Dine with me to-day. How is your father? Is this Benjamin, the younger brother, whose presence I demanded?"

The travelers are introduced into the palace. They are worn and bedusted; and servants come in with a basin of water in one hand and a towel in the other, and kneel down before these newly arrived travelers, washing off the dust of the way. The butchers and poulterers and caterers of the prime minister prepare the repast. The guests are seated in small groups, two or three at a table, the food on a tray; all the luxuries from imperial gardens and orchards and aquariums and aviaries are brought there and are filling chalice and platter.

Now is the time for this prime minister, if he has a grudge against Benjamin, to show it. Will he kill him, now that he has him in his hands? Oh, no. This lord of the corncrib is seated at his own table, and he looks over to the table of his guests, and he sends a portion to each of them, but sends a larger portion to Benjamin, or, as the Bible quaintly puts it, "Benjamin's mess was five times so much as any of theirs." Be quick and send word back with the swiftest camel to Canaan to old Jacob that "Benjamin is well; all is well; he is faring sumptuously; the Egyptian lord did not mean murder and death, but he meant deliverance and life when he announced to us on that day, 'Ye shall not see my face unless your brother be with you.'"

THE STORY APPLIED.

Well, how shall I apply this story from the far past? This world is famine struck of sin. It does not yield a single crop of solid satisfaction. It is dying. It is hunger bitten. The fact that it does not, cannot, feed a man's heart was well illustrated in the life of a well-known English comedian, whom all the world honored and did everything for that the world could do. He was applauded in England and applauded in the United States. He roused up nations into laughter. He had no equal. And yet, although many people supposed him entirely happy, and that this world was completely satiating his soul, he sat down and wrote: "I never in my life put on a new hat that it did not rain and ruin it. I never went out in a shabby coat because it was raining, and I thought that all who had the choice would keep indoors, that the sun did not burst forth in its strength and bring out with it all the butterflies of fashion whom I knew and who knew me.

I never consented to accept a part I hated, out of kindness to another, that I did not get hissed by the public and cut by the writer. I could not take a drive for a few minutes with Terry without being overturned and having my elbow-bone broken, though my friend got off unharmed. I could not make a covenant with Arnold, which I thought was to make my fortune without making his instead, than in an incredible space of time—I think thirteen months—I earned for him twenty thousand pounds and for myself one. I am persuaded that if I were to set up as a beggar, every one in my neighborhood would leave off eating bread." That was the lament of the world's comedian and joker. All unhappy.

The world did everything for Lord Byron that it could do, and yet in his last moment he asks a friend to come and sit down by him and read, as most appropriate to his case, the story of "The Bleeding Heart." Torrigiano, the sculptor, executed, after months of care and carving, "Madonna and the Child." The royal family came in and admired it. Everybody that looked at it was in ecstasy, but one day, after all that toil, and all that admiration, because he did not get as much compensation for his work as he had expected, he took a mallet and dashed the exquisite sculpture into atoms. The world is poor compensation, poor satisfaction, poor solace. Famine, famine, in all the earth; not for seven years, but for six thousand.

THE CORNCRIB OF HEAVEN.

But, blessed be God, there is a great corncrib. The Lord built it. It is in another land. It is a large place. An angel once measured it, and as far as I can calculate it in our phrase, that corncrib is fifteen hundred miles long and fifteen hundred broad and fifteen hundred high; and it is full. Food for all nations. "Oh!" say the people, "we will start right away and get this supply for our soul." But stop a moment; for from the keeper of that corncrib there comes this word, saying, "You shall not see my face except your brother be with you."

In other words, there is no such thing as getting from heaven pardon and comfort and eternal life, unless we bring with us our divine brother, the Lord Jesus Christ. Coming without him we shall fall before we reach the corncrib, and our bodies shall be a portion for the jackals of the wilderness, but coming with the Divine Jesus, all the granaries of heaven will swing open before our soul, and abundance

shall be given us. We shall be invited to sit in the palace of the king and at the table, and while the Lord of heaven is apportioning from his own table to other tables he will not forget us, and then and there it will be found that our Benjamin's mess is larger than all the others, for so it ought to be. "Worthy is the lamb that was slain, to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power."

TRUE SOURCE OF COMFORT.

What is the reason so many people do not get any real comfort out of life? You meet ten people, and nine of them are in need of some kind of condolence. There is something in their health, or in their state, or in their domestic condition, that demands sympathy. And yet the most of the world's sympathy amounts to absolutely nothing. People go to the wrong crib, or they go in the wrong way. When the plague was in Rome a great many years ago, there were eighty men who chanted themselves to death with the litanies of Gregory the Great—literally chanted themselves to death, and yet they did not stop the plague. And all the music of the world cannot halt the plague of the human heart.

I come to some one whose ailments are chronic, and I say, "In heaven you will never be sick." That does not give you much comfort. What you want is a soothing power for your present distress. Lost children, have you? I come to tell you that in ten years perhaps you will meet these loved ones before the throne of God. But there is but little condolence in that. One day is a year without them, and ten years is a small eternity. What you want is a sympathy now—present help. I come to those of you who have lost dear friends, and say: "Try to forget them. Do not keep the departed always in your mind." How can you forget them when every figure in the carpet, and every book, and every picture, and every room calls out their name?

How many unuttered troubles! No human ear has ever heard the sorrow. O troubled soul, I want to tell you that there is one salve that can cure the wounds of the heart, and that is the salve made out of the tears of a sympathetic Jesus. And yet some of you will not take this solace; and you try chloral and you try morphine and you try strong drink and you try change of scene and you try new business associations and everything and anything rather than take divine companionship and sympathy. Oh, that you might understand something

of the height and depth and length and breadth and immensity and infinity of God's eternal consolations.

We are told that heaven has twelve gates, and some people infer from that fact that all the people will go in without reference to their past life. But what is the use of having a gate that is not sometimes to be shut? The swinging of a gate implies that our entrance into heaven is conditional. It is not a monetary condition. If we come to the door of an exquisite concert we are not surprised that we must pay a fee, for we know that fine earthly music is expensive; but all the oratories of heaven cost nothing.

Heaven pays nothing for its music. It is all free. There is nothing to be paid at that door for entrance, but the condition of getting into heaven is our bringing our divine Benjamin along with us. Do you notice how often dying people call upon Jesus? It is the usual prayer offered—the prayer offered more than all the other prayers put together—“Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.”

SEEKING FOOD ETERNAL.

If Jacob's sons had gone toward Egypt, and had gone with the very finest equipage, and had not taken Benjamin along with them, and to the question they should have been obliged to answer, “Sir, we didn't bring him, as father could not let him go; we didn't want to be bothered with him,” a voice from within would have said: “Go away from us. You shall not have any of this supply. You shall not see my face because your brother is not with you.” And if we come up toward the door of heaven at last, though we come from all luxuriance and brilliancy of surroundings, and knock for admittance, and it is found that Christ is not with us, the police of heaven will beat us back from the breadhouse, saying, “Depart, I never knew you.”

If Jacob's sons, coming toward Egypt, had lost everything on the way; if they had expended their last shekel; if they had come up utterly exhausted to the corncribs of Egypt, and it had been found that Benjamin was with them, all the storehouses would have swung open before them. And so, though by fatal casualty we may be ushered into the eternal world; though we may be weak and exhausted by protracted sickness—if, in that last moment, we can only just stagger and faint and fall into the gate of heaven—it seems that all the corncribs of heaven will open for our need and all the palaces will open for

our reception ; and the Lord of that place, seated at his table, and all the angels of God seated at their table, and the martyrs seated at their table, and all our glorified kindred seated at our table, the king shall pass a portion from his table to ours, and then, while we think of the fact that it was Jesus who started us on the road, and Jesus who kept us on the way, and Jesus who at last gained admittance for our soul, we shall be glad if he has seen of the travail of his soul and been satisfied, and not be at all jealous if it be found that our divine Benjamin's mess is five times larger than all the rest. Hail ! anointed of the Lord. Thou art worthy.

GREAT EXPLOITS.

ANTIOCHUS EPIPHANES, the old sinner, came down three times with his army to desolate the Israelites. He advanced one time with a hundred and two trained elephants, swinging their trunks this way and that, and sixty-two thousand infantry, and six thousand cavalry troops, and was driven back. Then, the second time, he advanced with seventy thousand armed men, and was again defeated. But the third time he laid successful siege, until the navy of Rome came in with the flash of their long banks of oars and demanded that the siege be lifted, and lifted it speedily was.

“Well,” you say, “I admire such achievements, but there is no chance for me ; mine is a sort of humdrum life. If I had an Antiochus Epiphanes to fight against I also could do exploits.” You are right, so far as great wars are concerned. There will probably be no opportunity to distinguish yourself in battle. The most of the brigadier generals of this country would never have been heard of had it not been for the war.

GRAND OPPORTUNITIES.

Neither will you probably become a great inventor. Nineteen hundred and ninety-nine out of every two thousand inventions found in the patent office at Washington never yielded their authors enough money to pay for the expenses of securing the patent. So you will probably never be a Morse or an Edison or a Humphrey Davy or an Eli Whitney. There is not much probability that you will be the one out of the hundred who achieves extraordinary success in commercial or legal or medical or literary spheres. What then? Can you have no opportunity to do exploits? I am going to show that there are three opportunities open that are grand, thrilling, far-reaching, stupendous and overwhelming. They are before you now. In one, if

not all three of them, you may do exploits. The three greatest things on earth to do are to save a man, or save a woman, or save a child.

During the course of his life, almost every man gets into an exigency, is caught between two fires, is ground beneath two millstones, sits on the edge of some precipice, or in some other way comes near demolition. It may be a financial or a moral or a domestic or a social or a political exigency. You sometimes see it in courtrooms. A young man has got into bad company and he has offended the law, and he is arraigned. All blushing and confused, he is in the presence of judge and jury and lawyers. He can be sent right on in the wrong direction. He is feeling disgraced, and he is almost desperate.

Let the district attorney overhaul him as though he were an old offender ; let the ablest attorneys at the bar refuse to say a word for him, because he cannot afford a considerable fee ; let the judge give no opportunity for presenting the mitigating circumstances, hurry up the case, and hustle him up to Auburn or Sing Sing. If he lives seventy years, for seventy years that man will be a criminal, and each decade of his life will be blacker than its predecessor. In the interregnums of prison life he can get no work, and he will be glad to break a window glass, or blow up a safe, or play the highwayman, so as to get back within the walls where he can get something to eat and hide himself from the gaze of the world.

Why did not the district attorney take that young man into his private office and say : " My son, I see that you are the victim of circumstances. This is your first crime. You are sorry. I will bring the person you wronged into your presence and you will apologize and make all the reparation you can, and I will give you another chance." Or that young man is presented in the courtroom, and he has no friends present, and the judge says, " Who is your counsel ?" And he answers, " I have none." And the judge says, " Who will take this young man's case ?"

And there is a dead halt, but no one offers, and after awhile the judge turns to some attorney who never had a good case in all his life, and never will, and whose advocacy would be enough to secure the condemnation of innocence itself. And the professional incompetent crawls up beside the prisoner, helplessness to rescue despair, when there ought to be a struggle among all the best men of the profession as to who should have the honor of trying to help that unfortunate.

How much would such an attorney have received as his fee for such an advocacy? Nothing in dollars, but much every way in a happy consciousness that would make his own life brighter and his own dying pillow sweeter, and his own heaven happier—the consciousness that he had saved a man.

COMMERCIAL EXIGENCIES.

So there are commercial exigencies. A very late spring obliterates the demand for spring overcoats and spring hats and spring apparel of all sorts. Hundreds of thousands of people say, "It seems we are going to have no spring, and we shall go straight out of winter into warm weather, and we can get along without the usual spring attire." Or there is no autumn weather, the heat plunging into the cold, and the usual clothing which is a compromise between summer and winter is not required. It makes a difference in the sale of millions and millions of dollars of goods, and some oversanguine young merchant is caught with a vast amount of unsalable goods that will never be salable again, except at prices ruinously reduced.

The young merchant with a somewhat limited capital is in a predicament. What shall the old merchants do as they see the young man in this awful crisis? Rub their hands and laugh and say: "Good for him. He might have known better. When he has been in business as long as we have he will not load his shelves that way. Ha! Ha! He will burst up before long. He had no business to open his store so near to ours anyhow." Sheriff's sale! Red flag in the window: "How much is bid for these out-of-fashion spring overcoats and spring hats, or fall clothing out of date? What do I hear in the way of a bid?" "Four dollars!" "Absurd, I cannot take that bid of four dollars apiece. Why, these coats when first put upon the market were offered at fifteen dollars each, and now I am offered only four dollars. Is that all? Five dollars, do I hear? Going at that! Gone at five dollars," and the sharp old dealer takes the whole lot.

The young merchant goes home that night and says to his wife: "Well, Mary, we will have to move out of this house and sell our piano. That old merchant that has had an evil eye on me ever since I started has bought out all that clothing, and he will have it rejuvenated, and next year put it on the market as new, while we will do well if we keep out of the poorhouse." The young man, broken-spirited, goes to hard drinking. The young wife with her baby goes to her father's

house, and not only is his store wiped out, but his home, his morals, and his prospects for two worlds—this and the next. And devils make a banquet of fire and fill their cups of gall, and drink deep to the health of the old merchant who swallowed up the young merchant who got stuck on spring goods and went down. That is one way, and some of you have tried it.

A BETTER WAY.

But there is another way. That young merchant who found that he had miscalculated in laying in too many goods of one kind and been flung of the unusual season, is standing behind the counter, feeling very blue and biting his finger nails, or looking over his account books, which read darker and worse every time he looks at them, and thinking how his young wife will have to be put in a plainer house than she ever expected to live in, or go to a third-rate boarding-house where they have tough liver and sour bread five mornings out of the seven.

An old merchant comes in and says: "Well, Joe, this has been a hard season for young merchants, and this prolonged cool weather has put many in the doldrums, and I have been thinking of you a good deal of late, for just after I started in business I once got into the same scrape. Now, if there is anything I can do to help you out, I will gladly do it. Better just put those goods out of sight for the present, and next season we will plan something about them. I will help you to some goods that you can sell for me on commission, and I will go down to one of the wholesale houses and tell them that I know you and will back you up, and if you want a few dollars to bridge over the present, I can let you have them. Be as economical as you can, keep a stiff upper lip, and remember that you have two friends, God and myself. Good-morning."

The old merchant goes away and the young man goes behind his desk, and the tears roll down his cheeks. It is the first time he has cried. Disaster made him mad at everything, and mad at man and mad at God. But this kindness melts him, and the tears seem to relieve his brain, and his spirits rise from ten below zero to eighty in the shade, and he comes out of the crisis.

About three years after, this young merchant goes into the old merchant's store and says: "Well, my old friend, I was this morning thinking over what you did for me three years ago. You helped me

out of an awful crisis in my commercial history. I learned wisdom, prosperity has come and the pallor has gone out of my wife's cheeks, and the roses that were there when I courted her in her father's house have bloomed again and my business is splendid, and I thought I ought to let you know that you saved a man !”

In a short time after, the old merchant, who had been a good while shaky in his limbs and who had poor spells, is called to leave the world, and one morning after he had read the twenty-third Psalm about “The Lord is my Shepherd,” he closes his eyes on this world, and an angel, who had been for many years appointed to watch the old man's dwelling, cries upward the news that the patriarch's spirit is about ascending. And the twelve angels who keep the twelve gates of heaven, unite in crying down to this approaching spirit of the old man, “Come in, and welcome, for it has been told all over these celestial lands that you saved a man.”

WOMEN'S TROUBLES.

There sometimes come exigencies in the life of a woman. One morning a few years ago I saw in the newspaper that there was a young woman in New York, whose pocket-book, containing thirty-seven dollars and thirty-three cents, had been stolen, and she had been left without a penny at the beginning of winter, in a strange city, and no work. And although she was a stranger, I did not allow the 9 o'clock mail to leave the lamp post on our corner without carrying the thirty-seven dollars and thirty-three cents, and the case was proved genuine.

Now, I have read all Shakespeare's tragedies, and all Victor Hugo's tragedies, and all Alexander Smith's tragedies, but I never read a tragedy more thrilling than that case, and similar cases by the hundreds and thousands in all our large cities—young women without money and without home and without work in the great maelstroms of metropolitan life. When such a case comes under your observation, how do you treat it? “Get out of my way; we have no room in our establishment for any more hands. I don't believe in women anyway. They are a lazy, idle, worthless set. John, please show this person out of the door.”

Or do you compliment her personal appearance, and say things to her which if any man said to your sister or daughter you would kill him on the spot? That is one way, and it is tried every day in the

large cities, and many of those who advertise for female hands in factories, and for governesses in families, have proved themselves unfit to be in any place outside of hell.

But there is another way, and I saw it one day in the Methodist Book Concern in New York, where a young woman applied for work and the gentleman in tone and manner said in substance: "My daughter, we employ women here, but I do not know of any vacant place in our department. You had better inquire at such and such a place, and I hope you will be successful in getting something to do. Here is my name and tell them I sent you."

The embarrassed and humiliated woman seemed to give way to Christian confidence. She started out with a hopeful look that, I think, must have won for her a place in which to earn her bread. I rather think that considerate and Christian gentleman saved a woman. New York and Brooklyn ground up last year about thirty thousand young women, and would like to grind up about as many this year. Out of all that long procession of women who march on with no hope for this world or the next, battered and bruised and scoffed at, and flung off the precipice, not one but what might have been saved for home and God and heaven. But good men and good women are not in that kind of business. Alas for that poor thing! Nothing but the thread of that sewing girl's needle held her, and the thread broke.

WHAT IS A WOMAN?

I have heard men tell in public discourse what a man is; but what is a woman? Until some one shall give a better definition I will tell you what a woman is. Direct from God, a sacred and delicate gift, with affections so great that no measuring line short of that of the infinite God can tell their bound. Fashioned to refine and soothe, and lift and irradiate home and society and the world. Of such value that no one can appreciate it, unless his mother lived long enough to let him understand it, or, in some great crisis of life, when all else failed him, he had a wife to re-enforce him with a faith in God that nothing could disturb.

Speak out, ye cradles, and tell of the feet that rocked you and the anxious faces that hovered over you! Speak out, ye nurseries of all Christendom, and ye homes, whether desolate or still in full bloom with the faces of wife, mother and daughter, and help me to define

what woman is. But as geographers tell us that the depths of the sea correspond with the heights of the mountains I have to tell you that a good womanhood is not higher up than bad womanhood is deep down. The grander the palace the more awful the conflagration that destroys it. The grander the steamer Oregon the more terrible her going down just off the coast.

If you find a woman in financial distress, and breaking down in health and spirits trying to support her children, now that her husband is dead or an invalid, doing that very important and honorable work—but which is little appreciated—keeping a boarding-house, where all the guests, according as they pay small board, or propose, without paying any board at all, to decamp, are critical of everything and hard to please, busy yourselves in trying to get her more patrons and tell her of divine sympathy.

There may be among my readers a man whose behavior toward womanhood has been perfidious. Let him repent. Stand up, thou masterpiece of sin and death, that I may charge you! As far as possible I bid you make reparation. Do not boast that you have her in your power, and that she cannot help herself. When that fine collar and cravat and that elegant suit of clothes come off and your uncovered soul stands before God, you will be better off if you have saved that woman.

SAVING CHILDREN.

There is another exploit you can do, and that is to save a child. A child does not seem to amount to much. It is nearly a year old before it can walk at all. For the first year and a half it cannot speak a word. For the first ten years it would starve if it had to earn its own food. For the first fifteen years its opinion on any subject is absolutely valueless. And then there are so many of them. My! what lots of children! And some people have contempt for children. They are good for nothing but to wear out the carpets and break things and keep you awake nights crying.

Well, your estimate of a child is quite different from that mother's estimate who lost her child this summer. They took it to the salt air of the seashore and to the tonic air of the mountains, but no help came, and the brief paragraph of its life is ended. Suppose that life could be restored by purchase, how much would that bereaved mother give? She would take all the jewels from her fingers and neck and

bureau and put them down. And if told that that was not enough, she would take her house and make over the deed for it; and if that were not enough she would call in all her investments and put down all her mortgages and bonds; and if told that were not enough she would say: "I have made over all my property, and if I can have that child back I will now pledge that I will toil with my own hands and carry with my own shoulders in any kind of hard work, and live in a cellar and die in a garret. Only give me back that lost darling!"

I am glad that there are those who know something of the value of a child. Its possibilities are tremendous. What will those hands yet do? Where will those feet yet walk? Toward what destiny will that never dying soul betake itself? Shall those lips be the throne of blasphemy or benediction? Come, chronologists, and calculate the decades on decades, the centuries on centuries, of its lifetime. Oh, to save a child! Am I not right in putting that among the great exploits?

ILL-BORN OFFSPRING.

But what are you going to do with those children who are worse off than if their father and mother had died the day they were born? There are tens of thousands of such. Their parentage was against them. Their name is against them. The structure of their skulls is against them. Their nerves and muscles contaminated by the inebriety or dissoluteness of their parents, they are practically at their birth laid out on a plank in the middle of the Atlantic ocean in an equinoctial gale and told to make for shore. What to do with them is the question often asked.

There is another question quite as pertinent, and that is, what are they going to do with us? They will, ten or eleven years from now, have as many votes as the same number of well born children, and they will hand this land over to anarchy and political damnation just as sure as we neglect them. Suppose we each one of us save a boy or save a girl. You can do it. Will you? I will.

On the English coast there was a wild storm and a wreck in the offing, and the cry was, "Man the lifeboat!" But Harry, the usual leader of the sailors' crew, was not to be found, and they went without him, and brought back all the shipwrecked people but one. By this time Harry, the leader of the crew, appeared and said, "Why did you leave that one?" The answer was, "He could not help himself at

all, and we could not get him into the boat." "Man the lifeboat!" shouted Harry, "and we will go for that one."

"No," said his aged mother, standing by, "you must not go. I lost your father in a storm like this, and your brother Will went off six years ago, and I have not heard a word from Will since he left. I don't know where he is, poor Will, and I cannot let you also go, for I am old and dependent on you." His reply was, "Mother, I must go and save that one man, and if I am lost God will take care of you in your old days."

The lifeboat put out, and after an awful struggle with the sea they picked the poor fellow out of the rigging just in time to save his life and started for the shore, and as they came within speaking distance Harry cried out, "We saved him, and tell mother it was brother Will." Oh, yes, my friends, let us start out to save some one for time and for eternity—some man, some woman, some child. And who knows but it may, directly or indirectly, be the salvation of one of our own kindred, and that will be an exploit worthy of celebration when the world itself is shipwrecked, and the sun has gone out like a spark from a smitten anvil, and all the stars are dead!

DISASTER AND VICTORY.

WHEN I looked out through the dismal rain from the roof of my house and saw the church crumbling, brick by brick and timber by timber, I said to myself: "Does this mean that my work in Brooklyn is ended? Does this terminate my association with this city, where I have been for more than twenty years glad in all its prosperities, and sad in all its misfortunes?" And a still small voice came to me, a voice that soon became no longer still or small but most emphatic and commanding, through pressure of hand, and newspaper column, and telegram and letter, and contributions saying: "Go forward!"

We wanted to build larger and better. We wanted to make our church a national one, in which people of all creeds and all nations might find a home. Would not I be a sorry spectacle for angels and men if, in a church built by Israelites and Catholics, as well as by all the styles of people commonly called evangelical, I should, instead of the banner of the Lord God Almighty, raise a fluttering rag of small sectarianism? If we had three hundred thousand dollars we would put them all in one great monument to the mercy of God.

FREEDOM FROM BIGOTRY.

People ask on all sides about what we shall build. I say now to all the Baptists, that we shall have in it a baptistery. I say to all Episcopalians, we shall have in our services as heretofore at our communion table portions of the Liturgy. I say to the Catholics, we shall have a cross over the pulpit and probably on the tower. I say to the Methodists, we mean to sing there like the voices of mighty thunderings. I say to all denominations, we mean to preach a religion as wide as heaven and as good as God. The only things we saved were the silver communion

chalices, for they happened to be in another building, and I take that fact as typical that we are to be in communion with all Christendom. "I believe in the communion of saints!"

I think, if all the Brooklyn firemen and all insurance companies had searched among those ruins on Schermerhorn street, they would not have found a splinter large as the tip end of the little finger marked with bigotry. And as it is said that the exhumed bricks of the walls of Babylon have on them the letter N, standing for Nebuchadnezzar, I declare to you that if we ever get a new church the letter we should like to have on every stone and every timber would be the letter C, for that would stand both for Christ and Catholicity.

MYSTERY OF THE FIRE.

In what way the church took fire I do not know. It has been charged on the lightnings. Well, the Lord controls the lightnings. He managed them several thousands of years before our electricians were born. The Bible indicates that, though they flash down the sky recklessly, God builds for them a road to travel. In the Psalms it is said: "He made a way for the lightning and thunder." Ever since the time of Benjamin Franklin the world has been trying to tame the lightnings, and they seem to be quite well harnessed, but they occasionally kick over the traces. But though we cannot master great natural forces, God can and does, and that God is our Father and best Friend, and this thought gives us confidence.

On the dark day when Jesus died, the lightning struck his cross from above, and the flames of hell dashed up against it from beneath. That tearful, painful, tender, blessed cross still stands. On it we hang all our hopes; beneath it we put down all our sins; in the light of it we expect to make the rest of our pilgrimage. Within sight of such a sacrifice, who can feel that his lot has been hard? In the sight of such a symbol, who can be discouraged, however great the darkness that may come down upon him? Jesus lives! The loving, patient, sympathizing, mighty Jesus! It shall not be told on earth, or in hell, or in heaven, that three Hebrew children had the Son of God beside them in the fire, and that a whole church was forsaken by the Lord when they went through a furnace about two hundred feet wide.

O Lord Jesus! shall we take out of Thy hand the flowers and the fruits, and the brightness and the joys, and then turn away because

Thou dost give us one cup of bitterness to drink? Oh, no, Jesus! we will drink it dry. But how it is changed! Blessed Jesus, what hast Thou put into the cup to sweeten it? Why, it has become the wine of heaven, and our souls grow strong. I went and placed both of my feet deep down into the blackened ashes of our consumed church, and I cried out with an exhilaration that I never felt since the day of my soul's emancipation, "Victory! victory! through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

"Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take,
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake."

TRUE CATHOLICITY.

I am greatly encouraged by the catholicity that has been exhibited. A week before the fire we had but one church; after it we had about thirty, all at our disposal. Their pastors and their trustees said: "You may take our main audience rooms, you may take our lecture rooms, you may take our church parlors, you may baptize in our baptisteries, and sit on our anxious seats." Oh! if there be any larger hearted ministers or larger hearted churches anywhere than in Brooklyn, tell me where they are, that I may go and see them before I die. The millennium has come. The lion and the lamb lie down together, and the tiger eats straw like an ox. I should like to have seen two of the old-time bigots, with their swords, fighting through that great fire on Schermerhorn street! I am sure the swords would have melted, and they who wielded them have learned to war no more. I can never say a word against any other denomination of Christians. I thank God I never have been tempted to do it. I cannot be a sectarian. I have been told I ought to be, and I have tried to be, but I have not enough material in me to make such a structure. Every time I get the thing most done, there comes a fire, or something else, and all is gone. The angels of God shake out on this air, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." I do not know but I see on the horizon the first gleam of the morning which shall unite all denominations in one organization, distinguished only by the locality, as in apostolic times. It was then the Church of Thyatira, and the Church of Thessalonica, and the Church of Antioch, and the Church of Laodicea. So, I do not know but that in the future history, and not far off either, it may be simply a distinction of **locality**, and not of creed, as the Church of New

York, the Church of Brooklyn, the Church of Boston, the Church of Charleston, the Church of Madras, the Church of Constantinople, the Church of America.

My dear brethren, we cannot afford to be severely divided. Standing in front of the great foes of our common Christianity, we want to put on the whole armor of God and march down in solid column, shoulder to shoulder ! one commander ! one triumph !

“ The trumpet gives a martial strain.
O Israel ! gird thee for the fight !
Arise, the combat to maintain ;
Arise, and put thy foes to flight ! ”

THE FIRE-PROOF CITY.

We also feel reinforced by the thought that we are on the way to a heaven that can never burn down. Fires may sweep through other cities ; but I am glad to know that the New Jerusalem is fire-proof. There will be no engines rushing through those streets ; there will be no temples consumed in that city. Coming to the doors of that Church, we will find them open, resonant with songs, and not cries of fire. Oh, my dear brother and sister ! if this short lane of life comes up so soon to that blessed place, what is the use of our worrying ? I have felt a good many times, this last week, like Father Taylor, the sailor preacher. He got in a long sentence while he was preaching one day, and lost himself, and could not find his way out of the sentence. He stopped and said : “ Brethren, I have lost the nominative of this sentence, and things are generally mixed up, but I am bound for the kingdom anyhow ! ”

Ah ! that is a good land. Why, they tell me that in that land they never have a heart ache. They tell me that a man might walk five hundred years in that land and never see a tear or hear a sigh. They tell me of our friends who have left us and gone there, that their feet are radiant as the sun, and that they take hold of the hand of Jesus familiarly, and that they open that hand and see in the palm of it a healed wound that must have been very cruel before it was healed. And they tell me that there is no winter there, and that they never get hungry or cold, and that the sewing girl never wades through the snow-bank to her daily toil, and that the clock never strikes twelve for the night, but only twelve for the day.

See that light in the window ! I wonder who set it there. "Oh!" you say, "my father that went into glory must have set that light in the window." No ; guess again. "My mother, who died fifteen years ago in Jesus, I think must have set that light there." No ; guess again. You say, "My darling little child, that last summer I put away for the resurrection—I think she must have set that light there in the window." No ; guess again. *Jesus* set it there ; and He will keep it burning until the day we put our finger on the latch of the door and go in to be at home forever. Oh ! when my sight gets black in death, put on my eyelids that sweet ointment. When in the last weariness I cannot take another step, just help me put my foot on that doorsill. When my ear catches no more the voices of wife and child, let me go right in to have my deafness cured by the stroke of the harpers whose fingers fly over the strings with the anthems of the free.

Heaven never burns down! The fires of the last day—that are already kindled in the heart of the earth, but are hidden because God keeps down the hatches—will after a while break through the crust, and the plains, and the mountains, and the seas will be consumed, and the flames will fling their long arms into the skies ; but all the terrors of a burning world will do no more harm to that heavenly temple than the fires of the setting sun which kindle up the window glass of the house on yonder hill-top. Oh, blessed land ! But I did not want to go there until I saw the Brooklyn Tabernacle rebuilt. You said, "Will it be ?" I replied, "You might as well ask me if the sun will rise to-morrow morning, or if the next spring will put garlands on its head."

OUR WATCHWORD IS, "FORWARD !"

How did the Israelites get through the Red Sea ? I suppose somebody may have come and said : "There is no need of trying ; you will get your feet wet ; you will spoil your clothes ; you will drown yourselves. Who ever heard of getting through such a sea as that ?" How did they get through it ? Did they go back ? No. Did they go to the right ? No. Did they go to the left ? No. They went forward in the strength of the Lord Almighty ; and that is the way we mean to get through the Red Sea—*by going forward*. But said some one : "If we should build a larger church, would you be able with your voice to fill it ?" Why, I have been wearing myself out for the last sixteen years

in trying to keep my voice in. Give me room where I can preach the glories of Christ and the grandeurs of heaven!

Forward! We have to march on, breaking down all bridges behind us, making retreat impossible. Throw away your knapsack if it impedes your march. Keep your sword-arm free. Strike for Christ and his kingdom while you may. No people ever had a better mission than you are sent on. Prove yourselves worthy. If I am not fit to be your leader, set me aside. The brightest goal on earth that I can think of is a country parsonage amidst the mountains. But I am not afraid to lead you. I have some dollars; they are at your disposal. I have good physical health; it is yours as long as it lasts. I have enthusiasm of soul; I will not keep it back from your service. I have some faith in God; and I shall direct it toward the rebuilding of our new spiritual house.

Come on, ye aged men, not yet passed over Jordan! Give us one more lift before you go into the promised land. You men in middle life, harness all your business faculties to this enterprise. Young man, put the fire of your soul into this work. Let women consecrate their persuasiveness and persistence to this cause, and they will be preparing benedictions for their dying hour and everlasting rewards; and if Satan really did burn that Tabernacle down, as some people say he did, he will find it the poorest job he ever undertook.

Good-by, old Tabernacle! I put my fingers to my lips and throw a kiss to the departed church. In the last day, may we be able to meet the songs there sung, and the prayers there offered, and the sermons there preached. Good-by, old place, where some of us first felt the gospel peace, and others heard the last message ere they fled away into the skies! Good-by, our old Tabernacle! But welcome, our new church! Your gates wider, your songs more triumphant, your ingatherings more glorious. Rise out of the ashes and greet our waiting vision! Burst on our souls, O day of our church's resurrection! By your altars may we be prepared for the hour when the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is.

ECHOES.

GREEK mythology represents the Echo as a nymph, the daughter of Earth and Air, following Narcissus through forests and into grottoes and every whither; and so strange and weird and startling is the echo that I do not wonder that the superstitious have lifted it into the supernatural. You and I in boyhood or girlhood experimented with this responsiveness of sound. Standing half way between the house and barn, we shouted many a time to hear the reverberations; or out among the mountains back of our home, on some long tramp, we stopped and made exclamations with full lungs just to hear what Ezekiel calls "The sounding again of the mountains."

The echo has frightened many a child and many a man. It is no tame thing after you have spoken to hear the same words repeated by the invisible. All the silences are filled with voices ready to answer. Yet it would not be so startling if they said something else, but why do those lips of the air say just what you say? Do they mean to mock or mean to please? Who are you and where are you, thou wondrous Echo? Sometimes its response is a reiteration. The shot of a gun, the clapping of the hands, the beating of a drum, the voice of a violin are sometimes repeated many times by the echo.

Near Coblenz, that which is said has seventeen echoes! In 1766 a writer says that near Milan, Italy, there were seventy such reflections of sound to one snap of a pistol. Play a bugle near a lake of Killarney and the tune is played back to you as distinctly as when you played it. There is a well two hundred and ten feet deep at Carisbrooke castle in the Isle of Wight. Drop a pin into that well and the sound of its fall comes to the top of the well distinctly.

A blast from an Alpine horn comes back from the rocks of Jungfrau in surge after surge of reflected sound, until it seems as if every

peak had lifted and blown an Alpine horn. But have you noticed—and this is the reason for the present discourse—that this echo in the natural world has its analogy in the moral and religious world? Have you noticed the tremendous fact that what we say and do comes back in recoiled gladness or disaster?

ECHOES OF HEREDITY.

First—Parental teaching and example have their echo in the character of descendants. Exceptions? Oh, yes. So in the natural world there may be no echo, or a distorted echo, by reason of peculiar proximities, but the general rule is that the character of the children is the echo of the character of parents. The general rule is that good parents have good children and bad parents have bad children. If the old man is a crank, his son is apt to be a crank and the grandchild a crank.

This tendency is so mighty in that direction that it will get worse and worse unless some hero or heroine in that line shall rise and say: "Here! By the help of God, I will stand this no longer. Against this hereditary tendency to queerness I protest." And he or she will set up an altar and a magnificent life that will reverse things, and there will be no more cranks among that kindred.

In another family the father and mother are consecrated people. What they do is right; what they teach is right. The boys may for some time be wild and the daughters worldly, but watch! Years pass on, perhaps ten years, twenty years, and you go back to the church where the father and mother used to be consistent members.

You have heard nothing about the family for twenty years, and at the door of the church you see the sexton and you ask him, "Where is old Mr. Webster?" "Oh, he has been dead many years!" "Where is Mrs. Webster?" "Oh, she died fifteen years ago!" "I suppose their son Joe went to the dogs?" "Oh, no," says the sexton, "he is up there in the elders' seat. He is one of our best and most important members. You ought to hear him pray and sing. He is not Joe any longer; he is Elder Webster." "Well, where is the daughter, Mary? I suppose she is the same thoughtless butterfly she used to be?" "Oh, no!" says the sexton, "she is the president of our missionary society and the directress in the orphan asylum, and when she goes down the street all the ragamuffins take hold of her dress and cry, 'Auntie, when

are you going to bring us some more books and shoes and things?' And when in times of revival there is some hard case back in a church pew that no one else can touch, she goes where he is, and in a minute she has him a-crying, and the first thing we know she is fetching the hardened man up to the front to be prayed for, and says, 'Here is a brother who wants to find the way into the kingdom of God.' And it nobody seems ready to pray she kneels down in the aisle beside him and says, 'O Lord!' with a pathos and a power and a triumph that seem instantly to emancipate the hardened sinner. Oh, no, you must not call her a thoughtless butterfly in our presence. You see we would not stand it." The fact is that the son and daughter of that family did not promise much at the start, but they are now an echo, a glorious echo, a prolonged echo of parental teaching and example.

ECHOES OF GOOD AND EVIL.

A Vermont mother, as her boy was about to start for a life on the sea, said: "Edward, I have never seen the ocean, but I understand the great temptation is strong drink. Promise me you will never touch it." Many years after that, telling of this in a meeting, Edward said: "I gave that promise to mother, and have been around the world and at Calcutta, the ports of the Mediterranean, San Francisco, Cape of Good Hope, and the north and south polar seas, and never saw a glass of liquor in all those years that my mother's form did not appear before me, and I do not know how liquor tastes. I never have tasted it, and all because of the promise I made to my mother."

This was the result of that conversation at the gate of the Vermont farmhouse. The statuary of Thorwaldsen was sent from Italy to Germany, and the straw in which the statues had been packed was thrown upon the ground. The next spring beautiful Italian flowers sprang up where this straw had been cast, for in it had been some of the seeds of Italian flowers; thus, whether conscious of it or not, we are all the time planting for ourselves and planting for others roses or thorns. You thought it only straw, yet among it were anemones.

But here is a slipshod home. The parents are a godless pair. They let their children do as they please. No example fit to follow. No lessons of morality or religion. Sunday no better than any other day. The Bible no better than any other book. The house is a sort of inn where the older and younger people of the household stop for awhile.

The theory acted on, though perhaps not announced, is : " The children will have to do as I did and take their chances. Life is a lottery anyhow, and some draw prizes and some draw blanks, and we will trust to luck."

Skip twenty years and come back to the neighborhood where that family used to live. You meet on the street or on the road an old inhabitant of that neighborhood, and you say, " Can you tell me anything about the Petersons who used to live here?" " Yes," says the old inhabitant, " I remember them very well. The father and mother have been dead for years." " Well, how about the children? What has become of them?" The old inhabitant replies : " They turned out badly. You know the old man was about half an infidel, and the boys were all infidels. The oldest son married, but got into drinking habits, and in a few years his wife was not able to live with him any longer and his children were taken by relatives, and he died of delirium tremens on Blackwell's island. His other son forged the name of his employer and fled to Canada. One of the daughters of the old folks married an inebriate with the idea of reforming him, and you know how that always ends—in the ruin of both the experimenter and the one experimented with. The other daughter disappeared mysteriously and has not been heard of. There was a young woman picked out of the East river and put in the morgue, and some thought it was she, but I cannot say." " Is it possible?" you cry out. " Yes, it is possible. The family is a complete wreck."

Is not this just what might have been expected? All this is only the echo, the dismal echo, the awful echo, the dreadful echo of parental obliquity and unfaithfulness. The old folks heaped up a mountain of wrong influences, and this is only what Ezekiel calls " The sounding of the mountains."

Indeed our entire behavior in this world will have its echo. While opportunities fly in a straight line and just touch us once and are gone never to return, the wrongs we practise upon others fly in a circle and they come back to the place from which they started. Doctor Guillotine thought it a good idea to introduce the instrument of death, named after him ; but did not like it so well when his own head was chopped off with the guillotine.

ECHOES OF JUDGMENT.

So, also, the judgment-day will be an echo of all our other days. The universe needs such a day, for there are so many things in the

world that need to be fixed up and explained. If God had not appointed such a day all the nations would cry out, "O God, give us a judgment-day!" But we are apt to think of it and speak about it as a day away off in the future, having no special connection with this day or any other day. The fact is, that we are now making up its voices, its trumpets will only sound back again to us what we now say and do.

That is the meaning of all that Scripture which says that Christ will on that day address the soul, saying, "I was naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and in prison and ye visited me." All the footsteps in that prison corridor, as the Christian reformer walks to the wicket of the incarcerated, yea, all the whispers of condolence in the ear of the poor soul dying in that garret, yea, all the kindnesses are being caught up and rolled on until they dash against the judgment throne, and then they will be struck back into the ears of these sons and daughters of mercy.

Louder than the crash of Mount Washington falling on its face in the world-wide catastrophe, and the boiling of the sea over the furnaces of universal conflagration, will be the echo and re-echo of the good deeds done and the sympathetic words uttered and the mighty benefactions wrought. On that day all the charities, all the self-sacrifices, all the philanthropies, all the beneficent last wills and testaments, all the Christian work of all the ages, will be piled up into mountains, and those who have served God and served the suffering human race will hear "The sounding of the mountains."

WORDS ECHOED IN DEEDS.

Eternity itself is only an echo of time. Mind you, the analogy warrants my saying this. The echo is not always exactly in kind like the sound originally projected. Lord Raleigh says that a woman's voice sounding from a grove was returned an octave higher. A scientist playing a flute in Fairfax County, Va., found that all the notes were returned, although some of them came in a raised pitch. A trumpet sounded ten times near Glasgow, Scotland, and the ten notes were all repeated, but a third lower. And the spiritual law corresponds with the natural world.

What we do of good or bad may not come back to us in just the proportion we expect it, but come come back it will; it may be from a

higher gladness than we thought, or from a deeper woe, from a mightier conqueror or from a worse captive, from a higher throne or deeper dungeon. Our prayer or our blasphemy, our kindness or our cruelty, our faith or our unbelief, our holy life or our dissolute behavior will come back somehow.

Suppose the boss of a factory, or the head of a commercial firm, some day comes out among his clerks or employes, and putting his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, says, with an air of swagger and jocosity: "Well, I don't believe in the Bible or the church. The one is an imposition and the other is full of hypocrites. I declare I would not trust one of those very pious people farther than I could see him." That is all he says, but he has said enough. The young men go back to their counters or their shuttles and say within themselves: "Well, he is a successful man and has probably studied up the whole subject and is probably right."

That one lying utterance against Bibles and churches has put five young men on the wrong track, and though the influential man had spoken only in half jest, the echo shall come back to him in five ruined lifetimes and five destroyed eternities. You see the echoes are an octave lower than he anticipated. On the other hand, some rainy day when there are hardly any customers, the Christian merchant comes out from his counting-room and stands among the young men who have nothing to do and says:

"Well, boys, this is a dull day, but it will clear off after awhile. There are a good many ups and downs in business, but there is an overruling Providence. Years ago I made up my mind to trust God, and he has always seen me through. I remember, when I was your age, I had just come to town and the temptations of city life gathered around me, but I resisted. The fact is, there were two old folks out on the old farm praying for me, and I knew it, and somehow I could not do as some of the clerks did, or go where some of the clerks went. I tell you, boys, it is best always to do right, and there is nothing to keep one right like the old-fashioned religion of Jesus Christ. John, where did you go to church last Sunday? Henry, how is the Young Men's Christian Association prospering?"

About noon the rain ceases and the sun comes out, and the clerks go to their places, and they say within themselves: "Well, he is a successful merchant, and I guess he knows what he is talking about, and

the Christian religion must be a good thing. God knows I want some help in this battle with temptation and sin."

The successful merchant who uttered the kind words did not know how much good he was doing, but the echo will come back in five lifetimes of virtue and usefulness, and five Christian deathbeds, and five heavens. From all the mountains of rapture and all the mountains of glory and all the mountains of eternity he will catch what Ezekiel styles "The sounding again of the mountains."

TIME ECHOED BY ETERNITY.

I take a step further in this subject, and say that our own eternity will be a reverberation of our own earthly lifetime. What we are here we will be there, only on a larger scale. Dissolution will tear down the body, but our faculties of mind and soul will go right on without the hesitancy of a moment, and without any change except enlargement and intensification. There will be no more difference than between a lion behind the iron bars and a lion escaped into the field, between an eagle in the cage and an eagle in the sky. Good here, good there; bad here, bad there. Time is only a bedwarfed eternity. Eternity is only an enlarged time. In this life our soul is in dry dock.

The moment we leave this life we are launched for our great voyage, and we sail on for centuries quintillion, but the ship does not change its fundamental structure after it gets out of the dry dock; it does not pass from brig to schooner or from schooner to man-of-war. What we are when launched from this world we will be in the world to come. O God, by thy converting and sanctifying spirit make us right here and now, that we may be right forever!

THE LAWS OF ACOUSTICS.

"Well," says some one, "this idea of moral, spiritual and eternal echo is new to me. Is there not some way of stopping this echo?" My answer is, "God can, and he only." If it is a cheerful echo we do not want it stopped; if a baleful echo we would like to have it stopped. The hardest thing in this world to do is to stop an echo. Many an oration has been spoiled and many an orator confounded by an echo. Costly churches, cathedrals, theaters and music halls have been ruined by an echo. Architects have strung wires across auditoriums to arrest the echo, and hung upholstery against the walls, hoping to entrap it,

and hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended in public buildings of this country to keep the air from answering when it ought to be quiet.

Aristotle and Pythagoras and Isaac Newton and La Place and our own Joseph Henry tried to hunt down the echo, but still the unexplored realms of acoustics are larger than the explored. When our first Brooklyn Tabernacle was being constructed, we were told by architects that it was of such a shape that the human voice could not be heard in it, or, if heard, it would be jangled in echoes.

In a state of worriment I went to Joseph Henry, the president of the Smithsonian institution at Washington, and told him of this evil prophecy, and he replied: "I have probably experimented more with the laws of sound than any other man, and I got as far as this: Two buildings may seem to be exactly alike, and yet in one the acoustics may be good and in the other bad. Go on with your church building and trust that all will be well." And all was well. Oh, this mighty law of sound! Oh, this subtle echo! There is only one Being in the universe who thoroughly understands "The sounding again of the mountains."

If it is so hard to destroy a natural echo, how much harder is it to stop a moral echo, a spiritual echo, an immortal echo. We know that the echoes are effected by the surfaces, and the shape of rocks, and the depth of ravines, and the relative position of buildings. And once in heaven, God will so arrange the relative position of mansions and temples and thrones that one of the everlasting charms of heaven will be the rolling, bursting, ascending, descending, chanting echoes. All the songs we ever sang devoutly, all the prayers we have ever uttered earnestly, all the Christian deeds we have ever done, will be waiting to spring upon us in echo.

ECHOES IN ETERNITY.

The scientists tell us that in this world the roar of artillery and the boom of the thunder are so loud, because they are a combination of echoes—all the hillsides, and the caverns, and the walls furnishing a share of the resonance. And never will we understand the full power and music of an echo until with supernatural faculties, able to endure them, we hear all the conjoined sounds of heavenly echoes—harps and trumpets, orchestras and oratorios, hosannahs and hallelujahs, east side of heaven answering to the west side, north side to south

side, and all the heights, and all the depths, and all the immensities, and all the eternities joining in echo upon echo, echo in the wake of echo.

In the future state, whether of rapture or ruin, we will listen for reverberations of earthly things and doings. Voltaire, standing amid the shadows, will listen, and from the millions whose godlessness and libertinism and debauchery were a consequence of his brilliant blasphemies will come back a weeping, wailing, despairing, agonizing, million-voiced echo. Paul will, while standing in the light, listen, and from all the circles of the ransomed, and from all the many mansions whom he helped to people, and from all the thrones he helped to occupants, and from all the gates he helped to throng with arrivals, and from all the temples he helped fill with worshipers, there shall come back to him a glorious, ever-accumulating, transporting and triumphant Echo.

Oh, what will the tyrants and oppressors of the earth do with the echoes? Those who are responsible for the wars of the world will have come back to them all the groans, the shrieks, the cannonades, the bursting shells, the crackle of burning cities and the crash of a nation's homes; Hohenlinden and Salamanca, Wagram and Sedan, Marathon and Thermopylæ, Bunker Hill and Lexington, South Mountain and Gettysburg. Sennacherib, listen! Semiramis, listen! Marc Antony, listen! Artaxerxes, listen! Darius, listen! Julius Cæsar, listen! Alexander and Napoleon, listen! But to the righteous will come back the blissful echoes.

Composers of Gospel hymns and singers will listen for the return of Antioch and Brattle Street, Ariel and Dundee, Harwell and Woodstock, Mount Pisgah and Coronation, Homeward Bound and Shining Shore, and all the melodies they ever started. Bishop Heber and Charles Wesley and Isaac Watts and Thomas Hastings and Bradbury and Horatius Bonar and Frances Havergal, listen!

We know there are some places where the reverberations seem to meet, and standing there they rush upon you, they rain upon you, all at once they capture your ear. And at the point where all heavenly reverberations meet, Christ will stand and listen for the resound of all his sighs and groans and sacrifices, and they shall come back in an echo in which shall mingle the acclaim of a redeemed world, and the "Jubilate Deo" of a full heaven. Echo saintly, cherubic, archangelic! Echo of thrones! Echo of palaces! Echo of temples! Omnipotent Echo! Everlasting Echo!

CURE FOR SICK SOULS.

SOME man comes and says to me: "Why do you talk about the ruined state of the human soul? Why don't you speak about the progress of the Nineteenth century, and talk of something more exhilarating?" It is for this reason: A man never wants the Gospel until he realizes he is in a famine struck state. Suppose I should come to you in your home, and find you in good, sound, robust health, and I should begin to talk about medicines, and about how much better this medicine is than that, and some other medicine than some other medicine, and talk about this physician and that physician. After a while you would get tired and say: "I don't want to hear about medicines. Why do you talk to me of physicians? I never have a doctor."

But suppose I come into your house and I find you severely sick, and I know the medicines that will cure you, and I know the physician who is skillful enough to meet your case. You say: "Bring on that medicine, bring on that physician. I am terribly sick and I want help." If I come to you and you feel that you are all right in body and all right in mind, and all right in soul, you have need of nothing; but suppose I should persuade you that the leprosy of sin is upon you, the worst of all sickness. Oh, then you would say, "Bring me that balm of the Gospel, bring me that divine medicament, bring me Jesus Christ."

When Napoleon talked of going into Italy, they said: "You can't get there; if you knew what the Alps were you wouldn't talk about it or think of it. You can't get your ammunition wagons over the Alps." Then Napoleon rose in his stirrups and waving his hand towards the mountains, he said, "There shall be no Alps." That wonderful pass was laid out which has been the wonderment of all the years since—the wonderment of all engineers. And you tell me there are such

mountains of sin between your soul and God that there is no mercy. Then I see Christ waving his hand toward the mountains ; I hear him say, "I will come over the mountains of thy sin and the hills of thy iniquity." There shall be no Pyrenees ; there shall be no Alps.

AN UNGRATEFUL CHILD.

It is a sad thing after a father has done everything for a child, to have that child be ungrateful.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child.

That is Shakespeare. "A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother." That is the Bible. Well, my friends, have not some of us been cruel prodigals? Have we not maltreated our father? And such a father! So loving, so kind. If he had been a stranger, if he had forsaken us, if he had flagellated us, if he had turned us out of doors on the commons, it would not have been so wonderful, after our treatment of him ; but he is a father so loving, so kind ; and yet how many of us for our wanderings have ever apologized? We apologize for wrongs done to our fellows, but some of us perhaps have committed ten thousand times ten thousand wrongs against God and never apologized.

A sailor, after having been long on the sea, returned to his father's house, and his mother tried to persuade him not to go away again. She said, "Now you had better stay at home ; don't go away ; we don't want you to go ; you will have it a great deal better here." But it made him angry. The night before he went away again to sea, he heard his mother praying in the next room, and that made him more angry. He went far out on the sea, and a storm came up, and he was ordered to very perilous duty, and he ran up the rat-lines, and amid the shrouds of the ship he heard the voice that he had heard in the next room. He tried to whistle it off, he tried to rally his courage, but he could not silence that voice he had heard in the next room, and there in the storm and the darkness he said : "O Lord, what a wretch I have been ; what a wretch I am ! Help me just now, Lord God."

A lad at Liverpool went out to bathe, went out into the sea, went out too far, got beyond his depth and he floated far away. A ship bound for Dublin came along and took him on board. Sailors are generally very generous fellows, and one gave him a cap and another

gave him a jacket, and another gave him shoes. A gentleman passing along on the beach at Liverpool found the lad's clothes and took them home, and the father and mother were heartbroken at the loss of their child. They had heard nothing from him, day after day, and they ordered the usual mourning for the sad event. But the lad took ship from Dublin and reached Liverpool the very day the garments arrived. He knocked at the door, and the father and mother were overjoyed at the return of their lost son. O my readers, have you waded out too deep? Have you waded down into sin? Have you waded from the shore? Will you come back? When you come back will you come in the rags of your sin, or will you come robed in the Saviour's righteousness? I believe the latter.

NOW IS THE TIME TO ACT.

The trouble in nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand is that our resolutions amount to nothing because we make them for some distant time. If I resolve to become a Christian next year, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve to become a Christian to-morrow, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve to become a Christian at the service to-night, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve after I go home to-day to yield my heart to God, that amounts to nothing at all. The only kind of resolution that amounts to anything is the resolution that is immediately put into execution.

There was a man who had the typhoid fever. He said, "Oh, if I could get over this terrible distress, if this fever should depart, if I could be restored to health, I would all the rest of my life serve God!" The fever departed. He got well enough to walk around the block. He got well enough to go over to New York and attend to business. He is well to-day, as well as he ever was. Where is the broken vow?

I was at East Hampton and I went into the cemetery to look around, and in that cemetery there are twelve graves side by side—the graves of sailors. This crew, some years ago, in a ship went into the breakers at Amagansett, about three miles away. My brother, then preaching at East Hampton, had been at the burial. These men of the crew came very near being saved.

The people from Amagansett saw the vessel, and they shot rockets and they sent ropes from the shore, and these poor fellows got into the boat and they pulled mightily for the shore, but just before they got to

the shore the rope snapped and the boat capsized and they were lost ; their bodies afterward washed up on the beach. Oh ! what a solemn day it was—I have been told of it by my brother—when these twelve men lay at the foot of the pulpit and he read over them the funeral service. They came very near shore—within shouting distance of the shore, yet did not arrive on solid land. There are some men who come almost to the shore of God’s mercy, but not quite, not quite. To be only almost saved is not to be saved at all.

A STRIKING INSTANCE.

In England two young men started from their father’s house and went down to Portsmouth. The father could not pursue his children ; for some reason he could not leave home, and so he wrote a letter down to Mr. Griffin, saying : “ Mr. Griffin, I wish you would go and see my two sons. They have arrived in Portsmouth, and they are going to take ship and going away from home. I wish you would persuade them back.” Mr. Griffin went, and he tried to persuade them back. He persuaded one to go. He went with very easy persuasion, because he was very homesick already. The other young man said : “ I will not go. I have had enough of home. I’ll never go home.” “ Well,” said Mr. Griffin, “ then if you won’t go home, I’ll get you a respectable position on a respectable ship.” “ No, you won’t,” said the prodigal ; “ No, you won’t. I am going as a common sailor ; that will plague my father most, and what will do most to tantalize and worry him will please me best.”

Years passed on, and Mr. Griffin was seated in his study one day when a message came to him that there was a young man in irons on a ship at the dock—a young man condemned to death—who wished to see this clergyman. Mr. Griffin went down to the dock and went on shipboard. The young man said to him, “ You don’t know me, do you ?” “ No,” he said, “ I don’t know you.” “ Why, don’t you remember that young man you tried to persuade to go home, and he wouldn’t go ?” “ Oh, yes,” said Mr. Griffin. “ Are you that man ?” “ Yes, I am that man,” said the other. “ I would like to have you pray for me. I have committed murder, and I must die, but I don’t want to go out of this world until some one prays for me. You are my father’s friend and I would like to have you pray for me.”

Mr. Griffin went from judicial authority to judicial authority to get the young man's pardon. He slept not night nor day. He went from influential person to influential person until some way he got that young man's pardon. He came down on the dock, and as he arrived on the dock with the pardon the father came. He had heard that his son, under a disguised name, had been committing crime and was going to be put to death. So Mr. Griffin and the father went on the ship's deck, and at the very moment Mr. Griffin offered the pardon to the young man, the old father threw his arms around the son's neck, and the son said: "Father, I have done very wrong, and I am very sorry. I wish I had never broken your heart. I am very sorry." "Oh!" said the father, "don't mention it; it don't make any difference now. It is all over. I forgive you, my son," and he kissed him and kissed him and kissed him.

To-day I offer you the pardon of the Gospel—full pardon, free pardon. I do not care what your sin has been. Though you say you have committed a crime against God, against your own soul, against your fellow-man, against your family, against the day of judgment, against the cross of Christ—whatever your crime has been, here is pardon, full pardon, and the very moment that you take that pardon your heavenly Father throws his arms around about you and says: "My son, I forgive you. It is all right. You are as much in my favor now as if you had never sinned." Oh, there is joy on earth and joy in heaven. Who will take the Father's embrace?

THREE PASSENGERS.

There was a gentleman in a rail car who saw in that same car three passengers of very different circumstances. The first was a maniac. He was carefully guarded by his attendants. His mind, like a ship dismasted, was beating against a dark, desolate coast, from which no help could come. The train stopped, and the man was taken out into the asylum to waste away, perhaps, through years of gloom. The second passenger was a culprit. The outraged law had seized on him. As the cars jolted the chains rattled. On his face were crime, depravity and despair. The train halted and he was taken out to the penitentiary, to which he had been condemned. There was the third passenger, under far different circumstances. She was a bride. Every hour was gay as a marriage bell. Life glittered and beckoned. Her companion

was taking her to his father's house. The train halted. The old man was there to welcome her to her new home, and his white locks snowed down upon her as he sealed his word with a father's kiss.

Quickly we fly toward eternity. We will soon be there. Some leave this life condemned. Oh, may it be with us, that leaving this fleeting life for the next, we may find our Father ready to greet us to our new home with Him forever. That will be a marriage banquet! Father's welcome! Father's bosom! Father's kiss! Heaven! Heaven!

A POOR INVESTMENT.

WHEN a man passes himself over to the world, he expects to get some adequate compensation. He has heard the great things that the world does for a man, and he believes it. He wants two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. That will be horses and houses, and a summer resort and jolly companionship. To get it he parts with his physical health by overwork. He parts with his conscience. He parts with much domestic enjoyment. He parts with opportunities for literary culture. He parts with his soul. And so he makes over his entire nature to the world.

He does it in four instalments. He pays down the first instalment, and one-fourth of his nature is gone. He pays down the second instalment, and one-half of his nature is gone. He pays down the third instalment, and three-quarters of his nature are gone, and after many years have gone by he pays down the fourth instalment, and lo! his entire nature is gone. Then he comes up to the world and says: "Good-morning. I have delivered to you the goods. I have passed over to you my body, my mind and my soul, and I have come now to collect the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars." "Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars?" says the world. "What do you mean?" "Well," you say, "I come to collect the money you owe me, and I expect you to fulfill your part of the contract." "But," says the world, "I have failed. I am bankrupt. I cannot possibly pay that debt. I have not for a long time expected to pay it." "Well," you then say, "give me back the goods." "Oh, no," says the world, "they are all gone. I cannot give them back to you." And there you stand on the confines of eternity, your spiritual character gone, staggering under the consideration that "you have sold yourself for naught."

THE WORLD A CHEAT.

I tell you the world is a liar. It does not keep its promises. It is a cheat, and it fleeces everything it can put its hands on. It is a bogus

world. It is a six-thousand-year-old swindle. Even if it pays the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for which you contracted, it pays them in bonds that will not be worth anything in a little while. Just as a man may pay down ten thousand dollars in hard cash and get for it worthless scrip—so the world passes over to you the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in that shape which will not be worth a farthing to you a thousandth part of a second after you are dead. “Oh,” you say, “it will help to bury me, anyhow.” O my brother! you need not worry about that. The world will bury you soon enough from sanitary considerations.

Post mortem emoluments are of no use to you. The treasures of this world will not pass current in the future world, and if all the wealth of the Bank of England were put in the pocket of your shroud and you in the midst of the Jordan of death were asked to pay three cents for your ferriage, you could not do it. There comes a moment in your existence beyond which all earthly values fail, and many a man has wakened up in such a time to find that he has sold out for eternity and has nothing to show for it. I should as soon think of going to Chatham street to buy silk pocket handkerchiefs with no cotton in them, as to go to this world expecting to find any permanent happiness. It has deceived and deluded every man who has ever put his trust in it.

MONEY CANNOT BUY HAPPINESS.

History tells us of one who resolved that he would have all his senses gratified at one and the same time, and he expended thousands of dollars on each sense. He entered a room, and there were the first musicians of the land pleasing his ear, and there were fine pictures fascinating his eye, and there were costly aromatics regaling his nostrils, and there were the richest meats and wines and fruits and confections pleasing the appetite, and there was a soft couch of sinful indulgence on which he reclined, and the man declared afterward that he would give ten times what he had given if he could have one week of such enjoyment, even though he lost his soul by it! Ah! that was the rub! He did lose his soul by it! Cyrus the conqueror thought for a little while that he was making a fine thing out of this world, and yet before he came to his grave he wrote out this pitiful epitaph for his monument: “I am Cyrus. I occupied the Persian empire. I was king over Asia.

Begrudge me not this monument." But the world in after years plowed up his sepulcher.

The world clapped its hands and stamped its feet in honor of Charles Lamb; but what does he say? "I walk up and down, thinking I am happy, but feeling I am not." Call the roll, and be quick about it. Samuel Johnson, the learned! Happy? "No. I am afraid I shall some day get crazy." William Hazlitt, the great essayist! Happy? "No. I have been for two hours and a half going up and down Paternoster row with a volcano in my breast." Smollet, the witty author! Happy? "No. I am sick of praise and blame, and I wish to God that I had such circumstances around me that I could throw my pen into oblivion." Buchanan, the world-renowned writer, exiled from his own country, appealing to Henry VIII. for protection! Happy? "No. Over mountains covered with snow, and through valleys flooded with rain, I come a fugitive." Moliere, the popular dramatic author! Happy? "No. That wretch of an actor just now recited four of my lines without the proper accent and gesture. To have the children of my brain so hung, drawn and quartered, tortures me like a condemned spirit."

DEATH OF THE WORLDDLING.

I went to see a worldling die. As I went into the hall I saw its floor was tessellated, and its wall was a picture-gallery. I found his death chamber adorned with tapestry until it seemed as if the clouds of the setting sun had settled in the room. The man had given forty years to the world—his wit, his time, his genius, his talent, his soul. Did the world come in to stand by his deathbed and clearing off the vials of bitter medicine, put down any compensation? Oh, no! The world does not like sick and dying people, and leaves them in the lurch. It ruined this man and then left him. He had a magnificent funeral. All the ministers wore scarfs, and there were forty-three carriages in a row; but the departed man appreciated not the obsequies.

I want to persuade my readers that this world is a poor investment; that it does not pay ninety per cent. of satisfaction, nor eighty per cent., nor twenty per cent., nor two per cent., nor one; that it gives no solace when a dead babe lies on your lap; that it gives no peace when conscience rings its alarm; that it gives no explanation in the day of dire trouble; and at the time of your decease it takes hold of the pillow-case and shakes out the feathers, and then jolts down in the place

thereof sighs and groans and execrations, and then makes you put your head on it.

Oh, ye who have tried this world, is it a satisfactory portion? Would you advise your friends to make the investment? No. "Ye have sold yourselves for naught." Your conscience went. Your hope went. Your Bible went. Your heaven went. Your God went. When a sheriff under a writ from the courts sells a man out the officer generally leaves a few chairs and a bed, and a few cups and knives; but in this awful vendue in which you have been engaged the auctioneer's mallet has come down upon body, mind and soul—going! gone! "Ye have sold yourselves for naught."

How could you do so? Did you think that your soul was a mere trinket which for a few pennies you could buy in a toy shop? Did you think that your soul, if once lost, might be found again if you went out with torches and lanterns? Did you think that your soul was short-lived, and that panting, you would soon lie down for extinction? Or had you no idea what your soul was worth? Did you ever put your forefinger on its eternal pulses? Have you not felt the quiver of its peerless wing? Have you not known that after leaving the body, the first step of your soul reaches to the stars, and the next step to the farthest outposts of God's universe, and that it will not die until the day when the everlasting Jehovah expires? O my brother, what possessed you that you should part with your soul so cheap? "Ye have sold yourselves for naught."

THE SOUL'S VALUE.

But I have some good news to tell you. I want to engage in a litigation for the recovery of that soul of yours. I want to show that you have been cheated out of it. I want to prove, as I will, that you were crazy on that subject, and that the world, under such circumstances, had no right to take the title deed from you; and if you will join me I shall get a decree from the High Chancery Court of Heaven reinstating you in the possession of your soul. "Oh," you say, "I am afraid of lawsuits; they are so expensive, and I cannot pay the cost." Then have you forgotten the last half of my text? "Ye have sold yourselves for naught; and ye shall be redeemed without money."

Money is good for a great many things, but it cannot do anything in the matter of the soul. You cannot buy your way through. Dollars

and pounds sterling mean nothing at the gate of mercy. If you could buy your salvation, heaven would be a great speculation, an extension of Wall street. Bad men would go up and buy out the place, and leave us to shift for ourselves. But as money is not a lawful tender, what is? I will answer, Blood! Whose? Are we to go through the slaughter? Oh, no; it wants richer blood than ours. It wants a king's blood. It must be poured from royal arteries. It must be a sinless torrent. But where is the king?

I see a great many thrones and a great many occupants, yet none seem to be coming down to the rescue. But after a while the clock of night in Bethlehem strikes twelve and the silver pendulum of a star swings across the sky, and I see the King of Heaven rising up, and He descends and steps down from star to star, and from cloud to cloud, lower and lower. He comes to the rescue.

HEAVEN'S BID FOR THE SOUL.

It seems to me as if all heaven were trying to bid in your soul. The first bid it makes is the tears of Christ at the tomb of Lazarus, but that is not a high enough price. The next bid heaven makes is the sweat of Gethsemane, but it is too cheap a price. The next bid heaven makes seems to be the whipped back of Pilate's hall, but it is not a high enough price. Can it be possible that heaven cannot buy you in? Heaven tries once more. It says: "I bid this time for that man's soul the tortures of Christ's martyrdom, the blood on His temple, the blood on His cheek, the blood on His chin, the blood on His hand, the blood on His side, the blood on His knee, the blood on His foot—the blood in drops, the blood in rills, the blood in pools coagulated beneath the cross; the blood that wet the tips of the soldiers' spears, the blood that plashed warm in the face of His enemies."

Glory to God, that bid wins it! The highest price that was ever paid for anything was paid for your soul. Nothing could buy it but blood! The estranged property is brought back. Take it. "Ye have sold yourself for naught; and ye shall be redeemed without money." O atoning blood, cleansing blood, life-giving blood, sanctifying blood, glorifying blood of Jesus! Why not burst into tears at the thought that for thee He shed it—for thee the hard-hearted, for thee the lost!

Some years ago there came down a fierce storm on the sea-coast, and a vessel got in the breakers and was going to pieces. They threw up some signal of distress and the people on shore saw them. They put out in a lifeboat. They came on, and they saw the poor sailors, almost exhausted, clinging to a raft; and so afraid were the boatmen that the men would give up before they got to them they gave them three rounds of cheers, and cried, "Hold on, there! hold on! We'll save you!" After awhile the boat came up. One man was saved by having the boathook put in the collar of his coat, and some in one way and some in another; but they all got into the boat. "Now," says the captain, "for the shore. Pull away now, pull!"

The people on the land were afraid the lifeboat had gone down. They said: "How long the boat stays. Why, it must have been swamped and they have all perished together." And there were men and women on the pier head and on the beach wringing their hands; and while they waited and watched they saw something looming up through the mist, and it turned out to be the lifeboat. As soon as it came within speaking distance the people on the shore cried out: "Did you save any of them? Did you save any of them?" And as the boat swept through the boiling surf and came to the pier head the captain waved his hand over the exhausted sailors that lay flat on the bottom of the boat and cried: "All saved! Thank God! All saved!"

So it may be to-day. The waves of your sin run high, the storm is on you, but I cheer you with this Gospel hope. When the glorified gather on the pier heads of heaven to watch and to listen, may we be able to report all saved! Young and old, good and bad! All saved! Saved for time. Saved for eternity.

A PICTURE FROM THE PAST.

IT seemed as if morning would never come. We had arrived after dark in Athens, Greece, and the night was sleepless with expectation, my watch slowly announcing to me one and two and three and four o'clock. At the first ray of dawn, I called our party to look out of the window upon that city to which Paul said he was a debtor, and to which the whole world is debtor for Greek architecture, Greek sculpture, Greek poetry, Greek eloquence, Greek prowess, and Greek history. That morning in Athens we sauntered forth armed with most generous letters from the President of the United States, and his Secretary of State, and during all of our stay in that city those letters caused every door and every gate and every temple and every palace to swing open before us.

We pass through where stood the Agora, the ancient market-place, the locality where philosophers used to meet their disciples, walking while they talked, and where Paul, the Christian logician, flung many a proud Stoic, and got the laugh on many an impertinent Epicurean. But before we make our chief visits of to-day we must take a turn at the Stadium. It is a little way out, but go we must. The Stadium was the place where the foot-races occurred.

THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS.

We come now to the Acropolis. It is a rock about two miles in circumference at the base, and one thousand feet in circumference at the top, and three hundred feet high. On it has been crowded more elaborate architecture and sculpture than in any other place under the whole heavens. Originally a fortress, and afterward a congregation of temples and statues and pillars, their ruins remain an enchantment from which no observer ever breaks away. No wonder that Aristides

thought it the center of all things—Greece the center of the world; Attica the center of Greece; Athens, the center of Attica, and the Acropolis the center of Athens.

The Turks turned the Parthenon into a powder magazine, into which the Venetian guns dropped fire, and by explosion sent the columns flying in the air and falling cracked and splintered. But after all that time and storm and war and iconoclasm have effected, the Parthenon is the monarch of all ruins, and before it bow the learning, the genius, the poetry, the art, the history of the ages.

I saw it in my mind's eye as it was thousands of years ago. In days when money was ten times more valuable than now, it cost \$4,600,000. It is a Doric grandeur, having forty-seven columns, each column thirty-four feet high and six feet two inches in diameter. Wondrous intercolumniations! Painted porticos, architrave tinged with ochre, shields of gold hung up, lines of most delicate curve, figures of horses and men and women and gods, oxen on the way to sacrifice, statues of the deities Dionysius, Prometheus, Hermes, Demeter, Zeus, Hera, Poseidon; in one frieze twelve divinities; centaurs in battle; weapons from Marathon; chariot of night; chariot of the morning; horses of the sun, the fates, the furies; statue of Jupiter holding in his right hand the thunderbolt; silver-footed chair in which Xerxes watched the battle of Salamis only a few miles away.

Here is the colossal statue of Minerva in full armor; eyes of gray-colored stone, figure of a Sphinx, on her head, griffins by her side (which are lions with eagle's beak), spear in one hand, statue of Liberty in the other, a shield carved with battle scenes, and even the slippers sculptured, and tied on with thongs of gold. Far out at sea the sailors saw the statue of Minerva rising high above all the temples, glittering in the sun. Here are statues of equestrians, statue of a lioness, and there are the Graces, and yonder a horse in bronze. There is a statue said in the time of Augustus to have of its own accord turned around from east to west and spit blood; statues made out of shields conquered in battle; statue of Apollo, the expeller of locusts; statue of Anacreon, drunk and singing; statue of Olympiodorus, a Greek, memorable for the fact that he was cheerful when others were cast down, a trait worthy of sculpture.

But walk on and around the Acropolis, and yonder you see a statue of Hygeia, and the statue of Theseus fighting the Minotaur,

and the statue of Hercules slaying serpents. No wonder that Petronius said that it was easier to find a god than a man in Athens. Oh, the Acropolis! The most of its temples and statues were made from the marble quarries of Mount Pentelicus, a little way from the city. I have here on my table a block of the Parthenon made out of this marble, and on it is the sculpture of Phidias. I brought it from the Acropolis. This specimen has on it the dust of ages, and the marks of explosion and battle, but you can get from it some idea of the delicate lustre of the Acropolis when it was covered with a mountain of this marble cut into all the exquisite shapes that genius could contrive, and striped with silver, and aflame with gold. The Acropolis in the morning light of those ancients must have shown as though it were an aerolite cast off from the noonday sun. The temples must have looked like petrified foam. The whole Acropolis must have seemed like the white breakers of the great ocean of time.

PAUL ON MARS HILL.

We next hasten down the Acropolis to ascend the Areopagus, or Mars Hill, as it is called. It took only about three minutes to walk the distance, and the two hill-tops are so near that what I said in religious discourse on Mars Hill was heard distinctly by some English gentlemen on the Acropolis. This Mars Hill is a rough pile of rock fifty feet high. It was famous long before New Testament times. The Persians easily and terribly assaulted the Acropolis from this hill-top. Here assembled the court to try criminals. It was held in the night time, so that the faces of the judges could not be seen, nor the faces of the lawyers who made the plea, and so, instead of a trial being one of emotion, it must have been one of cool justice.

But there was one occasion on this hill memorable above all others. A little man, physically weak, and his rhetoric described by himself as contemptible, had by his sermons rocked Athens with commotion, and he was summoned either by writ of law or hearty invitation to come upon that pulpit of rock and give a specimen of his theology. All the wiseacres of Athens turned out and turned up to hear him. The more venerable of them sat in an amphitheater, the granite seats of which are still visible, but the other people swarmed on all sides of the hill and at the base of it to hear this man, whom some called a fanatic, and others called a madcap, and others a blasphemer, and others styled

contemptuously "this fellow." Paul arrived in answer to the writ or invitation and confronted them and gave them the biggest dose that mortals ever took. He was so built that nothing could scare him, and as for Jupiter and Athena, the god and the goddess, whose images were in full sight on the adjoining hill, he had not as much regard for them as he had for the ant that was crawling in the sand under his feet.

In that audience were the first orators of the world, and they had voices like flutes when they were passive and like trumpets when they were aroused, and I think they laughed in the sleeves of their gowns as this insignificant-looking man rose to speak. In that audience were Scholiasts, who knew everything, or thought they did, and from the end of the longest hair on the top of their craniums to the end of the nail on the longest toe, they were stuffed with hypercriticism and they leaned back with a supercilious look to listen.

THE APOSTLE'S ORATION.

What I have so far said was necessary in order that you may understand the boldness, the defiance, the holy recklessness, the magnificence of Paul's speech. His first thunderbolt was launched at the opposite hill—the Acropolis—that moment all aglitter with idols and temples. He cried out, "God who made the world." Why, they thought that Prometheus made it, that Mercury made it, that Apollo made it, that Poseidon made it, that Eros made it, that it took all the gods of the Parthenon, yea, all the gods and goddesses of the Acropolis to make it, and here stands a man without any ecclesiastical title, neither a D. D., nor even a reverend, declaring that the world was made by the Lord of heaven and earth; and hence the inference that all the splendid covering of the Acropolis, so near that the people standing on the steps of the Parthenon could hear it, was a deceit, a falsehood, a sham, a blasphemy.

Look at the faces of his auditors. They are turning pale, and then red, and then wrathful. There had been several earthquakes in that region; but that was the severest shock these men had ever felt. The Persians had bombarded the Acropolis from the heights of Mars Hill, but this Pauline bombardment was greater and more terrific. "What," said his hearers, "have we been hauling with many yokes of oxen for centuries these blocks from the quarries of Mount Pentelicus, and have

we had our architects putting up these structures of unparalleled splendor, and have we had the greatest of all sculptors, Phidias, with his men, chiseling away at those wondrous pediments, and cutting away at these friezes, and have we taxed the nation's resources to the utmost, now to be told that those statues see nothing, hear nothing, know nothing?" O Paul, stop for a moment and give these startled and overwhelmed auditors time to catch their breath! Make a rhetorical pause! Take a look around you at the interesting landscape, and give your hearers time to recover! No, he does not make even a period, or so much as a colon, but launches the second thunderbolt right after the first, and in the same breath goes on to say. God "dwelleth not in temples made with hands." O Paul, is not deity more in the Parthenon, or more in the Theseum, or more in the Erechtheium, or more in the temple of Zeus Olympius than in the open air, more than on the hill where we are sitting, more than on Mount Hymettus out yonder, from which the bees get their honey? "No more!" responds Paul, "He dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

In the same breath he launches the third thunderbolt, which, to them, is more fiery, more terrible, more demolishing than the others, as he cries out, "hath made of one blood all nations." O Paul, you forget you are speaking to the proudest and most exclusive audience in the world. Do not say "of one blood." You cannot mean that. Had Socrates, and Plato, and Demosthenes, and Solon, and Lycurgus, and Draco, and Sophocles, and Euripides, and Æschylus, and Pericles, and Phidias, and Miltiades blood just like the Persians, like the Turks, like the Egyptians, like the common herd of humanity? "Yes," says Paul, "of one blood, all nations."

THE PERORATION.

Surely that must be the closing paragraph of the sermon. His auditors must be let up from the nervous strain. Paul has smashed the Acropolis and smashed the national pride of the Greeks, and what more can he say? Those Grecian orators, standing on that place, always closed their addresses with something sublime and climacteric, a peroration, and Paul is going to give them a peroration which will eclipse in power and majesty all that he has yet said. Heretofore he has hurled one thunderbolt at a time; now, he will close by hurling two at once. The little old man, under the power of his speech, has

straightened himself up, and the stoop has gone out of his shoulders, and he looks about three feet taller than when he began, and his eyes, which were quiet, became two flames of fire, and his face, which was calm in the introduction, now depicts a whirlwind of emotion as he ties the two thunderbolts together with a cord of inconsumable courage and hurls them at the crowd standing or sitting aghast—the two thunderbolts of Resurrection and Last Judgment. His closing words were: "Because He hath appointed a day, in which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men in that he hath raised him from the dead."

Remember those thoughts were to them novel and provocative; that Christ, the despised Nazarene, would come to be their judge, and they should have to get up out of their cemeteries to stand before him and take their eternal doom. Mightiest burst of elocutionary power ever heard! The ancestors of some of those Greeks had heard Demosthenes in his oration on the crown, had heard Æschines in his speeches against Timarchus and Ctesiphon, had heard Plato in his great argument for immortality of the soul, had heard Socrates on his death-bed, suicidal cup of hemlock in hand, leave his hearers in emotion too great to bear, had in the theater of Dionysius at the foot of the Acropolis (the ruins of its piled-up amphitheater and the marble floor of its orchestra still there), seen enacted the tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles; but neither had the ancestors of these Grecians on Mars Hill, or themselves, ever heard or witnessed such tornadoes of moral power as that with which Paul now whelmed his hearers.

At those two thoughts of Resurrection and Judgment the audience sprang to their feet. Some moved that they should adjourn to some other day to hear more on the some theme, but others would have torn the sacred orator to pieces. The record says, "Some mocked." I suppose it means that they mimicked the solemnity of his voice, that they took off his impassioned gesticulation, and cried out, "Jew! Jew! Where did you study rhetoric? You ought to hear our orators speak. You had better go back to your business of tent making. Our Lycurgus knew more in a minute than you will know in a month. Say, where did you get that crooked back, and those weak eyes from? Ha! Ha! You try to teach us Grecians! What nonsense you talk about when you speak of resurrection and judgment. Now, little old man, climb down the

side of Mars Hill and get out of sight as soon as possible." "Some mocked." But that scene adjourned to the day of which the sacred orator had spoken—the day of resurrection and judgment.

TWO VOICES FROM THE PAST.

As in Athens, that evening in 1889, we climbed down the pile of slippery rocks, where all this had occurred, on our way back to our hotel, and I stood half-way between the Acropolis and Mars Hill in the gathering shadows of eventide, I seemed to hear those two hills in sublime and awful converse. "I am chiefly of the past," said the Acropolis. "I am chiefly of the future," replied Mars Hill. The Acropolis said: "My orators are dead. My law-givers are dead. My poets are dead. My architects are dead. My sculptors are dead. I am a monument of the dead past. I shall never again hear a song sung. I will never again see a column lifted. I will never again behold a goddess crowned." Mars Hill responded: "I too have had a history. I had on my heights warriors who will never again unsheathe the sword, and judges who will never again utter a doom, and orators who will never again make a plea. But my influence is to be more in the future than it ever was in the past. The words that missionary, Paul, uttered that exciting day in the hearing of the wisest men and the populace on my rocky shoulders, have only begun their majestic roll; the brotherhood of man, and the Christ of God, and the peroration of resurrection and last judgment with which the Tarsian orator closed his sermon that day amid the mocking crowd, shall yet revolutionize the planet."

"O Acropolis! I have stood here long enough to witness that your gods are no gods at all. Your Boreas could not control the winds. Your Neptune could not control the sea. Your Apollo never evoked a musical note. Your god Ceres never grew a harvest. Your goddess of wisdom, Minerva, never knew the Greek alphabet. Your Jupiter could not handle the lightnings. But the God whom I proclaimed on the day when Paul preached before the astonished assemblage on my rough heights, is the God of music, the God of wisdom, the God of power, the God of mercy, the God of love, the God of storms, the God of sunshine, the God of the land, and the God of the sea, the God over all, blessed forever."

Then, the Acropolis spake and said, as though in self-defense: "My Plato argued for the immortality of the soul, and my Socrates praised

virtue, and my Miltiades at Marathon drove back the Persian oppressors." "Yes," said Mars Hill, "your Plato laboriously guessed at the immortality of the soul, but my Paul, divinely inspired, declared it as a fact straight from God. Your Socrates praised virtue but expired as a suicide. Your Miltiades was brave against earthly foes, yet died from a wound ignominiously gotten in after-defeat. But my Paul challenged all earth and all hell with this battle shout: '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.'—and then, on the 29th of June, in the year 66, on the road to Ostia, after the sword of the headsman had given one keen stroke, took the crown of martyrdom."

After a moment's silence by both hills, the Acropolis moaned out in the darkness: "Alas! Alas!" and Mars Hill responded: "Hosannah! Hosannah!" Then the voices of both hills became indistinct, and as I passed on and away in the twilight, I seemed to hear only two sounds—a fragment of Pentelicon marble from the architrave of the Acropolis dropping down on the ruins of a shattered idol, and the other sound seemed to come from the rock on Mars Hill, from which we had just descended. But we were by this time so far off that the fragments of sentences were smaller when dropping from Mars Hill than were the fragments of fallen marble on the Acropolis, and I could only hear parts of disconnected sentences wafted on the night air—"God who made the world"—"of one blood all nations"—"appointed a day in which he will judge the world"—"raised him from the dead."

PRAYERS FOR GARFIELD ANSWERED.

THERE was something the matter with Paul. He spoke of something that irritated him, or annoyed him, or hurt him, or mortified him, under the figure of a "thorn in the flesh." Some think it was a crooked back. Others think it was a stuttering tongue. More persons think, and among them the learned Kitto and Dr. John Brown, the Scotch essayist, that it was diseased eyes, amounting almost to total blindness.

They think this because he almost always wrote by the hand of an amanuensis, once mentioning it as a rare occurrence that he had written a large letter with his own hand; and they think this also because he was always accompanied, wherever he went, although he was much of the time a poor man and could not have paid attendants; and also because he seems to refer to his trouble with his eyes when, in describing the enthusiastic love of the Galatians, he says: "Ye would have plucked out your own eyes and have given them to me." In other words, "You love me so much you would have been willing to trade off your good eyes for my poor eyes."

But, whatever may have been the trouble, Paul prayed to have it cured. I suppose he prayed hundreds of times on this matter, but he made three agonizing prayers. Did God answer those prayers? He did, by giving something better than Paul asked for. Not by straightening the back, or by unloosing the tongue, or by curing the disordered eyesight, but by giving him grace to turn into glorious advantage that which had been an irritating detriment. Instead of curing the physical misfortune, God sanctified that trouble until Paul became the greatest apostle of the Gentiles, the greatest and the grandest Christian of all the centuries.

"I besought the Lord thrice that it might depart from me. And He said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee." So it was then—so it is now. In the six thousand years of the world's existence there have not been one hundred right-hearted prayers unanswered—nor fifty, nor ten, nor five, nor *one*! If there had in the six thousand years been just one right-hearted prayer unanswered, it would have impeached the character of God. If there be any truth well set forth in the Bible it is that God answers prayer. God gives what you ask for always, or something better; and there is no exception.

During the eleven painful weeks of President Garfield's suffering, all good people prayed for his recovery. The Sabbaths were full of supplication. Days were set for special fasting and prayer. There never was so much prayer offered on any one subject in any eleven weeks since the world by the wings of the Almighty was brooded out of chaos. And yet the body of President Garfield lies in the Lakeview Cemetery at Cleveland. "Your prayers were a dead failure," says the sceptic. "Your prayers were a dead failure," think a thousand men who do not just like to say so. "You wasted your breath. The laws of nature had their way. Don't hereafter mix theology and medicine!"

I will undertake to show that all the right-hearted prayers made in behalf of the President may be divided into two classes—those which have been answered, and those which will be answered. Every right-hearted prayer in that direction had two ideas: *the President's welfare*, and *the best interests of this nation*. Has the first half of that prolonged prayer of eleven weeks in behalf of the President's welfare been answered?

THE PRESIDENT'S WELFARE.

The autopsy declares that if he had been continued in life, he would have been a paralytic—that he never again could have walked—that he would have been incompetent for the work of his high office. But suppose a miracle had been performed and he had come forth in entire health? Could he have met the expectations aroused in regard to him? Not if he had been an angel from heaven, with the power of a hundred Garfields.

Suppose that, during a prolonged administration, a question had arisen as between the *Democratic party and the Republican party*, both of which parties were equally sympathetic and equally eulogistic and

equally helpful in all those eleven weeks of sickness—he certainly would have had to decide against one of the parties. Then that party, in remembrance of its sympathy during the weeks of sickness, would have pronounced him an ingrate, and there would have been a vehemence against him that has never been witnessed within our memory. They would say: “Here, this is the pay we get for all our sympathy for you, and all our kindness for you, and all our prayers for you;” and he would have been in an awful plight as between the two great parties.

Suppose a question during the three succeeding years had arisen as between *monopoly and anti-monopoly*, how could he have met those questions? On the one side, the leading anti-monopolists of the country, during all those eleven weeks of sickness, especially kind, especially sympathetic, especially helpful, especially eulogistic; while, on the other hand, among the monopolists, was a Railroad Company, that had given him free rail-train to Long Branch, and extended the railroad when it was not long enough; and among those monopolists many in New York and throughout the country who had subscribed their five hundred dollars and their thousand dollars and their five thousand dollars to Mrs. Garfield, and if you think that she did not tell him all about it in his better moments it is because you have never been married! Suppose he had been restored to health, how could he have met the expectations of monopolists and anti-monopolists?

Suppose a question of international right had arisen, as between England and the United States. In memory of the fact that from the first day of his wounding, the Queen and the court and the mighty men and women of England had been bending over his suffering couch in sympathy—how could he have adjusted questions as between these two nations? How could he have been impartial? How could he have acted at all?

Besides that, during his illness, he was put under obligation to a great multitude of people—some in one way and some in another way—and the hotels in Washington, and a new line of hotels encircling the city of Washington, would not have held the people who would come to get reward for their favors. “I gave you an invalid’ chair; give me a consulship.” “I manufactured the cooling apparatus; give me a post-office.” “I subscribed \$5000 to Mrs. Garfield; recognize my services.” “I wrote the mightiest editorials of sympathy during your

sickness ; send me to Belgium." "I got the Washington malaria waiting on your case as a newspaper correspondent ; send me to some place within reach of the air that blows off the Alps."

The kindnesses and sympathies of those eleven weeks would have surrounded his administration with embarrassments mountain high ; and in his inability to reward his benefactors, and in his adoption of an independent policy, he would have aroused feelings different from those which now exist ; and instead of being the center of the nation's admiration and the object almost of its idolatry, he would, during the three remaining years, have been more denounced and more caricatured and more hated than any man that ever occupied the Presidential chair. He escaped during those years enough calumny to have covered up these continents with vituperative newspapers from Baffin's Bay to Terra del Fuego. If Washington, and Adams, and Monroe, and Jefferson, and Lincoln, could not escape, much less could Garfield have escaped ; for there were larger and more unreasonable expectations excited in regard to him than in regard to any of his predecessors.

If, therefore, the first half of your prolonged prayers of eleven weeks meant the President's welfare, *your prayers have been answered*, completely answered, grandly answered, gloriously answered, triumphantly answered, forever answered, and could have been answered in no other way. His body never rested so well as now in the cemetery of Ohio. His soul never rested so well as now in the bosom of his God. Your prayers have been answered. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

THE NATION'S WELFARE.

But has the last half of that prolonged prayer of eleven weeks been answered ? I remark, in the first place : The nation was never before so sanctified under trial and trouble. When Booth shot Lincoln, the nation had been for four years drunk on war and massacre and blood, and that assassination seemed only another paragraph in the book of horrors. Before that time I never could endure to look upon a scene of suffering, and since that time I have never been able to continue looking upon a scene of suffering ; and yet I went down to Sharpsburg during that conflict and preached to fifty Federals shattered and dying, and in a barn to a hundred Confederates shattered and dying, and somehow I got through the discourse. You say it was especial grace. Ah ! yes, but I think the whole nation constantly

standing in the presence of blood and bruises and wounds and death, got hardened.

But this last assassination comes at a time of peace, and the nation falls prostrate and sick under the calamity. The nation was never so chastened, never so gentle, never so sympathetic, never so worshipful as now. Blasphemers have gone down on their knees before God, and men who have not prayed since they knelt at the trundle-bed in childhood, have formulated appropriate petition. While the nation's heart is far from what it ought to be, it is a better nation to-day than it has ever been. So that section of the prayer has been answered.

MORMON ABOMINATION.

Another consideration: After what you know of our late chief magistrate, you must know that the paragraph in his inaugural which spoke against Mormonism was the most earnest paragraph in it. That institution is an insult to every home in America. James A. Garfield felt ordained of God, not only as President of the United States, but as a husband and a father, to annihilate that abomination. Within one year the lightning would have struck it. By an enactment of Congress the President would have proclaimed that that institution of Mormonism is at war with our best interests as a government, and while the polygamist, considering the present complications, might have remained in the possession of his numerous wives, it would have been understood by law that after that any one who attempted to select more marital companionship than is allowed in other States would go to prison and be denied his vote. Just back of Salt Lake City is the United States military encampment, with guns that could rake that Sodom into ashes, in one forenoon; and that regiment, aided by other regiments, could have enforced the law.

You say President Buchanan failed to do the work. I know he did. Great and good man in many respects, he was never distinguished for great energy. Besides that, he was a bachelor; and it needed a father and a husband like Garfield, understanding the value of a Christian home, to annihilate that abomination of Mormonism. But perhaps the time had not quite come. Perhaps it was necessary that the indignation of this nation should be aroused to a greater pitch against Mormonism before the work should be thoroughly attempted, and the death of Garfield under these circumstances ought to arouse the nation.

Do you know that while all good people throughout the world were praying for our President's recovery, the Mormons were praying for his death?—in Utah, in Wyoming, in Arizona, in New Mexico,—praying for his death? Why? Mormonism decreed long ago that its potent enemies should perish, if not in one way, then in another; and the whole work should be done in the name of the Lord! Brigham Young declared in his church, in a sermon which I could show you, that he who destroys the life of an anti-Mormon does God a service. Mountain Meadow massacre—wherein hundreds of men, women, children, and little babes had their throats cut, and then were left unburied for the ravens and the wolves—was all enacted in the name of the Lord! The assassins, Hickman and Brigham Young, and that group of men called “Destroying Angels”—because their only work is assassination—did all their work in the name of the Lord!

Now, I will not say that Guiteau was a Mormon, nor will I dare to say that he was not a paid emissary. He says he shot Garfield in the name of the Lord! Everything he has said and written on the subject implies that it was done by divine commission, and in the name of the Lord. I will not say that he was a Mormon, but he has all the Mormon theories. He was a member of the Oneida Community, the chief doctrine of which is that it is right to have a profusion of wives. He had the ugliness of a Mormon, the licentiousness of a Mormon, the cruelty of a Mormon, the murderous spirit of a Mormon, the infernalism of a Mormon. Why, he says he sat in the park opposite the President's house, in the name of the Lord; and he went to the Baltimore depot, aimed at the heart of our beloved chief magistrate and fired the fatal shot, *in the name of the Lord!*

I suppose that his crime originally started from his revenge at not getting a consulship; but I should not wonder if, in the great day when all secret things are revealed, it should be found that he was a paid agent of that old hag of hell who sat, making mouths at high heaven, between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada. If the death of Garfield shall arouse the nation to more hatred of that institution of Mormonism, which was Garfield's especial disgust, he will not have died in vain, and another section of your prayer will have been answered.

THE WHITE HOUSE A CHRISTIAN HOME.

Again I remark: Your prayers have been answered in the sanctification of the home-circle. Husband, wife, son, daughter, brother,

sister were beautiful names before ; but they never meant so much in this country as they do now. What an example we have had in the White House of *a model Christian home!* As a nation *we need toning up* on that subject. For the last twenty-five years the country has been filled with trash about free-lovism, and elective affinity, and divorce made easy. There has nothing happened in your day or mine that has done so much for the homes of America as that beautiful and overwhelming example we have recently had in the White House.

Where are things going? I suppose New England is as good a part of the country as any other—perhaps better. In 1878, in the State of Maine there were four hundred and seventy-eight divorces ; in the State of Connecticut four hundred and one divorces ; in New Hampshire two hundred and forty-one divorces ; in Rhode Island one hundred and ninety-six divorces ; in Massachusetts six hundred divorces, making an aggregate of two thousand one hundred and thirteen divorces in 1878, in Puritanic New England! We need toning up on the subject of the family relation. You know that in some circles it gives a little piquancy to a man's character if he is said to be a little loose in his morals. Right in this time, when the nation needs so much instruction in the right direction on this important theme, we have this revelation of a Christian home-circle. God grant that that influence may be potent for all the years that are to come! The influence already felt in every home of America, proves that your prayers have been answered.

COMING ANSWERS.

In addition to the prayers which have already attained a blessing, from the prayers of the nation during the last few months, there will be born *blessings for a thousand years to come*, if American institutions stand so long. The astronomer tells us that worlds, ages ago created, have just reached us with their light ; and so there are blessings which are a thousand years in flight. God gathers up all these prayers. He gathers them from the north and from the south ; He gathers them from this side of the sea and the other side of the sea, from this side of the Atlantic and from the other side of the Atlantic ; He gathers them all up in a reservoir at the foot of the throne—a great suspended blessing, a flood made up of the tears of many generations, and then in his own good time, from that reservoir of divine remembrance the streams of blessing will pour down upon the nations, and their harvests

will be richer, and their schools will be better, and their institutions will be more prospered, and the Christian religion will be more triumphant. I should not wonder if it took God many centuries fully to answer the three hundred million hearted prayers of two hemispheres. The sins of the nation cry to heaven for vengeance; but the prayers of the nation cry to heaven for mercy; and the latter are going to overbalance the former. Does not the Psalmist intimate that God takes the tears of one of his children and puts them in a bottle, and then am I far out of the way when I suppose that God gathers up the tears of nations in a reservoir?

I am very glad that God does not answer all the prayers in our time. I am not so anxious about our present condition as a nation as I am anxiously concerned about the future. You and I can get along very well during the few years of our allotted time on earth, even if we do not like American politics; but how about the generations following? There are forces of darkness struggling to get possession of this continent, and I want some great storehouse of prayer filled for that exigency. Only the first wheel, as it were, has begun to turn in our manufacturing capacity. We have gathered only the first sheaf of agricultural resources. We have picked up only the first lump of coal, or iron, or copper, or silver, or gold, of our American mining. What will be the condition of this country when the last arable acre is doing its very best, and when all our rivers are pulling their utmost at the factory bands, and when Nevada, and Colorado, and California, and Arizona shall have disgorged all their treasures, and from ocean to ocean the continent shall be fully peopled?

During the next twenty-five years there will be one hundred million people on this continent. During the next century, at the close of a century from now, there will be at least three hundred million people in the United States. What is to be the character of that population? The prayers of all your past time, and your patriotic prayers for the future, and the prayers of the good of all ages, will help decide that question.

Columbus, two hours before midnight, said to Pedro Gutierrez, of the king's wardrobe, "Look, look! see the light on the shore; that must be a continent." But gladder will be the man who, two hours before the daybreak of national purification, shall hail the morning of regenerated America! The signs are most encouraging. The prayers

of God's people are going to hand over this continent. Have you noticed the rapidly increasing momentum? During the first fifty years of this century, in our country there were three million converts added to the evangelical churches. There have been as many added to the evangelical churches in America during the last ten years. In other words, the last ten years have been equal to the first fifty years of this century. Clear the track for the Lord's chariot! The white horses that draw the chariot started on a slow walk. For the last few years they have been upon a gallop. They will soon be down to full run.

"Oh!" say you, "I can't see how my poor prayers are going to have any effect upon that grand result." Well, rivers, when the mist rises and is drawn up and floats away into the heavens, might as well say, "That moisture will never be heard of again." God would say: "Be patient;" and when the earth wanted rain, then this despised mist would take the form of an angel of the shower and would float down through the air, and from the silver-chalice of a cloud would dip the water and baptize all the valleys, while the mountains stood up as sponsor. So the Son of Righteousness exhales our prayers, and so they come back again in gracious distillation. Your prayers have been answered—your prayers will be answered. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

It is something like this: I say God answers prayer, if not giving just what you want, giving something greater. It is as though a son should say: "Father, give me five thousand dollars," and the father should say: "I hear your request; I will do better than that; I will put that five thousand dollars into an education, and then it will be worth to you ten times five thousand dollars." It is as though a wayward son had come home and found his mother dying, and he should kneel by the bedside and pray for her recovery, and God should say to that wayward young man: "I hear your prayer, but I will do better than what you ask for. I will, by your mother's death, give you reformation, and give you an eternal home with her in heaven." So I meet this question differently from the way it is usually met. I declare now, and it is beyond all controversy, that God always gives what you ask for in a right spirit, or gives something better.

RELIGION IN BUSINESS.

THERE is no war between religion and business, between ledgers and bibles, between churches and counting-houses. On the contrary, religion accelerates business, sharpens men's wits, sweetens acerbity of disposition, fillips the blood of phlegmatics and throws more velocity into the wheels of hard work. It gives better balancing to the judgment, more strength to the will, more muscle to industry and throws into enthusiasm a more concentrated fire. You cannot in all the round of the world show me a man whose honest business has been despoiled by religion.

The industrial classes are divided into three groups—producers, manufacturers, traders : producers, such as farmers and miners ; manufacturers, such as those who turn corn into food, and wool and flax into apparel ; traders, such as make profit out of the transfer and exchange of all that which is produced and manufactured. A business man may belong to any one or all of these classes, and not one is independent of any other.

When the Prince Imperial of France fell on the Zulu battle-field because the strap fastening the stirrup to the saddle broke as he clung to it, his comrades all escaping, but he falling under the lances of the savages, a great many people blamed the Empress for allowing her son to go forth into that battle-field, others blamed the English government for accepting the sacrificæ, and others blamed the Zulus for their barbarism. The one most to blame was the harness-maker who fashioned that strap of the stirrup out of shoddy and imperfect material, as it was found to have been afterward. If the strap had held, the Prince Imperial would probably have been alive to-day. But the strap broke. No prince is independent of a harness-maker !

High, low, wise, ignorant, you in one occupation, I in another, all are bound together ; so that there must be one continuous line of sympathy with each other's work. But whatever be your vocation, if you have a multiplicity of engagements, if into your life there come losses and annoyances and perturbations as well as percentages and dividends, if you are pursued from Monday morning until Saturday night, and from January to January by inexorable obligation and duty, then you are a business man or you are a business woman, and my subject is appropriate to your case.

We are under the impression that the moil and tug of business life are a prison into which a man is thrust or that it is an unequal strife where unarmed a man goes forth to contend. I shall show you that business life was intended of God for grand and glorious education and discipline, and if I shall be helped to say what I want to say, I shall rub some of the wrinkles of care out of your brow and unstrap some of the burdens from your back. I am not talking to an abstraction. Though never having been in business life, I know all about business men.

In my first parish at Bellville, New Jersey, ten miles from New York, a large portion of my audience was made up of New York merchants. Then I went to Syracuse, a place of intense commercial activity, and then I went to Philadelphia and lived long among the merchants of that city, than whom there are no better men on earth, and for more than twenty-two years I have been in this city and, Sabbath after Sabbath, have preached to audiences, the majority of whom are business men and business women. It is not an abstraction with which I deal, but a reality with which I am well acquainted.

A SCHOOL OF ENERGY.

Business life was intended as a school of energy. God gives us a certain amount of raw material out of which we are to hew our character. Our faculties are to be reset, rounded and sharpened up. Our young folks, having graduated from school or college, need a higher education, that which the rasping and collision of everyday life alone can effect. Energy is wrought out only in a fire. After a man has been in business activity ten, twenty, thirty years, his energy is not to be measured by weights or plummets or ladders. There is no height it cannot scale, and there is no depth it cannot fathom, and there is no obstacle it cannot thrash.

Why has God put us in this school of energy? Was it merely that we might be yardsticks to measure cloth or steelyards to weigh flour? Was it merely that we might be better qualified to chaffer and higgle? No. God has placed us in this school of energy that we might be developed for Christian work. If the undeveloped talents in the Christian churches of to-day were brought out and thoroughly harnessed, I believe the whole world would be converted to God in a short time. There are so many deep streams that are turning no mill wheels and that are harnessed to no factory bands. Now, God demands the best lamb out of every flock. He demands the richest sheaf of every harvest. He demands the best men of every generation. A cause in which Newton and Locke and Mansfield toiled, you and I can afford to toil in.

Oh, for fewer idlers in the cause of Christ and for more Christian workers, men who shall take the same energy that from Monday morning to Saturday night they put forth for the achievement of a livelihood or the gathering of a fortune, and on Sabbath days put it forth to the advantage of Christ's kingdom and the bringing of men to the Lord

A SCHOOL OF PATIENCE.

Business life is a school of patience. In men's everyday life how many things happen to annoy and to disquiet! Bargains will rub. Commercial men will sometimes fail to meet their engagements. Cash book and money drawer will sometimes quarrel. Goods ordered for a special emergency will come too late or be damaged in the transportation. People intending no harm will go shopping without any intention of purchase, overturning great stocks of goods and insisting that you break the dozen. More bad debts on the ledger. More counterfeit bills in the drawer. More debts to pay for other people. More meannesses on the part of partners in business. Annoyance after annoyance, vexation after vexation, and loss after loss.

All that process will either break down or brighten up. It is a school of patience. I have known men under the process to become petulant and choleric and angry and pugnacious and cross and sour and queer, and they lost their customers and their name became a detestation. Other men have been brightened up under the process. They were toughened by the exposure. They were like rocks, all the more valuable for being blasted. At first they had to choke down their

wrath ; they had to bite their lips ; they thought of some stinging retort they would like to make ; but they conquered their impatience. They have kind words now for sarcastic flings. They have gentle behavior now for unmannerly customers. They are patient now with unfortunate debtors. They have Christian reflections now for sudden reverses. Where did they get that patience ? By hearing a minister preach concerning it on the Sabbath ? Oh, no. They got it just where you will get it—if you ever get it at all—selling hats, discounting notes, turning banisters, plowing corn, tinning roofs, pleading causes. Oh, that amid the turmoil and anxiety and exasperation of everyday life you might hear the voice of God saying : “ In patience possess your soul. Let patience have her perfect work.”

A SCHOOL OF KNOWLEDGE.

Business life is a school of useful knowledge. Merchants do not read many books and do not study lexicons. They do not dive into the profundities of learning, and yet nearly all through their occupations they come to understand questions of finance and politics and geography and jurisprudence and ethics. Business is a severe schoolmistress. If pupils will not learn, she strikes them over the head and the heart with severe losses.

Traders in grain come to know something about foreign harvests ; traders in fruit come to know something about the prospects of tropical production ; manufacturers of American goods come to understand the tariff on imported articles ; publishers of books must come to understand the new law of copyright ; owners of ships must come to know winds and shoals and navigation ; and every bale of cotton, and every raisin cask, and every tea box, and every cluster of bananas is so much literature for a business man. Now, reader, what are you going to do with the intelligence ? Do you suppose God put you in this school of information merely that you might be sharper in a trade, that you might be more successful as a worldling ? Oh, no ; it was that you might take that useful information and use it for Jesus Christ.

Can it be that you have been dealing with foreign lands and never had the missionary spirit, wishing the salvation of foreign people ? Can it be that you have become acquainted with all the outrages inflicted in business life and that you have never tried to bring to bear that Gospel which is to extirpate all evil and correct all wrongs and illumine all

darkness and lift up all wretchedness and save men for this world and the world to come? Can it be that, understanding all the intricacies of business, you know nothing about those things which will last after all bills of exchange and consignments and invoices and rent roils shall have crumpled up and been consumed in the fires of the last great day? Can it be that a man will be wise for a time and a fool for eternity?

A SCHOOL OF INTEGRITY.

Business life is a school for integrity. No man knows what he will do when he is tempted. There are thousands of men who have kept their integrity merely because they never have been tested. A man was elected treasurer of the state of Maine some years ago. He was distinguished for his honesty, usefulness and uprightness, but before one year had passed he had taken of the public funds for his own private use and was hurled out of office in disgrace. Distinguished for virtue before; distinguished for crime after. You can call over the names of men just like that, in whose honesty you had complete confidence, but who when placed in certain crises of temptation went overboard.

Never so many temptations to scoundrelism as now. Not a law on the statute book but has some back door through which a miscreant can escape. Ah! how many deceptions in the fabric of goods; so much plundering in commercial life that if a man talk about living a life of complete commercial accuracy there are those who ascribe it to greenness and lack of tact. More need of honesty now than ever before; tried honesty, complete honesty, more than those times when business was a plain affair and woolens were woolens and silks were silks and men were men.

How many men are there in commercial life who could say truthfully: "In all the sales I have ever made I have never overstated the value of goods; in all the sales I have ever made I have never covered up an imperfection in the fabric; of all the thousands of dollars I have ever made I have not taken one dishonest farthing"? There are men, however, who can say it, hundreds who can say it, thousands who can say it. They are more honest than when they sold their first tierce of rice, or their first firkin of butter, because their honesty and integrity have been tested, tried, and come out triumphant. But they remember a time when they could have robbed a partner, or have absconded with

the funds of a bank, or sprung a snap judgment, or made a false assignment, or borrowed illimitably without any effort at payment, or got a man into a sharp corner and fleeced him.

But they never took one step on that pathway of hell fire. They can say their prayers without hearing the chink of dishonest dollars. They can read their Bible without thinking of the time when, with a lie on their soul, in the custom-house, they kissed the Book. They can think of death and the judgment that comes after it without any flinching—that day when all charlatans and cheats and jockeys and frauds shall be doubly damned. It does not make their knees knock together, and it does not make their teeth chatter, to read, “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.”

Oh, what a school of integrity business life is! Have you ever been tempted to let your integrity cringe before present advantage? Have you ever wakened up in some embarrassment and said, “Now, I’ll step a little aside from the right path and no one will know it, and I’ll come all right again; it is only once”? Oh, that only once has ruined tens of thousands of men for this life and blasted their souls for eternity! It is a tremendous school, business life, a school of integrity. A merchant in Liverpool got a five pound Bank of England note, and holding it up toward the light he saw some interlineations in what seemed red ink.

He finally deciphered the letters, and found out that the writing had been made by a slave in Algiers, saying in substance: “Whoever gets this bank-note will please to inform my brother, John Dean, living near Carlisle, that I am a slave of the Bey of Algiers.” The merchant sent word, employed government officers and found who this man was spoken of in this bank bill. After awhile the man was rescued, who for eleven years had been a slave of the Bey of Algiers. He was immediately emancipated, but was so worn out by hardship and exposure that he soon after died. Oh, if some of the bank bills that come through your hands could tell all the scenes through which they have passed, it would be a tragedy eclipsing any drama of Shakespeare, mightier than King Lear or Macbeth.

SYMPATHY WITH BUSINESS MEN.

As I go on in this subject I am impressed with the importance of our having more sympathy with business men. Is it not a shame that

ministers in their pulpits do not oftener preach about their struggles, their trials and their temptations? Men who toil with the hand are not apt to be very sympathetic with those who toil with the brain. The farmers who raise the corn, and the oats, and the wheat, sometimes are tempted to think that grain merchants have an easy time and get their profits without giving any equivalent.

Plato and Aristotle were so opposed to merchandise that they declared commerce to be the curse of the nations, and they advised that cities be built at least ten miles from the seacoast. But you and I know that there are no more industrious or high-minded men than those who move in the world of traffic. Some of them carry burdens heavier than hods of brick, and are exposed to sharper things than the east wind, and climb mountains higher than the Alps or Himalayas, and if they are faithful Christ will at last say to them: "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

We talk about the martyrs of the Piedmont valley, and the martyrs among the Scotch highlands, and the martyrs at Oxford. There are just as certainly martyrs of Wall street and State street, martyrs of Fulton street and Broadway, martyrs of Atlantic street and Chestnut street, going through hotter fires, or having their necks under sharper axes. Then it behooves us to banish all fretfulness from our lives if this subject be true. We look back to the time when we were at school, and we remember the rod and the hard tasks and our grievous complaints, but now we see it was for the best.

Business life is a school, and the tasks are hard, and the chastisements sometimes are very grievous; but do not complain. The hotter the fire the better the refining. There are men before the throne of God this day in triumph who on earth were cheated out of everything but their coffin. They were sued, they were imprisoned for debt, they were throttled by constables with a whole pack of writs, they were sold out by the sheriffs, they had no compromise with their creditors, they had to make assignments. Their dying hours were annoyed by the sharp ringing of the doorbell by some impetuous creditor, who thought it was outrageous and impudent that a man should dare to die before he paid the last three shillings and sixpence.

I had a friend who suffered many misfortunes. Everything went against him. He had good business quality and was of the best of

morals, but he was one of those men, such as you have sometimes seen, for whom everything seems to go wrong. His life became to him a plague. When I heard he was dead, I said, "Good, got rid of the sheriffs!" Who are those lustrous souls before the throne? When the question is asked, "Who are they?" the angels standing on the sea of glass respond, "These are they who came out of great business trouble and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

THE VALUE OF A MAN.

WHAT is a man? The battle ground of three worlds, with his hands taking hold of destinies of light or darkness. A man? No line can measure him. No limit can bound him. The archangel before the throne cannot outlive him. The stars shall die, but he will watch their extinguishment. The world will burn, but he will gaze on the conflagration. Endless ages will march on; he will watch the procession. A man! The masterpiece of God Almighty. Yet you say, "It is only a man." Can a nature like that be fed on husks of the wilderness?

Some of you got astray by looking for better pasturage; others by being scared of the dogs. The hound gets over into the pasture field. The poor things fly in every direction. In a few moments they are torn of the hedges and they are plashed of the ditch, and the lost sheep never gets home unless the farmer goes after it. There is nothing so thoroughly lost as a lost sheep. It may have been in 1857, during the financial panic, or during the financial stress in the fall of 1873, when you got astray. You almost became an atheist. You said, "Where is God, that honest men go down and thieves prosper?" You were dogged of creditors, you were dogged of the banks, you were dogged of worldly disaster, and some of you went into misanthropy, and some of you took to strong drink, and others of you fled out of Christian association, and you got astray. O man, that was the last time when you ought to have forsaken God!

Standing amid the foundering of your earthly fortunes, how could you get along without a God to comfort you, and a God to deliver you, and a God to help you, and a God to save you? You tell me you have been through enough business trouble almost to kill you. I know it. I cannot understand how the boat could live one hour in that

chopped sea. But I do not know by what process you got astray ; some in one way and some in another, and if you could really see the position some of you occupy before God your soul would burst into an agony of tears and you would pelt the heavens with the cry, "God have mercy !" Sinai's batteries have been unlimbered above your soul and at times you have heard it thunder. "The wages of sin is death." "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin ; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

When Sebastopol was being bombarded two Russian frigates burned all night in the harbor, throwing a glare upon the trembling fortress ; and some of you are standing in the night of your soul's trouble. The cannonade and the conflagration, the multiplication of your sorrows and troubles, I think, must make the wings of God's hovering angels shiver to the tip.

"The iniquity of us all." Sound it on the organ with all the stops out. Thrum it on the harps with all the strings atune. With all the melody possible let the heavens sound it to the earth, and let the earth tell it to the heavens. "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." I am glad that the prophet did not stop to explain whom he meant by "him." Him of the manger, him of the bloody sweat, him of the resurrection throne, him of the crucifixion agony. "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all."

"Oh," says some man, "that is not generous, that is not fair ; let every man carry his own burden and pay his own debts." That sounds reasonable. If I have an obligation and I have the means to meet it, and I come to you and ask you to settle that obligation you rightly say, "Pay your own debts." If you and I, walking down the street, both hale, hearty and well, I ask you to carry me, you say, and say rightly, "Walk on your feet !" But suppose you and I were in a regiment, and I was wounded in the battle, and I fell unconscious at your feet with gunshot fractures and dislocations, what would you do ? You would call to your comrades, saying, "Come and help, this man is helpless ; bring the ambulance ; let us take him to the hospital ;" and I would be a dead lift in your arms, and you would lift me from the ground where I had fallen, and put me in the ambulance and take me to the hospital and have all kindness shown me. Would there be

anything mean in your doing that? Would there be anything bemeaning in my accepting that kindness? Oh, no! You would be mean not to do it. That is what Christ does.

If we could pay our debts then it would be better to go up and pay them, saying, "Here, Lord, here is my obligation; here are means with which I mean to settle that obligation; now give me a receipt; cross it all out." The debt is paid. But the fact is we have fallen in the battle, we have gone down under the hot fire of our transgressions, we have been wounded by the sabers of sin, we are helpless, we are undone. Christ comes. The loud clang heard in the sky on that Christmas night was only the bell, the resounding bell, of the ambulance. Clear the way for the Son of God. He comes down to bind up the wounds, and to scatter the darkness, and to save the lost. Clear the way for the Son of God.

Why, then, will no man carry his sins? You cannot carry successfully the smallest sin you ever committed. You might as well put the Apennines on one shoulder and the Alps on the other—how much less can you carry all the sins of your lifetime. Christ comes and looks down in your face and says, "I have come through all the lacerations of these days, and through all the tempests of these nights. I have come to bear your burdens and to pardon your sins and to pay your debts. Put them on my shoulder. Put them on my heart." "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all."

From God's law there is no escape. Sin has almost pestered the life out of some of you. At times it has made you cross and unreasonable, and it has spoiled the brightness of your days and the peace of your nights. There are men who have been riddled by sin. The world gives them no solace. Gossamer and volatile the world, while eternity, as they look forward to it, is black as midnight. They writhe under the stings of a conscience which proposes to give no rest here and no rest hereafter; and yet they do not repent, they do not pray, they do not weep. They do not realize that just the position they occupy is the position occupied by scores, hundreds and thousands of men who never found any hope.

Here is a man who says: "I had brilliant surroundings, I had the best education that one of the best collegiate institutions of this country could give, and I observed all the moralities of life, and I was self-righteous, and I thought I was all right before God as I am all right

before men ; but the Holy Spirit came to me one day and said, 'You are a sinner ;' the Holy Spirit persuaded me of the fact. While I had escaped the sins against the law of the land, I had really committed the worst sin a man ever commits—the driving back of the Son of God from my heart's affections. And I saw that my hands were red with the blood of the Son of God, and I began to pray, and peace came to my heart. 'On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all.' "

There is a man who says: "I was the worst drunkard in New York ; I went from bad to worse ; I destroyed myself, I destroyed my home ; my children cowered when I entered the house ; when they put up their lips to be kissed I struck them ; when my wife protested against the maltreatment I kicked her into the street. I know all the bruises and all the terrors of a drunkard's woe. I went on further and further from God until one day I got a letter saying :

"MY DEAR HUSBAND:—I have tried every way, done everything, and prayed earnestly and fervently for your reformation, but it seems of no avail. Since our little Henry died, with the exception of those few happy weeks when you remained sober, my life has been one of sorrow. Many of the nights I have sat by the window, with my face bathed in tears, watching for your coming. I am broken-hearted ; I am sick. Mother and father have been here frequently and begged me to come home, but my love for you and my hope for brighter days have always made me refuse them. That hope seems now beyond realization, and I have returned to them. It is hard, and I battled long before doing it. May God bless and preserve you, and take from you that accursed appetite and hasten the day when we shall be again living happily together. This will be my daily prayer, knowing that He has said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." From your loving wife,
MARY.'

"And so I wandered on and wandered on," says that man, "until one night I passed a Methodist meeting-house, and I said to myself, 'I'll go in and see what they are doing,' and I got to the door and they were singing

" ' All may come, whoever will,
This Man receives poor sinners still.' "

"And I dropped right there where I was, and I said, 'God have mercy,' and he had mercy on me. My home is restored, my wife sings all day long during work, my children come out a long way to greet me home and my household is a little heaven."

Here is a woman who would say: "I wandered off from my father's house ; I heard the storm that pelts on a lost soul ; my feet were blistered on the hot rocks. I went on and on thinking that no one cared for my soul, when one night Jesus met me and he said: 'Poor thing, go home ; your father is waiting for you, your mother is waiting for you. Go home, poor thing !' And, sir, I was too weak to pray, and I was too weak to repent, but I just cried out ; I sobbed out my sins and

my sorrows on the shoulders of him of whom it is said, 'The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.'

There is a young man who would say: "I had a Christian bringing up; I came from the country to city life; I started well; I had a good position, a good commercial position, but one night at the theater I met some young men who did me no good. They dragged me all through the sewers of iniquity, and I lost my morals and I lost my position, and I was shabby and wretched. I was going down the street, thinking that no one cared for me, when a young man tapped me on the shoulder and said, 'George, come with me and I will do you good.' I looked at him to see whether he was joking or not. I saw he was in earnest, and I said, 'What do you mean, sir?' 'Well,' he replied, 'I mean if you will come to the meeting to-night I will be very glad to introduce you. I will meet you at the door. Will you come?' Said I, 'I will.'

"I went to the place where I was tarrying. I fixed myself up as well as I could. I buttoned my coat over a ragged vest and went to the door of the church, and the young man met me, and we went in; and as I went in I heard an old man praying, and he looked so much like my father I sobbed right out, and they were all around so kind and sympathetic that I just there gave my heart to God."

O my brother, without stopping to look as to whether your hand trembles or not, without stopping to look whether your hand is bloated with sin or not, put it in my hand, let me give you one warm, brotherly, Christian grip, and invite you right up to the heart, to the compassion, to the sympathy, to the pardon of him on whom the Lord had laid the iniquity of us all. Throw away your sins. Carry them no longer. I proclaim emancipation to all who are bound, pardon for all sin and eternal life for all the dead.

Some one comes and I stand aside. He spreads abroad his hands and they were nailed. You see his feet, they were bruised. He pulls aside the robe and shows you his wounded heart. I say, "Art thou weary?" "Yes," he says, "weary with the world's woe." I say, "Whence comest thou?" He says, "I come from Calvary." I say, "Who comes with thee?" He says, "No one. I have trodden the wine-press alone!" I say, "Why comest thou here?" "Oh!" he says, "I came here to carry all the sins and sorrows of the people."

And he kneels and he says, "Put on my shoulders all the sorrows and all the sins." And conscious of my own sins, first, I take them and put them on the shoulders of the Son of God. I say, "Can'st thou bear any more, O Christ?" He says, "Yea, more." And I gather up the sins of all those who serve at these altars, the officers of the church of Jesus Christ—I gather up all their sins and put them on Christ's shoulders and I say, "Can'st thou bear any more?" He says, "Yea, more." Then I gather up all the sins of a hundred people in this house and I put them on the shoulders of Christ and I say, "Can'st thou bear more?" He says, "Yea, more." And I gather up all the sins of this world and I put them on the shoulders of the Son of God and I say, "Can'st thou bear them?" "Yea," he says, "more!"

But he is departing. Clear the way for him, the Son of God. He is carrying our sins and bearing them away. We shall never see them again. He throws them down into the abysm, and you hear the long reverberating echo of their fall. "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." Will you let him take away your sins to-day, or do you say, "I will take charge of them myself, I will fight my own battles, I will risk eternity on my own account"? A clergyman said in his pulpit one Sabbath, "Before next Saturday night one of this audience will have passed out of life." A gentleman said to another seated next to him, "I don't believe it; I mean to watch, and if it doesn't come true by next Saturday night I shall tell that clergyman his falsehood." The man seated next to him said, "Perhaps it will be yourself." "Oh, no," the other replied, "I shall live to be an old man." That night he breathed his last.

To-day the Saviour calls. All may come. God never pushes a man off. God never destroys anybody. The man jumps off. It is suicide—soul suicide—if the man perishes, for the invitation is, "Who-soever will, let him come." Whosoever, whosoever, whosoever. In this day of merciful visitation, while many are coming into the kingdom of God, join the procession heavenward.

THE BURDENS OF LIFE.

THE day I left home to look after myself and for myself, in the wagon my father sat driving, and he said that day something which has kept with me all my life: "De Witt, it is always safe to trust God. I have many a time come to a crisis of difficulty. You may know that, having been sick for fifteen years, it was no easy thing for me to support a family; but always God came to the rescue. I remember the time," he said, "when I didn't know what to do, and I saw a man on horseback riding up the farm lane, and he announced to me that I had been nominated for the most lucrative office in the gift of the people of the county, and to that office I was elected, and God in that way met all my wants, and I tell you it is always safe to trust Him."

O my friends, what we want is a practical religion! The religion people have is so high up you cannot reach it. In the Straits of Magellan, I have been told, there is a place where whichever way a captain puts his ship he finds the wind against him, and there are men who all their lives have been running in the teeth of the wind, and which way to turn they do not know.

There are a great many men who have business burdens. When we see a man harried and perplexed and annoyed in business life we are apt to say: "He ought not to have attempted to carry so much." Ah, that man may not be to blame at all! When a man plants a business he does not know what will be its outgrowths, what will be its roots, what will be its branches. There is many a man with keen foresight and large business faculty who has been flung into the dust by unforeseen circumstances springing upon him from ambush. When to buy, when to sell, when to trust and to what amount of credit, what will be the effect of this new invention of machinery, what will be the

effect of that loss of crop and a thousand other questions perplex business men until the hair is silvered and deep wrinkles are plowed in the cheek, and the stocks go up by the mountains and go down by the valleys, and they are at their wits' ends and stagger like drunken men.

There never has been a time when there has been such rivalries in business as now. It is hardware against hardware, books against books, chandlery against chandlery, imported article against imported article. A thousand stores in combat with another thousand stores. Never such an advantage of light, never such a variety of assortment, never so much splendor of show window, never so much adroitness of salesmen, never so much acuteness of advertising, and amid all the severities of rivalry in business how many men break down! Oh, the burden on the shoulder! Oh, the burden on the heart! You hear that it is avarice which drives these men of business through the street, and that is the commonly accepted idea. I do not believe a word of it.

Do you say that God does not care anything about your worldly business? I tell you God knows more about it than you do. He knows all your perplexities; He knows what mortgagee is about to foreclose; He knows what note you cannot pay; He knows what unsalable goods you have on your shelves; He knows all your trials, from the day you took hold of the first yardstick down to the sale of the last yard of ribbon, and the God who helped David to be king, and who helped Daniel to be prime minister, and who helped Havelock to be a soldier, will help you to discharge all your duties. He is going to see you through. When loss comes, and you find your property going, just take this Book and put it down by your ledger, and read of the eternal possessions that will come to you through our Lord Jesus Christ. And when your business partner betrays you, and your friends turn against you, just take the insulting letter, put it down on the table, put your Bible beside the insulting letter, and then read of the friendship of Him who "sticketh closer than a brother."

A young accountant in New York City got his accounts entangled. He knew he was honest, and yet he could not make his accounts come out right, and he toiled at them day and night until he was nearly frenzied. It seemed by those books that something had been misappropriated, and he knew before God he was honest. The last day came. He knew if he could not that day make his accounts come out

right he would go into disgrace and go into banishment from the business establishment. He went over there very early before there was anybody in the place, and he knelt down at the desk and said: "O Lord, Thou knowest I have tried to be honest, but I cannot make these things come out right! Help me to-day—help me this morning!"

The young man arose and hardly knowing why he did so opened a book that lay on the desk, and there was a leaf containing a line of figures which explained everything. In other words, he cast his burden upon the Lord, and the Lord sustained him. Young man, do you hear that? Oh, yes; God has a sympathy with anybody that is in any kind of toil! He knows how heavy is the hod of bricks that the workman carries up the ladder of the wall; He hears the pickaxe of the miner down the coal shaft; He knows how strong the tempest strikes the sailor at masthead; He sees the factory girl among the spindles and knows how her arms ache; He sees the sewing woman in the fourth story and knows how few pence she gets for making garments; and louder than all the din and roar of the city comes the voice of a sympathetic God, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

There are a great many who have a weight of persecution and abuse upon them. Sometimes society gets a grudge against a man. All his motives are misinterpreted, and his good deeds are depreciated. With more virtue than some of the honored and applauded, he runs only against raillery and sharp criticism. When a man begins to go down he has not only the force of natural gravitation, but a hundred hands to help him in the precipitation. Men are persecuted for their virtues and their successes. Germanicus said he had just as many bitter antagonists as he had adornments. The character sometimes is so lustrous that the weak eyes of envy and jealousy cannot bear to look at it. It was their integrity that put Joseph in the pit, and Daniel in the den, and Shadrach in the fire, and sent John the Evangelist to desolate Patmos, and Calvin to the castle of persecution, and John Huss to the stake, and Korah after Moses, and Saul after David, and Herod after Christ. Be sure if you have anything to do for church or state, and you attempt it with all your soul, the lightning will strike you.

The world had always had a cross between two thieves for the one who comes to save it. High and holy enterprise has always been

followed by abuse. The most sublime tragedy of self-sacrifice has come to burlesque. The graceful gait of virtue is always followed by grimace and travesty. The sweetest strain of poetry ever written has come to ridiculous parody, and as long as there are virtue and righteousness in the world, there will be something for iniquity to grin at. All along the line of the ages, and in all lands, the cry has been: "Not this man, but Barabbas. Now, Barabbas was a robber."

And what makes the persecutions of life worse is that they come from people whom you have helped, from those to whom you have loaned money or have started in business, or whom you rescued in some great crisis. I think it has been the history of all our lives—the most acrimonious assault has come from those whom we have benefited, whom we have helped, and that makes it all the harder to bear. A man is in danger of becoming cynical.

A clergyman of the Universalist church went into a neighborhood for the establishment of a church of his denomination, and he was anxious to find some one of that denomination, and he was pointed to a certain house and went there. He said to the man of the house, "I understand you are a Universalist; I want you to help me in the enterprise." "Well," said the man, "I am a Universalist, but I have a peculiar kind of Universalism." "Well," replied the other, "I have been out in the world, and have been cheated and slandered and outraged and abused until I believe in universal damnation!"

There are others who carry great burdens of physical ailments. When sudden sickness has come, and fierce choleras and malignant fevers take the castles of life by storm, we appeal to God; but in these chronic ailments which wear out the strength day after day, and week after week, and year after year, how little resorting to God for solace! Then people depend upon their tonics and their plasters and their cordials rather than upon heavenly stimulants. Oh, how few people there are completely well! Some of you, by dint of perseverance and care, have kept living to this time; but how you have had to war against physical ailments! Antediluvians, without medical college and infirmary and apothecary shop, multiplied their years by hundreds; but he who has gone through the gantlet of disease in our time, and has come to seventy years of age, is a hero worthy of a palm.

The world seems to be a great hospital, and you run against rheumatisms and consumptions and scrofulas and neuralgias and scores

of old diseases baptized by new nomenclature. Oh, how heavy a burden sickness is! It takes the color out of the sky, and the sparkle out of the wave, and the sweetness out of the fruit, and the lustre out of the night. When the limbs ache, when the respiration is painful, when the mouth is hot, when the ear roars with unhealthy obstructions, how hard it is to be patient and cheerful and assiduous! "Cast thy burden upon the Lord." Does your head ache? His wore the thorn. Do your feet hurt? His were crushed of the spikes. Is your side painful? His was struck by the spear. Do you feel like giving way under the burden? His weakness gave way under a cross.

A prominent merchant of New York said to a member of my family, "My mother wants her case mentioned to Mr. Talmage." This was the case. He said: "My mother had a dreadful abscess, from which she had suffered untold agonies, and all surgery had been exhausted upon her, and worse and worse she grew until we called in a few Christian friends and proceeded to pray about it. We commended her case to God, and the abscess began immediately to be cured. She is entirely well now, and without knife and without any surgery." So that case has come to me, and there are a score of other cases coming to our ears from all parts of the earth. O ye who are sick, go to Christ! O ye who are worn out with agonies of body, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee!"

Another burden some have to carry is the burden of bereavement. Ah! these are the troubles that wear us out. If we lose our property, by additional industry perhaps we may bring back the estranged fortune; if we lose our good name, perhaps by reformation of morals we may achieve again reputation for integrity; but who will bring back the dear departed? Alas me! for these empty cradles and these trunks of childish toys that will never be used again. Alas me! for the empty chair and the silence in the halls that will never echo again to those familiar footsteps. Alas! for the cry of widowhood and orphanage.

There are many who carry the burden of sin. Ah, we all carry it until in the appointed way that burden is lifted. We need no Bible to prove that the whole race is ruined. What a spectacle it would be if we could tear off the mask of human defilement; or beat a drum that would bring up the whole army of the world's transgressions—the deception, the fraud, and the rapine, and the murder, and the crime of all these centuries!

Oh, to have a mountain of sin on the soul! Is there no way to have the burden moved? Oh, yes. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord." The sinless One came to take the consequences of our sin! And I know He is in earnest. How do I know it? By the streaming temples and the streaming hands as He says, "Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Why will prodigals live on swines' husks when the robe, and the ring, and the Father's welcome are ready? Why go wandering over the great Sahara desert of your sin when you are invited to the gardens of God, the trees of life and the fountains of living water? Why be houseless and homeless forever when you may become the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty?