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THE PANACEA FOR POVERTY



THE
PANACEA FOR POVERTY

BY

MADISON C. PETERS, D.D.

*Author of "The Great Hereafter," "Sanctified Spice," "Empty Pews,"
"The Path of Glory," "Wrongs to be Righted," etc.*



NEW YORK
WILBUR B. KETCHAM
7 AND 9 WEST EIGHTEENTH STREET

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BX
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TO
MY CONGREGATION,
WHOSE
KINDLY COUNSEL, UNWAVERING LOYALTY AND
GENEROUS SUPPORT IN
EVERY GOOD WORK, HAVE MADE MY LABORS AMONG THEM
BOTH LOVELY AND SUCCESSFUL,
I GRATEFULLY
DEDICATE THIS VOLUME.

"My love be with you all in Christ Jesus, Amen."

1500177



A PREFACE TO BE READ.

The Bloomingdale Church, Boulevard and W. 68th Street, New York, is one of the handsomest churches in this city of great churches. Inherited wealth enabled a small congregation to build this fine structure. When the present pastorate began, nearly nine years ago, the membership was 64, and an attendance of 50 was considered a crowd. The debt was \$50,000, which however, is small when the value of the property is considered. The West End was then a comparatively new section of the city. We began our work of gathering a congregation—in this we have succeeded—a congregation limited to the capacity of the house—composed of not less than twelve different denominations. Our many benevolent and home missionary enterprises tax the liberality of a generous congregation to its utmost. The Pastor, desiring to help the people to become free from debt, makes this book his offering, and all the profits derived from its sale go towards paying off the mortgage indebtedness on the Church. The book is published by the Church and sells for One Dollar. The Bloomingdale Church, though denominationally connected with the Reformed Church in America, is essentially the church of the people. Its doors are open to every good cause, and its charities are dispensed with lavish hand to all who are in need, regardless of creed. Our Church, especially Sunday nights, is the home of the churchless in New York, and of the strangers visiting here. The Pastor would rather the people paid this debt than the few rich. He hereby thanks in advance the gentlemen of the press for such notice as they may see fit to give of the book and the object of its sale.

The sermons in this volume with two exceptions were preached during the past winter. They are printed now as they were preached and have been chosen simply because of their bearing on timely topics. That they may do good, is the prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

NEW YORK, May 1, 1898.

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BLOOMINGDALE CHURCH.

HIGH OFFICIAL AUTHORITY ON STATISTICS.

The Hon. Robert P. Porter, superintendent of the census of 1890, in his letter to the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, July 12, 1897, writes :

That popular New York preacher, Dr. Madison C. Peters, gave one of the most practical and statistical discourses on the hard times cause and cure that I have ever heard. Preachers, as a rule, are afraid to use statistics, but this young man used them to such good account that his large audience was thoroughly impressed. He told us that while we were prating over the tariff, and growing purple in the face discussing the silver question, the liquor question was raising havoc with the nation. Now we have heard this before. But we have not heard it in the way this vigorous man put it Sunday to the large crowd of intelligent listeners at Asbury Park. There was no sentimentalism about his presentation. He treated it as purely an economic question. We talk about hard times, and yet we spent last year nearly \$1,000,000,000 on liquor to pour down our throats. The audience was shown just the amount of raw material and of labor in ten dollars spent in shoes, in clothing, in furniture, and half a dozen other necessities and the amount in ten dollars spent in liquor. In the one case, but a trifle over one dollar benefited either the farmer or the wage-earner. In the other cases, five or six dollars went to the classes now complaining most of hard times. If only half this immense sum could be directed to the purchase of other commodities (articles needed by the wives and children of men who waste their money in drink) every mill and every shop could be opened, and every idle man could be put to work. If all, we should

become the busiest and most prosperous nation on earth. He brought these facts home with vigor. New York, he said, complains of hard times, and yet last year spent \$139,000,000 on liquor. If spent on more useful articles, every idle man could have been employed. We are not suffering from over-production, but under-consumption. Look at the families of the men who guzzle their \$1,000,000,000 per annum, and you will see why they do not begin to consume what they should consume and what they would consume if their fathers and husbands were sober and thrifty.

I.

THE PANACEA FOR POVERTY.

Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath
contentions? who hath complaining? who
hath wounds without cause? who hath
redness of eyes? They that tarry
long at the wine; they that go
to seek out mixed wine.

Look not thou upon the
wine when it is red,
when it giveth
its color
in the
cup,
when it goeth
down
smooth-
ly: at the
last it biteth
like a serpent,
and stingeth like an adder.

PROVERBS xxiii. 29-32.

ONE of the supreme problems of the hour in politics, whether the view-point be moral or financial, is the anti-saloon issue. The tariff and silver are secondary issues, intricate questions of detail, appropriate for non-partisan commissions of experts to handle. Considered

merely as a matter of dollars and cents, it is the burning question of the day. The entire amount received for tariff in 1895, was less than \$153,000,000, or take the average annual receipts from customs for three years ending June 30th, 1894, when the McKinley bill was in operation, they were only \$171,000,000, or less than \$2.50 per capita of the population. The total output of silver in this country in 1894 was \$64,000,000, giving to every man, woman and child in the country less than one dollar. How utterly insignificant are these figures compared to the \$1,000,000,000 which it is reliably estimated is the direct tribute which the people of this country pay to the support of the liquor traffic. The ordinary expense of the United States Government for all of the departments, during 1895, was less than \$375,000,000, so that the drink bill for that year was three times the amount required to run the entire government of the United States, and the drink bill for that year was nearly sixteen times as great as the entire value of the silver product of the country. Neither open mills nor open mints will do so much to abolish poverty, stamp out crime, insure permanent prosperity, and guarantee our people their inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness, as closed saloons.

No power of legislation and no power that can be obtained by labor combinations, can help the laboring man who spends his money

in drink. The men who devote their time and money to social reforms without pointing to the saloon as the first cause of poverty and degradation are striking with a straw, and seeking figs where only brambles grow. It is estimated that fully one-half of the drink bill comes out of the wages of the workingmen. The wage classes cannot support in idleness and luxury 232,295 liquor dealers and their families, their bar-tenders and their families, and pay the enormous rents of their dram-shops and hope to prosper themselves.

Archbishop Ireland, in an address in Chicago, said : " Three-fourths of the crime, three-fourths of the inmates of poor-houses and asylums, three-fourths who are recipients in any way of public or private charity, have been reduced to poverty through their own intemperance, or through the intemperance of their natural protectors. Providence has given us a bounteous land, no better or more fertile soil than ours receives the dew of heaven, industry and commerce thrive among us to the envy of the nations of the world. There is no reason, if we are a sober people, why poverty should be known in America. Our laboring classes have golden opportunities awaiting them ; they earn generous wages, and the road to higher fields is not closed to their ambition. What, then, is the matter ? There is a yawning gulf, ever wide open, swallowing up their means--

the saloon, a despotic king more insatiate in his demands than even a barbarous tyrant or heartless landlord, claims tribute from them,—alcohol. It is computed that saloons, in large cities especially, average fifteen dollars as daily receipts. At that rate some \$20,000,000 flow annually into our Chicago saloons, and a large proportion of this enormous sum is wrung from the hands of the working classes, whose families meanwhile are in want, and who one day with their children may be thrown upon public charity. Much is said and written about reforming the masses, raising up the people, giving to all comfortable homes. The men who propose social reforms without pointing to the saloons as the first cause of poverty and degradation talk in the air. The catechism of social economy is brief, but undeniably true. It is this : How enrich the people ? Make them sober. Make the people sober, and there shall be no fear among us of communism, nihilism or other dangerous movements which in older countries threaten society. The laboring classes in America will have a stake in this country, if they avoid drink ; they will be as interested as other classes in the permanency of our institutions. Thoroughly sober, they will have the intelligence and ability to protect themselves against monopolies, there will be no room for social revolutions. Around the beer table do prating socialists mainly hold their coun-

sels, and it is while their heads reel and the saloon-keeper closes his till upon their dollars that they complain of the poverty of the masses and demand, in the name of justice and humanity, radical changes in society.”

The Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor, acting under the instruction of the Legislature, has made an investigation of the relation of the liquor traffic to pauperism, crime and insanity. The method adopted was that of direct inquiry of the inmates of the State institutions, and of all the persons passing through the courts of the State for a year.

The result of the investigation made a suggestive and important volume. As to the insane, as far as could be ascertained, seven out of every ten had intemperate parents, and one out of every four was believed to have been made insane by his own intemperate habits.

Of all the paupers in the State institutions, three out of every four were addicted to the use of liquor, and nearly one-half had intemperate parents.

Of all the arrests for crime during the year, two-thirds were for drunkenness. Taking into account all kinds of crime, in about eight and one-half cases out of every ten the intemperate habits of the offender led to a condition which induced the crime, and, excluding the minors, ninety-six out of every one hundred persons

convicted of crime were addicted to the use of liquor.

The late Dr. Howard Crosby, for many years a close observer among the poor of New York, once declared that in all his investigations he had "never found a family borne down by poverty that did not owe its fall to rum."

In 1886, "The Voice" obtained from superintendents of alms-houses and poor directors of several cities estimates of the percentage of the pauperism due to drink. The results were as follows: Worcester, Mass., males 90 per cent., females, 70 per cent.; Albany, N. Y., 90 per cent.; Meadville, Pa., 90 per cent.; St. Charles, Mo., 75 to 85 per cent.; Minneapolis, Minn., 80 per cent.; Hamilton, Ohio, 75 per cent.

Carroll D. Wright, the eminent statistician, says: "I have looked into a thousand homes of the working people of Europe—I do not know how many in this country—and I never had to look beyond the inmate to find the cause of poverty. So far as my own observation goes, drunkenness is at the bottom of the misery, and not the industrial system or the industrial conditions surrounding the workingmen and their families."

Charles Booth, in his thrilling book on "Pauperism and the Endowment of Old Age," says: "Drink is the most prolific of all the causes of poverty."

John Burns, M. P., and one hundred and

thirty-nine other British labor leaders, in an address supporting the Veto bill in 1893, said : "The chief cause of the present-time poverty and debasement of the poor is drink."

Chief Arthur, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, said, in a speech to workingmen : "If I could I would inaugurate a strike that would drive the liquor traffic from the face of the earth."

T. V. Powderly, former General Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, says : "The liquor traffic is responsible for the misery among nine-tenths of the working classes."

T. P. Whittaker, M. P., in a recent speech before the Total Abstiners' Union of London, said, that the drink bill of £140,000,000, for the year was equal to the rent of all the houses of the country. If paid to the railway companies every person could travel free, there would be nothing to pay for the carriage of goods and a surplus of some £60,000,000 would remain. Or the money spent on drink would suffice for the taxes and the rates with free gas and water thrown in. Equally forcible comparisons could be made for this country.

Professor Peabody, of Harvard, writes to the Forum that the result of an investigation in Boston was that, in 1895, the number of persons visiting the saloons of that city every day was 226,752 or one half of the entire population. If each person expended ten cents at the

saloon the amount for the year would be \$6,-802,560. In contrast with this outlay he places the \$2,016,160 expended on public schools, the \$1,041,296 spent on the fire department, and the \$1,318,186 being the total bill of the police department, and the \$2,241,814, expended on public parks, all these items together being less in amount than the sum spent in the bar-rooms of the city. His reckoning of only ten cents a day as the outlay of each visitor to the saloons is certainly a very moderate one. These figures should awaken serious thought among those who frequent the saloons.

Former Governor Hughes of Arizona, shows the utter impossibility of anything but hard times when the drink traffic is draining over a billion of dollars annually, which should go into legitimate industries, when he says : "Take Arizona alone, and her drink bill annually, if put into the development of our mines, would do more than all the foreign capital combined brought here for that purpose. Put this money into irrigating canals and the reclamation of our productive desert land, and it would return a hundredfold to the territory ; it would provide farms for thousands of families annually. Then, behold the prosperity which would follow. Every trade, every business would throb with energy, and the people would be in the full enjoyment of the good things which would flow therefrom. This is

no dream, no tale of the imagination, but facts."

Joseph Medill, the distinguished Chicago journalist, testified before a Congressional Committee of labor and education: "I have rarely known a steady, sober, industrious man, who saved his surplus earnings, and prudently invested them, but attained independence before old age, and I have never known a working man, no matter what might be his wages, who frequently indulged his appetite for liquor, that ever made any headway." And, continues Mr. Medill, "the money thus thrown away on liquor by the wage-workers in the last ten years would have provided each family with a home free of rent, thereby emancipating them all from servitude to a landlord. If invested in railroad stocks and bonds during the last ten years, it would have transferred the ownership of every single railway in the United States to the labor classes who squander their wages on drink."

The following incident which has gone the round of the papers has been authenticated by a member of my church, whose father is the president of the bank in question. A large manufacturer in Marseilles, Illinois, one Saturday, paid out about seven hundred dollars to his employés, in new five dollar bills. On Monday, about four hundred dollars in those bills were deposited in the local bank by saloon-keepers.

The employer comments that this does not prove that all this money was paid for liquor, as it is not known how much was given back in change, but it does prove that the men who drink make it a rule to pay the saloon keeper before anyone else gets his pay. It brings out in a striking and unanswerable way the relation of the saloon to the industrial problem.

Following the careful estimate of George B. Waldron, based upon the Government reports of 1894 and 1895,—of \$10 spent for shoes, tracing them back through the factory and the tannery, \$2.89 goes to pay the farmer for his hides, and \$2.91 to the tanners and the shoemakers. Of \$10 spent for a suit of clothes, \$2.28 goes to the farmer for his cotton and wool, and \$2.77 for wages to the spinner, the weaver and the tailor. Of the \$10 spent for furniture, \$3.68 goes to the furniture makers, \$1.68 pays for the lumber and other materials which the farmer furnishes; or of \$10 spent for carpets, the carders, spinners and weavers get \$2.69, while the farmer who raises the wool gets \$2.40. But out of the \$10 spent for beer and whisky, only 96 cents go to the farmer for his grain, and 38 cents to the man who produces the liquor. Or, to use his other illustration: Suppose you spend 5 cents for a glass of beer. According to the census for 1890, about 12 per cent. of the nickel goes to the farmer to pay for his grain and hops,

and about 5 per cent. is called for in wages—in all, 17 per cent., or about one-sixth of the nickel spent for beer benefits in its manufacture, the farmer and the workingman. In the same way, tracing the manufacture of the bread through the bakery and the flouring mill back to the farmer, it is found that 35 per cent. goes to the farmer for grain, and 33 per cent. to the baker and miller in wages—in all, 68 per cent., or more than two-thirds of the nickel spent for bread benefits in its manufacture, the farmer and the wage-earner.

The rest of the nickel left, after paying the farmers and the workingman for their work, five-sixths in the case of beer and one-third in the case of the bread, goes to pay the transportation, rents, interests, profits and cost of retailing.

Every time a man spends a nickel for bread instead of for beer, he pays the difference between 68 per cent. and 17 per cent., or 51 per cent of his nickel (which means about $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents) more to the farmer and to the wage-earner than if he had spent the nickel for beer. Now, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents all alone is not much, but when ten billion nickels go for beer instead of bread, as was the case last year, and for each nickel the farmer and the wage-earner lose $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents, it amounts to the very neat little sum of \$250,000,000 a year. It is difficult to see how the ten billion mugs of beer can do any good,

but the ten billion loaves of bread would give one loaf a day each for a year to more than 27,000,000 people. These figures explain the poverty, suffering and want of all the poor in the land. The amount of money now worse than wasted on drink, if used to promote our productive industries, would cause such a revival of business throughout the land that we should think the millennium had dawned upon us.

If instead of spending one billion for drink, suppose we turned this money into channels of useful industry, see what it would do: \$150,000,000 expended for food and provisions—what an impetus to the grocery business all over the country! \$37,000,000 for clothing—what employment would this furnish for woolen and cotton mills, to tailors and dressmakers! \$13,000,000 for boots and shoes—what a boon to shoe and leather factories! \$600,000,000 spent for new houses—what a demand for lumber, building material, carpenters, masons and mechanics! \$200,000,000 expended for furniture—what an increase in furniture and upholstery establishments! Workmen, do you want a way out of hard times? Spend the money now wasted in drink on the necessities of life, and the manufacturers' demand for raw materials will give employment to 1,000,000 more men on our farms. Closed saloons would mean 300,000 more shoemakers, carpenters and mechanics.

Not over-production, but under-consumption is our trouble now. You cannot spend your money in the saloons and in the stores also. Close the saloons, and more goods of all kinds will be demanded, more would be manufactured ; multiplied labor would be required to make and sell them ; wages would be high ; every man at work, and everybody would be happy.

A woman came into a shoe store, timidly, as if unaccustomed to buying.

“What can I do for you?” inquired the merchant.

“I want a pair of shoes for a little girl.”

“What number?”

“She is twelve years old.”

“But what number does she wear?”

“I do not know.”

“But what number did you buy when you bought the last pair for her?”

“It is so long since she had a pair of new shoes. Her father used to drink, but he stopped that, and this morning he said to me, ‘Mother, get Sissy a pair of shoes. I don’t know when I have bought her a pair.’ I thought if I told you how old she was you would know just what size to give me.”

The wives and the children of the men who drink “consume” in the economic sense, too few shoes, too few clothes, and too little food.

The *Herald and Presbyterian* prints a letter to a

Pennsylvania grocer, which is quite interesting, not only to those who spend money for liquor, but to the men in legitimate business who have goods to sell. The letter is as follows :

DEAR SIR,—Having been accustomed to spend twenty-five cents a day for whisky, I find by saving it I can order from you during one year, 3 bls. flour, 100 lbs. granulated sugar, 25 lbs. corn starch, 125 lbs. macaroni, 60 lbs. white beans, 2 lbs. ground pepper, 1 doz. scrub brushes, 50 lbs. sal. soda, 20 lbs. roasted coffee, 25 cans tomatoes, 24 cans mackerel, 50 lbs. best raisins, 1 doz. packages herbs, 40 lbs. oatmeal, 20 lbs. rice, 1 brl. crackers, 11 lbs. hominy, 18 lbs. mince meat, 1 doz. brooms, 20 lbs. Oolong tea, 24 cans green peas, 20 lbs. dried apples, 25 lbs. prunes, 40 lbs. laundry starch, 28 lbs. table salt, 25 lbs. lard, 12 bottles maple syrup, 100 bars soap, 2 gals. chow-chow, 1 ream note paper, 500 envelopes, 2 newspapers for one year. I had no idea my drinking had been costing me so much. I now live better and buy more for my family.”

Appended to this list is the statement of the grocer that the money saved would provide all the goods enumerated. Many a merchant who, with a moderate profit on goods enough to properly supply those who would naturally buy from him, would make a good living, now does

a dull business, and is obliged to credit where he knows there is danger of loss, while the saloon-keeper near by gathers in the dollars of the heads of families.

Thomas Whittaker, the veteran English temperance worker, was one day called on unexpectedly to address a crowd of workingmen who had gathered about him. Addressing the audience, a man in the crowd called out, "Look here, canny man." Mr. Whittaker looked there. The man was drunk. "Look here, canny man!" He looked again. "A quart of ale is better than a quart of water for a workingman." The speaker said, "Say it again, brother, say it again." He was not quite ready for him. He did so, and then Mr. Whittaker said, "You have not put it right. A quart of ale in that hand costs you sixpence, a quart of water in this costs you nothing. To start fair you must have sixpence in the hand where the water is." George Charlton, the butcher, was in the crowd. "Now take the sixpence and go to my friend George Charlton and ask him to give you as nice a piece of steak for fourpence as he can. Then go to Mrs. Bell, next door, and get a penny worth of nice potatoes. On your way home go into the baker's shop and get a penny worth of bread. Now, you have spent your sixpence. I hope your wife can cook your potatoes and beef-steak, and serve it hot with a hot plate and a

little pepper and salt, and while you are eating your beefsteak and hot potatoes, tell me, wagon men of Newcastle, whether a quart of ale is better for a hard working man than a quart of water." And the multitude cried out, "Beefsteak forever."

There are 1,688 drink manufactories in our land. Invested in these places is the sum of \$299,220,818. There are only three industries that exceed in capital invested that of the liquor business—cotton goods, foundry and machine products and lumber. We invest in boots and shoes \$95,282,311, nearly one-third less than that invested in drink manufacturing. Employed in these distilleries and breweries are 49,048 persons. There are nearly as many employed in the glass manufactory which has a capital of only \$40,966,850. In the brick and tile industry, \$82,578,566 is invested and 109,151 persons employed. More capital is invested and less labor employed in the liquor industry than in any other in the United States.

The total gross receipts in the liquor industry reaches the enormous sum of \$326,801,616, being over \$27,000,000 more than the capital invested. Out of these receipts only the sum of \$36,052,721 was paid as wages to employees. For the liquor thus made the people paid to the saloons and drug-stores in 1895 the sum of \$962,192,854.

England has nearly one hundred million

dollars in this country bound up in the liquor business. For this kindness of the English investor in thus lending money to this profitable trade, our manufacturers sent to England in 1895 \$5,951,204. Nothing pays so well as the drink business.

That was eye-opening advice an actor gave his friend :

“MY DEAR ———,

“A gallon of whisky costs about \$3, and contains about sixty-five fifteen-cent drinks. Now if you must drink, buy a gallon and make your wife be bar-keeper. When you are dry give her fifteen cents for a drink, and when the whisky is gone she will have, after paying for it, \$6.75 left, and every gallon thereafter will yield the same profit. This money she should put away, so that when you have become inebriate, unable to support yourself, and shunned by every respectable man, your wife may have money to keep you until your time comes to fill a drunkard's grave.”

There were sold in the City of New York from January 1st, 1895, to January 1st, 1896, 4,805,167 barrels of beer, which at the wholesale value of \$5.50 per barrel, cost the saloon keepers, \$26,428,418. The people who drank this beer paid at least \$100,000,000. So much for beer. There were 200,000 cases of champagne consumed last year at a cost of

\$5,300,000. Other wines and brandies, 2,990,865 gallons, costing about \$27,000,000. In addition to all this 51,000 barrels of domestic whisky during the same year, and 48,000 barrels of domestic alcohol blended with it, and enough other liquids amounting to 130,000 barrels, which, when sold by the glass, amounted to over \$2,000,000. Thus last year, in spite of the hard times, the citizens of New York drank 5,051,000 barrels of all kinds of liquors at a cost of \$138,710,208. Now this vast sum, diverted by Law and the Gospel to the purchase of necessities, would give New York such a business boom that we should have to work night and day with two or three shifts of workmen to supply the demands and luxuries.

The drink problem is the financial problem. The closed saloon is the panacea for poverty.

McDonald Clarke, who wrote those exquisite lines:

Now twilight lets her curtain down
And pins it with a star,

was commonly called the "Mad Poet," and actually died some twenty years ago in a lunatic asylum. But if his lines On The Rum Hole have ever been surpassed we have yet to find them :

Ha! see where the blazing grog-shop appears,
As the red waves of wretchedness swell,
How it burns on the edge of tempestuous years,
The horrible LIGHTHOUSE OF HELL.

There is enough in the history of the saloon's dealings with the American homes to arouse the hot blood in every heart.

An old miser on the coast of California conceived the strange fancy of building himself a home out of the fragments of wrecked vessels. The whole edifice was a combination of bulkheads and bulwarks, of lockers and cabins. It was weatherboarded with planks that had been ripped off the ship's side by howling winds and savage breakers. The ceilings were decorated with beautiful linings of sumptuous steamer cabins. The kitchen was the galley of a wrecked merchantman. This sounds strange. It may be fiction, but go with me through the great cities of our land, our cities of saloons, and I will show you wreckage palaces more interesting than that. Go up and down our most fashionable thoroughfares and I will show you many a magnificent wreckage palace—spacious grounds, splendid trees, conservatories blossoming at the bidding of the man who dwells in splendor. The doors of the palace are of massive walnut. The carpets of richest texture. The frescoes on the ceilings are works of art. The studios of the world have been ransacked for the pictures on the walls. The beds are of softest down. The wines that sparkle on the board are the rarest, and yet this house is built of wrecks—wrecks sadder than ever the sea wrought—wrecks not

of ships but of happy homes, of loving wives, innocent children and immortal souls. Who is the owner of this mansion? A brewer! From that wreckage palace let me take you to a house where a hard-working man once blessed a happy family. There was bread enough and to spare, there was fire on the hearth, there was carpet on the floor, and pictures on the walls. But come with me now. The furniture is gone, the cupboard is bare, everything is pawned, a faded, broken woman bends over the wash-tub, and pale-faced, starving children sit by the window. What has wrought this desolation? Everything has gone into the wreckage palace.

Why, workmen, why be so foolish as to spend your hard-earned wages and rob yourselves and your families in order to build up palaces, buy horses and carriages, diamonds and luxuries, for brewers, distillers and saloon-keepers and their families, while you and your loved ones receive nothing in return but degradation, distress and death?

And you, Christian men, what are you going to do about this traffic? A gentleman once said, "I do not favor the prohibiting of the sale of liquor; it would be an injustice to the men in business, besides it would throw thousands out of employment." He was answered: "You do not look at the issue from the right side. You take a contractor's

view. Just before the war closed a Government contractor said in a car, 'I hope the war will not close in two years. I will lose thousands of dollars, besides thousands will be turned out of employment from the Government works.' A lady passenger, clad in weeds of mourning, rose to her feet, and with a tearful voice said, 'Sir, I have a brave boy and a husband sleeping the sleep of death in a soldier's cemetery. I have only one boy left, and he is in the front of the foe. O God! I wish the cruel war would end now.'" He saw the point. Do you? It may be your boy or your girl that will fall the next victim to the drink "industry."

In a far western town some years ago resided a widow who had a son, sixteen, and a daughter eighteen years of age. A saloon was opened, and the boy, who had been an exemplary boy from childhood up, was soon led into drinking, and in less than fifteen months in a drunken spree he killed a comrade. He was arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged. The day of execution came on, and it found his sister at the State capitol before the Governor asking executive interference in her brother's behalf. The mother was in the prison cell, hoping, praying, comforting her boy, as only a mother can. The hour of execution wore on. He was literally torn from his mother's arms as she fell fainting to

the floor. He was taken to the gallows, the black cap adjusted, the trap sprung. The rope broke and he fell almost lifeless to the ground. As they raised him the blood gushed from his mouth and nose. He, thinking of his mother, said in a husky voice, "Oh, mother, for God's sake won't you have them hurry, won't you, please?" He was again led to the scaffold, the rope was adjusted, the trap sprung and his soul sent into eternity. Men of America, for God's sake, hurry! hurry!! hurry!!! not to open any more of these places of iniquity, but hurry to blot them out and drive them from our land! Hurry to wipe away this foul stain from the face of Christendom! Be willing to be counted singular in the eyes of men rather than unfaithful in the judgment of God.

Thomas Jefferson, speaking of slavery, said: "I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just,"—and I tremble for my country when I remember that the votes of her citizens give this monster iniquity the sanction of law. Upon you, my fellow-citizens, devolves this work, for you are in this land the real sovereigns. It is your voices which sway the State and national conduct. You have the power to stay the tide of intemperance if you have the will. It is for you to speak the word and this bane of social, civil and domestic life will be sent to join slavery. I proclaim a strike to-day. A strike against the drink! Strike,

keep striking until you hit the right spot. Rally round the cry "Down with the drinking saloon!" For, sang the late Francis A. Simkins :

There is not in all the borders of our wide domain
 A blight so dark and deadly, nor a foe so fell—
 A plague so devastating, with its countless slain—
 A thing so reeking with the fetid breath of hell,
 As that foul traffic which, unwhipped of justice, plies
 Its blasting, desolating work of death and shame—
 Unheeding man's despair, or childhood's piteous cries,
 Nor sparing youth nor age, nor fairest, loftiest name.

Author of ruined homes and bright hopes dashed to earth,
 Transforming men to "brutish beasts" and helpless
 slaves—

The light of reason blotted out, as at their birth—
 Consigning them, despairing, to dishonored graves.
 Artificer of beggary, disease and death !
 Monster insatiate that knows not how to feel:
 All beauty blasting like the simoon's breath,
 Its life perpetual menace to our country's weal.

God of all Righteousness ! let the avenging hand
 Of infinite power fall swift upon these haunts of crime,
 Till soon within the borders of our rescued land
 They shall no more be known throughout recorded time,
 Foul, festering plagues ! what right 'neath heaven have
 they to live
 One hour, to taint the fountain of our nation's life ?
 Surely to human need they can "no good thing" give,
 But only whelm in shame and sorrow, sin and strife.

If Heaven's own lightning comes not down to smite
 And blast and wither this nefarious trade,
 Then let the thunder of the people's voice indict
 The foul and guilty thing whose matchless crimes have
 made

Of good men devils, and their happy homes destroyed—
Of countless children orphans, hapless, helpless, poor—
Bringing to wives and mothers misery unalloyed,
And burdens heavier than their crushed hearts may
endure.

Shame to the Christian nation that supinely brooks
An evil so gigantic and a crime so vast :
Shame to the State that with indifference looks
Upon the hideous rum-wrought lessons of the past :
Shame that this harlot mother of unnumbered woes
Should nestle and be nourished in our goodly land :
Shame, that this barbarous and most vile of mortal foes
Should from our rulers gain a ready, helping hand !

Arouse, ye Christian men ! Awake to duty's call,
The time is come for action—quickly fall in line !
The fight is close impending—there is work for all,
Be ready for the conflict, and forthwith combine
To drive the ravening monster from our natal shores—
Leaving nor trace nor trail of sanctioned wrong behind :
Up ! up ! and bar the hateful demon from our doors,
And vanquish, and for aye, the arch foe of mankind !

II.

PATRIOTISM, PEACE AND PIETY.

If the Syrians be too strong for me, then shalt thou help me : but if the children of Ammon be too strong for thee, then I will come and help thee. Be of good courage, and let us play the men for our people, and for the cities of our God : and the Lord do that which seemeth him good.—2 SAM. x. : 11-12.

THE king of a neighboring and friendly nation had just died, and as he had during his life been considerate of David, the latter thought he would send a letter of sympathy to his son. But some of the princes of the King of Ammon thought that they saw in David's action a cunning purpose to spy out the land, and they persuaded him that there were hostile intentions towards him, so that he basely insulted the ambassador of David, and sent him away grossly offended, and as no apology was forthcoming, the ultimatum was a declaration of war.

The Ammonites, conscious of their inferiority to the people of Israel, hired the Assyrians to come and help them. The preparations were made for a terrific struggle. The enemy disposed themselves into two companies, one of the Ammonites and one of the Syrians, the

plan being to charge the forces of Israel at the same moment on the front and the rear. David's army was led by Joab, and his brother Abishai, the former being commander-in-chief. Perceiving the design of the enemy Joab divided his forces also, the choicest men he took under his own direction to fight the Syrians, who were the better soldiers, and the rest of the army he put under the charge of Abishai to fight the Ammonites; but before a single sword was drawn and in the presence of their men, Joab uttered with a loud voice this memorable speech: "If the Syrians be too strong for me, then thou shalt help me, but if the children of Ammon be too strong for thee, then I will come and help thee. Be of good courage, and let us play the men for our people, and for the cities of our God, and let the Lord do that which seemeth him good." From these patriotic words let us see what practical lessons we can carry home with us.

LESSON I. MUTUAL HELPFULNESS.

"If the Syrians be too strong for me, then thou shalt help me, but if the children of Ammon be too strong for thee, then will I help thee." We are mutually dependent upon one another. We should help our neighbors when in trouble. The true man must live for the good of others as well as himself. Hierocles says that each one of us is a center, circum-

scribed by many concentric circles. From ourselves the first circle extends, comprising parents, wife and children. The next centering circle comprises relations, then fellow-citizens, and lastly, the whole human race.

It seldom happens that the various members of even the same family, though equally deserving, are equally successful in life. Of two brothers one carries all before him and elbows himself to the front. The other, just as worthy, good, able, industrious and painstaking, never meets with success. Therefore what General Joab said to his brother, is just what each of you should say to the other: "If I am in trouble, you will help me, and if you are in trouble I will help you." Some men's failures in life are more creditable than some men's successes. There is much mistake on this point, and these lines of the poet have force :

Not all who seem to fail have failed indeed,
Not all who fail have therefore worked in vain,
For all our acts to many issues lead,
And out of earnest purpose, pure and plain,
Enforced by honest toil of hand or brain,
The Lord will fashion in his own good time
(Be this the laborer's proudly humble creed),
Such ends as, to his wisdom, fittest chime
With his vast love's eternal harmonies.
There is no failure for the good and wise,
What though thy seed should fall by the wayside,
And the birds snatch it—yet the birds are fed—
Or they may bear it far across the tide,
To give rich harvest after thou art dead.

It is nothing derogatory to a man if he is given a lift. If God has made you poor he has made you to receive. If rich he means you to bestow. O how much mutual assistance is needed everywhere! If you are in a position to get in a brother who is out, do it. If you are in difficulty, do not be ashamed to ask assistance. There are many ways in which you can help each other. Let the strong assist the weak. May be there is some one on whom the Syrians of infidelity, or the Ammonites of sensual temptation have come down with overwhelming force, he is in danger of being swept away from all manliness and truth. Don't give him the heel who wants the hand. To the rescue, men! Snatch him with pity from the pit into which he has fallen, put your arm around him, stand by him and assist him to beat back the foe.

Do good whenever you can. Sometimes a smile will do it. Oftener a kind word, a look of sympathy, or an acknowledgment of obligation. Sometimes a little help to a burdened shoulder or a push to a heavy wheel will be in place. Sometimes a word or two of good counsel, a seasonable admonition, at others a suggestion of advantage to be gained and a little interest to secure it. - These are little things which will be received with lasting gratitude. And thus every instance of kindness shown, whether acknowledged or not, opens up a little

well-spring of happiness in the doer's own breast, the flow of which may be made permanent by habit. What a blessed world we could make it if we walked the way of life as the Saviour once walked our earth, filling all the air about him with an aroma which was so subtly distilled from kindly deeds, helpful words and an unselfish life.

Every one of us, however small or poor, may in some way or other assist our fellow-creatures, There is nobody who cannot do some good, and everybody is bound to do diligently all the good he can, in all the ways he can, to all the people he can. It is not enough to be rightly disposed. What we feel we must act. What we pray for we must strive to accomplish. If you cannot do much, do something. He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do any. Good is done by degrees. Life is made up of little things. To one man in a million, and but once in an age, does the occasion offer for doing a great deed. True greatness consists in being great in little things. How are railroads built? By one shovelful of dirt after another, one shovelful at a time. There are 1,500,000,000 people in the world now that there is danger of overlooking our individual responsibility and duty. You may suppose that your failing to contribute your part to the world's happiness will not be missed. Over against this shallow pretext set the great fact that "God has

formed the best progress of mankind into a great harmony, and that he has given you a place in it, and will observe the missing note, while the jar of its absence will be felt throughout the sensible universe." If the number of people were increased twenty-fold, by so much more would the obligation be imposed upon you to be useful. One summer day I saw a noble tree caught up in the whirl of the storm and flung down to die. It left a blank and was missed. Its green drapery was refreshing and beautiful, its shade was a benediction, and the symphony which the breeze played amid its boughs was a delight. But who cares for the dead post that has been lifted out of its place and has been tossed away to rot? So with many a life that might have been beautiful as the tree, abundant in mercy and good fruits, but chose to be a useless, rootless, lifeless post, or as dead trellis, about which the industry of other hands twine their work. I like the sentiment of these lines :

If I can live
To make some pale face brighter and to give
A second luster to some tear-dimmed eye,
Or e'en impart
One throb of comfort to an aching heart,
Or cheer some way-worn soul in passing by—
If I can lend
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend
The right against a single envious strain,
My life tho' bare, perhaps,

Of much that seemeth dear and fair
To us, of earth, will not have been in vain.
The purest joy, most dear to be, far from earth's alloy,
Is bidding cloud give way to sun and shine,
And 'twill be well, if on that day of days the angels tell
Of me, "He did his best for one of thine."

LESSON II. MANLY HEROISM.

"Be of good courage." The army has in all ages produced many of the grandest heroes. A hero is a man in the fullest, largest sense of the word. Never was there a grander display of heroism, never did men behave themselves more valiantly, than when, at a moment's notice, at the command of the President of the United States, you resented the trailing into the dust of the glorious Stars and Stripes,—your love for your country caused you to forget what fear was, and your devotion to your country, in which you forgot self, will never be forgotten.

But heroes are not confined to campaigns and battle-fields.

The plague was making a desert of the city of Marseilles. Death was everywhere. The physicians could do nothing. In one of their counsels it was decided that a corpse must be dissected, but it would be death to the operator. A celebrated physician of the number arose and said, "I devote myself for the safety of my country. Before this numerous assembly I swear, in the name of humanity and religion, that to-morrow, at the break of day, I will

dissect a corpse, and write down as I proceed what I observe." He immediately left the room, made his will, and spent the night in religious exercises. During the day a man had died in his house of the plague, and at day-break on the following morning the physician, whose name was Guyon, entered the room and critically made the necessary examinations, writing down all his surgical observations. He then left the room, threw all his papers into a vase of vinegar, that they might not convey the disease to another, and retired to a convenient place, where he died in twelve hours. But, in the commonest spheres of civil and prosaic life may be found instances of an equally noble, though less showy heroism. There are heroes of the workshop, of the counter, of the office, on whose courage is put as severe a strain as though they stood upon the battle-field, amid the glitter of cold steel and the rattle of musketry. When a man has to fight with poverty, with losses, with bad debts, with bad habits, with disappointments, with temptations, and still keeps his head to the wind, battles on bravely, refuses to knock under, vows still to trust in God and do the right, I say, though he has no epaulettes on his shoulders, nor medals on his breast, he is as truly a man and a hero as though he had stormed a citadel. Ah, what terrific battles, never dreamed of perhaps by friends and ac-

quaintances, have been fought by men and women in this city, fought in these streets, up those stairs, behind those window blinds. God only knows how stern has been the conflict through which some of you have passed, with weak nerves and aching sides, short breath and broken hearts, but with good courage, plus God, you won !

LESSON III. DUTY.

“And let the lord do that which seemeth good.” Duties are ours, results are God’s. We always connect the idea of duty with a soldier’s trust. We remember the pagan sentinel at Pompeii, found dead at his post, during the burial of the city by the ashes of Vesuvius, some 1800 years ago. While others fled he stood at his post. It was his duty. He had been set to guard the place, and he never flinched. He was suffocated by the sulphurous vapor of the falling ashes. His body was resolved to dust, but his memory survived. His helmet, lance and breastplate are still to be seen at the museum at Naples.

An eclipse of the sun happened in New England about a century ago. The heavens grew black and it seemed to many that the Judgment Day was at hand. The legislature of Connecticut happened then to be in session, and on the darkness coming on, a member moved the adjournment of the house, on which

an old Puritan legislator, Davenport of Stamford, rose and said that if the last day had come he desired to be found in his place, doing his duty, for which reason he moved that candles be brought so that the House might proceed with its business. Waiting at the post of duty was the maxim of the wise man, and he carried his motion.

The Duke of Wellington had no personal ambition. He was simply content to do his duty. Once when taunted with the change of his condition, he good-humoredly said, "I have eaten the King's salt, and whatever he desires me to do, that becomes my duty." When, upon examining his head, the phrenologist said: "Your grace has not the organ of animal courage largely developed," the man replied: "You are right, and but for my sense of duty I should have retreated in my first fight." That first fight in India was one of the most terrible on record. O that word "Duty"! What is animal courage compared with it. Duty can create courage. A good cause makes a courageous heart. Courage is a moral, not a physical trait. Its seat is not in the temperament, but in the will. How courageous Peter was and all those square-built fishermen of the Sea of Galilee, at the last supper and in the Garden of Gethsemane, where Peter drew his sword and smote the officer. But when Christ looked down from the cross whom did he see? None of those

stout fishermen, but a young man, John, and a tender-hearted woman, Mary.

They who dare greatly always do greatly. They that fear an overthrow are half conquered. Grapple like a man and you will be a man! Confront difficulties with an unflinching purpose. Should you then fail, you will be honored; but shrink, and you will be despised.

Duty is self-devoted. It is not merely fearlessness. The gladiator who fought the lion with the courage of a lion was urged on by the ardor of the spectators, and never forgot himself and his prizes. Pizarro was full of hardihood, but he was actuated by his love of gold. In the midst of his terrible hardships he never forgot the gold he sought. The best kind of duty is done in secret, and without the sight of men. It does not advertise itself.

How can one learn to do his duty?

There is the pervading, abiding sense of duty to God. Then follow others: Duty to one's family, duty to one's neighbors, duty to our country.

LESSON IV. PATRIOTISM.

“Let us be of good courage and play the men for our cities and our God.” When Homer makes his brave captains march he gives them silence for guide; contrariwise, he makes the cowards to babble and chatter like cranes. The one passes like a great river, letting its stream

glide softly with majestic silence, the others do nothing but murmur like little brooks. A sign of not being valiant at all is to strive to seem valiant. Some men expose their lives to danger for personal preferment and self-interest. But mark the motive which Joab addressed to his brother : "For our cities and our God !" "God and our country !" was their cry.

"Is there a man with a soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land."

Patriotism, the love of country, is a universal passion. A French writer informs us that a native of one of the Asiatic isles, amid the splendors of Paris, beholding a banana tree in the Garden of Plants, bathed it with tears, and seemed to be for a moment transported to his own land. The Ethiopian imagines that God made his sands and deserts, while the angels were employed in forming the rest of the world. The Maltese, insulated on a rock, distinguished their Island by the appellation of "The Flower of the World." The Norwegians, proud of their barren summits, inscribe upon their dollars, "Spirit, loyalty, and whatever is honorable, let the world learn among the rocks of Norway." The Esquimaux are no less attached to their frigid zone, esteeming their luxuries of blubber oil for food, and an iceberg for habitation, above all the refinement of other countries.

In a hospital at Nashville, a wounded man was lying on the amputating table, under the influence of chloroform. They cut off his strong right arm and cast it, all bleeding, upon the pile of human limbs. They then laid him gently upon his couch. He woke from his stupor and missed his arm. With his left hand he lifted the cloth and there was nothing but the stump. "Where is my arm?" he cried. "Get me my arm; I want to see it once more, my strong right arm!" They brought it to him. He took hold of the cold, clammy fingers, and, looking steadfastly at the poor, dead member, he thus addressed it with a tearful earnestness: "Good-by, old arm. You'll never fire another carbine or swing another saber for the government. Good-by, old arm, we have been a long time together, but we must part now." And the tears rolled down his cheeks. He said to those standing by: "Understand, I don't regret its loss. It has been torn from my body that not one State should be torn from this glorious Union." O when shall the glory of our soldiers fade! Noble saviours of our country,—brave men when our nation needed a rampart of honest hearts and patriotic arms to shield her from the murderous blows of her own children. Let the deeds of our heroes not only be chiseled upon marble, but let the deeds of every one who died that the country might live,—a Union forever,—be remembered and

recorded upon all the hearts of the people. Let our acts show our appreciation of the martyred dead. Let the valiant deeds and the great sacrifices of the heroes, dead and living, of the civil war, be maintained and perpetuated in grateful remembrance by each generation, repeating the story to succeeding generations until time shall be no more. The buds and blossoms of spring never speak a sweeter and more eloquent language than when they are used to keep in memory the virtues and valors of the illustrious dead. Such floral tributes to the renown of the brave men who passed away remind us that actions brave and heroic cannot fade from the memory of man. Decoration Day should be a holy day instead of the holiday it is now. Make your children promise that they will tell to their children the self-sacrificing labors of the noble thousands who so sublimely braved every sort of hardship and peril in defense of this glorious Union, went forth from homes fondly cherished and friends dearly beloved, and, on red fields of battle, fearlessly stood and gave for the nation the price of their blood ; and, forgetting all enmity, remembering that they were brave men, though wrong, lay the bit of bloom on the graves of those who wore the gray. Union, Freedom and Law have triumphed ! The Blue and the Gray ! Their dust rests in peace, may their souls rest in heaven. We are one country now and brothers

all. I have just returned from the South. I traveled from the Gulf of Mexico to the Missouri River ; all are patriots, and should the tocsin of war be sounded, a million men from the South would rally round the flag and stand ready to honor any draft upon their resources, either in money, sacrifice or lives, to uphold the honor and glory of the Stars and Stripes.

The \$50,000,000 unanimously voted by Congress for defense is the wisest, safest and most patriotic peace measure ever enacted. A modern navy for the purpose of competing with the Continental powers in any display of extravagant militarism, and tempting us to embroilment and foreign war, is organized savagery. We would not if we could infringe upon the just rights of any other nation. But a modern navy that will give effective surveillance to all our maritime interests, and protection to the American Flag, the American honor and the American citizen, is the power whose offspring is peace.

“ Oh, it is excellent to have a giant's strength,
But it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.”

I want to see an American ship on every sea from Greenland to Japan, from Madagascar to Spitzbergen, from Siberia to the Southern Pole, carrying our glorious banner around the world, unfurling itself in every breeze, everywhere the proud symbol of freedom, the hope of patriots in every land, the pride of every Amer-

ican, the protector of the American citizen everywhere on this earth, regardless of his race, condition, or religion. In olden times the words "I am a Roman citizen," protected any man when he uttered them, whether on the banks of the Euphrates or on those of the storied Rhine, whether on the plains of Persia or in the mountains of Spain. In that ancient day, to be a Roman was to be the peer of any monarch; and I want the declaration, "I am an American citizen," to be as the Roman cry was in the day of the Cæsars—the proudest title of nobility, an indestructible armor of defense, a flaming sword for protection, an impenetrable shield for the weak, the imperishable glory of man's last and best attempt at self-government.

The history of the world, up to the near present, was written with blood rather than ink. The siege of Troy lasted ten years and eight months. It is said that there died 870,000 Grecians and 670,000 Trojans. Xerxes, the Persian king who reigned from the close of 486 to 465 B. C., led an army which, according to Herodotus, amounted to 1,700,000 foot and 80,000 horse, with Libyan war-chariots and Arabian camels. Besides these, upon the fleet of 1,207 ships of war and 3,000 smaller vessels and transports, was a force which swelled the number of combatants to 2,317,000.

One million Romans went to death at the

bidding of the wild ambition of Cæsar. Napoleon, at St. Helena, made this apologetic remark: "I only killed a million of men in all my wars." He did not mention the three million who died of starvation, and left their bones to whiten on foreign shores. In eight hundred years England had seven hundred years of war. The farmers among the Alps built their fences with the bones of unburied soldiers. The cost of our civil war was half a million killed, a million crippled and wounded, the destruction of all the material interests and visible property of ten states, and the loss of four thousand millions of dollars on one side and as much on the other, and placed this nation in debt which, even in this generation, is a heavy burden; and it is an awful thing to contemplate that that war might have been averted at one time by the payment of a proper indemnity to the owners of the slaves.

"War," said General Sherman, "is a cruelty, and you cannot refine it." And yet, the nations of the earth are exhausting their resources and their inventive genius in the development of new war enginery. A Maxim rapid-fire gun, weighing only one hundred and twenty-seven pounds, has a capacity for placing six hundred bullets in a minute wherever they will do the most harm. The Browning rapid-fire gun, used in the United States army, is capable of firing four hundred rounds in one minute and forty

seconds. The pneumatic dynamite guns at Sandy Hook are capable of throwing a shell containing five hundred pounds of dynamite a distance of three miles. Each gun weighs fifty thousand pounds, they are fifty feet long, and the bore is fifteen inches in diameter. A shell from one of these guns would, according to United States military officers, destroy the largest war-ship afloat. It would destroy every artificial construction within the radius of four hundred feet of the explosion. A city block would be wiped out by it. It is claimed that one shell from this gun, well placed, would destroy three men-of-war.

In testing the dynamite gun, ten dummy shots were fired in fifteen minutes. From the subsequent test with the full charge of dynamite, there is every reason to believe that this rate would be maintained with the explosive charge.

A one-thousand-pound shell, from one of the twelve-inch guns at Sandy Hook, will penetrate thirteen inches of steel. Stone fortifications would be useless against such weapons, for the splintering stone will only make so many more missiles. A Hotchkiss quick-firing gun is made which only weighs twenty pounds. It is capable of firing six hundred thirty-six caliber cartridges a minute, or at the rate of thirty-six thousand an hour. Each one will kill six men—

two hundred and sixteen thousand husbands and fathers, and sons and brothers, in sixty minutes. In France the gun has been fired rapidly, without rest, for three hours. During this test one hundred thousand cartridges were used. An eleven-hundred-pound projectile, fired from a thirteen-inch gun, the largest in use in the United States Navy, has passed through fourteen inches of Harveyized nickel steel plate, five inches of oak, two plates of half-inch steel, and then gone a mile or two beyond. The steel used in this case is the most successful armor yet made. The shell weighed one thousand one hundred and ten pounds, and was propelled by four hundred and eighty-four pounds of powder. It moved at the rate of one thousand eight hundred feet per second, and exerted a force of twenty-five thousand tons. It made a clean, round hole.

One of the newest engines of destruction is known as the Maxim-Schuphaus gun. The invention lies in the powder which is to be used. The inventors propose to invent a twenty-inch gun which would be able to throw five hundred pounds of explosive ten miles. That would destroy a whole city. The powder has been used with good results in small guns. The Haskell gun, in which a succession of charges are exploded as the shot passes through the bore, will throw a one hundred and fifty-

pound shell through twenty-four inches of iron at a distance of fifteen miles.

But the killing in war is not all—the bitterness infused into society by the intrigues and plottings that precede war, the desolation of homes, the long-drawn agony of fathers and mothers, wives and daughters and friends of the men who are called to the field, the great army of widows and orphans they leave, the vast destruction of property, which could be replaced only by years of great toil and taxes, and political hatred bequeathed to survivors. When all this is calmly surveyed, a thoughtful mind naturally wonders how any man can say aught in favor of war. And yet, at the close of this nineteenth century of Christianity, after nearly nineteen hundred years' profession of the religion of Him who died rather than fight, or even lend Himself to warlike party or purpose, there remains the fact, at this day, that there are in Europe—on a so-called peace-footing—seven millions of men in arms. The combined war debts of these governments are sixteen thousand millions of dollars—burdens under which anarchy grows, and socialism thrives, and populations seek, by emigration to Asia, Africa and America, to escape the conditions too grievous to be borne. Let me read you a statement of the appropriations made by Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia and

Italy during the year 1895-96 for the maintenance and increase of navies :

Gréat Britain.....	\$ 91,012,156.70
France.....	52,180,680.00
Germany.....	19,889,037.41
Russia.....	26,902,624.50
Italy.....	17,922,703.42

Notwithstanding England's already stupendous power at sea, a year or two ago a bill passed the House of Commons, by a majority of two hundred and sixty-four, appropriating \$120,000,000 for the increase of the navy during that year. One hundred and twenty-seven millions seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars is England's appropriation for naval construction in 1898. From 1883 to 1896 we expended for the increase of our navy \$110,371,710.10, or nearly \$17,000,000 less money in thirteen years than England has appropriated for this single year. Germany's naval budget for 1898 calls for the expenditure of \$95,500,000, Russia \$70,000,000, France \$6,250,000, and Japan has contracted for millions of dollars' worth of warships, including four immense battle-ships, five first-class cruisers, eight torpedo-boat destroyers, twelve torpedo-boats and three torpedo gun-boats.

The United States spends annually upwards of \$140,000,000 for public education—and we are the only nation in the world which is civil-

ized enough to spend more for schools than soldiers. Is it not time for statesmen to see that it will never do to leave

“Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne?”

Millions of soldiers are awaiting the trumpet call, and hundreds of ships the signal gun, to engage in a war which would sweep from ocean to ocean, from hemisphere to hemisphere, exceeding in horror and desolation any war known to men. We are dangerously near war. O God of Lexington and Gettysburg, may the good sense of the American people assert itself, and out of this possible danger bring us into peace and prosperity!

Cuba must be free. The atrocities there which shock the conscience of mankind must stop, and stop at once. As the richest, strongest, and freest nation in the world, we should lead the nations of the earth as the teacher of truth, the proclaimer of peace and the arbiter of right. I believe in arbitration. General Grant said: “Though I have been trained as a soldier and have participated in many battles, there never was a time when, in my opinion, some way could not be found of preventing the drawing of the sword. I look forward to an epoch when a court recognized by all nations will settle the internal differences, instead of keeping large standing armies as they do in Europe.”

General Sheridan said : "There is one thing you should appreciate, and that is that the improvement in guns and in materials of war, in dynamite and other explosives, and in breech-loading guns, is rapidly bringing us to a period when war will be eliminated from history—when we can no longer stand up and fight one another and when we shall have to resort to something else. Now, what will that something else be? It must be arbitration."

Peace with honor. A compromise with injustice and wrong will only postpone the day of armed conflict. Let us have a court of arbitration, but let us be determined for the right. I hold up the olive branch until every attempt at peaceful arbitration has been made and failed; then, but not until then, I shall stand ready to draw the sword in the name of God, for liberty, home and country!

I pray that the God of nations may bring about the day described by Tennyson, when "Peace like a shaft of light shall lie across the land."

"Peace! no longer war from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies,
And sweet as the songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise."

But none the less you will have ample scope for the exercise of patriotism. The greatest enemies of our country are not those which can be disposed of with shot and shell. There are

far more dangerous foes to be reckoned with than were ever met on Bunker Hill, Lookout Mountain and Gettysburg, and the offensive domineering policies of certain foreign powers, and I herewith call to active service against them every patriot who is here. No enemy that ever threatened the honor of America is half so much to be dreaded as the combined forces of intemperance, unchastity, commercial immorality, political corruption, unrestricted immigration, unnatural naturalization laws, infidelity, superstition, bigotry and anarchy that are attacking us on every side and conspiring to destroy our liberties. Every man of you is called out to the front and immediate action. Let us all be of good courage and play the men for our cities, our country and our God. Benjamin Harrison recently said :

“The impulse of patriotism needs to be instructed, guided—brought to the wheel—if it is to do the everyday work of American politics. Sentiment? Yes, never too much, but with it and out of it a faithful discharge of the prosy routine of a citizen’s duty. A readiness to go to the field? Yes, and equally to the primaries and to the polls. . . . We are alert to foreign foes—the drum-tap rouses the heaviest sleepers. But we are a dull people as to internal assaults upon the integrity and purity of public administration. The old-time Fourth of July celebration with its simple parades and musters, the

reading of the Declaration, has a pulse in it and a ring to it that does the soul good. Has your boy ever read it? Have you—all of it? I would like our census-takers to be required to get an answer to that question.

“Do not be ashamed to love the flag or to confess you love it. Make much of it, tell its history, sing of it. It now floats over our schools, and it ought to hang from the windows of all our homes on all public days. Every man should uncover when the flag is borne in the parade, and every one should rise when a national air is given at a concert or public meeting.”

Patriotism does not consist only, or even chiefly, in fighting for one's country. There is a better way of showing our patriotism than by guiding senates in debate, or leading forth armies to fierce affray. There is a better and higher patriotism than even to die for our country; and that is to plan for it, live for it, and to so serve it as to make it a land of God and morality, universal brotherhood, justice, mercy, law, and order. Let us preserve with the ballot what our fathers purchased with their blood. Let our citizenship be colored, controlled and crowned by a consecrated Christian conscience. Let us serve our country in the fear of Almighty God, and let our earthly citizenship catch upon it the celestial beauty of the heavenly, then the golden goal of Christian-

ity will be realized, and we will be safe against invasions, safe against insurrections, safe against usurpations, and the name *American* will become throughout the world the synonym for all that is great, noble, and courteous, patriotic, peaceful, and pious, and "Paradise Lost" will be regained in peerless, unrivalled, unapproached, and unapproachable America!

Sunday evening, March 13th, 1898.

III.

AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR SIN.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.—Ex. xx. 17.

AMERICANS are the profanest people in the world. A traveler in Russia was judged to be a clergyman because he was not heard to swear, all other Americans being supposed to be addicted to this wicked practice. Dr. Scudder, upon his return from India, hearing a person using profane language, accosting him, said: "This boy was born and brought up in a heathen land, but in all his life he never heard a man blaspheme his Maker until now." The man apologized and moved away ashamed. This vice has become so prevalent as to deserve the distinction of being called a national characteristic. Everywhere, the Name

"That seraphs tremble at is hung,
Disgracefully on every trifler's tongue."

Man is not what Erasmus brands him, "a little devil," neither is he, nor can he ever become an angel, so long as he indulges this sin which tends to assimilate him to the likeness of

the devil, and effaces the moral likeness of his God.

You should not take the name of God in vain, because :

It is useless. This is a utilitarian age in which only pecuniary results are supposed to be worthy of consideration, and in the query of the marts of trade we ask, "Will it pay?" Did curses ever facilitate intricate bookkeeping? did they ever strengthen one's credit at the bank? or deepen the confidence of the community in a man's business integrity? Does a merchant's profanity commend either himself or his goods? Did oaths ever take the meanness out of a customer or collect a bad debt? Has ever a boss mechanic or foreman of some factory made his men more efficient by ripping out curses at his men? Has a physician ever added efficacy to his prescriptions by lashing his patients with a profane tongue? Has any lawyer ever attracted paying clients to his office by his profanity? has it ever helped him to analyze his cases? Is swearing a real value in character? Why should an honorable man have to add oaths to confirm his word? Jonathan Edwards said : "Some sins are productive of temporary profit or pleasure; but profaneness is productive of nothing. It is the most gratuitous of all kinds of wickedness, a sort of peppercorn acknowledgment of the sovereignty of the devil over those who indulge in it."

In the old feudal times the tenant of a Scotch landholder waited upon him once a year to offer him ceremoniously a peppercorn,—one of the smallest berries known,—as a token of submission to his magisterial rank ; so the profane swearer offers his small tribute to the devil.

“ What does Satan pay you for swearing ? ” was the practical question put to a profane man. “ He doesn't pay me anything,” was his reply. “ Well, you work cheap,” responded his reprover, “ to lay aside the character of a gentleman ; to inflict so much pain on your friends and civil people ; and, lastly, to risk your own precious soul, and for nothing ! —you certainly do work cheap, very cheap, indeed ! ”

George Herbert writes :

Take not His name, who made thy mouth, in vain,
It gets thee nothing and hath no excuse ;
Lust and wine plead pleasure ; avarice, gain ;
But the cheap swearer, through his open sluice,
Lets his soul run for nought.

It is inexcusable. With many a man, for instance, the passion for strong drink, is hereditary. Intemperance is a disease of the physical, rather than a vice chargeable to the moral man. But what swearer can claim a constitutional tendency to this sin ? Do you say, “ I never swear unless I am angry.” So when one

angers you, you insult God ! There is as much reason in that excuse as though you stabbed your father or kicked your mother because somebody has offended you. "Oh," you say, "I know it is a foolish habit, but I do not mean anything by it." You are not acting without a motive, are you ? Do you know that when people are awake and do things without meaning anything, that they are convicting themselves of insanity ?

It is unmanly. Shelley says :

Man who would man be,
Must rule the empire of himself.

The man who lacks self-control, lacks the very nerve of character. The Earl of Stirling wrote :

The bravest trophy ever man obtained
Is that which o'er himself, himself hath gained.

General Von Moltke, had the power to "hold his tongue in seven languages." No man is expected to live without ever showing any resentment, but why put it into the shape of speech which rankles in the bosom like a poisoned arrow ? "Seest thou a man hasty in his words ? There is more hope of a fool than of him." A greater thing than brains is the ability to command them. A gentleman will not swear. Who would think of calling a swearing woman, *a lady* ! The man who can be a gentleman when he wants to be, never wants

to be anything else. George Washington said : "The foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing is a vice so mean and low that every person of sense and character detests and despises it." Abraham Lincoln said to a person sent to him by one of the Senators, and who in conversation uttered an oath: "I thought the Senator had sent me a gentleman. I see I was mistaken. There is the door, and I bid you good day."

Profanity indicates low breeding. It detracts from the grace of conversation. It is an evidence of a weak brain and limited ideas. The "Sunday School Times," commenting on an advertisement of a New York bird-fancier who offered to the public the opportunity of buying some "swearing parrots," says, "Indeed, we are inclined to think that most of the profanity in the world comes from swearing parrots,—from boys and men who do not swear because they really think swearing a commendable form of speech, or an aid to eloquence, or a pleasure to society, but who use profane language merely because they have heard others use it, and have had just brains enough to imitate other people's vices." I care not what kind of clothes a man wears ; what culture he boasts ; what refinement he prides in ; what family connections he has ; how much he may restrain himself in the presence of ladies,—he who fears not to rush into the presence of a thrice holy

and Almighty God, with oaths upon his lips, needs but little improvement in guilt to make him a finished devil. No language can be more disgusting, more grating on the ear, or fretting to the heart, than to hear "the blest Supreme lightly appealed to on every trifling theme," or challenged to damn and destroy. The toughest Bowery bum can swear more roundly than any man in this cultured audience. O what a pity that you men of such commanding, influential positions, men of such enviable talents and powers, by the right use of which you might reach almost the rank of angels, should yet choose by practising the low vice of common swearing to identify yourselves with the very scum of society.

It takes more than the tailor, the hatter, the shoemaker, the jeweler, and the laundress to make up a man,—the best measure of a man is his mouth. By the measurement of his words, you can best determine whether or not he is a gentleman. Men are estimated, not by what is on them, or about them, but by what is in them, by what comes out. And social standing is no criterion of gentility. You frequently find more real gentlemen in the humbler than in the higher walks of life. An Oriental couplet runs,—

A jewel is a jewel still, though lying in the dust,
And sand is sand, though up to heaven by the tempest
thrust,

and as Pollok puts it :

God no value set,
That man should none, on goods of worldly kind :
On transitory, frail, external things,
Of migratory, ever-changing sort :
And further taught, that in the soul alone,
The thinking, reasonable, willing soul,
He placed the total excellence of man :
And meant him evermore to seek it there.

It is cowardly to swear. The power of strong words, fitly spoken, on appropriate occasions, have been the mighty levers with which the world's great orators have aroused the sluggish masses to duty, to acts of heroism and enterprises whose results have promoted the well-being of the human race. But profanity never strengthened resolution, never inspired the faint-hearted with hope. Indeed the profane, as a rule, lack in moral and physical courage.

There was once a man who swore dreadfully in the presence of others, but was rebuked by a gentleman, who told him that it was cowardly for him to do in the presence of others what he would not dare to do by himself. "Ah," said the man, "I am not afraid to swear at any time or in any place." "I'll give you ten dollars," said the gentleman, "if you will go in the village graveyard at twelve o'clock to-night and utter the same oaths you have just uttered here, when you are alone with God." "Agreed." said the man; "it's an easy way of earning ten

dollars." "Well, you come to me to-morrow, and say that you have done it, and the money is yours." He was impatient for the midnight hour. When the time came he hurried to the graveyard. Darkness and silence were brooding like spirits o'er the still and pulseless world. Beneath him the many dead, above him, God! The words, "alone with God," came over him with mighty power; a deep sense of his monstrous folly and heinous wickedness fell upon him. Every star in heaven flashed withering condemnation into his blasphemous teeth, the very scoffing devils seemed to rebuke him. His further endeavors were thwarted by the Invisible One. He could go no further. Instead of carrying out his purpose, acting rudely and saucily with God; instead of blistering his mouth with hot and sulphurous oaths, he was humbled, and quivering like a leaf, cried with a loud voice, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." The next day he went to the gentleman and thanked him for what he had done, and said he had resolved never to swear another oath as long as he lived.

Swearing is wicked. It springs from a mere malignity of spirit in man against God, because He has forbidden it. As far as the violation of the command of God is concerned, the swearer is equally guilty with the murderer, the unchaste person, the robber, and the liar. The shrewd Quaker's advice to the profane youth,

“Swear away, my young friend, till thee gets all that bad stuff out of thee,” points to the real source of the vice.

The word profane is of Latin origin, and has its notion or etymology, *quasi porro*, or *procul á fano*, which signifies, far from the temple, or separated from religion. At what a great distance from the possibility of salvation the profane swearer puts himself. The command against belittling the Lord God Almighty was accented with thunder and punctuated with lightning,—“Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord Thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.” The New Testament law is just as emphatic, In Matthew v. 34-37, we find: “But I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God’s throne: Nor by the earth, for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.”

James, (v. 12.) says, “But above all things, my brethren, swear not, neither by heaven, neither by the earth, neither by any other oath: but let your yea be yea; and your nay, nay; lest ye fall into condemnation.”

What a satisfaction Job felt that he had

never cursed an enemy. "Neither have I suffered my mouth to sin by wishing a curse to his soul."

Swearing is a dangerous sin. The third commandment is the only one in the decalogue to which is affixed the certainty of punishment: "For the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." It was a capital offence under the Levitical law, (Lev. xx : 10). The New Testament reiterates in paragraph after paragraph and chapter after chapter, that profane swearers are accursed now, and are to be forever miserable. No wonder that this iniquity has so often been visited with the immediate curse of God. Profane swearer, whether you think so or not, your oath is a prayer,—an appeal to God. How frequently the awful imprecations damn and "God damn" roll from your profane lips. Are you really desirous of an answer to your prayer? What if God should say, *Amen*, to your imprecations? His fiat has gone "forth over the face of the whole earth," that "every one that sweareth shall be cut off"—do you want Him to bring your curses upon your own heads, or the heads of your enemies, to your repeated challenge that He should "damn"?

A coachman, pointing to one of his horses, said: "That horse, sir, knows when I swear at him." "Yes," replied the traveler, "so does your Maker." The oaths that you utter

may die on the air, but God hears them and they have an eternal echo. William Hazlitt's poetic sentiment, "Words are the only things that last forever," harmonizes with the positive declaration of Jesus,—(Matthew, xii. 36.), "But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."

"Words are mighty, words are living—serpents with
their venom'd stings,
Or bright angels crowding round us, with heaven's
light upon their wings;
Every word has its own spirit, true or false, that never
dies;
Every word man's lips have uttered lives on record in
the skies."

How can we suppress profanity? I read of a woman who cured her husband by swearing the same oaths he did, and mortification led to his reformation. Some people laugh at the fools who talk to them in the devil's language, as if it were smart. A look at the swearer, like the wounded Redeemer's, which sent Peter into a corner convulsed with penitential tears, may at least impress the offender of his impropriety, if not convict him of his sin. It was the rebuke of "a woman of the town," that excited in John Bunyan serious thought on the wickedness of swearing and brought him to repentance.

A swearing father, rising wrathfully from his chair and making for his boy, a little fellow,

who was just beginning to speak plainly, said, "I'll whip you till you can't stand!" What had the child done to deserve such chastisement? Like the youngling, listening to and mimicking the parent-bird till it has perfectly learned every rounded note, he had just uttered several full round oaths, which the father had blurted out in his hearing. He had reproduced them with all the startling distinctness and emphasis of his father's manner. So shocked was the father at this repetition of his blasphemy by his own child, that he madly exclaimed, "I'll whip you till you can't stand." But a thunderbolt, from a clear sky, could hardly have startled him more than the quiet response of the little fellow who, looking the angry father in the eye, said: "Father, if you whip me, who will whip you?" Oh, think of the harm you are doing, not only to yourself alone, but to others as well, and especially to the young, by your example of profanity.

A nine-year-old boy on his sick and dying bed, said to his father, "Father, I have one request to make of you before I die." "My child, anything that you want, I will do for you." "Father, dear father, if you please, don't swear any more."

I beseech you, I conjure you, break off this useless, impolite, vulgar and wicked habit, ere the brittle thread of life breaks, and you are plunged into the eternal misery for which you

pray in your oaths. Repair immediately to the throne of grace and beg for pardon and mercy. and you will find there is love in the heart of Him whom you have blasphemed, and merit in His blood, sufficient to pardon your sins, and save your soul forever. Can you ever again blaspheme such a God and Saviour? Does not your conscience cry, God forbid? Who of you will ever again use his name in imprecation? If any, let him speak. Not one! Not one! Amen and Amen.

Preached Sunday morning, Mar. 13th, 1898.

IV.

DEPARTED BLESSEDNESS.

Where is then the blessedness ye spake of?—Gal. iv. 15.

OUR text, addressed to the Galatian Christians, may be translated, “What has then become of your former blessedness? Why are you not as happy now as you once were?” The church had grown cold. And we may with propriety put this question to every congregation. The love that once made your labor in the church delightful is gone. When first your eyes were opened and you were made to see what you yourselves were, and what Christ is, when you first joined the church, how ardent was your gratitude, how enthusiastic your love! You thought no sacrifice too severe—no burden too heavy—no call for contributions too frequent; but is it not true that much of this enthusiasm has faded away? That that burning fire which was kindled when you first beheld the sun, and came into contact with his beams, is now smouldering, while the smoke rather than the bright flame indicates that it is not altogether gone? Is not this the evidence of a departed blessedness? Are you not dying,—dying in

the sense in which the body does not,—departing from Christ, ceasing to be what you hoped you were, the child of God? “Where is then the blessedness ye spake of?” Let us look for the evidences of the departure from your former blessedness.

v Evidence, the first. Your abandoned closets. You are not in reality what you are in the pew; it is what you are when you have shut the door and gone into the closet, and no man can see you. A man is really what he is when alone with God; there he knows there is no eye looking on which he wishes to deceive—no ear listening that he wishes to captivate,—nobody there whose applause or patronage or power he desires to conciliate. Just as you are when alone with God, that you are truly and really.

When you can read anything, everything, in preference to the Bible; when prayer comes to be weariness, so that you have no delight or pleasure in it, yours is a questionable state. A little girl, one evening when all was silent, looked anxiously in the face of her backsliding father, who had ceased to pray in his family, and said to him with quivering lips, “Pa, is God dead?” “No, my child, why do you ask?” “Why, pa, you never talk to him now as you used to,” she replied. These words haunted the father until he was mercifully reclaimed. Montgomery says, “prayer is the breath of the soul.” Breath is an indication of life, and

whenever one ceases to breathe it needs no logic to convince that the subject has ceased to live.

When you are alone with God, looking at self in His light, are you obliged to say what the sweet singer from the depth of his heart said :

Where is the blessedness I knew,
 When first I saw the Lord ?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and His word ?
 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
 How sweet their memory still !
 But they have left an aching void
 The world can never fill.

Do these lines express your experience ! Perhaps they do, and yet it may be consistent with the experience of a child of God, if you can add :

O, for a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame ;
 A light to shine along the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

Is this your spirit ? If so, your love may have faded, but you are by the lamp that can rekindle it ; your hearts may have become cold, but you are near to the altar from which a live coal may be taken wherewith to touch it. I once watched two plants growing in the same soil under the same sun ; the one was a mass

of flowers which dazzled the eye with beauty and filled the whole space with perfume, the other, fruitless and flowerless, hung its drooping leaves and seemed pining unto death under a deep decline. Whence the difference? The cause was neither obscure nor remote. The one had been often watered, the other neglected. Now what water is to thirsty plants, prayer is to our Christian graces. We stand astonished at the love which animated and the fruitfulness which characterized the first Christians. The riddle is read, the mystery is solved in these words: "They continued steadfast in prayer."

It is related of a hero in Scottish history that when an overwhelming force was in full pursuit and all his followers were urging him to more rapid flight, he coolly dismounted, in order to repair a flaw in his horse's harness. Whilst he busied himself with the broken buckle, the distant cloud swept down in nearer thunder, but just as the prancing hoofs, and eager spears were ready to dash down on him, the flaw was mended, the clasp was fastened, the steed was mounted, and like a sweeping falcon he vanished from their view. The broken buckle would have left him in the field an inglorious prisoner, the timely delay sent him in safety to his huzzahing comrades. There is in daily life the same profitable delay. The man, who from his prayerless waking bounces off to the busi-

2 Gays Here
while wait

ness of the day, however admirable his talents and great his diligence, is only galloping on a steed harnessed with a broken buckle, and must not be astonished if in his hottest haste, his most hazardous leap, he is left inglorious in the dust.

Henry IV. asked the Duke of Alva if he had observed the great eclipse of the sun, which had lately happened. "No," said the Duke, "I have so much to do on earth I have no time to look up to heaven." This is only too true of many professors of religion in these days.

Amos R. Wells tells us that :

There was an old fellow who never had time
 For a fresh morning look at the volume sublime ;
 Who never had time for the soft hand of prayer,
 To smooth out the wrinkles of labor and care ;
 Who could not find time for that service most sweet
 At the altar of home, where the dear ones all meet ;
 And never found time with the people of God
 To learn the good way that the fathers had trod ;
 But he found time to die ;
 Oh yes !
 He found time to die.

A want of religious enjoyment is an evidence of a departed blessedness. Most of us have all the fears and none of the joys of religion. We do most of our duties under the disagreeable idea that God expects it of us. When our hearts are in right relation with God we will perform all our religious duties, not because

we must, but because we may. When our religious duties will seem to us privileges, then they become to us sources of rich and continual enjoyment. Of course it is better to do our duty from the low level of a sense of duty, but we lose the charm of serving God, until our supreme love of Him will make us enjoy His service at every step. When our duties become privileges, then we may know that we are serving God aright, that we have been delivered from the bondage of iniquity and are enjoying the liberties of the children of God. He who serves God through fear of hell, or hope of heaven, serves Him for the loaves and fishes. God accepts none but love service. Are your religious duties a burden to you? You have promised to serve the Lord and you feel that you dare not break off wholly from the form of service, and you try to be dutiful, while you have no heart in prayer or any of those exercises which are so spontaneous and delightful where there is a true love for God. May we not compare the backslider in heart to the dutiful but unloving wife. She tries to do her duty to her husband, but fails utterly because she does not love him. Her painstaking effort to please her husband is not the spontaneous outburst of a loving heart and her relation and her duties become the burden of her life. She is the woman not unlikely to advise young ladies not to marry. She is committed for life

and must therefore perform her duties of married life, but it is such a bondage. So it is with religious bondage. The professor must perform his duties, but he drags painfully about it, and he could say with the poet :

Reason ! I hear her counsels weigh,
And all her words approve,
And yet I find it hard to obey,
And harder still to love.

A third evidence of your departed blessedness you will find in your giving less to the cause of Christ than you used to. The tone of the words following my text does not betoken special open-handedness on the part of the Galatians, and Paul hints at liberality once displayed but now declined from. Speaking of their former liberality, Paul says that there was a time when, "if it had been possible ye would have plucked out your own eyes and given them to me." Rowland Hill says, "there is a perpetual frost in the pockets of some people, as soon as they put their hands in they are frozen and they are unable to draw out their purses."

Religious feeling is good, but it is good for nothing until has a feeling in the pocket, with a resolution moved by a consecrated heart to give out of your income to the support of God's house, in proportion to your income. Some genius has invented a machine which represents a curious collection of children's toys. One set

consists of an old woman with a wash tub, a windmill all set for work, a mason with a trowel, a big rooster with his wings ready to flap and his throat to crow. And naturally all the children who see it ask, "Wouldn't it be fun to see all the things move?" Now the children might stand about forever wishing and hoping and praying for that end, but it would do no good ; but just drop the money in the little slip left for it, and behold the mason begins to work, the windmill to turn, the old woman to rub her clothes, and the rooster to crow. The money started the whole machinery. So it is with the church. If you want to see the work of the church move, drop in the money ! I recall an old legend of Tritemius, the pious abbot of Herbipolis, who, kneeling at the altar, wrapt in the ecstasy of prayer, heard at the gate of the abbey the cry of a frantic woman whose son was seized as a captive, and must be ransomed with money or suffer death. He offered his prayers, since their store was drained to the last coin. "Not prayers, but alms !" she cried. "Money alone can save my boy from slavery ! Prayers will not avail !" and then seeing the holy emblems by the altar,

“ Give me,” she said, “ the silver candlesticks
On either side the great crucifix,
God well may spare them on His errand sped,
Or He can give you golden ones instead ! ”
Then spake Tritemius : “ Even as thy word,

Woman, so be it ! (our most gracious Lord,
Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice,
Pardon me if human soul I prize
Above the gifts upon His altar piled !)
Take what thou askest and redeem thy child !”
But his hand trembled as the holy alms
He placed within the woman’s eager palms ;
And as she vanished down the linden shade
He bowed his head and for forgiveness prayed,
So the day passed ; and when the twilight came,
He woke to find the chapel all aflame,
And, dumb with grateful wonder to behold
Upon the altar, *candlesticks of gold.*

The goods that God has given you are to be laid out for the good of others ; sacred trusts not to be greedily hoarded, lavishly squandered, nor selfishly to be enjoyed, but generously to be employed for the glory of God. He is not rich who lays up much, but he only who lays out much. You are not to deprive yourself of the pleasures of society. God does not ask that you shall spend half of your time in hard working and the other half in hard praying. If God had intended that Christians should not have any pleasure or luxuries, the earth would have produced nothing but the most wholesome kind of vegetables for our daily food. If this austere view of religion is right, then the hermits and the monks were right in abjuring the world and extirpating one-half of their nature for the sake of saving the other half. They proved their belief by their works and turned

their backs upon life, its beauties and its joys, for the sake of the life to come! But God has made the world beautiful that it may minister to our delight. He intends us to be happy in it. It is a mistake to think that God would have us write over the church door, "All joy abandon, ye who enter here." What would become of society if all Christians were to stay out of it?

Poverty is not a passport to heaven, nor is wealth a barrier there. There is no virtue in being a Lazarus. Abraham was a good Dives, rich for both worlds,—so was Job. Perhaps God has given you a money-making talent that you may carry out the law of love. It has been well said, "the lever which is to move the world is the lever of gold, and the place Archimedes could not find on which to place it is the Rock of Ages." President Andrews wisely remarks: "Until God makes all people's brains just alike, there will always be the rich and poor. Absolute equality among men is undesirable, but all Christians should ever work and pray for a social state admitting such relative equality in human conditions as shall make universal fellow-feeling a possibility."

We are willing enough that Christ should have been crucified for us, but we are angered at the thought of being crucified for Him. Dr. Herron in his thrilling "Message of Jesus to Men of Wealth," thus sums up the situation :

“God is calling to-day for able men who are willing to be financially crucified in order to establish the world’s market on a golden-rule basis. He is calling for noble women who are willing to be socially crucified to make society the agency for uplifting instead of crushing the poor, ignorant and weak. “Whoever,” says Benjamin Franklin, “introduces into the public affairs the principles of primitive Christianity will change the face of the world.”

“It is for this work that God would anoint you, O Christian business men of America ! History has never presented to men an opportunity richer than yours. You can make the market as sacred as the church. You can make the whirl of industrial wheels like the joyous music of worship. You can be knights of the noblest chivalry the world has ever seen ; not going forth “to recover the tomb of a buried God,” as Ruskin said of the crusaders of Richard Lionheart, but to fulfil the commands of the eternal Christ. And where you go, flowers of hope will spring in your footprints. You can bear the weak in your arms, and set the captives of poverty free. You can cause the deserts of human despair to blossom with gladness of fulfilled prophecy, and hush the voices of discontent in the sweetness of fruitful toil. You can give work to the wageless ; teach the thriftless and ignorant ; you can be the heralds of the new civilization, the creators of

a Christian industry whose peaceful procession will reach around the globe.

“You need carry no crosses of wood or gold or silver, but you can bury the cross of your Christ deep within your hearts and stretch forth consecrated hands to realize the life of humanity by raising it up into the idealism of Jesus. You can draw the world’s trades and traffics within the on sweep of Christ’s redemptive purpose. You can plant everlasting peace beneath the feet of men, so that there shall be no more strife ; and light earth’s night of toil with skies of love, so that there shall be no more night. You can be the makers of the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness, in which the race will be at last human because it is divine, and divine because it is human.”

Money is the least thing to give to those who have plenty. Give yourself. Have you been roused out of your selfishness to a generous giving of yourself to God and to your fellow-men ? Remember that a life not worth living is the selfish life. The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat and drink and sleep, to dress, to dine and wine, to pace round in the mill habit and turn thought into an implement of trade and pleasure-seeking—this is not life. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith—these alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence. We may test the genuineness of our love for Christ in our delight in helping

others. He pleased not himself. Selfishness is the law of our degenerate nature. When the love of God was dethroned from the soul, self-vaulted into the vacant seat, and there in some one of his Proteus forms he reigns.

Victor Hugo says that whenever it is necessary we must sacrifice for our brother, no matter how lowly his condition, our gold, and our blood which is more than our gold, and our thought which is more than our blood. Some people are no more or less than great human sponges which absorb everything they touch, and never of their own accord yield anything up. If they ever do give up anything it is because they are squeezed so hard they cannot help themselves. Some people are like a great spider that builds his web so wide and his snares so broad that he catches every fly that comes out, so these people have snares by which they draw in and absorb, and like the horse-leech are always crying, More. They just absorb, that is all. God save us from being mere sponges and leeches in the world, and you will never be anything else until you go to work and take some of the manifold blessings God has bestowed upon you which he intended to be a blessing to others as well as yourself. Phillips Brooks said, "No man comes to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him he gives him for the good of mankind."

We are at our best when we try to be our best. Christ spent his whole time going about doing good. His entire life was one abnegation of self. How different is the spirit of those who are to-day his professed followers.

With how many is day after day devoted to pampering their own wishes. Christ might have built for himself in Jerusalem a palace of cedar. He might have enjoyed the comforts of society, and sought his own gratification and the gratification of his friends, but we find that early in the morning and late at night he was doing good, to his friends and to his foes. See him in the ship on the Sea of Galilee when his disciples were frightened by storm, and awakened him for his help. Wearied by the labors of the day he could sleep though the ship rolled, though the lightning flashed, and the winds howled; he could sleep "as a mother sleeps who has been watching for weeks a child whose life has all the while been trembling in the balance. The storm may beat, the house may tremble, she sleeps on; but let that child turn on its pillow or breathe a little harder than usual and instantly she is awake to catch the first indication of the child's necessity." So could Christ sleep through everything until his disciples wanted help, and at once he came to them—a God of power—to give them deliverance.

There was very sound theology on its practical side, in the negro laborer's reply. A large

steamer was taking on its cargo, and this man was laboring very earnestly at his appointed work. But another man was idling in the shade, and his comrade called out to him: "Sam, do you expect to go to heaven?" "Yes," was the reply of the idler, "Then take a hold and lift." The Christian is to be rich in good works not in order to be saved, but because he is saved. His salvation is to be the inspiration of his work. There are too many Christians after the pattern of Artemus Ward's patriotism. He was willing to sacrifice all his wife's relations to save the Union. There is among many men and women in our churches a spirit of self-indulgence pitifully in contrast with the whole conduct of their Master, and the entire spirit of the religion which they profess. They desire to receive the benefit of the church, but they do not cast in their lot with the trials, labors, and self-sacrifices of the people of God. They come to the church when not otherwise engaged. They delight in the soothing, consoling, uplifting and impressing things which flow forth so constantly from the church. They remind me of the Pole who was willing to die for his country, but who would not live in it. We have men and women who, if it became necessary, would lay down their lives for their religious convictions, but they will not live them. They are intelligent persons and they know that somebody must take

this whole business to heart. They rejoice when they hear of anybody who does ; but that which means work, that which means putting one's neck to the yoke of the Lord, they absolutely decline. A soldier who was a watch-maker by trade, went to war and took with him some small instruments of his craft, thinking to make a few extras now and then while in camp. He found plenty of puttering to do and almost forgot that he was a soldier. So that one day when ordered off on some duty, he exclaimed, "My, how can I go ! I have ten watches to mend." So our church people nowadays are so absorbed in worldly things they have no time for church work. Still they think they are Christians—they are only watch-tinkers. A man who neglects himself to improve the spiritual condition of his neighbor, makes a serious mistake. A man who neglects his own family out of philanthropy to his neighbor is doing wrong. It was no excuse for John Howard for neglecting his boy at home and letting him grow up to be a moral pest, that the father was looking after prisoners incarcerated in distant prisons of England. A man who neglects his church for plans and charities of his own is doing wrong. You must first cultivate your church for God if you never do anything outside. One of the dangers of our age lies in too much attention to public gatherings and outside things before you have made your own church

all that the wisest thought and best skill and most liberal giving can make it. It will never do to serve God, with time taken from your church duties. In the battle of Trafalgar, when the grand old Nelson sent his flag away up to the mast-head and shouted, "England expects every man to do his duty," there were two Scotchmen below the deck that heard this. "Donald," says one to the other, "there is na wurd about the puir Scotchman." "Toot, man, a Scotchman can do his duty without being told about it." But I find that even a Scotchman needs to be constantly reminded of his religious duty.

Many Christians are like trunks in a garret, stored full, but never opened. Speaking of trunks reminds me to inquire where is your church-membership? Is it in your trunk, in the form of a letter?

A Massachusetts Deacon one day caught a very fine salmon, and determined to take it to the Governor of his State. He started on his wagon for Boston. Stopping for dinner at a hotel on the way, he told his errand, and somebody could not resist the temptation of changing the salmon for a stale codfish. You can imagine the horror of both the Governor and the Deacon when the package was opened. The disappointed Deacon started home with his codfish, and dined again at the same hotel, where, telling his tale of woe, the same person

slipped out the codfish and slipped in once more the salmon. When the Deacon reached home he told the story to his wife, who had herself packed the salmon. They opened the box together, and there was the salmon. "Well," said the Deacon, "you are a good salmon in the country, but in the city you are a miserable codfish." How frequently change of residence and circumstances make as great a change in Christians. Our cities are full of men and women, who were once earnest church workers and liberal supporters of the Gospel in the country or town where they used to live. But their religion somehow could not endure the change of climate involved in a residence in the city. Their church membership, if not in their trunks, is in the town where they used to live. They may go to church sometimes, they go around, but their public identification of religion is in the country. Then, too, there are many who were 'good Christians when they were young and poor. There are scores of men and women living in this city who can look back a few years to their lowly homes of poverty, where they knelt upon uncarpeted floors morning and evening, and offered grateful prayer and praise to God, but now that humble abode has been exchanged for the costly mansion, and higher social positions, they have forsaken the God of their youth, and neglected the church of their less prosperous years.

Another evidence of your departing blessedness is your conforming more and more to the world. Oh you worldly professors of religion, you have time for every purpose, and money for every indulgence. If it is a choice between the church and the world, the world gets it. You pretend to be on the Lord's side, but really you are on the other. Many Christians are like the Leaning Tower of Pisa ; as far gone from uprightness as it is possible to go without toppling over. The week days all crooked, cannot be set straight by topping them off by a little worship on Sunday. The purpose of the Leaning Tower was not to excite the world's wonder by its leaning, but to call the people with its bells, and for that work uncompromising uprightness is best. The world will be better served by conscientious convictions which ring out clearly than by any attitude of false sympathy. The more one is lifted up to exact agreement of life with God's will, the greater lifting power will one have to draw others heavenward. You cannot have the world's applause all the week, and Christ's favor on Sunday. Your spiritual life began to decay when you began to feel that you were over-righteous. I do not take the unchristian ground of condemning everything in the world unless invested with sadness. Man has an animal nature as well as rational faculties ; he has instincts that are purely animal, as well as charac-

teristics purely intellectual and spiritual, and the playing out of these impulses within the limits of moderation are just as sinless in the animal man as in the animal pure and simple. The mind, kept on a constant stretch of serious duty will prematurely lose its healthy action. But if on the other hand, we make life all sunshine and sport continually in its beams, like insects of the day, pleasure seeking only, it is a very different thing. That which may be condemned as an occasional recreation becomes very unmanly or unwomanly if made the object of daily pursuit. Charles Lamb once wrote a play for the stage and he went to see it enacted. The play was condemned, and the loudest hissing came from the gallery where Lamb sat, and the audience looked and saw that it was the author of the play who was hissing his own production. If at last we are compelled to look back upon a worldly, wasted life, we ourselves will be the severest critics. And remember this: When you go out of this world and your life is wasted, no encore can ever bring you back to re-enact it. "As the tree falleth, so it lieth." Your character at the last moment will determine your character throughout all eternity.

Still another evidence,—when we make little or no progress in the Divine life. There is no such thing as a stationary state in human experience. We must advance or recede. Every-

thing upon the earth moves, everything is under an impulse, and if the impulse is not always upward it must be downward. There may be continual motion that is not progress. Rowland Hill, entering the house of one of his congregation saw a child on a rocking-horse, "Dear me!" he exclaimed, "how wonderfully like some Christians. There is motion, but no progress." The rocking-horse type of spiritual life is still characteristic of too many church members of the present day. Or like the mill-wheel. It goes round and round, yet still stands in the same place where it was; so many Christians go the rounds of duties. They say their prayers and attend church. But Thomas Hood says:

A man may cry church! church! at every word,
With no more piety than other people.
A daw's not reckoned a religious bird,
Because it keeps on cawing from the steeple.

Too many of us, and I take the charge to myself also, make little or no progress in holiness of life, are ever hanging in the twilight of grace, seem never to put ourselves forward into the daylight, never realizing that "the path of the just is as a shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Many of us are perpetual dwarfs in our spiritual stature, "ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." We are

not one jot taller in Christian stature than when we first started. We are sometimes a little troubled with the guilt of our sins, but we sprinkle ourselves over with I know not what holy water, and so we are contented to let them still abide within us. We do every day truly confess the same sins, and yet still commit them as much as ever and as deeply are under the power of them. We have the same water to pump out in every prayer, still we let the same leak in upon us. Like Penelope we do and undo; we sometimes weave a web of holiness, but then we let our lusts come in and undo and unravel all again. Like Sisyphus in the fable, we roll up a mighty stone with much ado, sweating and tugging up the hill, and then let it go, and tumble down again to the bottom, and this is our constant work. What is it that cheats and gulls us out of our religion? that makes us constantly go the same round of duties where we make no progress forward, and the further we go, are still never nearer to our journey's end?

A little girl fell out of bed during the night. After her mother had picked her up and pacified her, she asked her how she happened to fall out. The child replied: "I went to sleep too near the place where I went in." That is the trouble, we think if we only get in the church, we can go to sleep.

Do you base your hope of being a Christian

on some experience in days gone by? No converted man will stay converted unless he gets converted every day. Conversion is the turning of the heart to God, and unless the heart holds fast to God and God holds fast to the heart, you will soon fall into vain confidence. No renewed heart will keep sweet without this daily salting of divine grace. We hear much about "The Higher Life." The best prescription for obtaining it is to use our knees for prayer; our eyes for watchfulness; our purses for liberal giving; our tongues for kindness; our hands and feet in hard work doing Christ's will.

Salvation is a growth,—it consists in the curing of sin, and the perfecting of nature. What saves a soul is the application of truth to human life and character in such a way as to create righteousness and true holiness. Is your soul evolved, developed, educated, cultivated, grown, ripened, and reaching out after the perfection of Christ's nature? Have you that purity of heart which alone can make you see God and be easy-mannered in His presence? Will your spiritual bearing be that of home-like grace in the society of beauty and blessedness? These are the questions to ask now, and if we have a realizing sense of the significance of them, we are saved. We need have no other thought, in faith, in prayer, in deed, in memory, or hope, but this identity of worth with God,—

this at-one-ness with Him in Christ is the atonement, the at-one-ment that saves. O Christ, draw us nearer to Thyself—in truth, in purity, in beauty and in blessedness. May we accord with Thee in Thy estimate of the nobility of true humanity, glow with Thee in the fervor of an immortal and unselfish love,—and this is salvation,—spiritual nearness to God,—identity of worth with Him !

Preached Sunday evening, *Feb. 6th*, 1898.

V.

FAST LIFE AND ITS QUICK END.

Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.— Hebrew XI. 25.

THE purpose of my sermon is limited to but one thought suggested by my text,—“The pleasures of sin” endure “for a season.” I trust my words may prove helpful to those of all ages, but I especially bespeak the attention of young men. Our text concedes that sin has pleasures. There is a charm in its deceptive sweets, a witching spell in its secret delights. It is “the wages of sin” that “is death,” but the tyrant master keeps the wages artfully hidden from view of his deluded slaves. And it is this pleasurable-ness which gives to sin its power over men. They would not, with such eagerness, partake of the fruit were it bitter. No, it is because it is pleasant to the taste, that the forbidden fruit is eaten, and what the power of these pleasures is, and how great the struggle needful to overcome them, there is hardly one who hears me that does not in some measure know. All honor to the hero of my

text for his signal victory over this fair-visaged and subtle foe which has taken captive so many of earth's finest minds and choicest spirits and led them by the silken bonds of willing captivity to the bitter wages of a shameful death. And all honor and sure reward to those bravest hearts, who, like Moses, spurn forbidden pleasures and choose the higher good. I frankly admit that there is a kind of enjoyment in the commission of sin, in the wild throb of its sensual delight; still, what are the characteristics of such pleasure? Take it at its best and suppose that you have the greatest pleasure that it is possible for sin to furnish, of what sort is it, and what is it worth? Its value is what mathematicians would call a negative quality,—it has the minus sign before it. In the equation of life it does not add to, but rather subtracts from the sum total of your happiness, and leaves you less truly yourself than you were before you enjoyed it.

The pleasures of sin are short lived. In the expressive symbolism of the Bible, they are like water in a broken cistern which speedily runs out, or like the blaze of thorns which crackle and flame up for a little, and then die down in a heap of ashes; and the experience of all who have indulged in them will corroborate these statements. There is in them at best, only a temporary thrill which vibrates for a moment and needs to be produced again and again. They

are not joys forever. The pleasure of iniquity in any form is confined to the moment of indulgence in it. You have to manufacture it anew on every occasion, and you can only recall the enjoyment by repeating the sin and with repetition the same discovery of the fleeting nature of the joy is made. It is not a fountain sending ever forth its sparkling waters, but a leaky pitcher, which is empty before we can drink out even that which it first contained. Robert Burns, whose "thoughtless follies laid him low and stained his name," gives his experience in lines which are not more exquisitely beautiful than they are strictly true :

Pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ;
 Or like the snow-fall in the river
 A moment white, then melts forever ;
 Or like the Borealis race
 That flit ere you can point the place ;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form
 Evanishing amidst the storm.

Over every sinful pleasure you may write the Lord's own words : "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again." Ask that brilliant courtier, Lord Chesterfield, he will tell you : "I have enjoyed all the pleasures of this world, and I do not regret their loss. I have been behind the scenes, I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which move the gaudy machines, and I have seen and smelled

the tallow candles, which illuminate the whole decorations, to the astonishment of an ignorant audience." Ask the dazzling wit, faint with a glut of glory, yet disgusted with the creatures that adore him, Voltaire, and he condenses the essence of his existence in one word, "*Ennui*." Ask Byron, and we will be answered with an imprecation by that splendid genius, who

Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump
Of fame ; drank early, deeply drank ; drank draughts
That common millions might have quenched, then died
Of thirst, because there was no more to drink.

If ever a man could be made happy by dazzling magnificence, by the soft seductions of luxury, golden thrones, ivory palaces, rarest wines, finest horses and a voluptuous harem, Solomon ought to have been that man. But did the shadows, shams and sins amid which he lived give him happiness ? "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Solomon found, as all worldlings have found, that the soul cannot live upon these coarse and barren husks. What did he get out of them ? Happiness ? No !—nor even pleasure. "Bitter disappointment, enervated lassitude, a loveless home, a heart consumed to ashes, the loathliness of satiety, the misery of the unsatisfied, the despair of the faithless and the shame of the unclean. The world's pleasures, alluring and seductive, glowed like the rosy rind of the Dead Sea fruit ; it glittered

like the fresh scales of the sloughed serpent, it fascinated like the siren's maddening song. But nothing ever came of it except misery and disappointment." "O rejoice, young man, in thy youth ; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the way of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes : but know thou that for all these things God shall bring thee into judgment."

Thomas Hughes, that sincere friend of young men, writes : " Of all accepted maxims there is none that, take it all in all, is more thoroughly abominable than the common one that " a young man must sow his wild oats." Look at it on which side you will, and you cannot make anything but a devil's maxim out of it. The only thing to do with wild oats is to put them carefully in the hottest part of the fire and get them burned to dust, every one of them. If you sow wild oats, no matter in what ground, up they will come with long tough roots, luxuriant stalk and leaves, and as sure as there is a sun in heaven, a crop will follow which turns one's heart cold to think of." The botanical definition for wild oats is, " A species of oats remarkable for the length of time the grain will lie in the soil and retain its vegetative powers. Where it abounds naturally, it is an inveterate weed." There is a popular delusion that after a little while, those who have sown wild oats will settle down to steady habits and

they are more likely to make better men for having sown wild oats. The prevalence of these notions has ruined thousands. It is a monstrous impeachment of God's wisdom : " Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." There are men who in an unguarded moment have gone into scenes of temptation and have turned away with horror and recoil, like a bird that having strayed into the poisonous atmosphere of chemical works, has rushed back quickly to the pure air of heaven ; but such cases are the exception.

There is a witchery about sin. One night in a place of evil concourse may so pollute the imagination as to break down all the barriers of years. One throw at the gambling table, one bet on a race may so excite the craving for this mania of speculation that it may be followed by the frenzy and suffering of years of gambling. Nothing deadens the conscience so much as sin ; nothing rises in its demand from every concession made to it as sin. As Challis says :

Once the demon enters,
 Stands within the door,
 Peace, hope, and gladness
 Dwell there nevermore.

" Sin " says Jeremy Taylor, " startles a man, that is, the first step ; then it becomes pleasing, then easy, then delightful, then frequent and habitual, then confirmed : then the man is im-

portunate, then obstinate, then resolves never to repent, and then is damned." I have read somewhere of an eagle in the far West, soaring with steady wings. He saw far below him the scenes of American nature clothed in the first snow of early winter. As he rose higher towards the blue skies, his keen eye saw floating on the distant river, whose margin was already frost bound, the carcass of a huge buffalo. He paused in his upward flight, descended to settle and revel on this feast of corruption. He was borne calmly down the stream towards the falls and the rapids below. Gorged with his foul meal with drooping wings and dormant energies, he slept on the fetid mass and amid the oozing putrefaction. The blood stiffened by the frost, bound his feet to the remains of the carcass, and onward was he borne until the roar of the cataract thundered on his ear. He struggled for liberty, his powers had been enfeebled by satiety, his drooping wings were bound to the frozen blood, his wild cries awoke the echoes, he made frantic efforts to throw off his horrid companion, he looked up to the blue heaven he had abandoned, but alas, it was too late! Hurried over the rapids, he was sucked down into the boiling cataract and dashed to destruction on the rocks beneath. How does this illustration find its analysis in human life: "His own sin shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sin."

They shouted to a young man one day as he sat idling in his boat on the river. "Be careful, the rapids are below you." He laughed and bent his strong arm to the oar, and the light craft shot far among the ripples. Again someone called, "Look out for the rapids!" but he laughed and spun his boat around in the clear water. A moment more and the boat was going faster, but the young man was strong, laughing at fear. Again they cried,—this time, "You are in the rapids!" and he laughed and started and caught his breath, and looked at the blue sky and swift speeding banks, and he shouted back in furious frenzy, for the oar was swept along in the roaring waters, and the rocks boiled below as in horrid glee. They cast a rope from the shore, but it was swept away from him in the current's rush, and over the falls, with fearful plunge, to cruel death that boat dashed with its oarsman strong and stalwart, who had just laughed at fear. There are many young men in this city, floating down the current through the dark night of temptation toward the eternal plunge. They stretch out their pleading hands and entreat us to stop them. But God only can arrest a man on his downward career. I have seen a sculptured representation of Bacchus, the god of drink and revelry. He is riding on a panther at a furious bound. How suggestive and true! A man begins a career of vice and thinks he has

mounted a well-broken steed, that he has the reins in hand and keep it in control, and stop it when he pleases ; but lo ! when he sees the approaching chasm and would fain pull up, he finds that he is astride a savage brute, that no human power can tame.

Some of you may have seen an old German print which represents a game of chess, the parties engaged being a young man on one side and the Devil on the other. The picture is full of meaning. There sits his Satanic Majesty, bending over the board, with a cynical grin upon his face, and an air of conscious superiority, as he lightly fingers the pieces and seems about to checkmate his rival. The lad sits pensive and anxious, for he has staked his soul on the issue of the game. There appears no hope for him ; and indeed there would be none were it not that—see, there stands, almost invisible, an angelic form behind him, who turns the victory in his favor. It is the angel of the covenant, the Divine Counselor, whose skill works marvels on the board and at last defeats the destroyer. Be sure, young man,—for the Devil will try this game with each of you,—unless you have a Divine Friend to help you, you will be the easy victims of his craftiness.

There is a deep and awful mystery in the downward progress of the soul when he who was once the master of sin becomes the slave of sin. Alas, there are scores of men who

would give all they have to begin life over again. There was a time when they never intended to be vicious, but step by step, they lowered themselves; shame, truth, and self-respect died. The lower elements of their natures were freely indulged, then became importunate, then exacting, then domineering, then uncontrollable. I have seen young men in the envenomed chains of disease, compared to what are hot pinchers! There is no inquisition so bad as that which the doctors have to look upon. In the words of Shakespeare they might say: "But that I am forbidden to tell the secrets of the prison house, I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word would harrow up your soul." You know young men who have suffered worse pangs than ever savage produced at the stake; than ever tyrant wrung out by engines of torment; than ever a Roman inquisition devised. Every year in this city hundreds of wretches die, scalded and scorched with agony, and were the sum of all the pain harvested that comes in the sowing of wild oats, it would rend the heaven with its outcry and make the cheeks of darkness pale. My brother, if you are ever tempted to go into the path of impurity, the house of the strange woman and the gilded saloon, in that moment get down on your knees and pray as if the devil had you by the throat!

Thousands of men would cut off their right

hand to be free from the results of impurity. "The memory of their deadly sin is ever before them ; ghostly dreams disturb their rest ; fear haunts them every hour. For them the furies have taken their seats upon the midnight pillow ; hopes begin to dwindle ; love becomes dim, even God seems far away, and the poor victim of the syren of sin begins to realize here and now the burning prison of a corrupt life." They cry with despair, "My sins have taken such hold on me, that I am not able to look up ; my heart faileth me." They might say with Hartley Coleridge—in those sad verses written in his Bible on his 25th birthday :

When I received this volume small
 My years were barely seventeen,
 When it was hoped I should be all
 Which once alas, I might have been.
 And now my years are twenty-five
 And every mother hopes her lamb,
 And every happy child alive
 May never be what now I am.

There is nothing young people need to cultivate so much as self-control.

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
 These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

"The first and best victory," says Plato, "is for a man to conquer himself, and without that the conqueror is naught but the veriest slave."

Carlyle says: "The King is the man who can." That was a fine epitaph on a soldier's grave:

Here lies a soldier whom all must applaud,
 Who fought many battles at home and abroad ;
 But the hottest engagement he ever was in,
 Was the conquest of self in the battle of sin.

Farewell to the hopes of a young man when he flings the reigns of passion loose on its neck ! What an illustration of the bondage of sin these words which Burns wrote as a prayer during a long sickness:

Fain would I say, " Forgive my foul offense !"
 Fain promise never more to disobey ;
 But, should my Author health again dispense,
 Again I might desert fair virtue's way ;
 Again in folly's path might go astray ;
 Again exalt the brute, and sink the man ;
 Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,
 Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan ?
 Who sin so oft have mourned, yet to temptation ran ?

What better is the testimony of Byron who wrote on his thirty-third birthday :

Through life's dull road so dim and dirty,
 I have dragged to three-and-thirty,
 What have these years left to me,
 Nothing except thirty-three.

Still later he acknowledged what no man of God ever needs to confess :

Though gay companions o'er the bowl
 Dispense a while the sense of ill,
 Though pleasure fill the maddening soul,
 The heart, the heart is lonely still.

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
 Count o'er the days from anguish free,
 And know whatever thou hast been
 'Tis something better not to be.

Nay for myself, so dark my fate
 Through every turn of life has been,
 Men and the world so much I hate,
 I care not when I quit the scene.

On his last birthday, the thirty-sixth, he gathered up the strings of his discordant harp, and sitting down in the ashes of his hopes sent forth this sad wail from the gloomy depths of his soul :

My days are in the yellow leaf,
 The flowers and fruits of love are gone,
 The worm, the canker, and the grief
 Are mine alone.

The fire that on my bosom preys
 Is lone as some volcanic isle ;
 No torch is kindled at its blaze,
 A funeral pile !

The American Minister at St. Petersburg was summoned one morning to save a dissolute, reckless American youth by the name of Poe from the penalties incurred in a drunken debauch. By the Minister's aid young Poe returned to the United States.

Not long after this the author of the best story and poem competed for in the " Baltimore Visitor," was sent for, and behold, the youth who had taken both prizes was the same dissolute, penniless, orphaned youth who had been

arrested in St. Petersburg—pale, ragged, sockless, with his threadbare, but well-brushed coat buttoned to the chin to conceal his shirtlessness. He took fresh courage and resolution, and for a while showed that he was superior to the appetite which was dragging him down, but alas, that fatal bottle! Edgar Allan Poe, one of the most brilliantly-gifted men of letters America ever produced, died friendless and alone in the streets of Baltimore before he was thirty-eight. “The Raven,” which he saw on the bust above his chamber door was delirium tremens—

Only this and nothing more.

Oh, what a fearful price to pay for those few days of sensual delights. And this issue is sure to come. It may not always be immediate. There may be a period of gratification and delight in transgression, long continued, when the eye is not tired of seeing, nor the appetite glutted with indulgence. But sooner or later, “the glare of enjoyment is shut out by returning clouds of conscious distress, and the day of mirth sinks in the darkness of despair.”

“O pleasures past, what are you now
But thorns about my bleeding brow?
Specters that hover round my brain,
And mock and aggravate my pain.”

It is not true that “the good die young.”
“The wicked do not live out half their days.”

Says Cicero :

“To live long it is necessary to live slowly.”

Benjamin Franklin says :

“If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles.”

I recall a line from Virgil : “Cease to think that the decrees of the gods can be changed by prayers.”

Herrick says :

“Man is a watch wound up at first, but never wound up again : once down, he’s down forever.”

“It is not enough to have great qualities,” says La Rochefoucauld ; “we should also have the management of them.”

What a dirge over his own memory are these sublimely sad words of Burns :—

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy’s flights above the pole,
Or darkly grubs this earthly hole
 In low pursuits ;
Know prudent, cautious self-control
 Is wisdom’s root.

“He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.” Alexander the Great conquered the world and then sat down and wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. He had conquered the nations, he had laid cities in ruin, he had wasted whole nations and baptized the earth with human blood ; yet, after all was over, he carried within him an enemy

which he did not conquer. That enemy consisted of his ungovernable passions and wild, restless spirit.

Truly Milton writes:—

“He who reigns within himself, and rules passions, desires and fears, is more than a king.”

And James Russell Lowell sings:—

We rise by things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered of good or gain;
By the pride deposed and passion slain,
And the vanished ills that we hourly meet.

Charles Lamb made all the world laugh at him, and then afterward made all the world weep at his fate. He who could outwit all the wits of his day was outwitted by his own passions. He thus cried out to young men: “The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth, to whom the flavor of his first wine is as delicious as the opening scenes of life or the entering upon some newly-discovered paradise, look into my desolation and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man feels himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will, to see his destruction and have no power to stop it, and yet feel all the way emanating from himself, to see all the goodness emptied out of him and yet not be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear

about him the piteous spectacle of his own ruin. Could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for to-night's repetition of the folly ; could he but feel the body out of which I cry hourly with feebler outcry, to be delivered, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation."

Young men make a sad mistake when they think it necessary to have a personal acquaintance with the seamy side of life. Many a man who has peered into the abyss, just to see what it is like, has lost his balance hopelessly. No man with his eyes open can deny that the social vice is increasing in our great cities, and is sapping the physical strength and moral manhood of the nation. Oh, the sin, sorrow and shame of it ! To see our young men, sons of rich indulgent fathers, sons spending thousands annually, galloping through a course of infernal revelry, wallowing in the mire of sensuality, enduring the agonies of a spoilt and shattered life, dying of extreme old age at thirty.

"The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us."

Go amongst men of an apparently decent type and you will be sickened by the coarse slang and filthy jests and their contemptible

jokes, which meet with no manly protest. Avoid, oh, avoid, as you would a malignant fiend, the mocker of domestic love and woman's purity, and all life's gentler and holier affections. Your parents, alas! That father with his pleading prayer, that mother with her yearning heart,—rather would they see you coffined and sepulchered, that proud brow cold, that bright eye sightless, rather thus a thousand times; than see you blast a fair young life, tear the frail flower up by the roots and trample on the blossom. Not one woman in a hundred enters the portal of shame through deliberate choice. They enter the portals of shame through a door opened by man's damnable deceit and base betrayal; fallen woman must crouch without the walls of social toleration, while society is all smiles on the fallen man!

Young man, living in America and the Nineteenth Century, the very synonyms for opportunity, will you sell your birthright for a few nights' carousing? Will you in the beastliness of lust, in the vortex of pleasure, in the red gleaming of the intoxicating cup, in the foul pestilence of disease, in the madness of the gambling table, in the painted harlot's vile embrace, will you, can you, drown all there is about you of purity and nobleness and manliness and become a poor, degraded, wretched thing? Will you spend a wild, weary, worth-

less life, going down to the asp's hole and the cockatrice's den and the serpent's dust ?

Young man, my brother, how is your life to-day ? Is it pure and clean, filled with honor for women, the beauty of holiness and the love of God ? Are you tampering with evil ?

The freshet had carried away a bridge, and a man knew that the express train would soon come along, so he lighted a lantern and started up the track to stop the train. But before he got far up the track the wind blew out the light of his lantern, and standing there in the darkness, the train came dashing along, and as the engine came up to where he stood, he hurled the lantern at the engineer, crying, "Stop ! Stop !" And the warning was in time to stop the train. And at you young men, who by "the pace that kills" are hastening on toward brink or fallen span, I throw this Gospel lantern : Stop ! Stop ! You, made in the image of God, redeemed by His Son Jesus Christ, having in your bosom a winged and immortal spirit, and bending above you a firmament of glory,—you are too good to be the slave of sin. Have regard for a father's honor and a mother's love, and by the promised grace of Christ, put down the body ! With an earnestness which almost takes my breath away, I entreat you, I beseech you, Stop ! Stop ! ! Stop ! ! !

Preached Sunday evening, *Feb. 13th.* 1898.

VI.

JUSTICE TO THE JEW.

Honor all men.—1 Peter ii : 17.

I LOVE the Hebrews, their incomparable poetry, their peerless prophets and their matchless history. Christ, the ideal of the race, was a Jew. All the apostles were Jews. The unhappy actors in the crucifixion were Jews and Gentiles together. According to orthodoxy they had no option in the matter. It may be true that the Jews would not have done otherwise if they could, but they certainly could not have done otherwise if they would. Therefore among fair-minded men, Jewish blame for the crucifixion has become a dead issue. It does not seem fair to lay the deed of his ancestors against the Jew and his descendants down to the sixtieth generation. "Christ came to His own, and His own received Him not," but with His expiring breath He plead, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Is it not time to forgive and forget what Christ forgave 1800 years ago?

The cruelty which the Jew has not suffered and the injustice which has not been heaped upon him cannot be named, and what is the

Jew's crime? What has he done to merit the world's ignominy? He has given to the world the knowledge of God. He has given Moses, who in the twelve United States of Israel gave to the world the first republic. Christianity has its roots in the Old Testament. Christians are Jews ripened to fruit.

The Jew has not only been the factor that for four hundred years supplied the nations of the earth with money, but in every department of human activity the Hebrew race has furnished proportionately a greater number of great men among the greatest of the earth than any other race.

If ever a people demonstrated the power of education, it is the Jewish race. A race that has produced such authors as Emanuel Deutsch, Franz Delitzsch, Ewald, Hersfeld, Heine, Auerbach, Geiger and Nordau; such masters of language as Oppert, Bernays and Benfey; such scientists as Cohnheim and Weigert; such students as Traube in medicine and Ricardo in political economy; such philosophers as Spinoza and Moses Mendelssohn, the first to originate a classical German style; such an historian as Neander; such statesmen as Jules Simon, Fould, Cremieux, Gambetta, Lasker and Benjamin D'Israeli; such musical geniuses as Joachim, Rubenstein, Offenbach, Mendelssohn, Rossini, Meyerbeer and Goldmark; such actors as Lewinski, Barnay, Keins, Braham, Grisi,

Rachel and Bernhardt ; such a race has no apology to offer for its existence.

The most zealous advocate of the higher education of women in this country and the moving spirit in the establishment of Barnard College was Mrs. Anna Nathan Myers. The treasurer, Mr. Jacob Schiff, is also a Jew. Columbia College has three Jewish professors. The University of New York, the College of the City of New York, Harvard, Johns Hopkins, and the Universities of Wisconsin and Pennsylvania are among the other well-known colleges which have Jewish professors. The most enthusiastic supporters of our public schools are the Jews, and all must admit that the Jewish children are among the brightest and best behaved. "As rich as a Jew" is changing to "as wise as a Jew." The professorships filled by Jews in our leading colleges show that they have a peculiar aptitude for the highest political science. We had a few years ago six Jewish judges in our city courts, and the Attorney-General of the State. Isador Strauss declined a Cabinet position. Oscar Strauss made a most acceptable Minister to Turkey.

In all the struggles of this Nation from the Revolution down through the Civil War the Jewish people proved their patriotism—no people have done more in proportion to their numbers to defend and build up our country. In the war of the Revolution, the struggling

Colonies were greatly indebted to the Jewish patriots, Haym Salmon, Isaac Morris, and Mordecai Manuel Noah, who contributed the greater part of their fortunes to the Colonial treasury. A company composed mainly of Jews fought with great bravery under General Moulton at Beaufort. Col. Isaac Frank served on Washington's staff, and Col. Solomon Bush, Jacob De Leon, Major Benjamin Nones, and Philip Moses Russell are a few of the names of Jews who distinguished themselves upon the battlefields of the Revolution.

One of the most distinguished soldiers in the war of 1812 was Commodore Uriah Philip Levy who died the highest ranking officer in the United States Navy. And what student of history has not read of Judah Touro, who served under Jackson, and was wounded at New Orleans, and who afterwards made it possible to build Bunker Hill Monument by contributing \$10,000, for which he received a vote of thanks. Brig.-Gen. Joseph Bloomfield, and Col. Nathan Myers also served with distinction in the war of 1812.

In the war with Mexico some of the bravest acts were performed by that Jewish Patriot, Gen. David De Leon, who on two successive occasions took the place of commanders who were killed, and acted with such bravery and gallantry as to receive the thanks of Congress twice.

Among the brave Jewish soldiers of the war of the Rebellion may be mentioned Brig.-Gen. Frederick Knefler, Brig.-Gen. Edward S. Solomon, of Illinois, Brig.-Inspector Mayer Frank, Capt. Joseph B. Greenhut, Sergt.-Maj. Alexander M. Apple, of Iowa, Abraham Cohn, of New Hampshire, Benjamin B. Levy, of the First New York Volunteers, Simon Levy of New York, and his three sons, Ferdinand, Alfred, and Benjamin C., Sergt. Leopold Karpelles, of Massachusetts, Adjt. Abraham Cohn, of New Hampshire, David A. Branski, Henry Heller, Abraham Gumwalt, and Isaac Gans of Ohio—in all 7,000 Jews went to the front and offered their lives to save the Union.

In charity, not only do Montifiore, and Baron de Hirsch shine conspicuously, but our Jewish fellow-citizens successfully conduct charities covering every conceivable case of need and suffering. In New York City alone, for their twelve leading institutions, the Jews contribute upwards of \$700,000 a year. There is not a more charitable woman in New York than Mrs. Esther Herman. The almshouse has no need to provide for a Jew. He is domestic above all men. The divorce court seldom hears of him. The insane asylum hardly knows of his existence. To the Potter's field he is absolutely unknown.

In their dealings, Jews are as honorable as other men are. Their social standards are just

as low and just as fine as other people's in corresponding positions. Money often gets ahead of the manners of Jews and Gentiles alike. The noble and ignoble exist everywhere in all races and in all religions. Is it fair to let prejudice against individuals develop into prejudice against a race? When Charles Lamb was saying all sorts of hard things about another man, a friend said to him, "Mr. Lamb, you don't know him, you never met him." "No," was the answer, "If I had met him, I fear I should like him."

Let us get better acquainted with each other, mingle more freely, and I am sure we shall like one another.

Hatred of the Jews must disappear before the enlightened, liberating and liberalizing influences of modern life. Racial and religious prejudice belongs to the ignorance and superstitions of medieval Europe. For a Christian in our day to turn from a Jew simply because he is a Jew, stamps him un-American, un-manly and un-Christian. But I have yet to know a man who merits the name of Christian who acts discourteously to his Hebrew brethren.

Sunday evening, *Dec. 27th*, 1896.

VII.

MANHOOD VERSUS MONEY.

I will make a man more rare than gold, even than the fine gold of Ophir. —Isa. xiii. 12.

OPHIR is mentioned as a gold region, in Kings, in I. and II. Chronicles, in Job, and by the Psalmist. The position of Ophir is in dispute, whether the place be Ceylon, or some part of Continental India or of Arabia or of Africa, it is here named simply as an Eldorado, or a place where gold abounds either as a native product or as an article of commerce. The gold of Ophir seems to have been considered especially pure. We are reminded in the text that it is man as man, and not in view of his position or his wealth, that the prophet regards as of incomparable value.

“As good as gold,” has become a proverb, as though it were the highest standard of comparison. The irony or satire in the text is this : It is a bad sign for any nation when money is valued more than men. The text is a rebuke of the over-estimate of gold in a luxurious age.

Anciently the Romans worshiped virtue and honor as gods, they built two temples which

were so situated that none could enter the temple of honor without passing through the temple of virtue. Among the Greeks and Romans in their best days, honor was more sought after than wealth. Times changed. Wealth became the surest passport to honor, and respectability was endangered by poverty. But "Rome was Rome no more" when the imperial purple had become an article of traffic and when gold could purchase with ease the honors that patriotism and valor once secured only with difficulty. Goldsmith hints that money does not make the man when he says :

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

It is easier to acquire money than character. In the estimation of the better-thinking world, there is one thing more valuable than property and position—it is manhood. The late John Stuart Blackie of the University of Edinburgh said to a class of young men : " Money is not needful ; power is not needful ; liberty is not needful ; even health is not the one thing needful ; but manhood alone is that which can truly save us, and if we are not saved in this sense, we certainly must be damned."

Henry Ward Beecher, speaking of those who succeeded by the inside and those who succeeded by the outside, said : " Go into the great mart, where the cry of Mammon is, and look at those

who are crowned with golden-leafed laurel, are they men in whose shoes you would stand for all their money? Would you be cold of heart? would you be hard-hearted? would you be selfish to the last degree? would you be so indifferent to your word and honor, would you live simply to heap store on store, ship on ship, house on house, lands on lands, funds on funds, for the sake of all the money the globe could hold? There are such successful men. How many there are in New York whose tread would shake the street! How many there are in that great city who have gathered together that which makes fools envy them, and whose living and dying affect the markets of the globe! How many men there are whose souls, if you were to look for them one moment after they had gone through the narrow gate, at which every man leaves everything physical behind him, you could not see on the other side,—so small, so poor are they inwardly. A long life and every virtue shrunken! A long life with no goodness! A long life with no generosity! A long life with no honor! A long life with no aspiration! no love of God, and no love to man unless it is a various, over-swollen love of self. How many there are whose life has been spent in weaving silk, cocoon-like, about their own selves! They lie down, wound in that which came from their own bowels, and are worms inside.”

Dining one day with a man several millions poor—his millions brought him an amount of worry and a vexation really distressing that made his life a drudgery and spoiled his appetite. With light heart and a healthy stomach, I ate the good things his money furnished—and as he drank his milk and ate his toast, he said to me sincerely and enviously : “I would gladly give you my fortune if you could give me your appetite.” Who was the richer man? My friend acquired the legal possession of the world, he owned a considerable portion of it, I enjoyed it. He worked to get and keep things in excellent condition, and paid taxes on it, for me. His railroad served me for a few cents, it cost me no effort, and gave me no anxiety. His sculptures and paintings were mine to look upon. I did not care to own them as it would take too much of my valuable time to look after them, and life is too short to be worrying continually, lest they be spoiled or stolen. He owned the pictures—but with open mind and poetic fancy, I carried away with me the treasures of beauty which the owner never saw—had not time to see. My friend’s library contained fine bindings, but I could absorb the riches of what was within my plain bindings—and without money the best libraries and galleries are at my command. Life and landscape are mine, the stars and flowers, the sea and air, the birds and the trees, what more do I want?

Everybody is working for me. Unquestionably the really happy people are not the wealthy.

A man came to Rothschild, the great banker, and said : " You must be a thoroughly happy man." He said : " Happy ? Me happy ? Happy when just as I am going to dine, a man sends me a note saying : ' If you don't send me 500 pounds before to-morrow night, I will blow your brains out.' Me happy !" Wm. H. Vanderbilt, although possessed of a fortune variously estimated at from two hundred to three hundred millions, was so annoyed because he and Robert Garret, of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, could not come to an agreement, that he fell in a fit of apoplexy and died upon his floor. It has been estimated that Solomon had at his command gold to the value of \$3,400,000,000 and silver to the value of \$5,164,000,000. Was he happy ? Hark, I hear him coming out through the palace, which was fifteen years in building, behold his robes actually encrusted with jewels, as he stands in the front door and looks out on his vast domain—standing there amid all the splendor—the world literally exhausting itself on him—his heart breaks, the tears start, cross and disgusted, he exclaims : " Vanity of vanities, all is vanity !" Alas, if Solomon could not find in his worldly possessions enough to satisfy his soul, no amount that you can ever gather by hook or crook (and neither of them are far from being straight) will

ever make you happy. We exhort the young to "get on," "to rise in the world," "to make money," and how many restlessly sigh for success and have been desperately bitter because it never came. Such disappointed men remind us of the ancient fable of Æneas—how he never sat down to meat, but the wings of harpies darkened the air, who with shrill screams seized and defiled the food. The name of that harpy which is commonest of them all, and which has the most dismal screams, is the Harpy of Discontent.

"Who is the richest of men?" asks Socrates. "He who is content with the least; for contentment is nature's riches."

My crown is in my heart, not on my head,
Nor decked with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen : my crown is called content,
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

—SHAKESPEARE.

If millions mean clothes for the naked, bread for the hungry, schools for the ignorant, hospitals for the sick—generosity, broader manhood, larger aim, noble ambition, opportunity to work out God's law of love by helping our fellow men—then, and only then, does money mean manhood. Some one has truthfully said: "The poorest man in the world is the man who touches his fellow men in the fewest points. The richest man in the world is he who has the most warm and glowing sympathies

which connect him with all classes and conditions in this life.”

When the ill-fated steamer, “Central America,” was found to be on fire, many of the passengers, returning from California with the treasure of the mines, abandoned their gold that they might not be hindered in the struggle for life. The stewardess finding it out, rushed into the staterooms, and gathering together what she could find, girded her person with it, and reached the deck barely in time to take the last boat. More elated over her prize than she was conscious of danger, she sprang overboard, missed her aim, and shot into the sea, the gold carrying her down head first.

Ah ! many a man has set his heart on money rather than manhood, and in the glitter found only a sea of sorrow.

Oh ! blind and wanting wit to choose,
Who house the chaff and burn the grain,
Who hug the wealth ye cannot use,
And lack the riches all may gain.

—WILLIAM WATSON.

A man is rich or poor not according to what he has, but what he is. “’Tis only noble to be good.” “Manhood overtops all titles.”

Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Henry Ward Beecher, Ulysses S. Grant and Abraham Lincoln were rich without money. “I revere the person” says Emerson, “who is

riches, so that I cannot think of him as alone, or poor or exiled or unhappy." Agassiz, when his friend expressed surprise that a man of his genius should remain contented with such a moderate income as he received, said : " I have no time to waste in making money. Life is not long enough to enable a man to get rich and do his duty by his fellow-men at the same time."

Homer, Dante, Galileo, Shakespeare, Raphael, Mozart, and Luther, and nearly all the men who have accomplished the world's best work had hardly enough money to pay their funeral expenses. But who would not choose to be a millionaire of deeds with a Lincoln or a Grant, a millionaire of ideas with an Emerson or a Lowell, a millionaire of statesmanship with a Webster or a Clay, a millionaire of beneficence with a Howard or a Clara Barton, than to be merely a millionaire—a money-vault.

"Do you know, sir," said a devotee of Mammon to John Bright, "that I am worth a million sterling?" "Yes, I do, I know it is all you are worth."

"I do not want such things !" said Epictetus, to the rich Roman orator who was making light of his contempt for money-wealth, "and besides," said the stoic "you are poorer than I am after all. You have silver vessels, but earthenware reasons, principles, and appetites. My mind to me a kingdom is." Benjamin

Franklin says : "If a man empties his purse into his head no man can take it from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest." Home, friends, education, health, honor and religion, these are the ministering angels that alone are worthy to wait upon the soul crowned with the sapphire glow of immortality.

Manhood is everything—the holiest thing alive. To quote Emerson again : "The truest test of civilization is not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops ; no, but the kind of men the country turns out."

Jay Gould and Russell Sage have had to run the gauntlet of pistol shots and dynamite bombs of revenge, not because they were rich, but because they were heartless. Who would have been base enough to threaten Peter Cooper or William E. Dodge—they had millions, but they had something in their characters greater than wealth, that irresistibly softened hatred, drew the hungry to them for bread, the naked for clothes, the ignorant for education and the friendless for a friend.

Money making is not the highest success. The soul coined into dollars is one in which every holy emotion is strangled and every noble aspiration stifled. Do you wonder that there are so many dishonest bankrupts, fraudulent clerks, defaulting cashiers, and absconding partners ? I wonder that there are so few when even good

men treat poverty as a crime. We seem to have no standard by which to measure men but by the length of their purses. A rich man is courted and flattered. Young men go into the world urged to "get rich" honestly if you can, but get rich. Our moral code is :

Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes,
An empty pocket is the worst of crimes.

The jingle of coin is the snare of society. Mammon wins better matrimonial prizes than manhood. A man of wealth seldom fails in his suit for a woman's hand, and many a mother whose folly is wickedness encourages her daughter to sell herself to the highest bidder. Byron's lines were never more painfully true than to-day :

Maidens, like moths are ever caught by glare,
How Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair.

What monstrous crimes have been committed in the race for riches. Surely you will recognize this as no fancy sketch :

On its altar sacrificed ease, peace,
Truth, faith, integrity, good conscience, friends,
Love, charity, benevolence and all
The sweet and tender sympathies of life,
And to complete the horrid, murderous rite,
And signalize their folly, offered up
Their souls and an eternity of bliss,
To gain them—what? An hour of dreaming joy,
A feverish hour, that hasted to be done
And ended in the bitterness of woe.

Win success bravely, wear it nobly. But do not exaggerate its worth. Sometimes, I charge you, lift the veil of your eternal future, dwarf these perishing vanities by the sublime forms of the eternal verities, dim their glitter and their glare by the awful sunlight of that future life in worlds on high. There will come moments when your "proudest successes will seem mean and poor as the gaudy lusts of a ball-room, when one passes out under the clear heaven, when the solemn flush of dawn is stealing up into the sky." When those moments come entertain them, let them give their messages. Sit still a while and ask yourself :

Have I any securities which will last forever ?
Have I made any investments which will bring eternal dividends ? The men who wielded the power, used the money, and enjoyed the praises fifty years ago are all gone—and all forgotten save those who wrought for others, and I may add, in most cases, their money is also gone. Manhood alone abides. As Longfellow says :

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still traveling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight,

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

Sunday evening, *March 20th*, 1898.

VIII.

THE PEARL OF PEARLS.

The kingdom of heaven is like a merchantman seeking goodly pearls, who when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it. Matt. xiii : 45, 46.

FROM an early period pearls have ranked highest among gems and have been highly esteemed as ornaments. The Greeks and Romans used them in profusion, and even decorated their feet with pearls. Pliny, after referring to the prodigal display of pearls in his time, adds : "Even more than this, they put them on their feet, and that not merely on the laces of their sandals, but they must needs tramp on them, and walk with them under foot as well." He alludes to the breastplate which Cæsar brought home and dedicated to Venus Genetrix, saying that it was formed of British pearls, which confirms the statement of Suetonius that pearls were Cæsar's chief inducement for his British expedition. The pearls in the eardrops of Cleopatra, the beautiful but infamous queen of Egypt, which she proposed to dissolve in vinegar at a costly repast, the subject of a wager, were valued

at about \$400,000, and the strongest proof which Roman historians have to give of the wanton and boundless extravagance of some of their emperors, is the fact that they dissolved pearls in vinegar and drank them with their wine.

The glory of the land of Havilah, surrounded by one of Eden's rivers, is described as made of "gold and bdellium and the onyx stone"—this bdellium is likely our pearl, for, says an ancient writer, "a stone has been found on the Indian Seas, called bedellius, that had its origin from a certain dew, which being cast into the ocean, was after a while, gathered encrusted with shell, and found to be transformed into a jewel." As this is the most ancient view of the formation of the pearl, we may take it for granted that in addition to all the glories of Eden, it had pearls and precious stones. Job in chapter twenty-eight, speaking of wisdom as more valuable than gold, or onyx, or sapphire, adds, "No mention shall be made of coral or of pearls: for the price of wisdom is above rubies. The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it, neither shall it be valued with pure gold." When Christ warned his disciples to beware how they wasted truths of the highest value on such as could not appreciate them he said: "Neither cast ye your pearls before swine." When St. John in his apocalyptic vision upon the rock-towered, wave-washed Patmos, swept

the horizon of prophecy and graphically pictured the anti-Christ, he described the dress as well as the deeds of this bloody persecutor—Babylon the Great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth, who was drunken with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus : “ She was clothed in purple and scarlet color, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls,” and here be it observed that while gems however beautiful and costly, the flashing diamond, the burning ruby, the purple amethyst, the sea-green emerald, the ruddy glare of the topaz, the shining gold of the jasper, the milk-white filminess of the onyx, the lovely violet of the amethyst, the burning changes of the opal, the sapphire with hues borrowed from the sky—these are only mentioned under the general term of “precious stones,” pearls, as more valuable than these, are distinctly named. From all which we are warranted to conclude that when our Lord compared the kingdom of heaven, the blessing in other words, of redeeming love, to one pearl of great price, he intended to set them forth as of pre-eminent value.

W. Y. Fullerton in “God’s Jewels” has gathered together much curious learning about pearls, and details the theories of their formation current in antiquity—the fish conceived the pearl from the dew of heaven, and according to the quality of the dew it was pure or round or cloudy or deformed with specks, and

the state of the atmosphere at the time of conception, and the hour of day had great influence on their size and color. And this notion, strange to say, of attributing the pearl to the distilling dew so widely current in the East, was also found by Columbus in the West. Gotthold in his "Emblems" says: "The pearl, as most naturalists inform us, is the product of the dew of heaven, for when the oyster sees the weather bright and clear it is said to open its shell to the early dawn while the dew is falling, and greedy to drink in the silver drops, which petrify within it, and afterward, by their white and snowy luster, betray their celestial origin." "By the Divine dew," was the motto of a Venetian family, and upon this text, in the days of yore, many a sermon was preached, urging those whose life originates in the dew of God's spirit to show forth on earth their heavenly calling.

It was also supposed for centuries that the pearl was formed from the drop of rain falling into an oyster, where it straightway congealed into a pearl, and upon this poetic fancy many of the old pearl legends and poems are founded:

A little particle of rain,
That from a passing cloud descended,
Was heard thus idly to complain,
My brief existence now is ended—
Outcast alike of earth and sky,
Useless to live, unknown to die.

It chanced to fall into the sea
And there an open shell received it,
And after years how rich was he
Who from its prison-house relieved it,
That drop of rain had formed a gem
Fit for a monarch's diadem.

A third idea was, that pearls were formed from angel's tears, wept over those in special circumstances of sorrow, and much poetry has been written on this phase of the subject :

Where the shell irks him, or the sea sand frets,
There, from some subtle organ, he doth shed
This lovely luster o'er his grief and gets
Peace, and the world his labor,—being dead.

And as the frictions and agonies and irritations create the most valuable of all jewels, so let our hearts be gladdened by the thought that from the sin, the suffering and the sorrow of earth the good God can fashion a holiness and harmony which shall by and by form the pearly gates into the golden city.

In a New Jersey glass factory I saw a workman take a piece of glass out of one furnace and put it into a second, and by and by into a third and then a fourth. I said to him : "Why do you put this glass into so many fires ?" "Oh," he answered, "neither the first fire nor the second nor the third was hot enough, and so I put it into the fourth and that made it transparent." And so when we are come on the other side, and look back upon the fires through

which we have passed here, in the clear light of God's glory, we shall see that if God had spared us from the fires of trial on this side we should never have come to the enjoyments of the redeemed. Here the cross, yonder the crown !

Wealth in this country is measured by the size of a man's bank account, his money in bonds and banks or expended in houses or the number of acres in his estate. It is quite different in many parts of the East. There you enter a house with walls of clay and thatch of straw, or reeds of palm-leaves, and in its tenant, —who sits simply attired, and amid the scantiest furnishings cross-legged on a rug, spread out on the naked floor, forms his seat by day and his bed by night—there you find a wealthy man. He has his money invested in jewels, and not without good reason. Those countries are liable to sudden invasion and violent revolutions, and it is in the form of jewels that property is most securely because most secretly kept, and in the case of flight most easily removed. Hidden in a woman's hair a fortune has often been carried from place to place in the East, and it is only by taking this fact into account, that while with us little else than ornaments, precious stones are there a form of money, and often of immense wealth, that we rise to an adequate idea of the value which Christ puts on his people in calling them his

jewels, or of the full meaning of the figure that represents the blessings of His salvation as one pearl of great price, which all other pearls and property should be sold to buy.

Beside its money value, a pearl is a beautiful emblem of salvation in another respect—look at its color, of snowy whiteness, a purity unclouded by the slightest haze, and a form so rounded and polished and perfected that it is impossible of improvement. The lapidary, to whose grinding skill the very diamond owes much of its brilliancy and those many-colored fires with which it shines and burns, may not touch a pearl. What an emblem therefore is this gem of that salvation which came perfect from the hand of God—without any admixture of error, and which no thought of ours, however advanced, and no progress of time, however remarkably brilliant, can ever improve.

The pearl-diver will sometimes dive eight times before he gets an oyster, though at other times he will bring up three or even five—two in each hand and one under his arm. If he gets twenty-five in a day he makes a good average, though sometimes he finds a hundred—not a hundred pearls but a hundred oyster shells, and perhaps five thousand of these will be opened and not yield twenty-five dollars' worth of pearls, while on the other hand there have been found as many as one hundred and fifty pearls in one shell. This very uncertainty lends a zest

to the toil, for no one can say but that in spite of ninety-nine failures the one-hundredth attempt may compensate for all the past.

In "Pearling Life" we are told that in the Australian fisheries "the quantity of shells brought up varies with the disposition prevailing among men, the happy mood generally producing the best results." The dispirited and downcast Christian worker who always can see "a moral interregnum at hand," is sure to fail. Toiling on and catching nothing the Risen Lord will in his own time direct you to the right side of the ship. He who could bring up a fish with money in its mouth, can show us the oysters with pearls. Dispel all fear about Christianity. The times never were so full of promise as they are now. According to the last Religious Census we have 20,612,806 communicants — 111,036 ministers, and 145,521 church edifices. During the past twenty years the value of church property in this land has increased forty-two per cent., the increase in the number of church organizations is 125 per cent. From 1850 to 1890 the increase of our population was 170 per cent., of communicants during the same period 291 per cent. Thus it is evident that the ratio of communicants above that of the population is 121 per cent.

The hostile theories against Christianity have been speedily abandoned, and the best thought of the age bows reverently to the claims of

Christianity. The enemies of Christianity have striven among themselves and fiercely demolished one another. The "higher criticism" of Paulus soon surrendered to that of the more critical Strauss. The mythical theory of Strauss was in turn destroyed by the æsthetic Renan. The legendary theory of Renan has fallen to pieces of its own inconsistencies. Baur, Hilgenfeld and Schwegler, like sappers and miners with pickaxe and powder, went forth to subvert Christianity, but they have only disclosed the Gibraltar strength of her foundations. Voltaire said he lived in the twilight of Christianity. He told the truth although he meant a lie. He did live in its twilight, but not as he meant to say, the evening twilight, it was the twilight before the morning. Voltaire and his theories have sunk into the night of the past. Christianity lives in the twilight of the present. He, too, boasted that he would overthrow with one hand the fabric of Christianity, which required the hands of the twelve apostles to build up, and to-day the press which he employed to print his blasphemies is used in printing the Bible, and the house in which he lived is packed with Bibles from garret to cellar, as a depot for the Bible Society. Gibbon labored earnestly to overthrow Christianity, yet to-day Gibbon's Hotel at Lake Lemman, contains a room where Bibles are sold. Chesterfield's parlor, properly an infidel club-room, echoing with profanity

and raillery at the Christian religion, is now a vestry where the groans and prayers of the penitent go up to God. Tom Paine thought he had demolished the Bible, but after he had crawled into an unhonored grave in 1809, the book took such a leap that since that time more than twenty times as many Bibles have been made and scattered through the world as were ever made before since the creation of man.

Christianity and civilization are identical. The one cannot be carried forward without the other. Wherever go the swift ships, wherever stretch the electric wires or the iron rails, there goes the cross, the grand magnetic center of the creation of God. Church bells are ringing everywhere, grand cathedrals are rising on every shore and plain, on wilds and continents unknown, Christ is setting up his throne. Christianity is making inroads everywhere, and is spreading most in the most advanced and cultured nations. This is not the case with Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Confucianism and Brahmanism. They burrow among the superstitious and uncultured. China, the most populous and wealthy of all heathen nations compelled by the force of circumstances to open her doors to the outside world, has been penetrated by missionary pioneers to Thibet on the West, and Burmah on the South, and fully one-half of its provinces from Hong Kong and Canton to Peking, have been occupied by a chain

of missions which take in the principal cities of the empire. Japan, in its thirst for progress and improvement is rapidly becoming a Christian nation. In the Mohammedan countries, from the Balkan Mountains on the north to Bagdad on the south, from Egypt on the west to Persia on the east, central points in the most prominent cities have been established for the evangelization of the Moslem population.

All the great religions are going down, while the glad tidings proclaimed to the shepherds on Judea's plains are spread abroad as never before. With the Bible translated into more than three hundred different languages and dialects, with missionary stations planted on every shore, with dark continents opened for the heralds of salvation, with long isolated nations unbarring their gates and flinging open wide their mossgrown portals, with the isles of the sea stretching out their hands to God, with servants and handmaidens, on whom the spirit of God has been poured out, flying as on the wings of the wind to bear the message of salvation to a lost world, with all the appliances of modern science and the activities of modern enterprise and intellect, the way is sure for the Gospel of Christ to reach the very ends of the earth.

As the seekers of pearls make everything bend to their one absorbing purpose, and live only for that, so must we learn to pass through

things temporal with our hearts set all the time on things eternal. Then shall we be willing to make sacrifices that others may be blessed. The sister of the Queen of Sweden, the Princess Eugenia, feeling the need of a hospital for the poor of Stockholm, and realizing the impossibility of getting money to build one, nobly gave up her jewels that they might be sold to obtain the necessary funds. Some time afterwards she visited the hospital raised by her bounty, and when she saw many who had been rescued as the result of her sacrifice, exclaimed : " Here are my jewels back again ! " This truly royal incident carries with it a world of suggestion to those children of the King who may be so circumstanced, as to be able and willing to imitate it.

The eldest daughter in a fashionable house was dressed ready for a ball, when the little sister seeing the flashing gems in her hair, climbed on a chair, and her arms wound around her neck, said, " Sissie, shall you have any jewels in your crown when you get to heaven ? " She did not answer, but when she got to the assembly nothing seemed right to her, the lights burned dimly, the music was discordant, and the dancing lagged, until thoroughly disgusted, she ordered her carriage early and came home. Going straight to her little sister's bedroom, and throwing herself on the bed, she awoke her and said, " Sissie, you shall

have one jewel in your crown, for I'll give myself to Jesus to-night." Shall you have any jewels in your crown ?

Pearls will shine as brightly after they have been worn a thousand years as when they first emerged from the mother cell. So they that turn many to righteousness shall shine like the stars forever and ever. In one of his lyrics, Longfellow beautifully illustrates this great truth :

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to the earth, I know not where;
I breathed a song into the air,
It fell on earth, I know not where;
Long, long afterwards, in an oak,
I found the arrow still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

No thought, no word, no act of yours will ever die. Your influence will never cease, and its growth will never stop. The influence which you start in life to-day, in the family, the church, the neighborhood, or the social circle is perhaps very small now, very little cared for now, but it will roll forward through the ages, growing wider and stronger and deeper and higher with every passing hour, and blighting or blessing as it rolls.

The pearl also represents the hazards and sacrifices at which salvation was obtained. The diamond and the ruby, the emerald and

the sapphire lie bedded in river courses, or are set in the solid rocks, and there men seek them without loss of health or risk of life. But pearls belong to the ocean, they are gems which she casts not up among the pebbles that strew her beach, but hides in dangerous and darkest depths. A dreadful trade is the pearl-fisher's. Weighted with stone to sink him, and inhaling a long, deep-drawn breath, he leaps from the boat's side and the departing waves closing over his head, descends into the depths of the sea to grope for the shelly spoils amid the dim light which faintly illuminates her slimy bed, not rising to the surface until breathless and black in the face onlookers fear he will rise no more, and frequently he never does. These waters are the haunts of terrible monsters. Some bells bubbling up, and the blood that spreads crimsoning the surface of the sea is all that is seen of one who dies a sacrifice to his hazardous pursuit, and the stories of the dangers which pearl fishers have always to encounter, and the dreadful death they have often to endure should recall to our minds the fact that we ought to be ashamed of the spasmodic efforts we put forth to win souls, and our talk of the hardship and difficulties of our service becomes positively trifling when we think of the dangers and discomforts men have to endure in the search for earth's gems. For pearls men will endure the attacks of sharks and saw-fish, and shorten their

lives by the excessive strain of frequent diving, and shall it be said that we are less in earnest to save men? What are pearls compared with souls? "Erect a pair of scales: in one side place the wealth of Ormus and Ind, the barbaric pearls and gold of the East, the jewels of Golconda, the spices of Ceylon, the treasures of Eldorado, the possessions of Cræsus, the jeweled crown of Alexander, the buried treasures of the deep—nay, the title-deeds of sun and moon and stars; on the other side place one deathless soul, made in the image of God, redeemed by his Son and winged for immortality, and behold the beam changes—one soul outweighs the universe."

Oh, for quenchless love, glowing enthusiasm and fiery zeal! Enthusiasm gives a man irresistible power. What power Christians would be in the world if each one could honestly voice this wish of Brainerd: "Oh that I were a flaming fire in the hands of my God." The seraphic Summerfield just before his death, speaking of recovery, said: "Oh if I might be raised again, how I would preach; I have taken a look into eternity." Oh for the spirit of John Knox, who cried, "O God, give me Scotland or I die." Do you find lukewarmness in the hall of Legislature? What zeal is exhibited there by the champions of one measure against the defenders of another! What earnestness in speaking! What enthusiasm in applause! Or

turn to the Exchange. Any lukewarmness there? What anxious faces! What throbbing hearts! What agitation about some speculation which may end in the ruin or issue in the new and great prosperity of him who has begun it. Look to the streets, the stations of the railways, anywhere if man be there. Do we find anything but enthusiasm where he believes his safety or his interests are involved?

Is it not the fact, the strange and inexplicable fact, that men who will applaud enthusiasm in the business man, excitement in the senator, are yet the advocates and admirers in Christianity of indifference alike in the pulpit and in the pew.

It is only scepticism that suffers enthusiasm in the things of Cæsar, and will not endure enthusiasm in the weightier and more important things of God. Look where you will, consult any analogy, and see that indifference and apathy are chargeable alike with guilt and inconsistency in the sight of God. We profess to believe that the world of sinners outside of Christ are to be eternally lost unless turned from their evil ways and yet we so live as to give the lie to such a profession, or else stamp ourselves as without the commonest feeling of humanity. The man who does not make his religion the business of his life, may disguise it as he likes, he does not believe, or he believes in Christ as he believes in Washington, or in

some cold dead fact of history which belongs to another age, and has no living connection with him or bearing on his destiny.

Oh I wonder that the truth of the Gospel does not electrify mankind ! It is the awful evidence that a terrible disease has fallen upon us that we can see all the tempest that beat upon that sacred head, and all the love that welcomed the tempest for poor lost man, and sit insensate as icicles. The pearl of great price ! Our redemption ! Oh what it cost Jesus ! agonies which no mortal tongue has ever told, rent and tore His holy heart upon the accursed tree ; and all this agony, the agony of eternity and of infinitude compressed into moments, for me ! for me ! Let us come nearer in faith, in prayer, in thought—

As though we every one
Beneath His cross had stood ;
And saw him heave and heard Him groan,
And felt His gushing blood.

Take off the shoes from thy feet, as on this sacramental occasion you approach this holy table, for thou standest on holy ground—for here God wrote the charter of the world's life in blood, even of His own Son. Stupendous agony ! Rayless abyss of sorrow ! One of the finest passages in all history occurred when Louis Kossuth, speaking of his representative relation to Hungary, with the iron heel of her oppressor right on her burning heart, and

while the ghosts of the martyrs of his fatherland were stalking before his soul, said : "The woes of millions of Magyars are in my heart ! " Yet how even this sublime posture dwindles into insignificance when compared with the posture of Him who, in the high and peculiar sense, bore in His great heart, the woes of men in multitudes like the sands of the seashore, the leaves of the wild woods, or the clustered stars of the midnight firmament. When I see Jesus disrobing himself of the splendor of Godhead, and becoming the babe of Bethlehem, my soul exclaims : Wondrous stoop ! When I see Him, " a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," in His pathway of benediction to men, I say, Amazing condescension ! But when I see Him suffering keenly in spirit under the vile indignities which were heaped upon Him, and for me, even for my sake, muffled up His anguish under scorns and scoffs, buffetings and blows, despising the shame, trampled under His feet the dishonors done Him, that with His stripes I might be healed. When I see Him yielding up Himself to such august agony that His heart was rent with a storm of grief spasms, I say :

O Lamb of God was ever pain
Was ever love like Thine.

Was there ever, can there ever be a more powerful address to the noble affections of men,

than is given us in the breaking heart and in the speaking blood of Jesus ?

Love so amazing, love so divine
Demands my heart, my life, my all.

And to you who despise and reject Him now, to you a voice rolls from the cross over your souls with more than the deep-toned grandeur of Sinaitic thunder : “How shall you escape if you neglect so great a salvation ?”

Preached Sunday morning, *Feb. 6th, 1898.*

IX.

THE DRAWING PREACHER.

And I if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me.—John xii : 32.

I BELIEVE unqualifiedly in Mr. Moody. There is no secret in his drawing power. It is the power of the cross that rouses and shakes the souls of men. I have no quarrel with the man who does not believe in revivals. Let him join some church where the thermometer never gets higher than zero. The great Evangelist's power is not in his thoughts—they are commonplace—it is not in his oratorical power, scores of our Pastors can more successfully thrill aesthetically great audiences. What then moves, melts and subdues vast multitudes, what produces the thrilling sensation and irresistible sympathy, what attracts attention, compels conviction and arouses to action? The colossal and over-mastering thought of the Cross, under which language droops, the thought of a crucified Redeemer flung into men's souls. The all-penetrating, all-pervading, all-animating, all-inflaming motive of Mr. Moody is love for the souls of men, and the weapon he uses, the weapon which is “mighty

through God to the pulling down of strongholds," is the Cross of Christ. Christ lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto Him. Only the silent, melting, subduing power of the Cross can succeed. Forget this, employ man's wisdom, and defeat awaits us. But use this instrumentality and before its almightiness, there can stand no resistance. Let the night, which, like a pall, covers a nation, be ever so thick and palpable, let worship of mammon and pleasure-seeking overshadow a people until it sweeps in its train every star from out their sky, if the Cross go there, its radiance will pierce the gloom, its beams will dissipate the darkness. I feel convinced that the trouble with our churches is that the plain Gospel is not given the prominence in our modern preaching which it deserves. I care not how much of sublimity and beauty there may be in the pulpits, where Christ the Saviour of sinful men is not preached, the sermon though written in Addisonian style and delivered with Demosthenian eloquence, it will be to the soul only the beauty of a snowdrop and the sublimity of the desert. How the Cross exerts this power, who can explain? What is this power at work in these revival meetings, which while the Cross is lifted up, cleaves the bosom of that stranger who has come into the assembly, perhaps through curiosity, perhaps to scoff, and causes that unbelieving man to

fall upon his face, awed, struck down by the manifestation to himself of the secrets of his heart and there to worship and adore, and departing thence, to proclaim the presence of God in his soul? Who can explain this? And who can say what is that mystery which, at a single look can soften and disarm the most inveterate enemy, can unlock as with a key, the soul and untwist all the links which chain it in icy hardness, and break up all the springs and deep fountains of tenderness and penitence and love, and cause men to “look on Him whom they have pierced and mourn as one mourneth for an only son?”

What is all this? I know not. It is a subject not for discussion, but for adoration. I only say, “not of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.”

We have amongst us a class of people who are always crying out,—“We don’t want excitement in religion.” But the Cross will excite. It is the most resistless and restless of agitators. No sooner was it erected than all nature felt its instigations; the earth heaved, the veil of the temple was rent from top to bottom, it agitated the rocks, it shook the sheeted dead from their slumbers, and disturbed the sun himself. Nor has it lost its power. I care not how desperate in sin, and wrapt, as it were, in marble, a man may be, how invulnerable to the most terrifying denunciations and inaccessi-

ble to the most touching remonstrances, he may even be proof against a sainted mother's prayers; but when this tear-compelling story of Jesus and His love is unfolded, when there is mustered before him all the tempest which beat upon that sacred head and all the love which welcomed that tempest for poor lost men, oh, he will not, he cannot be proof against that !

I chanced the other day across an old book published in 1824, relating the workings of the early missionaries among the Indians. One missionary related how he preached to them with all his earnestness, of God, his power, his grandeur and his glory ; but they turned away and laughed at him. Why, they had heard far nobler sermons on these subjects than man could utter. They had sat down by day amid the wild pomp of their mountains, and the sublime silence of their forests ; and at night had looked up at the pageant of unfading fire above their heads. They had listened to the rushing of the cataract, "deep calling unto deep," and to the music of the tempest and the cry of the hurricane. Before their eyes the lightning's fiery flood had rifted the sturdy oak ; and hoarse and strong had thundered on beneath them the might of the earthquake. They had heard THESE preach, and they preached of God in tones which mocked the puny articulations of human eloquence. And now that the white man should come to tell them there is a

God, and that this God is great, and powerful, and glorious, they spurned him in hardness and derision. Baffled in his first effort, the missionary changed his address and proclaimed a crucified Jesus. He opened his Bible, and read to them these words, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life"—"God spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all." Nor did he preach in vain now. The gaze of his audience was at once fastened. They were astonished at the doctrine, and their hearts were at once touched. As the speaker went on with "the faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance"; as he led them from scene to scene of the Saviour's humiliation and sorrow, from the manger to the garden and from the garden to the judgment hall, smothered sobs and murmurs began to be heard, until at last, when he brought them to the cross and showed them, nailed there, the abused and suffering Son of God, and exclaimed, "All this for you; these tears, these groans, this blood for you!" the poor savages could refrain no longer; they had stood all else, but they could not stand this; they cried out, "Is this true? Is this true?" and lifted up their voices and wept aloud.

CHAPTER X.

THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

But she that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.
—1 Timothy v. 6.

THE living dead are not all of one sex. There are as many men who are as completely given over to purposeless pleasure seeking as women. But here the Apostle writes to women, and it is therefore to the type of feminine character here portrayed that I shall confine my remarks. If the fault indicated in the text could be corrected on the woman's side, her mighty influence would soon correct it on the man's side.

The pleasure here spoken of need not be guilty pleasure. The thing assumed is that it has become the sphere of excess, the one thing on which the soul feeds. It is not buoyancy of spirits that is here in question. There is not on earth a brighter phantom of delight than a woman as God made her. The popular notion is that in becoming a Christian you must give up all social enjoyment, no more must you laugh or sing or make merry—henceforth your life must be set to the tune of the “Dead March in Saul.” It is a want of Christianity, and not Christianity itself that makes so many Chris-

tians wear sad and unsmiling looks when at their worship and service of God. If the dead form hangs out its appropriate signal, do not say these funeral weeds are the sign and fruit of religious life. David swept his harp and sang: "I will rejoice and be glad in Thee." "Shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart." And the Apostle, ages after, takes up the strain, "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, rejoice."

There is so much sorrow in the earth that it needs all the mirth of womanhood to lighten it. But light-heartedness is one thing and frivolity another. It is the blight of frivolity that is seizing upon so many of our brightest women, with their possibilities of noble womanhood, crushing out their aspirations after an unselfish life and turning their existence into the dreary mockery of a living death.

To say that a young man has become dissipated is to draw a black line through his name, erasing it from the roll of those who are accounted honorable and useful, and in that application it implies unsteadiness of character, intemperance and those faults so destructive of usefulness and true respectability. If dissipation is too harsh a word, it is because we cannot find another term which implies the same fault of character, although in the external man it is so different. Female dissipation is pleasure-seeking, the love of admiration, de-

votedness to fashion, selfishness and the like. These lead to extravagance, waste of time, frivolity of character, neglect of duty, un-womanliness of conduct, in a word to a selfish, worldly, irreligious life. All this may be without anything which if taken by itself can be called sinful. It is the making a business of pleasure, the surrendering of one's self, body and mind, to the finified fooleries of fashion, and to the supreme demands of social life, so that the enormous accumulation of trifles rests upon the soul with almost as heavy weight as the greater, coarser faults which men commit.

The reason of woman's drift toward frivolity lies partly in her nature and partly in her surroundings. There is in woman's nature a fondness for trifling details, an interest in small things, and it is this vivid interest in details which makes her so much more interesting than men. But just because of this capacity for interest in trifles there is danger that trifles light as air may absorb the life. But the temptation lies in part in the woman's surroundings. As a rule she is not dependent upon her own exertions. No definite thought of a serious life is forced upon her as it is upon young men. When she is done with school she finds herself with nothing to do. The young man while in college may throw himself into base-ball and boating as though these were the momentous things in life, but he

comes out, and forthwith finds himself with serious business on hand. The school days over, the young woman finds herself face to face with the claims of society, and a fitting work it is to entertain strangers, and bring together various households into a friendly whole. She leaves school at the age when the mind is attaining maturity of judgment which would make her studies of real use, and she passes in a moment from the discipline of girlhood to the recognized position of a young lady of society. Her ambitious parents spare no expense, particularly for the first season, for everything depends upon a good impression being now made. The home is thrown open, the game of life is begun. Cards and invitations pour in and afford the principal reading, and what shall we wear? is the all-absorbing question. Day after day is given to visits of etiquette, to receptions, to prolonged consultations about the latest fashions, and to other things which are as nearly nothing as it is in the nature of anything to be. The night is not spared. At the proper time for young people to retire, the dress is complete, the feverish excitement begins, to be continued with increasing hilarity until night yields to morning. Too excited to feel weary they spend the best part of the next day in the repose needed for the renewal of like occupations the next night. In this way years are passed in the pursuit of

pleasure which is half the time falsely so called. What shall I call it but dissipation ! It is an uninterrupted round of merry-makings and shows and vanities whose aim is ambition, pure and simple, and which brings neither happiness to the frame, culture to the mind, enlargement to the sympathies, peace to the heart, nor an approving conscience !

Is this woman's sphere ? Are these her social duties ? Is this the reasonable service to which she as a child of God is to dedicate the first fresh years of her womanhood ? Is this the proper preparation for the lofty duties and serious responsibilities of wife and mother ? Now if all this fashionable dissipation were in itself objectionable, which is far from the truth, yet is it not a sad thing for a woman to give the best part of her life to trivial amusements ? How undignified, how careless, how un-Christian such a life is, is expressed in Paul's judgment upon it when he says : "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." It is a strong picture ! Moving, speaking, laughing, dead !

I recall Valjean's dream in "Les Miserables," how, conscious of his crime, he slept, and sleep revealed to him the death of sin. He dreamed that he was at Romainville, a little garden park near Paris, full of music, and flowers, and pleasure. But as he in his dream came to this domain of revelry, the flowers and the trees and the very sky are all of the color of ashes. Lean-

ing against the wall he finds a man at the corner where the two streets meet. "Why is all so still?" The man seems not to hear, and makes no reply. In amazement Valjean wanders on through the vacant rooms and courts and gardens, all the color of ashes, and finds everywhere silence: by the fountains, in the pavilions, everywhere these silent men and women who have no answer to his question. In horror he endeavors to fly from the ashen abode of terror, when looking back he finds all the inhabitants of the lifeless town suddenly clustering about him, crying, "Do you not know that you have been dead for a long time?" With a cry Valjean awakes and feels his sin. So I see in society dead men and women about me. Beneath that silken robe and sparkling necklace, loathsome death; behind that laugh and empty jest—a dead woman—walking, talking, jesting, drinking, feasting, dead and yet alive, living and yet dead—dead to God, dead to real purpose of life, dead to all true womanhood. The late Dr. Worcester adds: "Dead but not buried and therefore a dead weight upon all the living with whom she still has ties. She who was made to be a helpmate, a prop, a stay, becomes instead a clog, a burden which man must carry. A dead weight upon her father. Early and late he toils, rarely taking a vacation, that his wife and daughters may make a round of pleasure, and a continual display of

bewildering toilets. A dead weight upon her husband when she has one. As for companionship, as for helpfulness, as for intelligent sympathy in his plans and struggles, poor man, he looks to her in vain. What a heavy, hopeless drag upon manly ambition is the self-indulgent woman whose only concern in life is pleasure. In the great conflict of life when pain and anguish wring the brow, she will be too much occupied with her own hysterics to counsel him. She is a dead weight upon her children. Better were it for her children if they were motherless in name as they are in fact, for then other hearts would yearn towards them, and some true home open to take them in." She dismisses her children to the care of servants that her round of gaiety may go uninterrupted.

Another objection to the mode of life just described is in the extravagance to which it leads, the attempt to live in a style which is beyond the financial ability as well as station in life. This is a great and increasing evil among us. Each one tries to outdo the other, until a style of dress and entertainment is established, enough to impoverish all but the very richest, and to exclude all sensible people from competition. If it were not for the dangers which this spirit of social rivalry is developing, all this empty parade of pride, this glitter and envious extravagance would be of little consequence, but it is of consequence, and great

consequence because it plays an important part on the morals of our nation. Look at the enormous defalcations in America in the last few years : in 1893 the known defalcations amounted to \$19,000,000. In 1894, they had increased to over \$25,000,000, and in 1895, \$30,000,000.

A distinguished citizen of Chicago recently investigated the causes that brought men into Illinois State penitentiary, and he came forth with the discovery that over one-third of the convicts are married men, and sixty-four per cent. of the married men declared their fall was due to extravagance. We judge what we ought to have by what we see other people have. What others have we are determined to have if we must go in debt for it. John Randolph arose in Congress, and stretching himself to his full height, cried out in a shrill voice : "Mr. Chairman, I have found the philosopher's stone that turns everything into gold,—pay as you go."

This widespread extravagance is one of the greatest moral evils with which a nation can be afflicted, and the splendor of which our extremely wealthy are so extravagantly fond is fast asserting itself with extraordinary virulence upon all classes, demoralizing society and injuring the rising generation by the contempt which it throws upon the sober virtues of diligence and economy. The newspapers of the

day are continually heralding in the most flattering manner the actions of our wealthy families, their balls and dinners, their dresses and turn-outs are all raved about, and as the world seems to applaud their actions, why should those be blamed who, touched by the prevailing spirit of extravagance, see no wrong until they are known to the world as defaulters or disreputables? So with the poor girl, her mind, bewildered by the applause which greets her wealthy, pompous sisters, concludes that the world loves ornament and display, and soon is wrapped in luxury at the expense of virtue.

It has been truly said : "The more affectionate and doting a woman is, the worse for her husband. Were she a termagant, he could harden himself against her, but when she coaxes and cries like Samson's wife, in nine cases out of ten he will do what Lydgate did when he married Rosamond Vincy, give up all his ambition for study, stifle the voice of his conscience when it demands sacrifice, and devote himself to gaining the wherewithal to keep sunshine at his fireside by the unlimited indulgence of a frivolous woman's fancies." When the husband of Vittoria Collona was offered the crown of Naples as an inducement to join the league against his sovereign, Charles V., she prevailed upon him to spurn the offer. Suppose that dazzled by the glitter of royalty, she had coaxed him to make her a queen, would

he have refused the bribe? I doubt it. That is what is going on in hundreds of homes in New York City. Women have their hearts set upon show, upon glitter, upon dress, upon social distinction, upon newspaper notoriety, upon surpassing some rival, upon more of the luxuries and splendors of wealth, and are leading their husbands, unconsciously perhaps, to abandon their integrity for the sake of show.

Now what are the causes leading to such pleasure-seeking, do-nothing lives? Are not men to blame in many cases? Are they not giving themselves so closely to business, that they have no time to devote to their families, making their homes mere places to eat and sleep? Do not men imagine their duty done when they toil to supply their wives with dresses, houses, and turn-outs? Are not hundreds of our wealthy women practically deprived of the attention and society of their husbands, and time hanging so heavily on their hands they find themselves seeking pleasure elsewhere than at home, and almost beyond their control they find home disagreeable to them, and before they know it, they are brought to a state of mind that engages all their faculties in discovering modes of enjoyment, rather than methods of usefulness.

How many homes there are in this city where poverty has never left its pinch, nor sickness paid its visit, and yet where a skeleton

more grim than death haunts the cupboard and an ache sharper than consumption's tooth gnaws at the heart. The wife sits solitary at home, while the husband spends his evenings seeking pleasure away from home. This is ungenerous. What more is needed to "make home dark, to poison hope, to turn joy out of doors, to change life into a funeral, the marriage robe into a shroud and the grave into a refuge? It does not want drunkenness, and blows to work sacrilege in the temple of the home, only a little coldness where the fire should burn, only neglect where love should glow, only a sneer where there should be a smile, only short answers where there should be loving kindness."

Another objection to be found in the dissipation of fashionable life is the frequent sacrifice of health. The physical education of women is at best too much disregarded. It is quite a luxury to see a society woman of thirty-five in the enjoyment of vigorous health, with a fresh, natural color. Before the school days are over the dissipation begins. The lessons are learned with double diligence, that the afternoon and evening may be given to pleasure. How frequently when the winter is over do we see young ladies pale and languid, as if recovering from a long illness. Do you wonder why the number of healthy women in the higher circles is so small?

Permit me now to make some suggestions not so much with a view of giving instruction, as of exciting thought.

Have an aim in life that is worthy of all the deepest and strongest in woman's nature. Life is an earnest thing and you will miss all its glory, and all its reward if you take it as a jest.

Don't live for dress simply. Beauty in dress is a good thing. God is a lover of dress. He has put robes of beauty and glory upon all his works. Who can doubt that he will smile upon the evidence of correct taste manifested by his children ?

The Bible says the body is more than raiment, but many people read the Bible Hebrew-wise, backward, and thus the general conviction now is that raiment is more than the body. To love dress is not to be a slave to fashion, but to love dress only and above everything, to give it your best thought, and most of your money, and for it to neglect the culture of the mind, and the claims of others on your services, to care more for dress than disposition, to be disturbed more over an ill-fitting dress than a forgotten God, is slavery.

As I move in society I cannot help having the melancholy thought forced upon me of the precious time squandered in the fashioning of fabrics that will soon be rags, and bedecking with gold and gems a body that will soon be

dust. Oh the time, the thought, the treasures of a life that will presently be gone and the imperishable beauty of a true womanhood lost forever. The old monks used to sometimes keep upon their tables a skull that they might be reminded of the end to which they must soon come. I would not have you keep such a death's head upon your toilet table, yet I wish that sometimes as you stand before your mirrors in your most beautiful array and your pulse bounds at your admiration of self, there would come up before you the vision of a skeleton laid away in its narrow house with all the bravery of life about it gone, and that in all earnestness you might ask yourself this question : When I come to that shall I still have a beauty which the grave cannot swallow up, and shall shine above the stars ?

I don't know of anything that will so surely cure the restlessness of our society women as children. "What the women leave unfinished in our moral education," says Goethe, "the children complete in us." And if, as Emerson says, a man is undeveloped and unperfected until he knows what it is to have a little child look up into his face and say, "Father," how much more true of a woman is it that she is undeveloped and unperfected until she knows what it is to have a little child look up in her face and say, "Mother." Children are the poetry of the world, beams of light, fountains

of love, fresh flowers of hearts and homes, incarnations of the smile of God, God's apostles sent forth day by day to preach of love, of hope, of peace. The children bring benedictions from heaven when they come, and while they stay they are perpetual benedictions. If you have no child, go home determined to adopt one.

Cultivate your minds by study. Acquire an eager thirst for knowledge. Be fond of reading, and the best kind of reading. Love knowledge. Desire to arrive at truth. Be anxious to investigate the mysteries of nature. Covet to enrich your minds with the treasures dug up and distributed in such abundance in this wonderful age.

Set out with an aim, a purpose to be useful. Give your soul to the passion for being useful. Feel as if you did not enjoy life unless you lived to be useful. Account usefulness the charm of existence, the sugar that sweetens the cup of life. Any serious purpose will save you from frivolity.

May I not suggest to you the purpose to become a good housekeeper and home-maker. Mothers, train your daughters not to be fine and helpless ladies, but to be useful wives and mothers. To make home a seat of holiness and happiness, to fill one such sphere with an influence sweet and sacred, to irradiate countenances with delight, to fill hearts with content,

and to prepare characters for their future part in life—such a mission is worthy the incarnation of an angel. The strength and stability of the nation, the springs of our Republic's prosperity lie in well-trained families. It has grown into a proverb that the home has ever been the nursery of great men, and mothers their instructors.

Choose Christ's service. How many open doors are waiting for your entrance? Home is the chief place of your duty, and no public objects of any kind must be allowed to interfere with it. You must cultivate well, for God, the home, if you never do anything outside. One of the dangers of our age lies in too much attention to public duties. Your business is not to attend to public gatherings and outside charities, until you have made your own home all that your wisest thought and best skill can make it. It will never do to serve God with time taken from family duty. I have known husbands to come home from the fatigue and vexation of the world's business, pining for the soothing influence of a wife's sweet voice, to have sat for hours in sadness and solitude, because she was away doing angel's work in the lanes and streets of the city, while the angels were mourning over neglected duties within the hallowed walls of her own home. Still, a woman may "look well to the ways of her household," and yet, "stretch out her hands to the poor."

Except in the case of a large family, a destitution of all public spirit is no credit to any woman. The two extremes are then to be avoided, of allowing on the one hand the duties of home so entirely to engross the female heart as to feel no interest in the alleviation of the world's sorrows and the reformation of its vices, and to cherish no desire to promote the great objects of Christian zeal which our women are founding and conducting with so much enthusiasm and such abounding success.

Benevolence requires leisure. My appeal is therefore especially to young women. In no heart is benevolence more beautiful than in youthful woman's. A fashionable woman once spoke jestingly to me of having become a minister of the Gospel when I might have made so much money with the same energy in business, and she said : " I should think you would find your life exceedingly stupid." I said : " I should think you would be the one who would find life stupid. I should think you would find your existence almost intolerable. You seem to draw out of life all the warmth. You absorb the attention and dutiful care of your husband and friends, and give out nothing in return but cold indifference. Wherever you go the atmosphere always drops below zero. You just absorb. Blessings are yours day by day, and God's love and goodness are about you like the atmosphere. You drink these things into

your being as plants do the sunlight, and you never appear to acknowledge the blessings you receive of happiness and prosperity that come along, and seem to give out nothing in like kind, no sympathy, no charity, no kindness, no love. You just absorb, nothing more," and that woman admitted that I was right, that her life was stupid, Godless.

A clergyman well-known to you, a day or two before the New Year received the following letter from a man whom he took from the gutter and from prison, and established in life :

“DEAR SIR,—At the closing of a year that opened to me in almost hopeless gloom, accept my sincerest wishes that the coming New Year may be to you a bright and a happy one, and at its close you may be able to recall some act that was the means of saving a fellow-man, and many a life brightened by the sunlight of restored hope may be traced back to some humble efforts of yours in practising the Gospel that so many only preach.”

Do you call such a life as that stupid? What is life? Not a mere lapse of years. We have need often to remind ourselves of the truth contained in the lines of Bailey's “Festus”:

We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial ;
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

O you poor souls living in uselessness ! how can I make you see what you are losing ? What can I say but, " Rise up, ye women that are at ease, tremble ye careless daughters ! " and repeat the old call, " Awake ye that sleep, arise from the dead and Christ shall give you light ! "

There is a beautiful legend of the sweet-toned bells of the angels of Heaven which softly ring out at twilight. Their notes make music supremely enchanting, but none can hear it save those whose hearts are cleansed from all unlovingness and selfishness. This is only a legend, but those who thoughtfully and unselfishly live for others make a music the strains of which are not only enrapturing on earth, but are heard in heaven.

The heart that feels the approval
That comes from kindly deed
Knows well there's no sweeter music
On which the spirit can feed.

In sweet'ning the life of another,
In relieving a brother's distress,
The soul finds its highest advancement,
And the holiest blessedness.

That life is alone worth living
That lives for another's gain,
The life that comes after such living
Is the rainbow after the rain.

This spirit of human kindness
Is the angel the soul most needs.
It sings its most wonderful paeon,
While the heart does its noblest deeds."

Sunday Evening, *April 3*, 1898.

CHAPTER XI.

CHRISTIANITY VERSUS CHURCHIANITY.

Now if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His.—Romans viii. 9.

CREEDS and churches are not Christianity. Christ is Christianity, and he is a Christian who has the spirit of Christ.

Christ's was an humble spirit. What a matchless view of His humility we have in John xii., when He rose from his supper, laid aside His garments and took a towel, girded Himself, poured water into a basin, and began to wash His disciples' feet. Christ is on earth as one that serveth. Humility followed Him from His birth in the manger to His borrowed grave. We have just as much of Christianity as we have humility.

Humility consists not in wearing mean clothes, and in being ridden submissively at the pleasure of everybody. If a man has too mean an opinion of himself it will render him unserviceable both to God and man.

The lesson of Christ's humility is that we should be willing to take the humblest place to serve others. We need the John the Baptist

spirit, not envious of the success of others, saying with our eye on the Lord, "He must increase but I must decrease." A Christian minister said, "I was never of any use until I found out that God did not make me for a great man." High trees are commonly fruitless, and what grows on them hangs high above our reach. So we have more good of the humble servant of God who is willing to communicate what he has. The proud servant looks so high that even if he bore fruit it could not be reached by God's poor people.

The peacock has graceful hues, that put to shame the richest fabrics ever wrought in looms. Could he but look at his ugly feet his pride would abate. So with men: if there be beauty, rank, wealth, fame, talent, success, or any other thing that will engender pride, there is also some other counterpart to keep them humble. Some shrewd philosopher has said that if the best man had his faults written on his forehead they would make him pull his hat over his eyes.

Feltham says: "Of all the trees I observe that God has chosen the vine—a low plant that creeps along the helpful wall, of all the beasts the soft and pliant lamb, of all birds the mild and guileless dove. When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the lofty cedar, nor in the spreading palm, but a bush—a humble, abject bush."

“The bird that soars on highest wing,
 Builds on the ground her lowly nest,
 And she that doth most sweetly sing,
 Sings in the shade when all things rest :
 In lark and nightingale we see
 What honor hath humility.

“The saint that wears heaven’s brightest crown,
 In deepest adoration bends,
 The weight of glory bows him down
 The most when most his soul ascends :
 Nearest the throne itself must be
 The footstool of humility.”

Christ’s was a compassionate spirit. “I have compassion on the multitude.” For the unfortunate leper he had a friendly look, a kindly word and a deed of tenderness. “Being moved with compassion he put forth his hand and touched him.” Meeting the blind beggar on the Jericho highway, “Jesus stood, and had compassion on him and touched his eyes.” When the Lord saw the widow’s tears at the gate of Nain, bewailing the loss of an only son, he had compassion on her, and said with infinite tenderness, “Weep not !” Do the compassionate words and loving deeds of a tender Saviour find a transcript in our lives ?

Baptisms, confirmations and church membership do not make Christians. You cannot make Christians to order by law. In a certain formal sense the baptized man or woman is a Christian—just as all foreigners who have been naturalized are Americans before the law. But the simple act of naturalization will not make

any man a good American. There is a vast difference between naturalizing a man and *nationalizing* him. He is an American who is an American at heart, who owns but one country, tolerates but one allegiance and floats but one flag, whose sympathies and choices, whose heroic labors and sacrifices in behalf of his country make him deserve the name of American. So the mere act of baptism gives a man a poor title to the Christian name. Paul said that the man was not a Jew who was one outwardly, that the mere rite of circumcision was nothing, that he was only a Jew who was one inwardly, at heart. If Paul could say that about the Jewish Church, which was avowedly a ritualistic organization, surely it is safe to say the same thing about the Christian Church, which differs from the Jewish Church mainly in caring less for rites and more for righteousness.

Faith is essential to salvation, but faith in some people's understanding of it, is a vivid perception of truth, as the church fathers defined it. But faith in this sense of the word makes nobody a Christian. "The devils believe and tremble." It is of great importance to understand and believe the truth which relates to Christ and His Kingdom, but the most unhesitating assent of the intellect to the most orthodox creeds, catechisms, commentaries and systems ever framed will make no man a Christian.

The grandest profession of the religion of Jesus Christ a man can ever make is a holy life devoted to making the world wiser, happier and holier. I believe in the importance of professing faith in Jesus Christ's work as the foundation of a sinner's hope, in the usual mode in the church, but grander than that is a life all devoted to glorifying Christ by living in obedience to His commands, and so make the world a little less accursed, and more worthy of God. A man may be a member of the most orthodox church in Christendom, and he may sit at all her communions for a lifetime, if he be mean and selfish and careless of the world's condition, he is no Christian, while, on the other hand, a man may, like Peter Cooper, have peculiarities of religious belief, and yet if he spends his whole life for others as Peter Cooper did, he is so much like Christ I shall call him a Christian. These anonymous lines describe the feelings and acts of a Christian :

Blest is the man whose softening heart
 Feels all another's pain,
 To whom the supplicating eye
 Was never raised in vain,
 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
 A stranger's woes to feel,
 And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
 He wants the power to heal.
 To gentle offices of love
 His feet are never slow,
 He views through Mercy's melting eye
 A brother in a foe.

Heaven will not be a place of white robes and golden harps and psalm-singing only, but it will also be a place for living, loving and doing. Be not simply good, be good for something. This will make your life comfortable, your death happy, your funeral sad, your account glorious and your eternity blessed.

“ How sweet ’t will be at evening
 If you and I can say,
 ‘ Good Shepherd, we ’ve been seeking
 The lambs that went astray.
 Heartsore, and faint with hunger,
 We ’ve heard them making moan,
 And lo! we come at nightfall
 Bringing them safely home!’ ”

Christ’s was an unselfish spirit. “ He pleased not himself.” His entire life was an embodiment of that “ love which seeketh not her own.”

One summer Sunday evening on Mizzen Top, General Lew Wallace, in discussing my sermon of that day, said in substance what he afterwards more fully brought out in his “ Prince of India,” the broad distinction between Churchianity and Christianity. “ It is well known to you,” said he, “ that our Lord did not found a church during his lifetime, but gave authority for it to His Apostles. It is well known to you also that what His Apostles founded was but a community, for such is the description : “ All that believed were together, and had all things in common, and sold

their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need.”—Acts ii. 44,45. And again, “The multitude of them that believed were of one heart and one soul, neither said any one of them that ought of the things which he possessed were his own, but they had all things in common. Neither was there any among them that lacked, for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them and brought the prices of the things which were sold, and laid them at the Apostles’ feet, and distribution was made to every man according as he had need.”—Acts iv. 32, 34, 35, 37. But in time this community became known as the Church, and there was nothing in it except our Lord’s Creed, in definition of the faith: “First Article: Belief in God,—“Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life.”—John v. 24. Second article: Belief in Christ. “Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me hath everlasting life.—John vi. 47. And two ordinances for the Church,—Baptism for the remission of sins, that the baptized might receive the Comforter, and the Sacraments of the Lord’s supper, that believers, as often as they partook of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ might be reminded of Him.” “And,” he continued, “in the space of three generations the Church, based upon this simple creed, became a power from Alexandria to Lo-

dinum, and though kings banded to tread it out, though day and night the smell of the blood of the righteous, spilt by them, was an offense to God, though there was no ingenuity more amongst men except to devise methods of torture for the steadfast, still the Church grew, and if you dig deep enough for the reasons of its triumphant resistance these are they : There was Divine life in the Creed, and the community was perfect in one, insomuch that the brethren quarreled not among themselves, neither was there jealousy, envy or rivalry among them, neither did they dispute about immaterial things, such as, which was the right mode of baptism, or whether the bread should be leavened or unleavened, or whence the Holy Spirit proceeded, whether from the Father or from the Father and the Son together ; neither did men forsake a poor flock for a rich one that their salaries might be increased, nor engage in building costly tabernacles for the sweets of vanity in tall spires, neither did any study the Scriptures seeking a text, or a form, or an observance on which to go out and draw from the life of the old Commandment that they might set up a new one, and in their houses of God never did a suppliant for the mercy of God look first at the garments of the neighbor next him lest the mercy might lose a virtue because of a patch or a tatter. The Creed was too plain for quibble or dispute,

and there was no ambition in the Church except who should best glorify Christ by living most obedient to His commands. Thence came the perfection of unity in faith and works, and all went well with the Primitive Church of the Apostles, and the Creed was like unto the white horse seen by the seer of the final visions, and the Church was like Him who sat upon the horse, with a bow in His hand, unto whom a crown was given, and He went forth conquering and to conquer."

I was silent, for I knew only too well that the Church to-day is not the same Church the Apostles founded, for how could there be so many parties all claiming to be the only true Church? Where is the Church of the Apostles? Truly, if you look for the community which was the law of the old brotherhood your search will be in vain.

Are you dying daily unto self as unto sin? If you should die to-day, could men and women and children look upon your quiet face, lay snow-white flowers against your hair, smooth it down with tearful tenderness, and fold your hands with a lingering caress? Could your friends call to mind with loving thought some gentle word the frozen lips had said, or some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought? Would you be mourned? A dry-eyed funeral is a sad sight! "He lived—he died." This would make a fitting epitaph for many. Cradle and

grave are closely brought together, there is nothing between them.

'Oh, man, forget not thou earth's honored priest,
 Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart.
 In life's great chorus to sustain thy part !
 Chiefest of guests at love's ungrudging feast,
 Play not the niggard, spurn thy native clod,
 And *self* disown,
 Live to thy neighbor, live unto thy God,
 Not to thyself alone !"

Christ's was a forgiving spirit. Jesus said : "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." With sublime sweetness of soul, while treading the wine-press alone, the divine Saviour gathered His expiring breath to plead for His foes. What a chaplet of forgiveness He twined together in the hours of His darkness and agony, and left behind as a legacy of loving patience to blush and breathe upon our unforgiving spirits and unrelenting words ! Can you, as a Christian, on account of some petty grievance unworthy of a calm thought, indulge the look of cold estrangement ? "If any man have a quarrel against any, even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye." "Revenge is sweet" only to a little, weak and narrow mind.

There are occasions when we do well to be angry. There is a meekness which is the gentleness of weakness. A good man's anger, according to an old proverb, is like the spark

the steel strikes from the flint—it requires a hard blow to kindle it, and it soon expires. But how seldom is the truth of this saying verified! No fire is so easy to kindle and none so hard to extinguish as our human resentments.

The little things that are so often done to us on the spur of the moment, in an outburst of passion—how small they all are. The Koran says that two angels guard every man on the earth, one watching on each side of him, and when at night he sleeps they fly up to Heaven with a written report of all his words and actions during the day. Every good thing he does is recorded at once and repeated ten times lest some item may be omitted or lost from the account. But when they come to a sinful thing the angel on the right says to the angel on the left: “Forbear to record that for seven hours, perchance he may be sorry for it, and repent and pray and obtain forgiveness.”

This is a true picture of the way God regards our lives. He is slow to write down our sins against us. We, as His children, are to repeat in our lives something of His forgiveness and forbearance. If we are hard and severe towards others, our prayer, “forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors,” is only a form and mockery. Bishop Heber thus presents “The Alternative”:

O God! my sins are manifold, against my life they cry,
And all my guilty deeds forgone up to Thy temple fly,

Wilt thou release my trembling soul, that to despair is driven?

“Forgive,” a blessed voice replied, “and thou shalt be forgiven!”

My foemen, Lord, are fierce and fell, they spurn me in their pride,

They render evil for my good, my patience they deride,
Arise! my King! and be the proud in righteous ruin driven!

“Forgive,” the awful answer came, “as thou wouldst be forgiven!”

Seven times, O Lord, I've pardoned them, seven times they've sinned again,

They practise still to work me woe, and triumph in my pain,
But let them dread my vengeance now, to just resentment driven!

“Forgive!” the voice in thunder spake, “or never be forgiven!”

Christ's spirit was prayerful. “He continued all night in prayer to God.” Jesus had no convenient place to pray in, yet he found a place because he was so disposed. He consecrated the solitudes of Olivet, and the shores of Tiberias. Isaac prayed in a field, Daniel in the lion's den, Peter on the house-top, Nathaniel under the fig-tree. Any place may become a closet or a Bethel and the presence of God to us. May not the languid spirit, the drooping faith and lukewarm love you so much deplore be traced to an unfrequented closet? Without prayer all our religious life will fade as the

flower on which no sun shines. Prayer brings new light into the mind and calms the agitation with which the heart is torn and weary.

Harriet Beecher Stowe asks: "Did you ever see a little child rushing home from school in hot haste, with glowing cheeks and tearful eyes, burning and smarting under some fancied or real injustice or injury in school life? He runs through the streets, he rushes into the house, he puts off every one who tries to comfort him. "No, no," he doesn't want them," he "wants mother," he is going to "tell mother," and when he finds her he throws himself into her arms and sobs out to tell her all the tumult of his feelings, right or wrong, reasonable or unreasonable. The school is hateful, the teacher is hard, and the lessons are too long, he can't learn them, and the boys laugh at him, won't she say that he need not go any more? Now, though the mother does not pretend to answer his foolish petitions, she soothes him by sympathy, she calms him, she reasons with him, she inspires him with courage to meet the necessary trials of school life—in short, her grace is sufficient for her boy, her strength perfects his weakness, he comes out tranquilized, calm and happy—not that he is going to get his foolish wishes, but that his mother has taken the matter in hand and is going to look into it, and the right thing is going to be done." This illustrates forcibly the kind of help we get when

“in everything by prayer we make known our requests to God.”

Prayer does not take away our trials. But meet your trial with prayer, cast your care on God, who careth for you, claim Him as your Father, though you cannot now see through His ways, and “little grains of strength will be given you in one way or another, sanctifying and softening thoughts pour into your soul and before you know it you pass from bitterness into the courage of endurance, and from endurance into battle, and from battle into victory, until at last the trial so blesses your life that you will thank God for the very hand which seemed to smite you.”

Christ's was the spirit of devotedness to God. “My meat and my drink are to do the will of Him that sent me.” Let us make our Heavenly Father's business the business of life. Let our Christian living be no longer a secondary thing. Put Christ first. Gather all the choicest affections of your heart into one precious alabaster box of love, break it and pour it out before Jesus. Let the gifts you bring to Him be the rarest and choicest that you can find. Let the work of Christ be the one thing which kindles your warmest thoughts and calls forth your choicest service. Let your noblest ministrations be performed for Christ. Give yourselves to him. Consecrate your energies to Him more fully, and labor more earnestly than you have ever done.

“ Thou must be true thyself,
 If thou the truth wouldst teach,
 Thy soul must overflow, if thou
 Another's soul wouldst reach,
 It needs the overflow of heart
 To give the lips full speech.”

Christ's was a cross bearing spirit. “ He carried our sorrows.” “ He was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities.” Dwell much under the shadow of your Lord's cross and you will think lightly of your own.

The whitest robes in Heaven will be found on those that have been baptized with suffering and bathed in tears. “ Who are these arrayed in white robes, and whence came they? These are they who came up out of the great tribulation.”

“ The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
 Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.
 No traveler ever reached that blest abode
 Who found not thorns and briers on the road.”

Christ's spirit was calm in death. “ Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.” The secret of this tranquillity was : “ Father, I have glorified thee on earth, I have finished the work thou gavest me to do.” Will it be so with us? Will our work be done? Death is not an enemy to God's children, it is the end of all travail, the gate of gladness, the port of Paradise, the beginning of all blissfulness. It

is a passage to our Father, it is going home. Home! Where sickness, sorrow and death shall never enter, where cares, fears and anxieties are never felt, where privations, unkindnesses and disappointments are never known, where sorrow and sighing, and tears and death shall flee away, and everlasting joy and gladness shall be upon our heads. Home! Sweet home! Beautiful home! Glorious home! Everlasting home! Home with each other, knowing and loving each other! Home with God! Home! Home! Through the rich grace of Christ Jesus, may we all at last reach Home!

Sunday morning *March 27th*, 1898.

XII.

THE SPIDER.*

The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces.—PROVERBS, xxx. 28.

OUR text opens before us the gate of Solomon's palace, which required fifteen and a half years to complete, and unmindful of the magnificence surrounding us,—a style of grandeur which almost surpasses credence, inspiration points us to a spider plying its shuttle and weaving its net on the wall. Many are the lessons the spider may teach us :

LESSON THE FIRST.

God has made nothing loathsome. Methinks I can see Solomon's servants, broom in hand, rushing in to brush the intruder down. Yet nothing that Solomon had in all that palace was so delicately constructed as that spider. Your botanist may spend a lifetime studying the nature of plants and make himself familiar with all the trees and flowers, from the mighty pine whose life extends through hundreds of

* Notes from sermon preached Sunday morning *March 6th*, 1898, published by request of little Miss Eva Rae, Rowlandson Mass., to whom the author affectionately dedicates this sermon.

years to the yellow primrose that dies in bringing tidings of the coming spring. Your chemist may collect and analyze the minerals and earths and liquid gases until he has examined every substance, and defined and tested every force which he can find in the whole kingdom of nature. Your astronomer may spend the nights of years in exploring the fields of space, counting the number and tracing the pathway of worlds; but I shall take the leaf holding the spider, and while I shall bring the microscope to my eye, and while I gaze, look, and study the wondrous construction of its eight eyes, the delicate and beautiful prehensile with which the spider clutches its prey, I am confounded; and in its geometric web, which is composed of five thousand separate strands, and each strand so intertwined as to secure the greatest amount of strength with the least expenditure of material, I am fascinated with unfathomable mystery, until I cry out, "Great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty!"

LESSON THE SECOND.

Industry and Perseverance will mount into the king's palace. That was a long distance for the spider to climb, it must have started from the foot of the outside wall and gone over the panels of Lebanon cedar, higher and higher, until it stood higher than the highest throne in

the world. And so God has decreed it, that they who "take hold with their hands" shall attain to the king's palace.

Sloth never made its way in the world and never will. Nathaniel Hawthorne writes : "It is my creed that a man has no claim upon his fellow-creatures beyond bread and water and a grave, unless he can win it by his own strength or skill."

Columbus was the son of a weaver ; Horace, of a shopkeeper ; Virgil, of a porter ; Homer, of a small farmer ; Shakspeare, of a wool-stapler. Burns was a plowman, Napoleon was of an obscure family in Corsica, Lincoln was a rail-splitter, Grant was a tanner, and Garfield a tow-boy on a canal. Henry Clay learned to speak in a barn with only a cow or a horse for an audience. When Webster was in Dartmouth College, a friend sent him a recipe for greasing his boots, and in thanking him the poor boy added : "But my boots need other doctoring, for they will admit water and even gravel-stones." Alexander Dumas said : "When I found that I was black, I resolved to live as if I were white, and so force men to look below my skin."

Rothschild, the founder of the wealthiest family in modern times, began life as a peddler ; John Jacob Astor, the son of a German butcher, at the age of sixteen left his home at Waldorf, near Heidelberg, and, walking to the

coast of Holland, embarked for London in a Dutch smack. After working industriously four years in London, in 1783, he sailed for America, taking with him a few hundred dollars' worth of musical instruments to dispose of on commission; the musical instruments he exchanged in New York for furs, and laid the foundation of his great fortune. On May 1, 1810, Cornelius Vanderbilt asked his mother to lend him one hundred dollars to buy a boat. She said: "On the twenty-seventh of this month you will be sixteen years old. If by that time, you will plow, harrow, and plant with corn the eight-acre lot, I will advance you the money." The work was done, and Cornelius Vanderbilt soon had the best business in New York harbor and early identified himself with the growing railroad interests of the country, and died the richest man of his day in America. Andrew Carnegie began life as an office boy in Pittsburg. John Wanamaker walked four miles to Philadelphia every day and worked in a bookstore for one dollar and twenty-five cents a week. He next worked in a clothing store at an advance of twenty-five cents per week. From this he went up and up until he now stands, not only *par excellence* the merchant prince of America, but a king among men.

In 1870, John D. Rockefeller went into partnership, to refine petroleum, with Samuel Andrews, the porter in a machine shop where both

had worked, and in twenty years the business of the little refinery, not worth one thousand dollars for building and apparatus, had grown into the Standard Oil Trust, capitalized at ninety millions of dollars, with stock quoted at 170, giving a market value of one hundred and fifty millions.

Nearly all the men who occupy kings' palaces, have fought their way up from the bottom. They "took hold with their hands." Hard work is the royal road to success. "The little gray cabin appears to be the birthplace of all your great men," said an English author, who had been looking over a book of biographies of eminent Americans.

You are all familiar with the wary spider's patience and perseverance, with what courage, strength and skill he weaves his gossamery thread, and no matter how often he is turned down, he turns up at work again, until at last, in the wished-for corner, he hangs fast his slender, silken line.

We do our best while fighting desperately to attain what the heart covets. Are you grieving over lost wealth? The author of that bracing book, "Architects of Fate," writes :

"The Creator may see something grand and mighty which even He cannot bring out so long as your wealth stands in the way. You must throw away the crutches of your wealth and stand upon your own feet, and develop

the long-unused muscles of manhood. God may see a diamond in you which only the hard hits of poverty can bring out. God knows where the richest melodies of your lives are, and what drill and what discipline are necessary to bring them out. The frost, the snow, the tempest and the lightning are the rough teachers that bring the tiny acorn to the sturdy oak. Fierce winters are as necessary to it as long summers. It is the half-century struggle with the elements of existence, wrestling with the storm, fighting for its life from the moment it leaves the acorn until it goes into the ship, that gives it value. Without this struggle it would have been characterless, staminaless, nerveless, and its grain would not have been susceptible of high polish. The most beautiful as well as the strongest woods are not found in tropical, but in the severe climates, where they have to fight the frost and the winter's snows and cold. Many a man has never found himself until he has lost his all. Adversity stripped him only to discover him. Obstacles and hardships are the mallet and chisel which shape the strong life into beauty." A few days ago I passed the Kentucky oolitic limestone quarries whence came the stones in this building. There, in that rough ledge on the hillside, lay these stones undisturbed ; but when the drill and the blasting powder began to spoil the peace of the centuries, and rent them

with powder, hammered and squared by the quarryman, that was unpleasant. But look again, and behold this magnificent structure, standing in its solidity and rising in beauty to arrest the attention of the most irreverent passer-by to those principles on which human character and social prosperity are to be built. This grand sermon in stone would have slept in the Kentucky hills forever, but for the blasting, the hammering, and the polishing. The angel of our better selves would remain forever unknown in the rough quarries of our lives but for the blasting of trouble, the hammering of defeats and the polishing of a thousand annoyances.

LESSON THE THIRD.

Insignificance is no excuse for doing nothing. The spider might have said, "Why, I can't weave a web worthy of the palace, so I will not work my spinning-jenny." Not so said the spider. "The spider takes hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces!" We all want to do big things. If you are idle with one talent you would not do anything with ten. If Milo cannot lift the calf he will never be strong enough to carry the ox. He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful in much. It is a small thing to give a cup of cold water in the name of Christ. But whosoever is faithful in things so small will be first

to meet the demands of duty when the trial or the opportunity is great. The man who is first to speak a kind word to a friendless one, or to carry a look of sunshine into a desolate home, will be first to make great sacrifices of duty when the Master calls. Depend upon it, it is conscientious attention to what the world calls little things that makes the great beauty and success of life.

Little acts of kindness, little deeds of love, little acts of self-denial, little moments of diligence, a careful watch against little sins, a grateful use of little blessings, a wise improvement of talents such as we may have, patient continuance in well-doing under little encouragement, these things bring men into the King's palace.

You say you would be willing to give thousands to the good causes that claim our thought. No you would not, unless you are willing to give now such as you have, be it ever so little. Be faithful in the least as well as in the greatest. Consider that anything worth doing at all is worth doing well. Learn to speak the little words of truth, to do the little deeds of kindness, to scatter little gifts of love along the lowly pathway of life, and when your life work is done you need not be surprised to find yourself in the King's palace.

LESSON THE FOURTH.

The spider crawling up the wall of Solomon's palace was not worth looking after, as compared with the fact that we, through the grace of God, may at last ascend into the King's palace. The King's palace, the King immortal! I believe that heaven has a material as well as a spiritual splendor. O the grandeur of the King's residence!

When we reach our Kingly residence shall we not be ready to doubt our identity? "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." Bernard Barton sings:—

Though earth has still many a beautiful spot,
 As poet or painter may show;
 Yet more lovely and beautiful, holy and bright,
 Is the hope of the heart, and the spirit's glad sight,
 In the land which no mortal may know.

Where the water of life, bursting forth from the throne,
 Flows on and forever will flow,
 Its waves as they roll are with melody rife,
 And its waters are sparkling with beauty and life,
 In the land which no mortal may know.

And there on the margin, with leaves ever green,
 With its fruits healing sickness and woe,
 The fair tree of life, in its glory and pride,
 Is fed by that deep inexhaustible tide,
 Of the land which no mortals may know.

O! who but must pine in this dark vale of tears,
 From its clouds and its shadows to go,
 To walk in the light of the glory above,
 And to share in the peace, and the joy and the love,
 Of the land which no mortal may know.

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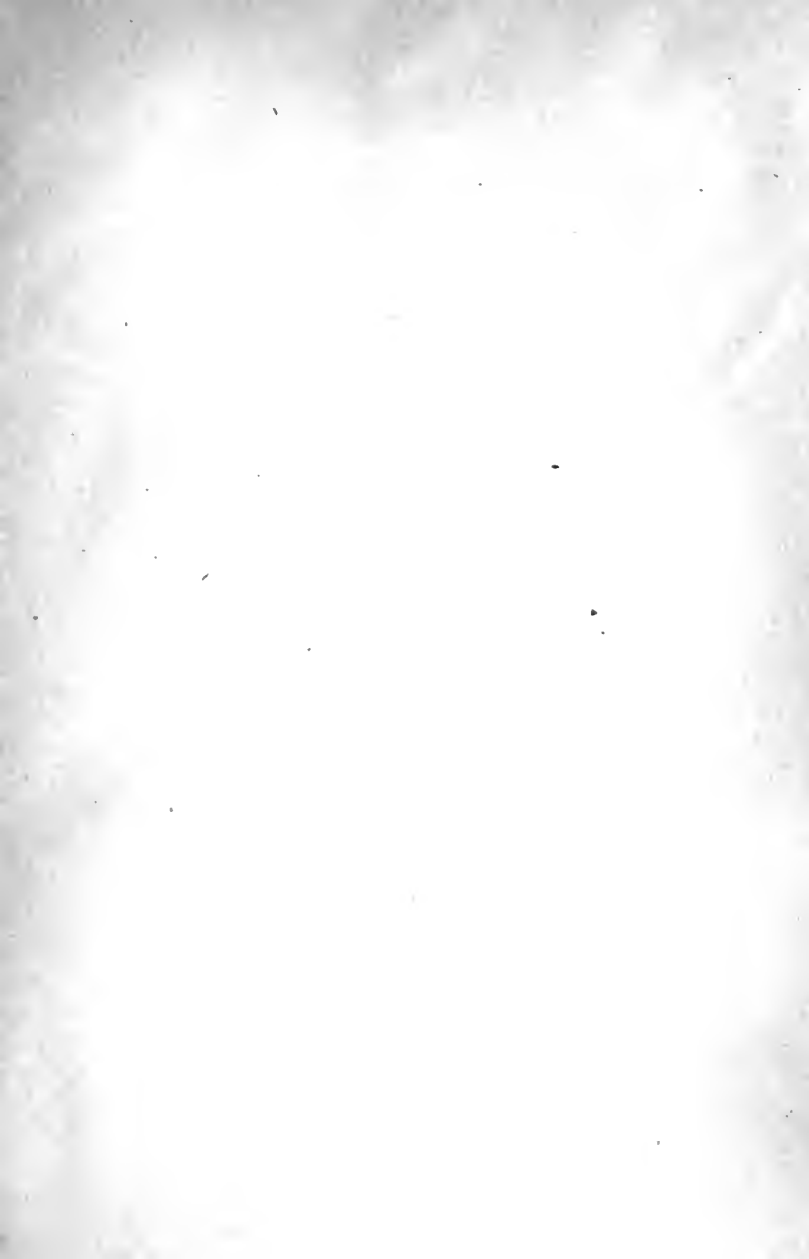
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