



Live
Coals

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

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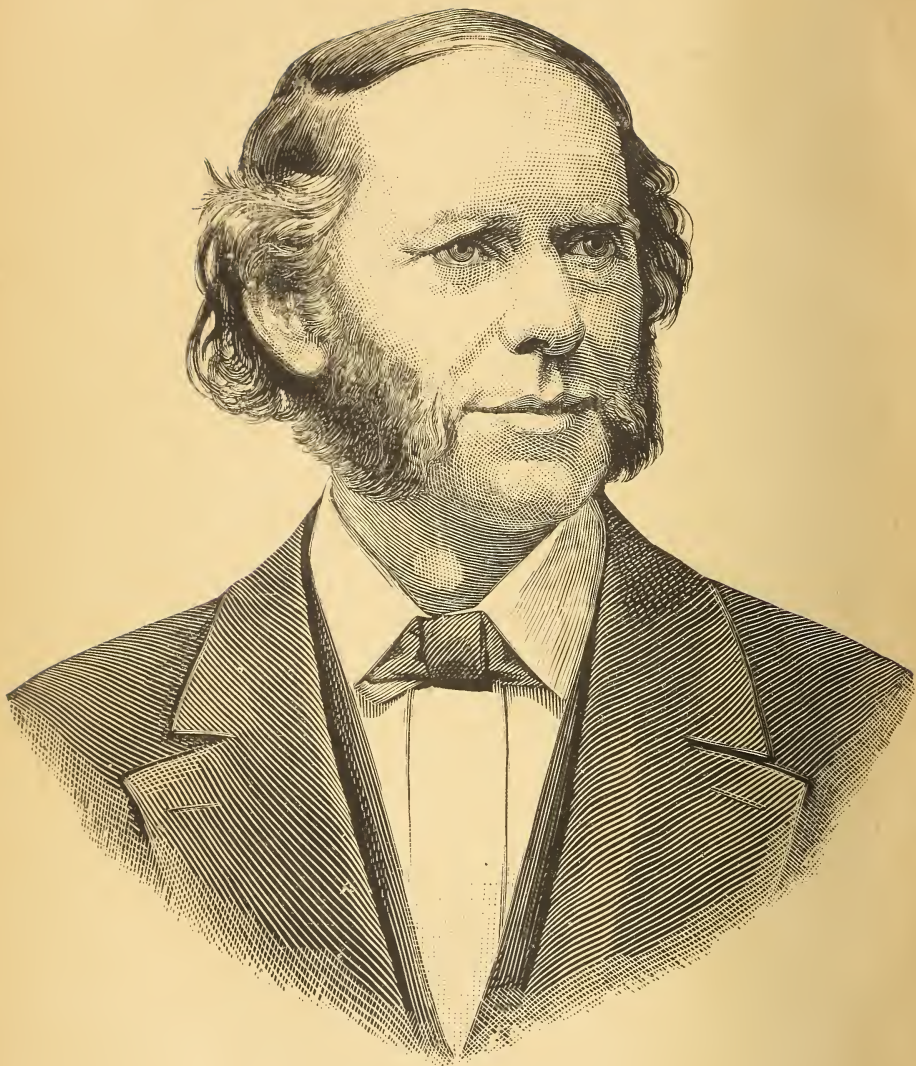
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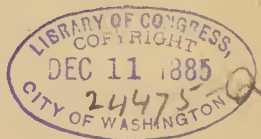
AUTHOR OF "THE MASQUE TORN OFF," "NIGHT SIDES OF CITY LIFE,"
"FOES OF SOCIETY," "TRAPS FOR MEN," "CRUMBS SWEEP
UP," "AROUND THE TEA TABLE," ETC., ETC.

COLLATED BY

LYDIA E. WHITE.

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PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

In issuing "Live Coals" from our press we do it in the firm conviction that the Christian community of the English-speaking world will appreciate this volume. The work embraces the most popular and powerful discourses of Dr. Talmage, as delivered by him during the past year in the Brooklyn Tabernacle and elsewhere, and are here for the first time collated and published in book form.

These interesting discourses are written in his most powerful descriptive powers—sparkling with graceful imagery, and illustrated with interesting anecdotes. They will be found the keenest, sharpest, and most vigorous specimens of oratory ever written, and for originality, force and splendor, will bear a favorable comparison with the greatest pulpit productions of any age or country.

The work has been divided into four sections or parts. I. Coals for the Individual. II. Coals for the Church Militant. III. Coals for the Moral Realm. IV. Coals for the National Arena. They are Dr. Talmage's best efforts in his earnest aggressive warfare upon the foes of society and the State; they expose the traps and pitfalls that beset the youth of

our land on every hand, every page burning with eloquent entreaty for a better and purer life, possessing an intense, soul-absorbing interest to all who desire the advancement and higher development of the human race. The editor of the *Christian Age*, London, England, truly voices the sentiment of all admirers of Dr. Talmage when he said: "For knowledge of human life, and the adaptation of Divine truth to the whole being of man—intellectual, emotional, moral, practical—and for the power of applying that truth, we know not his equal."

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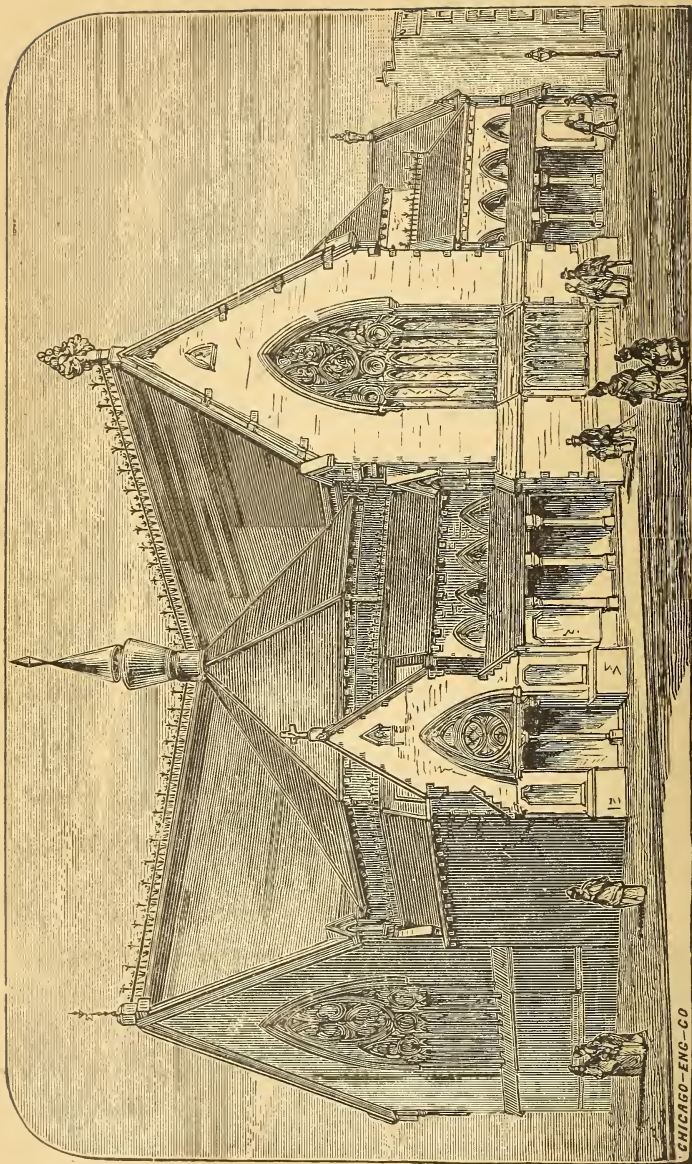
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THE BROOKLYN TABERNAACLE (T DEWITT TALMAGE, PASTOR).

CHICAGO-ENG-CO

T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.

Thomas De Witt Talmage was born on the 7th of January, 1832, in the village of Bound Brook, Somerset County, N. J. His father was a farmer, and a man of much vigor and consistency of character; his mother a woman of energy, hopefulness and equanimity.

Both parents were marked in their characteristics, and their differences blended in a common life rendered their home one of harmony, consecration, benignance and cheerfulness. The father won the confidence and the honors a rigid, common-sense, truly American community had to yield. The mother was the counseling, quietly provident force which made her a helpmeet indeed, and her home the center and sanctuary of the sweetest influences. The family was a deeply religious one.

The now far-famed De Witt said on August 12, 1885, at the "Faith Cure" Rooms, Bethshan, London:—

"I tell you that I believe in prayer because there is something in the ancestral line that makes me believe. My grandfather and grandmother went to a great revival meeting in Baskingridge, New Jersey,

and they were so impressed with the religious service that they went home and said, If we could only have our children converted, if we could only have this great influence in our family! That night all the young folks were to go off to a very gay party. Grandmother said, 'Now, when you are all ready for the party come into my room, as I have a word to say to you.' She was somewhat of an invalid, not able to get about much. The children came into the room where she sat, and she said, 'Now you are going to the party, going to have a very gay time. I want you to know that all the time you are there your mother is praying for you, and that we will kneel and pray for you until you come back.' They all went to the gay party, and, as may be well supposed, did not have a very good time. They knew their mother was praying for them. Grandmother went to bed, and the next morning very early she heard crying and sobbing in the room below. It was one of her little party crying to God for mercy, seeking a new heart, wanting to act on the Christian life. My Aunt Phœbe said to grandfather, 'Go down and find what is the matter; go and hunt up Samuel—he is gone to the barn; he feels worse than I do.' Grandfather went to the barn and found Samuel there kneeling and crying to God for mercy. He told him the way of salvation, so that he became a minister of Jesus Christ, and there was no man more useful in America during the century than he. Then

Samuel said, 'Go to the wagon-house; David is there.' Grandfather went to the wagon-house. There was David, afterward my own father. He told David the way to the cross. David became a Christian. David, then a young man, had some one to whom he was affianced at the foot of the lane, not far off—Catherine Van Nest, afterward my mother. He told the story of the cross to her, and she became a Christian. A great awakening resulted as this story went round the neighborhood, and people heard what things were going on in Mr. Talmage's family. Why, they were all getting converted, and the whole family were converted to God. And finally, as many as two hundred and eighty from that neighborhood stood up in one church to profess Christ. That story lingered in my mother's mind until she made a covenant, after her children were born, with five of her neighbors, to meet and pray one afternoon of each week for the salvation of her household. These five mothers met. I did not hear this story till after my mother's death. 'Nobody knew why these five persons met, there was a sort of mystery about it. Sometimes the question was put, 'Mother, where are you going?' She used to answer, 'I am just going off a little while.' They met to pray for their children; they prayed until they were all converted, myself the last. Oh! I believe in prayer. I believe you can get just what you ask of God if it is good for you. This story has no end."

From a period ante-dating the Revolution, the ancestors of our subject were members of the Reformed Dutch Church, in which the father of Dr. Talmage was the leading lay office-bearer through a life extended beyond fourscore years, and of his numerous family, four sons are ministers of the Gospel, of whom our subject is the youngest. The story of his life is a simple one. He became a Christian before he was twenty; took the course of study preparatory to college, much the same as other young men, and was graduated at the New York University, in 1853. His earliest preference was the law, the study of which he pursued for a year after his graduation, but the unrest within him, the voice of which soon became, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel," turned his steps toward the ministry, and he entered the New Brunswick, (N. J.,) Theological Seminary preparatory thereto. This step was extremely gratifying to his parents, and thereby one of their fondest hopes was realized, although they had not urged the course. He was plainly led of the Lord, and not man. The faculties which would have made him one of the greatest jury advocates of the age, thus were preserved for the saving of the souls of men, and "He leadeth me," was written in living letters of light over the entrance to his lifework.

The first years of his ministerial life seem to have been disciplinary—initial steps to his great mission, that of the pastorate of the Church of the Brooklyn

Tabernacle. His first settlement was at Belleville, New Jersey. For three years he there underwent an excellent practical education in the conventional ministry. His congregation was one of the most cultivated and exacting in the rural regions of that sterling little State. It was known to be about the oldest society of Protestantism in New Jersey. Its records, as preserved, run back over two hundred years, but it is known to have had a strong life the larger part of a century or more. Its structure is regarded as one of the finest of any country congregation in the United States. The value (and the limits) of stereotyped preaching, and what he did *not* know, came as an instructive and disillusionizing force to the theological tyro of Belleville. There also came and remained, strong friendships, inspiring revivals, and sacred counsels.

By natural promotion, three years at Syracuse succeeded three at Belleville. That cultivated, critical city furnished Mr. Talmage the value of an audience, in which professional men predominate in influence. His preaching there grew tonic and free. As Mr. Pitt advised a young friend, he "risked himself." The church grew from few to many—from a state of coma to robust life. The preacher learned to go to school to humanity and his own heart. The lessons they taught him agreed with what was boldest and most compelling in the spirit of the revealed Word. But those whose claims were sacred to him, found

the saline climate of Syracuse a cause of unhealth. Otherwise it is likely that one of *the* most delightful regions in the United States for men of letters who equally love nature and culture—Central New York—would have been the home of Mr. Talmage for life.

From Syracuse he went to Philadelphia, where he spent seven years. Here his powers got “set.” He learned what he could best do. He had the courage of his consciousness, and he did it. Previously, he might have felt it incumbent upon him to give to pulpit traditions the homage of compliance, though at Syracuse, “the more excellent way”—any man’s own way, provided he have the divining gift of genius and the nature attune to all high sympathies and purposes—had in glimpses come to him. He realized that it was his duty and mission in the world to make *it* hear the gospel. The church was not to him a select few, an organization, a monopoly. It was meant to be the conqueror and transformer of the world. For seven years he wrought with much success on this theory, all the time realizing that his plans could come to fullness only under conditions that enabled him to build from the bottom up, an organization which could get nearer the masses, and which would have no precedents to hamper it, and no traditional ghosts to stand in its pathway. At the end of this time he was called simultaneously to three churches—one in San Francisco, one in Chi-

ago, and one in Brooklyn. That in Brooklyn was poor; it was on the eve of dissolution; it possessed but nineteen male members; its need was greatest, its power was least. To Brooklyn he went, and from being the leading preacher in Philadelphia, he became the leading preacher in the world.

His work here is known by all. It began in a cramped brick rectangle, capable of holding 1200. In less than two years that was exchanged for an iron structure, with raised seats, the interior curved like a horseshoe, the pulpit a platform bridging the ends. It held 3,000 persons. It lasted just long enough to revolutionize church architecture in cities into harmony with common sense. Smaller duplicates of it started in every quarter, three in Brooklyn, two in New York, one in Montreal, one in Louisville, any number in Chicago, two in San Francisco, and like numbers abroad. Then it was burned, and the present stately and sensible structure rose in its place. Gothic, of brick and stone, cathedral-like above, amphitheatre-like below, it seats 5,000 persons, and it is said that 7,000 can be accommodated within its walls.

In a large sense the people built these edifices. Their architects were Leonard Vaux and John Welch respectively. It is sufficiently indicative to say in general of Dr. Talmage's work in the Tabernacle, that his audiences are always as many as the place will hold; that twenty-three papers in Christendom stately publish his entire sermons and Friday night

discourses, exclusive of the dailies of the United States; that the papers girdle the globe, being published in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Belfast, Toronto, Montreal, St. Johns, Sidney, Melbourne, San Francisco, Chicagò, Boston, Raleigh, Kansas City, New York, and many other places. No other preacher addresses so many constantly. The words of no other preacher were ever before carried by so many types, or carried so far. He has three continents for a church, and the English-speaking world for a congregation. To pulpit labors of this responsibility should be added considerable pastoral work, the conduct of the Lay College, and constantly recurring lecturing and literary work, to fill out the public life of a very busy man.

The judgment of his generation will be divided upon him just as that of the next will not. That he is *a* topic in every newspaper is much more significant than the fact of what treatment it gives him. Only men of genius are universally commented on. That the universality of the comment makes friends and foes proves the fact of genius. This is what is impressive. As for the quality of the comment, it will, in nine cases out of ten, be much more a revelation of the character behind the pen which writes it than a true view or review of the man. It can be truly said that while secular criticism in the United States favorably regards our subject in proportion to its intelligence and uprightness, the judgment of

foreigners on him has long been an index to the judgment that is beginning to prevail here. No other American is read so much or so constantly abroad.

Previous to his visit to Europe, in the summer of 1885, he had declined all invitations to preach or lecture, as he needed rest, but some friendly pressure induced him to change his determination. The sermon he preached in London was delivered in the celebrated Wesleyan Chapel, behind which is the grave of John Wesley, and in front of which is Bunhill Burial Ground, where lie the bones of John Bunyan, Isaac Watts, Daniel DeFoe, and Horne Tooke. The preacher referred in his sermon to this hallowed ground. The Chapel was crowded to suffocation. During the indoor services several thousand people stood in the front graveyard and in the street, impeding travel, and awaiting Dr. Talmage outside. After the regular service he came into the church porch and addressed the multitude in full voice, and then with a smiling face gave out a stirring hymn, after singing which the populace made the policemen happy by again freeing the thoroughfare.

Later in the season he preached in the United Presbyterian Synod Hall, Edinburgh, the service beginning at half-past two o'clock. Long before mid-day people desirous of being present began to assemble at the main entrance, and on account of the number who had arrived by twelve o'clock it was resolved to open the doors. In less than an hour the

spacious building was filled in every part, all the passages and some of the windows even being occupied. The doors were closed shortly after one o'clock, those outside in Castle Terrace, numbering several thousands, being informed by means of bills which were exhibited, that the hall was full. The crowd continued to increase as time wore on, very much disappointment evidently being felt at being unable to gain admission. About two o'clock, however, an intimation that Dr. Talmage would in the course of the afternoon address the gathering in Castle Terrace seemed to afford relief. Meanwhile, several of Sankey's hymns were being sung inside by a choir, and shortly before the appointed time for the commencement of the services, Dr. Talmage made his appearance on the platform, accompanied by Mrs. Talmage, and their son and two daughters. After devotional exercises—Professor Calderwood having engaged in prayer—Dr. Talmage gave out as his text, "I will show wonders in the heavens and in the earth." (Joel 2:30.)

At the close of the proceedings Dr. Talmage shook hands with as many of the people as could get near him, but the crowd pressed forward in such a way that those in the front ranks were crushed to an uncomfortable degree, and this put a temporary check upon the leave-taking. Dr. Talmage then re-entered the building, and made his way to the rear of the hall, where a cab was in waiting for himself and fam-

ily. Upon his appearance a crowd rapidly assembled, eager to shake hands with him, and crowded around the cab in such a way that it could not move until the police cleared a passage. A few gentlemen jumped upon the cab steps, ladies got their dresses soiled with mud by rubbing against the wheels, and some more adventurous than others, got their toes crushed by the wheels. Dr. Talmage then stood and shook hands over the back of the cab as hard as he was able, and it was not until Lothian Road was reached that the efforts of the police in keeping back the crowd were no longer needed.

His extraordinary imagination, earnestness, descriptive powers and humor, his great art in grouping and arrangement, his wonderful mastery of words to illumine and alleviate human conditions, and to interpret and inspire the harmonies of the better nature, are appreciated by all who can put themselves in sympathy with his originality of methods, and his high consecration of purpose. His manner mates with his nature. It is each sermon in action. He presses the eyes, hands, his entire body, into the service of the illustrative truth. Gestures are the accompaniment of what he says. As he stands out before the immense throng, without a scrap of notes or manuscript before him, the effect produced cannot be understood by those who have never seen it. The solemnity, the tears, the awful hush, as though the audience could not breathe again, are oftentimes painful.

His voice is peculiar, not musical, but productive of startling, strong effects, such as characterize no preacher on either side of the Atlantic. His power to grapple an audience and master it from text to peroration has no equal. No man was ever less self-conscious in his work. He feels a mission of evangelization on him as by the imposition of the Supreme. That mission he responds to by doing the duty that is nearest to him with all his might—as confident that he is under the care and order of a Divine Master as those who hear him are that they are under the spell of the greatest prose-poet that ever made the Gospel his song, and the redemption of the race the passion of his heart.

Now in the full meridian of his powers, the arena of his life-work constantly widening before him, long may he be spared to enrich the world with the emanations of his genius, and to gather souls into the great Harvest-Home of the blessed Lord and Master.

On the return of Dr. Talmage, September 14, 1885, a large number of his congregation chartered a steamer, and went down the Bay to meet him. On the 15th a formal welcome was given him in Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Never in the history of the Brooklyn Tabernacle had there been such an immense audience. From seven o'clock, the hour at which the doors were opened, a steady stream of humanity poured into the church, filled the galleries and the main floor, crowded around

the organ and choir, filled the many aisles and the wide, semi-circular corridor, and stretched far out into the street. It was not a gathering representative of any particular sect or church, but it was an assemblage of the Christian people of Brooklyn. That it was from the Christian people of the city rather than from Dr. Talmage's congregation was demonstrated by the presence of the clergymen of different denominations who were there to welcome the great divine.

The platform in the church was profusely decorated with flowers for the occasion. A large floral arch over six feet high, composed of white and red roses, astreax, smilax, camelias, acacia roses, carnations, and chrysanthemum roses, was stationed in the center of the platform beside the presiding officer's chair. On the arch were inscribed in red roses the words, "Welcome Home." On either side of the platform were immense stands of gladioli palms, ferns, and other plants. Immediately above the organ was a large floral urn surmounted by red and white roses.

At eight o'clock the sound of cheering was heard through the open door of the Tabernacle. Every head was turned doorward to catch a glimpse of Rev. Dr. Talmage as he entered the church. The dense crowd gave way on either side, and a storm of applause greeted him. The solemnity usually observed in a church was for a moment forgotten. The sound of the organ from which welled forth the strains of the well-known "Hail to the Chief" mingled

with the applause, and the welcome was happy and most spontaneous. Dr. Talmage himself appeared to feel it as he walked down the aisle.

The scene on the street during the first part of the welcoming exercises was a remarkable one. The church was crowded in every part before eight o'clock, but long after that hour people kept coming toward the Tabernacle. When they found that entrance was impossible they stood before the door. Soon the crowd increased to great dimensions, and extended nearly the length of the block.

As he shook hands with the chairman, Rev Henry Ward Beecher, the plaudits of the assembled thousands reverberated through the vast auditorium. The organ played "Home Again," and when the audience had sung "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," every one thought the welcome most complete.

Addresses and music followed, and a welcome was given by the children of the infant class. A bright-eyed, fair-haired little girl, bearing a large basket of exquisite flowers, was conducted to the platform, and stepping to Dr. Talmage she made a pleasant little presentation speech, in which she expressed the pleasure of the Sunday-school that the beloved pastor was back again among his people.

Dr. Talmage, in his response to the ovation, among other things, said:

"We found everywhere that the best password in

Europe is the word America. [Applause.] That opens all the doors, and that wins all the suavities. The fact is, they have their kindred on this side the sea. Brothers and sisters on that side, brothers and sisters on this side. They have forgotten all the unpleasantness we had in 1776, and I have no doubt they will forgive us the fact that yesterday in the boat race the Puritan came in sixteen minutes before the Genesta.

“Fellow-citizens of all callings and professions and trades, men of the law, men of the healing art, men of the editorial chair, men of merchandise, men of mechanism, and all the wives and mothers and sisters and daughters of the dear homes of Brooklyn, you cannot understand how deep an impression you have made upon me by the flowers and the music and the speeches and the genial appearance of your own countenances. You have put me under everlasting obligation, and have mortgaged me for industrious Christian service all my life long. Shoulder to shoulder let us stand in the great work of trying to make the world better, and then may we rest not very far apart in the adjoining gardens of the dead, and may God grant us all to rise in the resurrection of the just, when the heavens are no more.”

Professor Simpson, of Edinburgh, who had been one of Dr. Talmage's hosts across the water, said in his address on this occasion :

“Up to this particular moment I thought I was the

most fortunate man in creation, because such a sight as this I don't know as it has ever been seen in America before; it has not been seen, I believe, on my side of the Atlantic. We have no place in Edinburgh where it was possible for the people who wanted to hear Dr. Talmage to get near him. I ventured myself that Sabbath afternoon, having with me some of my own family and a daughter of the Lord Mayor of London, all very eager to hear your great pastor; but I could not get within a street's length of the place where the crowds were gathered around the doors. We counted ourselves extremely fortunate that he was good enough to come and take dinner with us in our county house in Midlothian. At that dinner-table there was a little maid from the far-off highlands of Sutherlandshire who asked: 'Is the Dr. Talmage who is to be at dinner to-day the great Dr. Talmage whose sermons we all read?' When she was told 'Yes,' she clapped her hands and said, 'I will write to my mother that I had the honor of waiting on Dr. Talmage.' From the highest to the lowest we hold his name in reverence and in love."



PART I.

Goals for the Individual.



CHAPTER I.

BUSINESS LIFE.

We are under the impression that the moil and tug of business life are a prison into which a man is thrust, or that it is an unequal strife where unarmed, a man goes forth to contend.

Business life was intended of God for grand and glorious education and discipline, and if I shall be helped to say what I want to say, I shall rub some of the wrinkles of care out of your brow, and unstrap some of the burdens from your back.

Business life was intended as a school of energy. God gives us a certain amount of raw material out of which we are to hew our character. Our faculties are to be reset, rounded, and sharpened up. Our young folks having graduated from school or college need a higher education, that which the rasping and collision of everyday life alone can effect. Energy is wrought out only in a fire. After a man has been in business activity ten, twenty, thirty years, his energy is not to be measured by weights, or plummets, or ladders. There is no height it cannot scale, and there is no depth it cannot fathom, and there is no obstacle it cannot thrash.

Now, my brother, why did God put you in that school of energy? Was it merely that you might be a yardstick to measure cloth, or a steelyard to weigh flour? Was it merely that you might be better quali-

fied to chaffer and higgler? No. God placed you in that school of energy that you might be developed for Christian work. If the undeveloped talents in the Christian churches of to-day were brought out and thoroughly harnessed, I believe the whole earth would be converted to God in a twelvemonth. There are so many deep streams that are turning no mill-wheels, and that are harnessed to no factory-bands.

Now, God demands the best lamb out of every flock. He demands the richest sheaf of every harvest. He demands the best men of every generation. A cause in which Newton, and Locke, and Mansfield toiled, you and I can afford to toil in. Oh, for a fewer idlers in the cause of Christ, and for more Christian workers, men who shall take the same energy that from Monday morning to Saturday night they put forth for the achievement of a livelihood, or the gathering of a fortune, and on Sabbath days put it forth to the advantage of Christ's kingdom, and the bringing of men to the Lord.

Dr. Duff visited, he said, in South Wales, and he saw a man who had inherited a great fortune. The man said to him: "I had to be very busy for many years of my life getting my livelihood. After a while this fortune came to me, and there has been no necessity that I toil since. There came a time when I said to myself, 'Shall I now retire from business, or shall I go on and serve the Lord in my worldly occupation?'" He said: "I resolved on the latter, and I have been more industrious in commercial circles than I ever was before, and since that hour I have never kept a farthing for myself. I have thought it to be a great shame if I couldn't toil as hard for the

Lord as I had toiled for myself, and all the products of my factories and my commercial establishments to the last farthing have gone for the building of Christian institutions and supporting the Church of God." Oh, if the same energy put forth for the world could be put forth for God! Oh, if a thousand men in these great cities who have achieved a fortune could see it their duty now to do all business for Christ and the alleviation of the world's suffering!

Business life is a school of patience. In your everyday life how many things to annoy and to disquiet! Bargains will rub. Commercial men will sometimes fail to meet their engagements. Cash book and money drawer will sometimes quarrel. Goods ordered for a special emergency will come too late, or be damaged in the transportation. People intending no harm will go shopping without any intention of purchase, overturning great stocks of goods, and insisting that you break the dozen. More bad debts on the ledger. More counterfeit bills in the drawer. More debts to pay for other people. More meannesses on the part of partners in business. Annoyance after annoyance, vexation after vexation, and loss after loss.

All that process will either break you down or brighten you up. It is a school of patience. You have known men under the process to become petulant, and choleric, and angry, and pugnacious, and cross, and sour, and queer, and they lost their customers, and their name became a detestation. Other men have been brightened up under the process. They were toughened by the exposure. They were like rocks, all the more valuable for being blasted. At first they had to choke down their wrath, at first

they had to bite their lip, at first they thought of some stinging retort they would like to make; but they conquered their impatience. They have kind words now for sarcastic flings. They have gentle behavior now for unmannerly customers. They are patient now with unfortunate debtors. They have Christian reflections now for sudden reverses. Where did they get that patience? By hearing a minister preach concerning it on Sabbath? Oh, no. They got it just where you will get it—if you ever get it at all—selling hats, discounting notes, turning banisters, plowing corn, tinning roofs, pleading causes. Oh, that amid the turmoil and anxiety and exasperation of everyday life you might hear the voice of God saying: “In patience possess your soul. Let patience have her perfect work.”

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

Traders in grain come to know something about foreign harvests; traders in fruit come to know something about the prospects of tropical produc-

tion; manufacturers of American goods come to understand the tariff on imported articles; publishers of books must come to understand the new law of copyright; owners of ships must come to know winds and shoals and navigation; and every bale of cotton, and every raisin cask, and every tea box, and every cluster of bananas is so much literature for a business man. Now, my brother, what are you going to do with the intelligence? Do you suppose God put you in this school of information merely that you might be sharper in a trade, that you might be more successful as a worldling? Oh, no; it was that you might take that useful information and use it for Jesus Christ.

Can it be that you have been dealing with foreign lands and never had the missionary spirit, wishing the salvation of foreign people? Can it be that you have become acquainted with all the outrages inflicted in business life, and that you have never tried to bring to bear that Gospel which is to extirpate all evil and correct all wrongs, and illuminate all darkness and lift up all wretchedness, and save men for this world and the world to come? Can it be that understanding all the intricacies of business you know nothing about those things which will last after all bills of exchange and consignments and invoices and rent rolls shall have crumpled up and been consumed in the fires of the last great day? Can it be that a man will be wise for time, and a fool for eternity?

Business life is a school for integrity. No man knows what he will do until he is tempted. There are thousands of men who have kept their integrity merely because they never have been tested. A man

was elected treasurer of the State of Maine some years ago. He was distinguished for his honesty, usefulness and uprightness, but before one year had passed he had taken of the public funds for his own private use, and was hurled out of office in disgrace. Distinguished for virtue before. Distinguished for crime after. You can call over the names of men just like that, in whose honesty you had complete confidence, but placed in certain crises of temptation they went overboard.

Never so many temptations to scoundrelism as now. Not a law on the statute book but has some back door through which a miscreant can escape. Ah! how many deceptions in the fabric of goods; so much plundering in commercial life that if a man talk about living a life of complete commercial accuracy there are those who ascribe it to greenness and lack of tact. More need of honesty now than ever before, tried honesty, complete honesty, more than in those times when business was a plain affair, and woolens were woolens, and silks were silks, and men were men.

How many men do you suppose there are in commercial life who could say truthfully, "In all the sales I have ever made I have never overstated the value of goods; in all the sales I have ever made I have never covered up an imperfection in the fabric; of all the thousands of dollars I have ever made I have not taken one dishonest farthing?" There are men, however, who can say it, hundreds who can say it, thousands who can say it. They are more honest than when they sold their first tierce of rice, or their first firkin of butter, because their honesty and integrity have been tested, tried and came out triumphant.

But they remember a time when they could have robbed a partner, or have absconded with the funds of a bank, or sprung a snap judgment, or made a false assignment, or borrowed illimitably without any efforts at payment, or got a man into a sharp corner and fleeced him. But they never took one step on that pathway of hell fire. They can say their prayers without hearing the clink of dishonest dollars. They can read their Bible without thinking of the time when, with a lie on their soul in the Custom House, they kissed the book. They can think of death and the judgment that comes after it without any flinching—that day when all charlatans and cheats and jockeys and frauds shall be doubly damned. It does not make their knees knock together, and it does not make their teeth chatter to read “as the partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool.’

Oh, what a school of integrity business life is! If you have ever been tempted to let your integrity cringe before present advantage, if you have ever wakened up in some embarrassment, and said: “Now, I’ll step a little aside from the right path and no one will know it, and I’ll come all right again; it is only once.” Oh, that only once has ruined tens of thousands of men for this life, and blasted their souls for eternity. It is a tremendous school, business life, a school of integrity.

There are men who fought the battle and gained the victory. People come out of that man’s store, and they say: “Well, if there ever was a Christian trader, that is one.” Integrity kept the books and waited on the customers. Light from the eternal

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

CHAPTER II.

GNATS AND CAMELS.

A man after long observation has formed the suspicion that in a cup of water he is about to drink there is a grub or the grandparent of a gnat. He goes and gets a sieve or strainer. He takes the water and pours it through the sieve in the broad light. He says: "I would rather do anything almost than drink this water until this larva be extirpated." This water is brought under inquisition. The experiment is successful. The water rushes through the sieve and leaves against the side of the sieve the grub or gnat. Then the man carefully removes the insect and drinks the water in placidity. But going out one day, and hungry, he devours a "ship of the desert," the camel, which the Jews were forbidden to eat. The gastronomer has no compunctions of conscience. He suffers from no indigestion. He puts the lower jaw under the camel's forefoot, and his upper jaw over the hump of the camel's back, and gives one swallow and the dromedary disappears forever. He strained out a gnat, he swallowed a camel.

It is a very short bridge between a smile and a tear, a suspension bridge from eye to lip, and it is soon crossed over, and a smile is sometimes just as sacred as a tear. There is as much religion, and I think a little more, in a spring morning than in a starless midnight. Religious work without any humor or

wit in it is a banquet with a side of beef and that raw, and no condiments, and no dessert succeeding. People will not sit down at such a banquet. By all means remove all frivolity and all pathos and all lightness and all vulgarity—strain them out through the sieve of holy discrimination; but on the other hand, beware of that monster which overshadows the Christian Church to-day, conventionality, coming up from the Great Sahara Desert of Ecclesiasticism, having on its back a hump of sanctimonious gloom, and vehemently refuse to swallow that camel.

Oh, how particular a great many people are about the infinitesimals while they are quite reckless about the magnitudes. What did Christ say? Did He not excoriate the people in His time who were so careful to wash their hands before a meal, but did not wash their hearts? It is a bad thing to have unclean hands; it is a worse thing to have an unclean heart. How many people there are in our time who are very anxious that after their death they shall be buried with their face toward the east, and not at all anxious that during their whole life they should face in the right direction so that they shall come up in the resurrection of the just whichever way they are buried. How many there are chiefly anxious that a minister of the Gospel shall come in the line of apostolic succession, not caring so much whether he comes from Apostle Paul or Apostle Judas. They have a way of measuring a gnat until it is larger than a camel.

My subject photographs all those who are abhorrent of small sins while they are reckless in regard to magnificent thefts. You will find many a merchant who, while he is so careful that he would not take a

yard of cloth or a spool of cotton from the counter without paying for it, and who if a bank cashier should make a mistake and send in a roll of bills five dollars too much would dispatch a messenger in hot haste to return the surplus, yet who will go into a stock company in which after a while he gets control of the stock, and then waters the stock and makes \$100,000 appear like \$200,000. He only stole \$100,000 by the operation. Many of the men of fortune made their wealth in that way.

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

Prisons for sins insectile in size, but palaces for crimes dromedarian. No mercy for sins animalcule in proportion, but great leniency for mastodon iniquity. A poor boy slyly takes from the basket of a market woman a choke pear—saving some one else from the cholera—and you smother him in the horri-

ble atmosphere of Raymond Street Jail or New York Tombs, while his cousin, who has been skilful enough to steal \$50,000 from the city, you will make him a candidate for the New York Legislature!

There is a great deal of uneasiness and nervousness now among some people in our time who have gotten unrighteous fortunes, a great deal of nervousness about dynamite. I tell them that God will put under their unrighteous fortunes something more explosive than dynamite, the earthquake of his omnipotent indignation, It is time that we learn in America that sin is not excusable in proportion as it declares large dividends, and has outriders in equipage. Many a man is riding to perdition postillion ahead, and lackey behind. To steal one copy of a newspaper is a gnat; to steal many thousands of dollars is a camel.

There is many a fruit dealer who would not consent to steal a basket of peaches from a neighbor's stall, but who would not scruple to depress the fruit market, and as long as I can remember we have heard every summer the peach crop of Maryland is a failure, and by the time the crop comes in the misrepresentation makes a difference of millions of dollars. A man who would not steal one peach basket steals fifty thousand peach baskets.

Go down to the Mercantile Library, in the reading-rooms, and see the newspaper reports of the crops from all parts of the country, and their phraseology is very much the same, and the same men wrote them, methodically and infamously carrying out the huge lying about the grain crop from year to year and for a score of years. After a while there will be a "corner" in the wheat market, and men who had a contempt for a petty theft will burglarize the wheat

bin of a nation and commit larceny upon the American corn-crib. And in this hot weather some of the men will sit in churches and in reformatory institutions trying to strain out the small gnats of scoundrelism while in their grain elevators and in their storehouses they are fattening huge camels which they expect after a while to swallow.

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

This subject does not give the picture of one or two persons, but is a gallery in which thousands of

people may see their likenesses. For instance, all those people who, while they would not rob their neighbor of a farthing, appropriate the money and the treasure of the public. A man has a house to sell, and he tells his customer it is worth \$20,000. Next day the assessor comes around, and the owner says it is worth \$15,000. The government of the United States took off the tax from personal income, among other reasons because so few people would tell the truth, and many a man with an income of hundreds of dollars a day made statements which seemed to imply he was about to be handed over to the overseer of the poor. Careful to pay their passage from Liverpool to New York, yet smuggling in their Saratoga trunk ten silk dresses from Paris and a half-dozen watches from Geneva, Switzerland, telling the Custom House officer on the wharf, "There is nothing in that trunk but wearing apparel," and putting a five dollar gold piece in his hand to punctuate the statement.

But let us all surrender to the charge. What an ado about things here. What poor preparation for a great eternity. As though a minnow were larger than a behemoth, as though a swallow took wider circuit than an albatross, as though a nettle were taller than a Lebanon cedar, as though a gnat were greater than a camel, as though a minute were longer than a century, as though time were higher, deeper, broader than eternity.

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CHAPTER III.

THE INSIGNIFICANT.

Trouble develops character. It was bereavement, poverty, and exile, that developed, illustrated, and announced to all ages the sublimity of Ruth's character. That is a very unfortunate man who has no trouble. It was sorrow that made John Bunyan the better dreamer, and Dr. Young the better poet, and O'Connell the better orator, and Bishop Hall the better preacher, and Havelock the better soldier, and Kitto the better encyclopædist, and Ruth the better daughter-in-law.

I once asked an aged man in regard to his pastor, who was a very brilliant man, "Why is it that your pastor, so very brilliant, seems to have so little heart and tenderness in his sermons?" "Well," he replied, "the reason is, our pastor has never had any trouble. When misfortune comes upon him, his style will be different." After awhile the Lord took a child out of that pastor's house; and though the preacher was just as brilliant as he was before, oh, the warmth, the tenderness of his discourses! The fact is, that trouble is a great educator. You see, sometimes a musician sit down at an instrument, and his execution is cold and formal, and unfeeling. The reason is that all his life he has been prospered. But let misfortune or bereavement come to that man, and he sits down to the instrument, and you discover the pathos in the first sweep of the keys.

Misfortune and trials are great educators. A young doctor comes into a sick-room where there is a dying child. Perhaps he is very rough in his prescription, and very rough in his manner, and rough in the feeling of the pulse, and rough in his answer to the mother's anxious question; but years roll on, and there has been one dead in his own house; and now he comes into the sick-room, and with tearful eye he looks at the dying child, and he says, "Oh, how this reminds me of my Charlie!" Trouble, the great educator. Sorrow—I see its touch in the grandest painting; I hear its tremor in the sweetest song; I feel its power in the mightiest argument.

Grecian mythology said that the fountain of Hippocrene was struck out by the foot of the winged horse Pegasus. I have often noticed in life that the brightest and most beautiful fountains of Christian comfort and spiritual life have been struck out by the iron-shod hoof of disaster and calamity. I see Daniel's courage best by the flash of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. I see Paul's prowess best when I find him on the foundering ship under the glare of the lightning in the breakers of Melita. God crowns His children amid the howling of wild beasts, and the chopping of blood-splashed guillotine, and the crackling fires of martyrdom. It took the persecutions of Marcus Aurelius to develop Polycarp and Justin Martyr. It took the Pope's bull, and the cardinals' curse, and the world's anathema to develop Martin Luther. It took all the hostilities against the Scotch Covenanters and the fury of Lord Claverhouse to develop James Renwick, and Andrew Melville, and Hugh McKail, the glorious martyrs of Scotch history. It took the stormy sea, and the December blast, and

the desolate New England coast, and the war-whoop of savages, to show forth the prowess of the Pilgrim Fathers—

“When amid the storms they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim wood
Rang to the anthems of the free.”

It took all our past national distresses, and it takes all our present national sorrows, to lift up our nation on that high career where it will march long after the foreign aristocracies that have mocked, and the tyrannies that have jeered, shall be swept down under the omnipotent wrath of God, who hates despotism, and who, by the strength of His own red right arm, will make all men free. And so it is individually, and in the family, and in the church, and in the world, that through darkness, and storm, and trouble, men, women, churches, nations, are developed.

I suppose there were plenty of friends for Naomi while she was in prosperity; but of all her acquaintances, how many were willing to trudge off with her toward Judah, when she had to make that lonely journey? One—absolutely one. I suppose when Naomi's husband was living, and they had plenty of money, and all things went well, they had a great many callers; but I suppose that after her husband died, and her property went, and she got old and poor, she was not troubled very much with callers. All the birds that sang in the bower while the sun shone have gone to their nests, now the night has fallen.

Oh, these beautiful sunflowers that spread out their color in the morning hour; but they are always asleep when the sun is going down! Job had plenty

of friends when he was the richest man in Uz; but when his property went, and the trials came, then there were none so much that pestered as Eliphaz, the Temanite, and Bildad, the Shuhite, and Zophar, the Naamathite.

Life often seem to be a mere game, where the successful player pulls down all the other men into his own lap. Let suspicions arise about a man's character, and he becomes like a bank in a panic, and all the imputations rush on him, and break down in a day that character which in due time would have had strength to defend itself. There are reputations that have been half a century in building, which go down under some moral exposure, as a vast temple is consumed by the touch of a sulphurous match. A hog can uproot a century plant.

In this world, so full of heartlessness and hypocrisy, how thrilling it is to find some friend as faithful in days of adversity, as in days of prosperity! David had such a friend in Hushai. The Jews had such a friend in Mordecai, who never forgot their cause. Paul had such a friend in Onesiphorus, who visited him in jail. Christ had such in the Marys, who adhered to Him on the cross. Naomi had such a one in Ruth, who cried out: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

The paths which open in hardship and darkness often come out in places of joy. When Ruth started from Moab toward Jerusalem, to go along with her

mother-in-law, I suppose the people said, "Oh, what a foolish creature to go away from her father's house, to go off with a poor old woman toward the land of Judah! They won't live to get across the desert. They will be drowned in the sea, or the jackals of the wilderness will destroy them." It was a very dark morning when Ruth started off with Naomi; but behold her in the harvest-field of Boaz, to be affianced to one of the lords of the land, and become one of the grandmothers of Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory. And so it often is that a path which often starts very darkly ends very brightly.

When you started out for heaven, oh, how dark was the hour of conviction—how Sinai thundered, and devils tormented, and the darkness thickened! All the sins of your life pounced upon you, and it was the darkest hour you ever saw when you first found out your sins. After a while you went into the harvest-field of God's mercy; you began to glean in the fields of divine promise, and you had more sheaves than you could carry, as the voice of God addressed you, saying: "Blessed is the man whose transgressions are forgiven, and whose sins are covered." A very dark starting in conviction, a very bright ending in the pardon, and the hope, and the triumph of the Gospel.

So, very often in our worldly business, or in our spiritual career, we start off on a very dark path. We must go. The flesh may shrink back, but there is a voice within, or a voice from above, saying: "You must go," and we have to drink the gall, and we have to carry the cross, and we have to traverse the desert, and we are pounded, and flailed of misrepresentation and abuse, and we have to urge our way

through ten thousand obstacles that have been slain by our own right arm. We have to ford the river, we have to climb the mountain, we have to storm the castle; but blessed be God, the day of rest and reward will come. On the tip-top of the captured battlements we will shout the victory; if not in this world, then in that world where there is no gall to drink, no burdens to carry, no battles to fight. How do I know it? Know it! I know it because God says so. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes."

It was very hard for Noah to endure the scoffings of the people in his day, while he was trying to build the ark, and was every morning quizzed about his old boat that never would be of any practical use; but when the deluge came, and the tops of the mountains disappeared like the backs of sea-monsters, and the elements, lashed up in fury, clapped their hands over a drowned world, then Noah in the ark, rejoiced in his own safety, and the safety of his family, and looked out on the wreck of a ruined earth.

Christ, hounded of persecutors, denied a pillow, worse maltreated than the thieves on either side of the cross, human hate smacking its lips in satisfaction after it had been draining His last drop of blood, the sheeted dead bursting from the sepulchre at His crucifixion. Tell me, O Gethsemane and Golgotha, were there ever darker times than those? Like the booming of the midnight sea against the rock, the surges of Christ's anguish beat against the gates of eternity, to be echoed back by all the thrones of

heaven and all the dungeons of hell. But the day of reward comes for Christ; all the pomp and dominion of this world are to be hung on His throne, uncrowned heads are to bow before Him on whose head are many crowns, and all the celestial worship is to come up at His feet like the humming of the forest, like the rushing of the waters, like the thunderings of the seas, while all heaven, rising on their thrones, beat time with their scepters. "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth! Hallelujah, the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of the Lord Jesus Christ!"

"That song of love, now low and far,
Erelong shall swell from star to star;
That light, the breaking day which tips
The golden-spined Apocalypse."

Events which seem to be most insignificant may be momentous. Can you imagine anything more unimportant than the coming of a poor woman from Moab to Judah? Can you imagine anything more trivial than the fact that this Ruth just happened to alight—as they say—just happened to alight on that field of Boaz? Yet all ages, all generations, have an interest in the fact that she was to become an ancestor of the Lord Jesus Christ, and all nations and kingdoms must look at that one little incident with a thrill of unspeakable and eternal satisfaction. So it is in your history and in mine; events that you thought of no importance at all have been of very great moment. That casual conversation, that accidental meeting—you did not think of it again for a long while; but how it changed all the phase of your life!

It seemed to be of no importance that Jubal invented rude instruments of music, calling them harp

and organ, but they were the introduction of all the world's minstrelsy; and as you hear the vibration of a stringed instrument, even after the fingers have been taken away from it, so all music now of lute and drum and cornet, are only the long-continued strains of Jubal's harp and Jubal's organ. It seemed to be a matter of very little importance that Tubal Cain learned the uses of copper and iron; but that rude foundry of ancient days has its echo in the rattle of Birmingham machinery, and the roar and bang of factories on the Merrimac.

It seemed to be a matter of no importance that Luther found a Bible in a monastery; but as he opened that Bible, and the brass-bound lids fell back, they jarred everything, from the Vatican to the furthest convent in Germany, and the rustling of the wormed leaves was the sound of the wings of the angel of the Reformation. It seemed to be a matter of no importance that a woman, whose name has been forgotten, dropped a tract in the way of a very bad man by the name of Richard Baxter. He picked up the tract and read it, and it was the means of his salvation. In after days that man wrote a book called "The Call to the Unconverted," that was the means of bringing a multitude to God, among others, Philip Doddridge. Philip Doddridge wrote a book called "The Rise and Progress of Religion," which has brought thousands and tens of thousands into the kingdom of God, among others, the great Wilberforce. Wilberforce wrote a book called "A Practical View of Christianity," which was the means of bringing a great multitude to Christ, among others, Legh Richmond. Legh Richmond wrote a tract called "The Dairyman's Daughter," which

has been the means of the salvation of unconverted multitudes. And that tide of influence started from the fact that one Christian woman dropped a Christian tract in the way of Richard Baxter—the tide of influence rolling on through Richard Baxter, through Philip Doddridge, through the great Wilberforce, through Legh Richmond, on, on, on, forever, forever! So the insignificant events of this world seem, after all, to be most momentous. The fact that you came up that street or this street seemed to be of no importance to you, and the fact that you went inside of some church may seem to be a matter of very great insignificance to you, but you will find it the turning-point in your history.

Behold Ruth toiling in the harvest-field under the hot sun, or at noon taking plain bread with the reapers, or eating the parched corn which Boaz handed to her. The customs of society, of course, have changed, and without the hardships and exposure to which Ruth was subjected, every intelligent woman will find something to do.

I know there is a sickly sentimentality on this subject. In some families there are persons of no practical service to the household or community; and though there are so many woes all around about them in the world, they spend their time languishing over a new pattern, or bursting into tears at midnight over the story of some lover who shot himself! They would not deign to look at Ruth carrying back the barley on her way home to her mother-in-law, Naomi. All this fastidiousness may seem to do very well while they are under the shelter of their father's house; but when the sharp winter of misfortune comes, what of these butterflies? Persons under in-

dulgent parentage may get upon themselves habits of indolence; but when they come out into practical life, their soul will recoil with disgust and chagrin. They will feel in their hearts what the poet so severely satirized when he said:

“Folks are so awkward, things so impolite,
They’re elegantly pained from morning until night.”

Through that gate of indolence, how many men and women have marched, useless on earth, to a destroyed eternity! Spinola said to Sir Horace Vere: “Of what did your brother die?” “Of having nothing to do,” was the answer. “Ah!” said Spinola, “that’s enough to kill any general of us.” Oh, can it be possible in this world, where there is so much suffering to be alleviated, so much darkness to be enlightened, and so many burdens to be carried, that there is any person who cannot find anything to do?

Madame de Stael did a world of work in her time; and one day, while she was seated amid instruments of music, all of which she had mastered, and amid manuscript books, which she had written, some one said to her, “How do you find time to attend to all these things?” “Oh,” she replied, “these are not the things I am proud of. My chief boast is in the fact that I have seventeen trades, by any one of which I could make a livelihood if necessary.” And if in secular spheres there is so much to be done, in spiritual work how vast the field! How many dying all around about us without one word of comfort! We want more Abigails, more Hannahs, more Rebeccas, more Marys, more Deborahs consecrated—body, mind, soul—to the Lord who bought them.

Ruth, going into that harvest-field, might have said : "There is a straw, and there is a straw, but what is a straw? I can't get any barley for myself or my mother-in-law out of these separate straws." Not so said beautiful Ruth. She gathered two straws, and put them together, and more straws, until she got enough to make a sheaf. Putting that down, she went and gathered more straws, until she had another sheaf, and another, and another, and another, and then she brought them all together, and she threshed them out, and she had an ephah of barley, nigh a bushel. Oh, that we might all be gleaners !

Elihu Burritt learned many things while toiling in a blacksmith's shop. Abercrombie, the world-renowned philosopher, was a philosopher in Scotland, and he got his philosophy, or the chief part of it, while, as a physician, he was waiting for the door of the sick-room to open. Yet how many there are in this day who say they are so busy they have no time for mental or spiritual improvement ; the great duties of life cross the field like strong reapers, and carry off all the hours, and there is only here and there a fragment left, that is not worth gleaning. Ah, my friends, you could go into the busiest day and busiest week of your life and find golden opportunities, which, gathered, might at last make a whole sheaf for the Lord's garner. It is the stray opportunities and the stray privileges which, taken up and bound together, and beaten out, will at last fill you with much joy.

There are a few moments left worth the gleaning. Now, Ruth, to the field ! May each one have a measure full and running over ! Oh, you gleaners, to the field ! And if there be in your household an aged

one, or a sick relative that is not strong enough to come forth and toil in this field, then let Ruth take home to feeble Naomi this sheaf of gleanings: "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." May the Lord God of Ruth and Naomi be our portion forever!

CHAPTER IV.

PAUL IN A BASKET.

“Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall.”

On what a slender tenure great results hang. The ropemaker who twisted that cord fastened to that lowering basket never knew how much would depend on the strength of it. How if it had been broken and the apostle's life had been dashed out? What would have become of the Christian Church? All that magnificent missionary work in Pamphilia, Cappadocia, Galatia, Macedonia, would never have been accomplished. All his writings that make up so indispensable and enchanting a part of the New Testament would never have been written. The story of resurrection would never have been so gloriously told as he told it. The example of heroic and triumphant endurance at Philippi, in the Mediterranean euroclydon, under flagellation and at his beheading, would not have kindled the courage of ten thousand martyrdoms. But that rope, holding basket, how much depended on it? So again and again, great results have hung on what seemed slender circumstances.

Did ever ship of many thousand tons crossing the sea have such important passenger as had once a boat of leaves from taffrail to stern, only three or four feet, the vessel made waterproof by a coat of bitu-

men, and floating on the Nile with the infant law-giver of the Jews on board? What if some crocodile should crunch it? What if some of the cattle wading in for a drink should sink it? Vessels of war sometimes carry forty guns looking through the portholes, ready to open battle. But that tiny craft on the Nile seems to be armed with all the guns of thunder that bombarded Sinai at the law-giving. On how fragile craft sailed how much of historical importance!

The parsonage at Epworth, England, is on fire in the night, and the father rushed through the hallway for the rescue of his children. Seven children are out and safe on the ground, but one remains in the consuming building. That one wakes, and finding his bed on fire, and the building crumbling, comes to the window, and two peasants make a ladder of their bodies, one peasant standing on the shoulder of the other, and down the human ladder the boy descends—John Wesley. If you would know how much depended on that ladder of peasants, ask the millions of Methodists on both sides of the sea. Ask their mission stations all around the world. Ask their hundreds of thousands already ascended to join their founder, who would have perished but for the living stairs of peasants' shoulders.

An English ship stopped at Pitcairn Island and right in the midst of surrounding cannibalism and squalor, the passengers discovered a Christian colony of churches, and schools, and beautiful homes, and highest style of religion and civilization. For fifty years no missionary and no Christian influence had landed there. Why this oasis of light amid a desert of heathendom? Sixty years before, a ship had met

disaster, and one of the sailors, unable to save anything else, went to his trunk and took out a Bible which his mother had placed there, and swam ashore, the Bible held in his teeth. The Book was read on all sides, until the rough and vicious population were evangelized, and a church was started, and an enlightened commonwealth established, and the world's history has no more brilliant page than that which tells of the transformation of a nation by one book. It did not seem of much importance whether the sailor continued to hold the book in his teeth or let it fall in the breakers, but upon what small circumstance depended what mighty results!

There are no insignificances in our lives. The minutest thing is part of a magnitude. Infinity is made up of infinitesimals. Great things an aggregation of small things. Bethlehem manger pulling on a star in the eastern sky. One book in a drenched sailor's mouth the evangelization of a multitude. One boat of papyrus on the Nile freighted with events for all ages. The fates of Christendom in a basket let down from a window on the wall. What you do, do well. If you make a rope make it strong and true, for you know not how much may depend on your workmanship.

If you fashion a boat let it be water-proof, for you know not who may sail in it. If you put a Bible in the trunk of your boy as he goes from home, let it be heard in your prayers, for it may have a mission as far-reaching as the book which the sailor carried in his teeth to the Pitcairn beach. The plainest man's life is an island between two eternities—eternity past rippling against his shoulders, eternity to come touching his brow. The casual, the accidental, that

which merely happened so are parts of a great plan, and the rope that lets the fugitive apostle from the Damascus wall is the cable that holds to its mooring the ship of the Church in the northeast storm of the centuries.

Again, notice unrecognized and unrecorded services. Who spun that rope? Who tied it to the basket? Who steadied the illustrious preacher as he stepped into it? Who relaxed not a muscle of the arm or dismissed an anxious look from his face until the basket touched the ground and discharged its magnificent cargo? Not one of their names has come to us, but there was no work done that day in Damascus or in all the earth compared with the importance of their work. What if they had in the agitation tied a knot that could slip? What if the sound of the mob at the door had led them to say: "Paul must take care of himself, and we will take care of ourselves." No, no! *They held the rope*, and in doing so did more for the Christian Church than any thousand of us will ever accomplish. But God knows and has made eternal record of their risky undertaking. And they know.

How exultant they must have felt when they read his letters to the Romans, to the Corinthians, to the Galatians, to the Ephesians, to the Philippians, to the Colossians, to the Thessalonians, to Timothy, to Titus, to Philemon, to the Hebrews, and when they heard how he walked out of prison with the earthquake unlocking the door for him, and took command of the Alexandrian corn-ship when the sailors were nearly scared to death, and preached a sermon that nearly shook Felix off his judgment seat. I hear the men and women who helped him down through the

window and over the wall talking in private over the matter, and saying: "How glad I am that we effected that rescue! In coming times others may get the glory of Paul's work, but no one shall rob us of the satisfaction of knowing that we held the rope."

There are said to be about sixty thousand ministers of religion in this country. About fifty thousand I warrant came from early homes which had to struggle for the necessaries of life. The sons of rich bankers and merchants generally become bankers and merchants. The most of those who become ministers are the sons of those who had terrific struggle to get their every-day bread. The collegiate and theological education of that son took every luxury from the parental table for eight years. The other children were more scantily appareled.

The son at college every little while got a bundle from home. In it were the socks that mother had knit, sitting up late at night, her sight not as good as once it was. And there, also, were some delicacies from the sister's hand for the voracious appetite of a hungry student. The father swung the heavy cradle through the wheat, the sweat rolling from his chin bedewing every step of the way, and then sitting down under the cherry-tree at noon thinking to himself: "I am fearfully tired, but it will pay if I can once see that boy through college, and if I can know that he will be preaching the Gospel after I am dead." The younger children want to know why they can't have this and that, as others do, and the mother says: "Be patient, my children, until your brother graduates, and then you shall have more luxuries, but we must see that boy through."

The years go by, and the son has been ordained, and is preaching the glorious Gospel, and a great revival comes, and souls by scores and hundreds accept the Gospel from the lips of that young preacher, and father and mother, quite old now, are visiting the son at the village parsonage, and at the close of a Sabbath of mighty blessing, father and mother retire to their room, the son lighting the way and asking them if he can do anything to make them more comfortable, saying if they want anything in the night just to knock on the wall. And then, all alone, father and mother talk over the gracious influences of the day, and say: "Well, it was worth all we went through to educate that boy. It was a hard pull, but we held on till the work was done. The world may not know it, but, mother, we held the rope, didn't we?" And the voice, tremulous with joyful emotion, responds: "Yes father, we held the rope. I feel my work is done. Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." "Pshaw!" says the father, "I never felt so much like living in my life as now. I want to see what that fellow is going on to do, he has begun so well."

O men and women, you brag sometimes how you have fought your way in the world, but I think there have been helpful influences that you have never fully acknowledged. Has there not been some influence in your early or present home that the world can not see? Does there not reach to you from among the New England hills, or from Western prairie, or from Southern plantation, or from English, or Scottish, or Irish home, a cord of influence that has kept you right when you would have gone astray,

but which, after you had made a crooked track, recalled you? The rope may be as long as thirty yêars, or five hundred miles long, or three thousand miles long, but hands that went out of mortal sight long ago, still hold the rope.

You want a very swift horse, and you need to rowel him with sharpest spurs, and to let the reins lie loose upon the neck, and to give a shout to a racer, if you are going to ride out of reach of your mother's prayers. Why, a ship crossing the Atlantic in seven days can't sail away from that! A sailor finds them on the lookout as he takes his place, and finds them on the mast as he climbs the ratlines to disentangle a rope in the tempest, and finds them swinging on the hammock when he turns in. Why not be frank and acknowledge it—the most of us would long ago have been dashed to pieces had not gracious and loving hands steadily, and lovingly, and mightily held the rope.

CHAPTER V.

THE NEEDLE.

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

The operatives have found a livelihood by it, and through it the mansions of the employer have been constructed. Amid the greatest triumphs in all ages and lands I set down the conquests of the needle. I admit its crimes. I admit its cruelties. It has had more martyrs than the fire. It has butchered more souls than the inquisition. It has punctured the eye. It has pierced the side. It has struck weakness into the lungs. It has sent madness into the brain. It

has filled the potter's field. It has pitched whole armies of the suffering into crime, and wretchedness, and woe. But now that I speak of Dorcas and her ministries to the poor, I shall relate only the charities of the needle.

This woman was a representative of all those women who make garments for the destitute, who knit socks for the barefooted, who prepare bandages for the lacerated, who fix up boxes of clothing for Western missionaries, who go into the asylums of the suffering and destitute, bearing that Gospel which is sight for the blind, and hearing for the deaf, and which makes the lame man leap like a hart, and brings the dead to life, immortal health bounding in their pulses.

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

I will put one earnest Christian man, hard-working, against 5,000 mere theorists on the subject of charity. There are a great many who have fine ideas about

church architecture who never in their life helped to build a church. There are men who can give you the history of Buddhism and Mohammedanism, who never sent a farthing for their evangelization. There are women who talk beautifully about the suffering of the world, who never had the courage, like Dorcas, to take the needle and assault it.

I am glad that there is not a page of the world's history which is not a record of female benevolence.

God says to all lands and people: "Come now, and hear the widow's mite rattle down into the poor-box." The Princess of Conti sold all her jewels that she might help the famine-stricken. Queen Bláñche, the wife of Louis VIII, of France, hearing that there were some persons unjustly incarcerated in the prisons, went out amid the rabble and took a stick and struck the door as a signal that they might all strike it, and down went the prison-door, and out came the prisoners. Queen Maud, the wife of Henry I., went down amid the poor and washed their sores and administered to them cordials. Mrs. Retson, at Matagorda, appeared on the battlefield while the missiles of death were flying around, and cared for the wounded.

But why go so far back? Why go so far away? Is there a man or woman who has forgotten the women of the sanitary and Christian commissions, or the fact that before the smoke had gone up from Gettysburg and South Mountain, the women of the North met the women of the South on the battlefield, forgetting all their animosities while they bound up the wounded and closed up the eyes of the slain? Have you forgotten Dorcas, the benefactress!

There are a great many who go out of life and are

unmissed. There may be a very large funeral; there may be a great many carriages and a plumed hearse; there may be high-sounding eulogiums; the bell may toll at the cemetery gate; there may be a very fine marble shaft reared over the resting-place; but the whole thing may be a falsehood and a sham. The Church of God has lost nothing. The world has lost nothing. It is only a nuisance abated; it is only a grumbler ceasing to find fault; it is only an idler stopped yawning; it is only a dissipated fashionable parted from his wine cellar; while, on the other hand, no useful Christian leaves this world without being missed. The Church of God cries out, like the prophet: "Howl, fir-tree, for the cedar has fallen!" Widowhood comes and shows the garments which the departed had made. Orphans are lifted up to look into the calm face of the sleeping benefactress. Reclaimed vagrancy comes and kisses the cold brow of her who charmed it away from sin, and all through the streets of Joppa there is mourning, mourning because Dorcas is dead.

I suppose you have read of the fact that when Josephine was carried out to her grave there were a great many men and women of pomp, and pride, and position, that went out after her; but I am most affected by the story of history, that on that day there were 10,000 of the poor of France who followed her coffin, weeping and wailing until the air rang again, because, when they lost Josephine they lost their last earthly friend. Oh, who would not rather have such obsequies than all the tears that were ever poured in the lachrymals that have been exhumed from ancient cities?

There may be no mass for the dead; there may be

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

CHAPTER VI.

THE SECRET OUT.

“Samuel said, What meaneth then this bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the lowing of the oxen which I hear?”—I. SAM. 15: 14.

The Amalekites thought that they had conquered God, and that He would never execute His threats against them. They had murdered the Israelites in battle and out of battle, and left no outrage untried. They thought that God either did not dare to punish them, or that He had forgotten so to do. Let us see. Samuel, the Lord’s prophet, tells Saul to go down and destroy the Amalekites, leaving not one of them alive, and to destroy all the beasts in their possession, ox and sheep, camel and ass.

The Amalekites and Israelites confront each other. The trumpets of battle are blown, peal on peal. Awful scene, that ancient battle. But huzza! for the Israelites. More than two hundred thousand men wave their plumes and clap their shields, for God has given them the victory. Huzza! for Israel.

Yet this triumphant army is soon captured and conquered by sheep and oxen. God told Saul to go and destroy the Amalekites, and to destroy all the beasts in their possession. Saul thought he knew better than the Lord, and so he saves Agag, the king of the Amalekites, and saves some of the finest of the sheep and the oxen. He thinks he has cheated the prophet, and through him cheated the Lord, and he

is driving these sheep and oxen on toward his home. He has no idea that Samuel, the prophet, will ever find it out.

Samuel meets him. Saul with solemn visage—for there is no one that can look more solemn than your genuine hypocrite—Saul says: “I have fulfilled the commandment of the Lord.” Samuel listens, and at that moment he hears the noisy drove in the rear, and he says to Saul: “If you have done as you have said, if you have obeyed the Lord, what meaneth the bleating of the sheep that I hear, and the lowing of the oxen in mine ear?” One would have thought that Saul’s cheek would have been consumed with blushes. No. He says: “I did not do this; the army did it. The army are saving these sheep and oxen for sacrifice.” Then Samuel slashes Agag to pieces, and in Oriental style takes hold of the skirt of his coat, and rends it apart, as much as to say, “So shall you be rent from your crown, so shall you be rent from your kingdom, and all nations shall know that Saul, by disobeying God, won a flock of sheep, but lost a kingdom.”

God will expose hypocrisy. Saul thought this whole thing had been hushed up, and he had no idea that the secret of his disobedience would ever come out, and at the most inopportune time the sheep bleat, and the oxen bellowed. A hypocrite is one who professes to be what he is not, or to do that which he does not. Saul was a type of a large class. A hypocrite in our time is a man who looks awfully solemn, whines in his prayer, never laughs or smiles, or, if he should be caught laughing or smiling, afterward is apologetic, as though he had committed some great sin. The first time he has a chance, he prays

twenty minutes in a prayer-meeting, and if he give an exhortation, it is with an air that seems to imply that all men are sinners save one, his modesty forbidding that he should state who that one is. In Churches of Christ all over the land are ecclesiastical Uriah Heeps. When the fox begins to pray look out for your chickens! The genuine impostor in religion makes a pride of his misery. The genuine Christian finds religion a joy. The hypocrite has pride in his being uncomfortable.

Those are the kind of men that damage the Church of Jesus Christ. Wolves are not of so much danger, save when they are in sheep's clothing. Arnold was of more peril to the American army than Cornwallis and his host. A ship may outride a hundred storms, and yet a handful of worms in a plank may sink it to the bottom. The Church of Jesus Christ has not so much fear of cyclones of persecution as it has of the vermin of hypocrisy sometimes infesting it.

Now, such hypocrisy will be exposed. God sees behind the curtain as well as before the curtain. God sees everything inside out. All their solemn looks will not save them. All their long prayers will not save them. All their professions of religion will not save them. Their real character will be demonstrated, and at the most unexpected moment the sheep will bleat and the oxen will bellow.

One of the cruel bishops of olden time, about to put one of the martyrs to death, began by saying; "In the name of God, amen." The martyr said: "Don't say 'in the name of God!'" And yet how many cruel and mean things are done in the name of religion and sanctity. You sometimes see ecclesiastical courts, when they are about to devour some

good brother, begin by being tremendously pious in their utterances, the venom of their assault corresponding with the heavenly pathos of the prelude. About to devour him, they say grace before the meal! Just at the time when you expect them almost to rise in translation, and are beginning to think that nothing but the weight of their boots and overcoats keep them down, the sheep bleat and the oxen bellow. Ah! my friends, pretend to be no more than that you are. If you have the grace of God, profess it; but profess to have no more than you really possess. If you have none of it, do not profess to have it.

History tells of Ottocar who was asked to kneel before Randolphus I. Coming into the presence of the king, Ottocar declined to kneel, but after a while he compromised the matter and said: "I will kneel in private some time in your tent where no one sees me." But the servant of the king arranged a rope by which he could instantly let the tent drop. After a while Ottocar came into the tent and knelt before Randolphus in worship. The king's servant drew the cord and the tent dropped, and Ottocar in the presence of two great armies, was kneeling before Randolphus. Ah! my friends, if you pretend that you are a servant of Jesus Christ, and at the same time are kneeling to the world, the tent has already dropped, and all the armies of heaven are gazing on the hypocrisy. The universe is a very public place, and hypocrisy always comes to exposure.

But while there is one hypocrite in the Church there are five hundred outside of it, for the field is larger. People sometimes look over into the Church, and they find here and there a hypocrite, and they denounce the Church of God. You have more on

your side than we have on our side. Five hundred to one. Men who in your presence are obsequious, while at the same time they are angling for an imperfection. They are digging for a bait. Men who will be in your presence in commercial circles as genial as a summer morn, while they have the fierceness of a catamount and the slyness of a snake and the spite of a devil. But the gun they shoot off will burst in their own hands; the lies they tell crack their own teeth, and their hypocrisy will be demonstrated, and at the most unexpected time the sheep will bleat and the oxen will bellow.

It is very natural to put off sin on other people. Saul, confronted with his crime, said: "Oh, it wasn't me, it was the army; they saved these sheep and oxen, and disobeyed the command of God. It wasn't me. Oh, no, it was the army." Human nature the same in all ages. Adam confronted with his sin, said: "The woman tempted me and I did eat." And she charged it upon the serpent, and if the serpent could have spoken it would have charged it upon the devil; when the simple circumstance, I suppose, was that Adam saw Eve eating this forbidden fruit, and he begged and coaxed until he got a piece of it! Adam just as much to blame as Eve. Ah! my brother, you cannot put off your sins on other people. Saul thought he could, but he could not.

God demanded the obliteration of all of the Amalekites, and the destruction of all the beasts they owned, and Saul saves Agag, the King of the Amalekites, and those fine sheep and oxen. God said, extermination. Why, do you suppose that if we have as many sins as there were men in the army of the Amalekites, God is going to let us keep any of them? They have all to be exterminated.

Here is a Christian man who says: "I have an Amalekitish sin which I call jealousy." Down with jealousy. Here is a Christian man who says: "I have an Amalekitish sin which I will call backbiting." Down with backbiting. A Christian says: "I have an Amalekitish sin which is an appetite for strong drink." Down with that appetite. Meanwhile, out yonder, there is a sin lifting up its head. What is that? It is Agag. That is worldliness. That is a pet sin, it is a darling sin he is going to let live. No mercy for Agag. You cannot keep a darling sin. Extermination!

Some Presbyterians call it "the higher life;" some Methodists call it "perfection;" I do not care what you call it; but without holiness no man shall see the Lord. We have to give up all our sins, my brothers and sisters; give them all up. No mercy for Agag. Saul kept, I suppose, the finest, the fattest of the sheep, and killed the meanest. And there are many Christians who kill their unpopular sins and keep the respectable sins, while the Lord God from the heavens thunders extermination.

A mere profession of religion, if it be not backed up by right behavior, amounts to nothing, and worse than nothing. Saul came out with a magnificent profession of religion. He says: "I have fulfilled the commandments of the Lord. Just look at me! See what a hero I have been!" Then the sheep bleat and the oxen bellowed. It seems to me that the Church of Christ is to make a new departure in the direction of straightout honesty. I believe the time will come when men, instead of going to commercial records to see whether a man is A 1—hearing that a man who proposes a bargain is a member of the Christian

Church, a professor of religion—the merchant will say: “That is all I need.”

But how much a church certificate would be worth in Wall Street to-day, judge ye! It seems to me the Church has not kept up with the world's enterprise. It used to take a good while to make a sixpenny nail. A bar would be thrust into the hot coals, and then the bellows would blow, and then the bar would be brought out on the anvil, and they would pound it and smite it and cut it and cleave it, and there would be the nail. Now, a bar is thrust into a machine, and instantly there is a whole shower of nails on the floor of the manufactory. It used to take a great while to thresh wheat. The farmer would slowly unfasten the band from the sheaf, then he would shake out the sheaf on the floor, and then he would take the slow flail, and pound out the wheat from the straw. Now, the horses start, or the engine begins to hiss, and there are many sheaves instantly threshed. The printing-press that made two hundred and fifty impressions an hour was considered wonderful. Now, tens of thousands of impressions are made in the same length of time. The mail was a very slow institution. Once in two weeks it went from London to Edinburgh. Once in two weeks it went from New York to Boston. Now, a half dozen times a day you have to run to get out of the way, or you will be run over by the wagons that come through Nassau Street, with whole tons of United States mail. Over eight hundred millions of letters and papers in one year going through that mail. Changes in jurisprudence. Constitution of the State of New York changed in 1846. Improvements in the criminal code. Improvements in the civil code. Law of 1773 not fit for 1883.

Now, has the Church of God kept up with the movements of the day? with art, with science, with modern travel. "Oh," says some one, "there are no new principles to be evolved in religion." Ah! I admit it. There are no new principles in nature. They are new to us, but they are old principles brought out into demonstration and into light. The law of gravitation did not wait until Isaac Newton was born. There was just as much electricity in the summer clouds before Benjamin Franklin began to play kite with the thunderstorm, as afterward; just as much power in steam before Robert Fulton was born as afterward. The carboniferous and jurassic strata of the earth did not wait to be laid down until Hugh Miller plunged his geological crowbar. They are old principles, as old as the world, but brought to new demonstration. So I say in regard to religion. If a man tells me he has a new religion, I say, "I have no faith in it, for the Bible is my standard." But if he comes and says to me, "I have a new application of the old principle," I say, "Hear, hear, hear!"

Now what I want is to have this old Gospel wheel, this grand Gospel wheel which has turned so magnificently so many years, to have another band put on it, the band connecting it with every shop, with every store, with every banking house, with every institution, with every place of hard work—the religion of Jesus Christ making its conquest in the direction of common honesty, so that when a man shall say, as Saul said, "I have fulfilled the commandment of the Lord," everybody will believe him.

CHAPTER VII.

THE EYE.

The imperial organ of the human system is the eye. The surgeons, the doctors, the anatomists, and the physiologists understand much of the glories of the two great lights of the human face ; but the vast multitudes go on from cradle to grave without any appreciation of the two great masterpieces of the Lord God Almighty. If God had lacked anything of infinite wisdom He would have failed in creating the human eye. We wander through the earth trying to see wonderful sights, but the most wonderful sight that we ever see is not so wonderful as the instruments through which we see it.

It has been a strange thing to me for thirty years that some scientist with enough eloquence and magnetism, did not go through the country with illustrated lecture on canvas thirty feet square, to startle and thrill and overwhelm Christendom with the marvels of the human eye. We want the eye taken from all its technicalities, and some one who shall lay aside all talk about the pterygomaxillary fissures, the sclerotica, and the chiasma of the optic nerve, and in plain, common parlance which you and I and everybody can understand, present the subject. We have learned men who have been telling us what our origin is and what we were. Oh, if some one should come forth from the dissecting-table and from the

class room of the university and take the platform, and asking the help of the Creator, demonstrate the wonders of what we are.

The eyes of fish and reptiles and moles and bats are very simple things because they have not much to do. There are insects with a hundred eyes, but the hundred eyes have less faculty than the two human eyes. The black beetle swimming the summer pond has two eyes under the water and two eyes above the water, but the four insectile are not equal to the two human. Man placed at the head of all living creatures must have supreme equipment, while the blind fish in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky have only an undeveloped organ of sight, an apology for the eye, which, if through some crevice of the mountain they should go into the sunlight, might be developed into positive eyesight.

In the first chapter of Genesis we find that God without any consultation created the light, created the trees, created the fish, created the fowl, but when He was about to create man He called a convention of divinity, as though to imply that all the powers of Godhead were to be enlisted in the achievement. "Let us make man." Put *a whole ton of emphasis* on that word "us." "Let *us* make man." And if God called a convention of divinity to create man, I think the two great questions in that conference were how to create a soul, and how to make an appropriate window for the emperor to look out of.

See how God honored the eye before he created it. He cried until chaos was irradiated with the utterance: "Let there be light"! In other words, before he introduced man into this temple of the world He illumined it, prepared it for the eyesight. And so

after the last human eye has been destroyed in the final demolition of the world, stars are to fall and the sun is to cease its shining, and the moon is to turn into blood. In other words, after the human eyes are no more to be profited by their shining, the chandeliers of heaven are to be turned out. God to educate and to bless and to help the human eye, set on the mantel of heaven two lamps—a gold lamp and a silver lamp—the one for the day, and the other for the night.

To show how God honors the eye, look at the two halls built for the residence of the eyes. Seven bones making the wall for each eye, the seven bones curiously wrought together. Kingly palace of ivory is considered rich, but the halls for the residence of the human eyes are richer by so much as human bone is more sacred than elephantine tusk. See how God honored the eyes when He made a roof for them, so that the sweat of toil should not smart them, and the rain dashing against the forehead might not drip into them; the eyebrows not bending over the eye, but reaching to the right and to the left so that the rain and the sweat should be compelled to drop upon the cheek instead of falling into this divinely protected human eyesight.

See how God honored the eye in the fact presented by anatomists and physiologists that there are 800 contrivances in every eye. For window shutters, the eyelids opening and closing 30,000 times a day. The eyelashes so constructed that they have their selection as to what shall be admitted, saying to the dust, "Stay out," and saying to the light, "Come in." For inside curtain the iris, or pupil of the eye, according as the light is greater or less, contracting or dilating.

The eye of the owl is blind in the daytime, the eyes of some creatures are blind at night, but the human eye so marvelously constructed it can see both by day and by night.

Many of the other creatures of God can move the eye only from side to side, but the human eye so marvelously constructed, has one muscle to lift the eye and another muscle to lower the eye, and another muscle to roll it to the right, and another muscle to roll it to the left, and another muscle passing through a pulley to turn it round and round—an elaborate gearing of six muscles as perfect as God could make them.

There also is the retina gathering the rays of light and passing the visual impression along the optic nerve about the thickness of the lamp wick, passing the visual impression on to the sensorium and on into the soul. What a delicate lens, what an exquisite screen, what soft cushions, what wonderful chemistry of the human eye. The eye washed by a slow stream of moisture, whether we sleep or wake, rolling imperceptibly over the pebble of the eye and emptying into a bone of the nostril—a contrivance so wonderful that it can see the sun, ninety-five millions of miles away, and the point of a pin. Telescope and microscope in the same contrivance. The astronomer swings and moves this way and that, and adjusts and readjusts the telescope until he gets it to the right focus; the microscopist moves this way and that, and adjusts and readjusts the magnifying glass until it is prepared to do its work, but the human eye without a touch beholds the star and the smallest insect. The traveler among the Alps with one glance taking in Mont Blanc and the face of his watch, to see whether he has time to climb it. Oh, this wonderful *camera*

obscura which you and I carry about with us, so to-day we can take in this audience, so from the top of Mount Washington we can take in New England, so at night we can sweep into our vision the constellations from horizon to horizon. So delicate, so semi-infinite, and yet the light coming ninety-five millions of miles at the rate of two hundred thousand miles a second, is obliged to halt at the gate of the eye, waiting until the portcullis be lifted. Something hurled ninety-five millions of miles and striking an instrument which has not the agitation of even winking under the power of the stroke.

There, also, is the merciful arrangement of the tear gland, by which the eye is washed, and through which rolls the tide which brings the relief that comes in tears when some bereavement or great loss strikes us. The tear not an augmentation of sorrow, but the breaking up of the Arctic of frozen grief in the warm Gulf Stream of consolation. Incapacity to weep is madness or death. Thank God for the tear glands, and that the crystal gates are so easily opened.

Oh, the wonderful hydraulic apparatus of the human eye. Divinely constructed vision. Two light-houses at the harbor of the immortal soul, under the shining of which the world sails in and drops anchor. What an anthem of praise to God is the human eye. The tongue is speechless and a clumsy instrument of expression as compared with it. Have you not seen it flash with indignation, or kindle with enthusiasm, or expand with devotion, or melt with sympathy, or stare with fright, or leer with villainy, or droop with sadness, or pale with envy, or fire with revenge, or twinkle with mirth, or beam with love? It is tragedy

and comedy and pastoral and lyric in turn. Have you not seen its uplifted brow of surprise, or its frown of wrath, or its contraction of pain? If the eye say one thing and the lips say another thing, you believe the eye rather than the lips. The eyes of Archibald Alexander, and Charles S. Finney, were the mightiest part of their sermon. George Whitefield enthralled great assemblages with his eyes, though they were crippled with strabismus. Many a military chieftain has, with a look, hurled a regiment to victory or to death. Martin Luther turned his great eye on an assassin who came to take his life, and the villain fled. Under the glance of the human eye the tiger, with five times a man's strength, snarls back into the African jungle.

The Earl of Bridgewater, in his last will and testament bequeathed \$40,000 for essays to be written on the power, and wisdom, and goodness of God, as manifested in creation, and Sir Charles Bell, the British surgeon, fresh from Corunna and Waterloo, where he had been tending the wounded and studying the formation of the human body amid the amputating horrors of the battlefield, accepted the invitation to write one of those Bridgewater treatises, and he wrote his book on the human hand—a book that will live as long as the world lives. I have only hinted at the splendors, the glories, the wonders, the divine revelations, the apocalypses of the human eye, and I stagger back from the awful portals of the physiological miracle which must have taxed the ingenuity of a God, to cry out: "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?" Shall Herschel not know as much as his telescope? Shall Fraunhofer not know as much as his spectroscope? Shall Swam-

merdam not know as much as his microscope? Shall Dr. Hooke not know as much as his micrometer? Shall the thing formed know more than its maker? "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?"

The recoil of this question is tremendous. We stand at the center of a vast circumference of observation. No privacy. On us, eyes of cherubim, eyes of seraphim, eyes of archangel, eyes of God. We may not be able to see the inhabitants of other worlds, but perhaps they may be able to see us. We have not optical instruments strong enough to descry them; perhaps they have optical instruments strong enough to descry us. The mole can not see the eagle mid-air, but the eagle mid-sky can see the mole mid-grass. We are able to see mountains and caverns of another world; but perhaps the inhabitants of other worlds can see the towers of our cities, the flash of our seas, the marching of our processions, the white robes of our weddings, the black scarfs of our obsequies. It passes out from the guess into the positive, when we are told in the Bible that the inhabitants of other worlds do come or convey to this. Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation? Oh, the eye of God, so full of pity, so full of power, so full of love, so full of indignation, so full of compassion, so full of mercy. How it peers through the darkness. How it outshines the day. How it glares upon the offender. How it beams on the penitent soul. Talk about the human eye as being indescribably wonderful—how much more wonderful the great, searching, overwhelming eye of God. All eternity past and all eternity to come on that retina. The eyes with which we look into each other's face

to-day suggest it. It stands written twice on your face and twice on mine, unless through casualty one or both have been obliterated. "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?" Oh, the eye of God. It sees our sorrows to assuage them, sees our perplexities to disentangle them, sees our wants to sympathize with them. If we fight Him back, the eye of an antagonist. If we ask His grace, the eye of an everlasting friend.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE EAR.

Architecture is one of the most fascinating arts, and the study of Egyptian, Grecian, Etruscan, Roman, Byzantine, Moorish, Renaissance styles of building, has been to many a man a sublime life-work. Lincoln and York Cathedrals, St. Paul's and St. Peter's, and Arch of Titus, and Theban Temple, and Alhambra, and Parthenon, are the monuments to the genius of those who built them. But more wonderful than any arch they ever lifted, or any transept window they ever illumined, or any Corinthian column they ever crowned, or any Gothic cloister they ever elaborated, is the human ear.

Among the most skillful and assiduous physiologists of our time have been those who have given their time to the examination of the ear, and the studying of its arches, its walls, its floor, its canals, its aqueducts, its galleries, its intricacies, its convulsions, its divine machinery, and yet, it will take another thousand years before the world comes to any adequate appreciation of what God did when He planned and executed the infinite and overmastering architecture of the human ear. The most of it is invisible, and the microscope breaks down in the attempt at exploration. The cartilage which we call the ear is only the storm door of the great temple clear down out of sight, next door to the immortal soul.

Such scientists as Helmholtz, and Conte, and De Blainville, and Rank, and Buck, have attempted to walk the Appian Way of the human ear, but the mysterious pathway has never been fully trodden but by two feet—the foot of sound and the foot of God. Three ears on each side the head—the external ear, the middle ear, the internal ear, but all connected by most wonderful telegraphy.

The external ear in all ages adorned by precious stones or precious metals. The Temple of Jerusalem, partly built by the contribution of earrings, and Homer, in the Iliad, speaks of Hera, the three bright drops, her glittering gems suspended from the ear; and many of the adornments of our day are only copies of ear-jewels found to-day in Pompeiian museum and Etruscan vase. But while the outer ear may be adorned by human art, the middle and the internal ear are adorned and garnished only by the hand of the Lord God Almighty. The stroke of a key of this organ sets the air vibrating, and the ear catches the undulating sound, and passes it on through the bonelets of the middle ear to the internal ear, which is filled with liquid, and that liquid again vibrates until the three thousand fibers of the human brain take up the vibration, and roll the sound on into the soul.

The hidden machinery of the ear, by physiologists called by the names of things familiar to us, like the hammer, something to strike—like the anvil, something to be smitten—like the stirrup of the saddle with which we mount the steed—like the drum, beaten in the march—like the harp strings, to be swept by music. Coiled like a snail shell, by which one of the innermost passages of the ear is actually

called—like a stairway, the sound to ascend—like a bent tube of a heating apparatus, taking that which enters round and round—like a labyrinth with wonderful passages into which the thought enters only to be lost in bewilderment. The middle ear filled with air, the medium of the sound as it passes to the internal ear filled with liquid—a muscle contracting when the noise is too loud, just as the pupil of the eye contracts when the light is too glaring. The external ear is defended by wax, which with its bitterness, discourages insectile invasion. The internal ear embedded in what is by far the hardest bone of the human system, a very rock of strength and defiance.

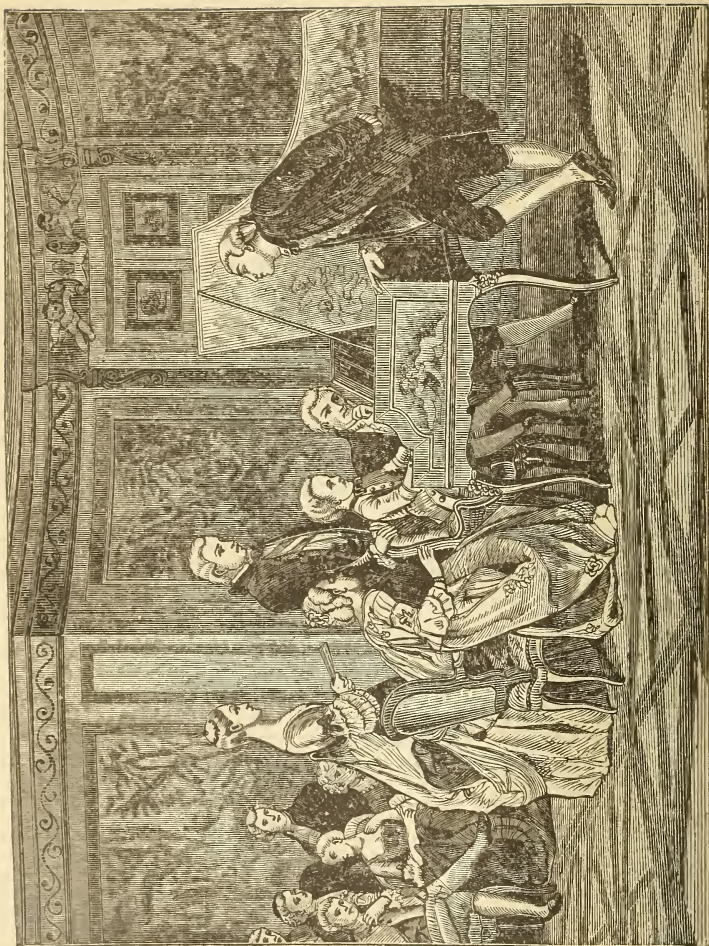
The ear, so strange a contrivance, that by the estimates of one scientist, it can catch the sound of seventy-three thousand seven hundred vibrations in a second. The outer ear taking in all kinds of sound, whether the crash of an avalanche, or the hum of a bee. The sound passing to the inner door of the outside ear, halts until another mechanism, divine mechanism, passes it on by the bonelets of the middle ear, and coming to the inner door of the second ear, the sound has no power to come further until another divine mechanism passes it on through into the inner ear, and then the sound swims the liquid until it comes to the rail-track of the brain branchlet, and rolls on and on until it comes to sensation, and there the curtain drops, and a hundred gates shut, and the voice of God seems to say to all human inspection: "Thus far and no farther."

In this vestibule of the palace of the soul, how many kings of thought, of medicine, of physiology, have done penance of lifelong study, and got no

further than the vestibule. Mysterious home of reverberation and echo. Grand Central Depot of sound. Headquarters to which there come quick dispatches, part the way by cartilage, part the way by air, part the way by bone, part the way by water, part the way by nerve—the slowest dispatch plunging into the ear at the speed of one thousand and ninety feet a second.

Small instrument of music on which is played all the music you ever hear, from the grandeurs of an August thunderstorm to the softest breathings of a flute. Small instrument of music, only a quarter of an inch of surface and the thinness of one two hundred and fiftieth part of an inch, and that thinness divided into three layers. In that ear musical staff, lines, spaces, bar and rest. A bridge leading from the outside natural world to the inside spiritual world; we seeing the abutment at this end of the bridge, but the fog of an uplifted mystery hiding the abutment at the other end of the bridge. Whispering gallery of the soul. The human voice is God's eulogy to the ear. That voice capable of producing seventeen trillion, five hundred and ninety-two billion, one hundred and eighty-six million, forty-four thousand, four hundred and fifteen sounds, and all that variety made, not for the regalement of beast or bird, but for the human ear.

Struggling on up from six years of age when he was left fatherless, Wagner rose from the obloquy of the world, and oft-times all nations seemingly against him, until he gained the favor of a king, and won the enthusiasm of the opera houses of Europe and America. Struggling all the way on to seventy years of age, to conquer the world's ear.



YOUNG MOZART.
(From a painting by Boulanger.)

In that same attempt to master the human ear and gain supremacy over this gate of the immortal soul, great battles were fought by Mozart, Gluck and Weber, and by Beethoven and Meyerbeer, by Rossini, and by all the roll of German and Italian and French composers, some of them in the battle leaving their blood on the keynotes and the musical scores. Great battle fought for the ear—fought with baton, with organ pipe, with trumpet, with cornet-a-piston, with all ivory and brazen and silver and golden weapons of the orchestra; royal theatre and cathedral and academy of music the fortresses of the contest for the ear. England and Egypt fought for the supremacy of the Suez Canal, and the Spartans and the Persians fought for the defile at Thermopylæ, but the musicians of all ages have fought for the mastery of the auditory canal and the defile of the immortal soul and the Thermopylæ of struggling cadences.

For the conquest of the ear, Haydn struggled on up from the garret where he had neither fire nor food, on and on until under the too great nervous strain of hearing his own oratorio of the "Creation" performed, he was carried out to die, but leaving as his legacy to the world 118 symphonies, 163 pieces for the baritone, 15 masses, 5 oratorios, 42 German and Italian songs, 39 canons, 365 English and Scotch songs with accompaniment, and 1536 pages of libretti. All that to capture the gate of the body that swings in from the tympanum to the snail shell lying on the beach of the ocean of the immortal soul.

To conquer the ear, Handel struggled on from the time when his father would not let him go to school lest he learn the gamut and become a musician, and from the time when he was allowed in the organ loft

just to play after the audience had left, one voluntary, to the time when he left to all nations his unparalleled oratorios of "Esther," "Deborah," "Samson," "Jephthah," "Judas Maccabeus," "Israel in Egypt," and the "Messiah," the soul of the great German composer still weeping in the dead march of our great obsequies, and triumphing in the raptures of every Easter morn.

To conquer the ear and take this gate of the immortal soul, Schubert composed his immortal "Serenade," writing the staves of the music on the bill of fare in a restaurant, and went on until he could leave as a legacy to the world over a thousand magnificent compositions in music. To conquer the ear and take this gate of the soul's castle, Mozart struggled on through poverty until he came to a pauper's grave, and one chilly, wet afternoon the body of him who gave to the world the "Requiem" and the "G-minor Symphony" was crunched in on the top of two other paupers into a grave which to this day is epitaphless.

For the ear everything mellifluous, from the birth hour when our earth was wrapped in swaddling clothes of light and serenaded by other worlds, from the time when Jubal thrummed the first harp and pressed a key of the first organ, down to the music of this Sabbath morn. Yea, for the ear the coming overtures of heaven, for whatever other part of the body may be left in the dust, the ear, we know, is to come to celestial life; otherwise, why the "harpers harping with their harps"? For the ear, carol of lark and whistle of quail, and chirp of cricket, and dash of cascade, and roar of tides oceanic, and doxology of worshipful assembly and minstrelsy, cherubic, seraphic, and archangelic. For the ear all

Pandean pipes, all flutes, all clarionets, all hautboys, all bassoons, all bells, and all organs—Luzerne and Westminster Abbey, and Freyburg, and Berlin, and all the organ pipes set across Christendom, and great Giant's Causeway for the monarchs of music to pass over. For the ear, all chimes, all ticking of chronometers, all anthems, all dirges, all glees, all choruses, all lullabies, all orchestration.

Oh, the ear, the God-honored ear, grooved with divine sculpture, and poised with divine gracefulness, and upholstered with curtains of divine embroidery, and corrodored by divine carpentry, and pillared with divine architecture, and chiseled in bone of divine masonry, and conquered by processions of divine marshaling. The ear! A perpetual point of interrogation, asking how, a perpetual point of apostrophe appealing to God. None but God could plan it. None but God could build it. None but God could work it. None but God could keep it. None but God could understand it. None but God could explain it. Oh, the wonders of the human ear. How surpassingly sacred the human ear. You had better be careful how you let the sound of blasphemy or uncleanness step into that holy of holies. The Bible says that in the ancient temple the priest was set apart by the putting of the blood of a ram on the tip of the ear, the right ear of the priest. But, my friends, we need all of us to have the sacred touch of ordination on the hanging lobe of both ears, and on the arches of the ears, on the Eustachian tube of the ear, on the mastoid cells of the ear, on the tympanic cavity of the ear, and on everything from the outside rim of the outside ear clear in to the point where sound steps off the auditory nerve and rolls on down

into the unfathomable depths of the immortal soul. The Bible speaks of "dull ears," and of "uncircumcised ears," and of "itching ears," and of "rebellious ears," and of "open ears," and of those who have all the organs of hearing and yet who seem to be deaf, for it cries to them: "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

Oh, yes, my friends, we have been looking for God too far away instead of looking for Him close by and in our own organism. We go up into the conservatory and look through the telescope and see God in Jupiter, and God in Saturn, and God in Mars; but we could see more of Him through the microscope of an aurist. No king is satisfied with only one residence, and in France it has been St. Cloud and Versailles and the Tuilleries, and in Great Britain it has been Windsor and Balmoral, and Osborne. A ruler does not always prefer the larger. The King of earth and heaven may have larger castles and greater palaces, but I do not think there is any one more curiously wrought than the human ear. The heaven of heavens cannot contain Him, and yet He says He finds room to dwell in a contrite heart, and I think, in a Christian ear.

We have been looking for God in the infinite—let us look for Him in the infinitesimal. God walking the corridor of the ear, God sitting in the gallery of the human ear, God speaking along the auditory nerve of the ear, God dwelling in the ear to hear that which comes from the outside, and so near the brain and the soul He can hear all that transpires there. The Lord of hosts encamping under the curtains of membrane. Palace of the Almighty in the human ear. The rider on the white horse of the Apocalypse

thrusting his hand into the loop of bone which the physiologist has been pleased to call the stirrup of the ear.

When a soul prays, God does not sit bolt upright until the prayer travels immensity and climbs to His ear. The Bible says He bends clear over. In more than one place Isaiah said He bowed down His ear. In more than one place the Psalmist said He inclined His ear, by which I come to believe that God puts His ear so closely down to your lips that He can hear your faintest whisper. It is not God away off up yonder; it is God away down here, close up, so close that when you pray to Him, it is not more a whisper than a kiss. Ah! yes, He hears the captive's sigh and the plash of the orphan's tear, and the dying syllables of the shipwrecked sailor driven on the Skerries, and the infant's "Now I lay me down to sleep," as distinctly as He hears the fortissimo of brazen bands in the Dusseldorf festival, as easily as He hears the salvo of artillery when the thirteen squares of English troops open all their batteries at once at Waterloo.

The phonograph is a newly-invented instrument which holds not only the words you utter, but the very tones of your voice, so that a hundred years from now, that instrument turned, the very words you now utter and the very tone of your voice will be reproduced. Wonderful phonograph. As of our beloved dead we keep a lock of hair, or picture of the features, so the time will come when we will be able to keep the tones of their voices and the words they uttered. So that if now dear friends should speak into the phonograph some words of affection, and then they should be taken away from us, years

from now, from that instrument we could unroll the words they uttered, and the very tones of their voice. But more wonderful is God's power to hold, to retain. Ah! what delightful encouragement for our prayers. What an awful fright for our hard speeches. What assurance of warm-hearted sympathy for all our griefs.

CHAPTER IX.

YOUR PEDIGREE.

This question of heredity is a mighty question. The longer I live the more I believe in blood—good blood, bad blood, proud blood, humble blood, honest blood, thieving blood, heroic blood, cowardly blood. The tendency may skip a generation or two, but it is sure to come out, as in a little child you sometimes see a similarity to a great-grandfather whose picture hangs on the wall. That the physical, and mental, and moral qualities are inheritable is patent to any one who keeps his eyes open. The similarity is so striking sometimes as to be amusing. Great families, regal or literary, are apt to have the characteristics all down through the generations, and what is more perceptible in such families, may be seen on a smaller scale in all families. A thousand years have no power to obliterate the difference.

The large lip of the House of Austria is seen in all the generations, and is called the Hapsburg lip. The House of Stuart always means, in all generations, cruelty, and bigotry, and sensuality. Witness Mary, Queen of Scots. Witness Charles I. and Charles II. Witness James I. and James II., and all the other scoundrels of that imperial line. Scottish blood means persistence, English blood means reverence for the ancient, Welsh blood means religiosity, Danish blood means fondness for the sea, Indian blood

means roaming disposition, Celtic blood means ferocity, Roman blood means conquest.

The Jewish facility for accumulation you may trace clear back to Abraham, of whom the Bible says, "He was rich in silver, and gold, and cattle," and to Isaac and Jacob, who had the same characteristics. Some families are characterized by longevity, and they have a tenacity of life positively Methuselahish. Others are characterized by Goliathan stature, and you can see it for one generation, two generations, five generations, in all the generations. Vigorous theology runs on in the line of the Alexanders. Tragedy runs on in the family of the Kembles. Literature runs on in the line of the Trollopes. Philanthropy runs on in the line of the Wilberforces. Statesmanship runs on in the line of the Adamses. Henry and Catherine, of Navarre, religious, all their family religious. The celebrated family of the Casini, all mathematicians. The celebrated family of the Medici—grandfather, son, and Catherine—all remarkable for keen intellect. The celebrated family of Gustavus Adolphus all warriors.

This law of heredity asserts itself without reference to social or political condition, for you sometimes find the ignoble in high place, and the honorable in obscure place. A descendant of Edward I. a toll-gatherer. A descendant of Edward III. a door-keeper. A descendant of the Duke of Northumberland a trunk-maker. Some of the mightiest families of England are extinct, while some of those most honored in the peerage go back to an ancestry of hard knuckles and rough exterior. This law of heredity entirely independent of social or political condition. Then you find avarice, and jealousy, and sensuality,

and fraud having full swing in some families. The violent temper of Frederick William is the inheritance of Frederick the Great. It is not a theory to be set forth by worldly philosophy only, but by divine authority. Do you not remember how the Bible speaks of "a chosen generation," of "the generation of the righteous," of "the generation of vipers," of an "untoward generation," of "a stubborn generation," of "the iniquity of the past visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation"?

"Well, says some one, "that theory discharges me from all responsibility. Born of sanctified parents, we are bound to be good, and we cannot help ourselves. Born of unrighteous parentage, we are bound to be evil, and we cannot help ourselves."

As much as if you should say, "The centripetal force in nature has a tendency to bring everything to the center, and therefore all things come to the center. The centrifugal force in nature has a tendency to throw out everything to the periphery, and therefore everything will go out to the periphery." You know as well as I know that you can make the centripetal overcome the centrifugal, and you can make the centrifugal overcome the centripetal. As when there is a mighty tide of good in a family that may be overcome by determination to evil, as in the case of Aaron Burr, the libertine, who had for father, President Burr, the consecrated; as in the case of Pierrepont Edwards, the scourge of New York society seventy years ago, who had a Christian ancestry; while on the other hand some of the best men and women of this day are those who have come of an ancestry of which it would not be courteous to speak in their presence.

If you have come of a Christian ancestry, then you are solemnly bound to preserve and develop the glorious inheritance; or if you have come of a depraved ancestry, then it is your duty to brace yourself against the evil tendency by all prayer and Christian determination, and you are to find out what are the family frailties, and in arming the castle put the strongest guard at the weakest gate. With these smooth stones from the brook I hope to strike you, not where David struck Goliath, in the head, but where Nathan struck David, in the heart.

First, I accost all those who are descended of a Christian ancestry. I do not ask if your parents were perfect. There are no perfect people now, and I do not suppose there were any perfect people then. Perhaps there was sometimes too much blood in their eye when they chastised you. But from what I know of you, you got no more than you deserved, and perhaps a little more chastisement would have been salutary. But you are willing to acknowledge, I think, that they wanted to do right. From what you overheard in conversations, and from what you saw at the family altar and at neighborhood obsequies, you know that they had invited God into their heart and life. There was something that sustained those old people supernaturally. You have no doubt about their destiny. You expect if you ever get to heaven to meet them as certainly as you expect to meet the Lord Jesus Christ.

That early association has been a charm for you. There was a time when you got right up from a house of iniquity and walked out into the fresh air because you thought your mother was looking at you. You have never been very happy in sin, be-

cause of a sweet old face that would present itself. Tremulous voices from the past accosted you until they were seemingly audible, and you looked around to see who spoke. There was an estate not mentioned in the last will and testament, a vast estate of prayer and holy example, and Christian entreaty, and glorious memory. The survivors of the family gathered to hear the will read, and this was to be kept, and that was to be sold, and it was share and share alike. But there was an unwritten will that read something like this: "In the name of God, Amen. I, being of sound mind, bequeath to my children all my prayers for their salvation; I bequeath to them all the results of a lifetime's toil; I bequeath to them the Christian religion which has been so much comfort to me, and I hope may be solace for them; I bequeath to them a hope of reunion when the partings of life are over; share, and share alike, may they have in eternal riches. I bequeath to them the wish that they may avoid my errors, and copy anything that may have been worthy. In the name of the God who made me, and the Christ who redeemed me, and the Holy Ghost who sanctifies me, I make this my last will and testament. Witness, all ye hosts of heaven. Witness, time, witness, eternity. Signed, sealed, and delivered in this our dying hour. Father and Mother."

You did not get that will proved at the Surrogate's office; but I take it out to-day and I read it to you; I take it out of the alcoves of your heart; I shake the dust off of it, I ask you will you accept that inheritance, or will you break the will? O ye of Christian ancestry, you have a responsibility vast beyond all measurement! God will not let you off with just

being as good as ordinary people when you had such extraordinary advantage. Ought not a flower planted in a hot-house be more thrifty than a flower planted outside in the storm? Ought not a factory turned by the Housatonic do more work than a factory turned by a thin and shallow mountain stream? Ought not you of great early opportunity be better than those who had a cradle unblessed?

A father sets his son up in business. He keeps an account of all of the expenditures. So much for store fixtures, so much for rent, so much for this, so much for that, and all the items aggregated, and the father expects the son to give an account. Your Heavenly Father charges against you all the advantages of a pious ancestry—so many prayers, so much Christian example, so many kind entreaties—all these gracious influences one tremendous aggregate, and He asks you for an account of it. Ought not you to be better than those who had no such advantages? Better have been a foundling picked up off the city commons than with such magnificent inheritance of consecration to turn out indifferently.

Ought not you, my brother, to be better, having had Christian nurture than that man who can truly say this morning: "The first word I remember my father speaking to me was an oath; the first time I remember my father taking hold of me was in wrath; I never saw a Bible till I was ten years of age, and then I was told it was a pack of lies. The first twenty years of my life I was associated with the vicious. I seemed to be walled in by sin and death." Now, my brother, ought you not—I leave it as a matter of fairness with you—ought you not to be far better than those who had no early Christian influence?

Standing as you do between the generation that is past and the generation that is to come, are you going to pass the blessing on, or are you going to have your life the gulf in which that tide of blessing shall drop out of sight forever? You are the trustee of piety in that ancestral line, and are you going to augment or squander that solemn trust fund? are you going to disinherit your sons and daughters of the heirloom which your parents left you? Ah! that cannot be possible, that cannot be possible that you are going to take such a position as that. You are very careful about the life insurances, and careful about the deeds, and careful about the mortgages, and careful about the title of your property, because when you step off the stage you want your children to get it all. . Are you making no provision that they shall get grandfather and grandmother's religion? Oh, what a last will and testament you are making, my brother! "In the name of God, Amen. I, being of sound mind, make this my last will and testament. I bequeath to my children all the money I ever made, and all the houses I own; but I disinherit them, I rob them of the ancestral grace and the Christian influence that I inherited. I have squandered that on my own worldliness. Share and share alike must they in the misfortune and the everlasting outrage. Signed, sealed, and delivered in the presence of God and men and angels and devils, and all the generations of earth and heaven and hell."

O ye highly favored ancestry, wake up this morning to a sense of your opportunity and your responsibility. I think there must be an old cradle, or a fragment of a cradle somewhere that could tell a story of midnight supplication in your behalf.

Where is the old rocking chair in which you were sung to sleep with the holy nursery rhyme? Where is the old clock that ticked away the moments of that sickness on that awful night when there were but three of you awake—you and God and mother? Is there not an old staff in some closet? is there not an old family Bible on some shelf that seems to address you, saying: "My son, my daughter, how can you reject that God who so kindly dealt with us all our lives, and to whom we commend you in our prayers, living and dying! By the memory of the old homestead, by the family altar, by our dying pillow, by the graves in which our bodies sleep while our spirits hover, we beg you to turn over a new leaf."

But I turn for a moment to those who had evil parentage, and I want to tell you that the highest thrones in heaven, and the mightiest triumphs, and the brightest crowns, will be for those who had evil parentage, but who by the grace of God conquered. As useful, as splendid a gentleman as I know of to-day, had for father a man who died blaspheming God, until the neighbors had to put their fingers in their ears to shut out the horror. One of the most consecrated and useful Christian ministers of to-day, was born of a drunken horse-jockey. Tide of evil tremendous in some families. It is like Niagara Rapids, and yet men have clung to a rock, and been rescued.

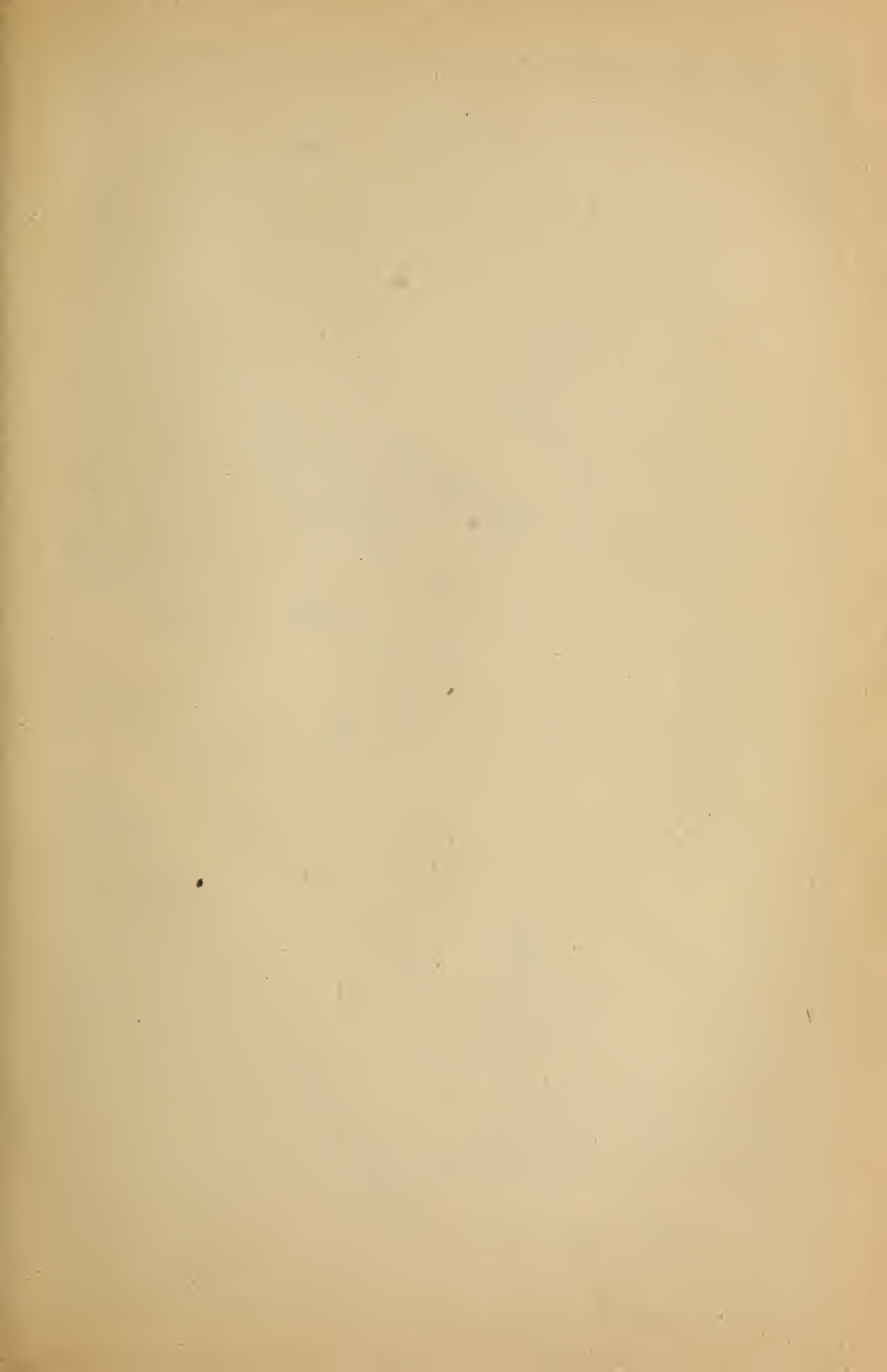
There is a family in New York whose wealth has rolled up into many millions, that was founded by a man who, after he had vast estate, sent back a paper of tacks because they were two cents more than he expected. Grip, and grind, and gouge in the fourth generation—I suppose it will be grip, and grind, and

gouge in the twentieth generation. The thirst for intoxicants has burned down through the arteries of a hundred and fifty years. Pugnacity or combativeness characterize other families. Sometimes one form of evil, sometimes another form of evil. But it may be resisted, it has been resisted. If the family frailty be avarice, cultivate unselfishness and charity, and teach your children never to eat an apple without offering somebody else half of it. Is the family frailty combativeness, keep out of the company of quick-tempered people, and never answer an impertinent question until you have counted a hundred both ways, and after you have written an angry letter keep it a week before you send it, and then burn it up! Is the family frailty timidity and cowardice, cultivate backbone, read the biography of brave men like Joshua or Paul, and see if you cannot get a little iron in your blood. Find out what the family frailty is, and set body, mind, and soul in battle array.

I think the genealogical table was put in the first chapter of the New Testament, not only to show our Lord's pedigree, but to show that a man may rise up in an ancestral line, and beat back successfully all the influences of bad heredity. See in that genealogical table that good King Asa came of vile King Abia. See in that genealogical table that Joseph and Mary, and the most illustrious Being that ever touched our world, or ever will touch it, had in their ancestral line scandalous Rheoboam, and Tamar, and Bathsheba. If this world is ever to be Edenized—and it will be—all the infected families of the earth are to be regenerated, and there will some one arise in each family line, and open a new genealogical table. There will be some Joseph in the line to reverse the

evil influence of Rheoboam, and there will be some Mary in the line to reverse the evil influence of Bathsheba. Perhaps the star of hope may point down to your manger. Perhaps you are to be the hero or the heroine that is to put down the brakes, and stop that long train of genealogical tendencies, and switch it off on another track from that on which it has been running for a century. You do that, and I will promise you as fine a palace as the architects of heaven can build, the archway inscribed with the words, "More than conqueror."

But whatever your heredity, let me say, you may be sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Estranged children from the homestead come back through the open gate of adoption. There is royal blood in our veins. There are crowns on our escutcheon. Our Father is King. Our Brother is King. We may be kings and queens unto God forever. Come and sit down on the ivory bench of the palace. Come and wash in the fountains that fall into the basins of crystal and alabaster. Come and loak out of the upholstered window upon gardens of azalea and amaranth. Hear the full burst of the orchestra while you banquet with potentates and victors. Oh, when the text sweeps backward, let it not stop at the cradle that rocked your infancy, but at the cradle that rocked the first world, and when the text sweeps forward, let it not stop at your grave, but at the throne on which you may reign forever and ever. "Whose son art thou, thou young man?" Son of God! Heir of mortality? Take your inheritance?





HOME.

[After R. Beyschlag.]

CHAPTER X.

HOME.

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

If one is not faithful in an insignificant sphere, he will not be faithful in a resounding sphere. If Peter will not help the cripple at the gate of the temple he will never be able to preach three thousand into the kingdom at the Pentecost. If Paul will not take pains to instruct in the way of salvation the jailor of the Philippian dungeon, he will never make Felix tremble. He who is not faithful in a skirmish would not be faithful in an Armageddon.

The fact is, we are all placed in just the position in which we can most grandly serve God; and we

ought not to be chiefly thoughtful about some sphere of usefulness which we may after awhile gain, but the all-absorbing question with you and with me ought to be: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me *now* and *here* to do?"

Home. Ask ten different men the meaning of that word and they will give you ten different definitions. To one it means love at the hearth, it means plenty at the table, industry at the workstand, intelligence at the books, devotion at the altar. In that household Discord never sounds its warwhoop and Deception never tricks with its false face. To 'him it means a greeting at the door and a smile at the chair, Peace hovering like wings, Joy clapping its hands with laughter. Life a tranquil lake. Pillowed on the ripples sleep the shadows.

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

Home is a powerful test of character. The disposition in public may be to gay costume, while in private it is to dishabille. As play actors may appear in

one way on the stage and may appear in another way behind the scenes, so private character may be very different from public character. Private character is often public character turned inside out. A man may receive you into his parlor as though he were a distillation of smiles, and yet his heart may be a swamp of nettles. There are business men who all day long are mild and courteous and genial and good-natured in commercial life, damming back their irritability and their petulance and their discontent, but at nightfall the dam breaks, and scolding pours forth in floods and freshets.

Reputation is only the shadow of character, and a very small house sometimes will cast a very long shadow. The lips may seem to drop with myrrh and cassia, and the disposition to be as bright and warm as a sheaf of sunbeams, and yet they may only be a magnificent show window, but a wretched stock of goods. There is many a man who is affable in public life and amid commercial spheres, who, in a cowardly way, takes his anger and his petulance home and drops them on the domestic circle.

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

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

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

Again, home is a refuge. Life is the United States army on the national road to Mexico, a long march with ever and anon a skirmish and a battle. At eventide we pitch our tent and stack the arms, we hang up the war cap, and, our head on the knapsack, we sleep until the morning bugle calls us to march

to the action. How pleasant it is to rehearse the victories and the surprises and the attacks of the day, seated by the still camp-fire of the home circle.

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

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

Further, I remark, that home is a political safeguard. The safety of the State must be built on the safety of the home. Why can not France come to a placid republic? McMahan appoints his ministry, and all France is aquake lest the republic be smothered. Gambetta dies, and there are hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen who are fearing the return of a monarchy. France as a nation has not the right kind of a Christian home.

The Christian hearth-stone is the only hearth-stone for a republic. The virtues cultured in the family circle are an absolute necessity for the State. If there be not enough moral principle to make the family adhere, there will not be enough political principle to make the State adhere. No home means the Goths and Vandals, means the Nomads of Asia, means the Numidians of Africa changing from place, according as the pasture happens to change. Confounded be all those Babels of iniquity which would overpower and destroy the home. The same storm that upsets the ship in which the family sails will sink the frigate of the constitution. Jails, and penitentiaries, and armies, and navies, are not our best defence. The door of the home is the best fortress. Household utensils are the best artillery, and the chimneys of our dwelling houses are the grandest monuments of safety and triumph. No home, no republic.

Home is a school. Old ground must be turned up with subsoil plow, and it must be harrowed and re-harrowed, and then the crop will not be as large as that of the new ground with less culture. Now, youth and childhood are new ground and all the influences thrown over their heart and life will come up in after life luxuriantly.

Every time you have given a smile of approbation—all the good cheer of your life will come up again in the geniality of your children. And every ebullition of anger, and every uncontrollable display of indignation will be fuel to their disposition twenty or thirty, or forty years from now—fuel for a bad fire quarter of a century from this. You praise the intelligence of your child too much sometimes, when



DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE.

you think he is not aware of it, and you will see the results of it before ten years of age, in his annoying affectations. You praise his beauty, supposing he is not large enough to understand what you say, and you will find him standing on a high chair before a flattering mirror.

Words, and deeds, and example are the seed of character, and children are very apt to be the second edition of their parents. Abraham begat Isaac, so virtue is apt to go down in the ancestral line; but Herod begat Archelaus, so iniquity is transmitted. What vast responsibility comes upon parents in view of this subject.

Oh, make your home the brightest place on earth if you would charm your children to the high path of virtue, and rectitude, and religion. Do not always turn the blinds the wrong way. Let the light, which puts gold on the gentian and spots the pansy, pour into your dwellings. Do not expect the little feet to keep step to a dead march. Do not cover up your walls with such pictures as West's "Death on a Pale Horse," or Tintoretto's "Massacre of the Innocents." Rather cover them, if you have pictures, with "The Hawking Party," and "The Mill by the Mountain Stream," and "The Fox Hunt," and "The Children Amid Flowers," and "The Harvest Scene," and "The Saturday Night Marketing."

Get you no hint of cheerfulness from grasshopper's leap, and lamb's frisk, and quail's whistle, and garrulous streamlet, which, from the rock at the mountain top clear down to the meadow ferns under the shadow of the steep, comes looking to see where it can find the steepest place to leap off at, and talking just to hear itself talk. If all the skies hustled with

tempest, and everlasting storm wandered over the sea, and every mountain stream were raving mad, frothing at the mouth with mud foam, and there were nothing but simooms blowing among the hills, and there were neither lark's carol nor humming-bird's trill, nor waterfall's dash, but only bear's bark and panther's scream and wolf's howl, then you might well gather into your homes only the shadows. But when God has strewn the earth and the heavens with beauty and with gladness, let us take into our home circles all innocent hilarity, all brightness, and all good cheer. A dark home makes bad boys and bad girls, in preparation for bad men and bad women.

CHAPTER XI.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING ?

If we leave to the evolutionists to guess where we came from and to the theologians to prophecy where we are going to, we will have left for consideration the important fact that we are here. There may be some doubt about where the river rises and some doubt about where the river empties, but there can be no doubt about the fact that we are sailing on it. So I am not surprised that everybody asks the question, "Is life worth living?" Here is a young man of light hair and blue eyes, and sound digestion, and generous salary, and happily affianced, and on the way to become a partner in a commercial firm of which he is an important clerk. Ask him whether life is worth living. He will laugh in your face and say, "Yes, yes, yes!" Here is a man who has come to the forties. He is at the tip-top of the hill of life. Every step has been a stumble and a bruise. The people he trusted have turned out deserters, and the money he has honestly made he has been cheated out of. His nerves are out of tune. He has poor appetite, and all the food he does eat does not assimilate. Forty miles climbing up the hill of life have been to him like climbing the Matterhorn, and there are forty miles yet to go down, and descent is always more dangerous than ascent. Ask him whether life is worth

living, and he will drawl out in shivering and lugubrious, an appalling negative, "No, no, no!"

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

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

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

That is not a life worth living. There are too many earthquakes in it, too many agonies in it, too many perditions in it. They build their castles, and they open their picture galleries, and they summon prima donnas, and they offer every inducement for happiness to come and live there, but happiness will not come.

They send footmaned and postillioned equipage to bring her; she will not ride to their door. They send princely escort; she will not take their arm. They make their gateways triumphal arches; she will not ride under them. They set a golden throne before a golden plate; she turns away from the banquet. They call to her from upholstered balcony; she will not listen. Mark you, this is the failure of those who have had large accumulation.

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

So the idea of worldly approval. If that be dominant in a man's life he is miserable. Now, that is not a life worth living. You can get slandered and abused cheaper than that!

Take it on a smaller scale. Do not be so ambitious to have a whole reservoir rolled over on you. But what you see in the matter of high political preferment you see in every community in the struggle for what is called social position.

Tens of thousands of people trying to get into that realm, and they are under terrific tension. What is social position? It is a difficult thing to define, but we all know what it is. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth, or the show of wealth, is absolutely indispensable. There are men to-day as notorious for their libertinism as the night is famous for its darkness, who move in what is called high social position. There are hundreds of out-and-out rakes in American society whose names are mentioned among the distinguished guests at the great levees. They have annexed all the known vices, and are longing for other worlds of diabolism to conquer. Good morals are not necessary in many of the exalted circles of society.

Neither is intelligence necessary. You find in that realm men who would not know an adverb from an adjective if they met it a hundred times a day, and who could not write a letter of acceptance or regret without the aid of a secretary. They buy their libraries by the square yard, only anxious to have the binding Russia. Their ignorance is positively sublime, making English grammar almost disreputable. And yet the finest parlors open before them. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth,

or a show of wealth, is positively indispensable. It does not make any difference how you got your wealth if you only got it. Perhaps you got it by failing four or five times. It is the most rapid way of accumulation in this country—that is, the quickest way to get in social position. Those who fail only once are not very well off, but by the time a man has failed the second time he is comfortable, and by the time he has failed the third time he is affluent. The best way for you to get into social position is for you to buy a large amount on credit, then put your property in your wife's name, have a few preferred creditors, and then make an assignment. Then disappear from the community until the breeze is over, and then come back and start in the same business. Do you not see how beautifully that will put out all the people who are in competition with you and trying to make an honest living? How quick it will get you into high social position? What is the use of toiling with forty or fifty years of hard work when you can by two or three bright strokes make a great fortune. Ah! my friends, when you really lose your money how quick they will let you drop, and the higher you get the harder you will drop.

There are thousands to-day in that realm who are anxious to keep in it. There are thousands in that realm who are nervous for fear they will fall out of it, and there are changes going on every year, and every month, and every hour, which involve heartbreaks that are never reported. High social life is constantly in a flutter about the delicate question as to whom they shall let in, and whom they shall push out, and the battle is going on—pier mirror against pier mirror, chandelier against chandelier, wine cellar against

wine cellar, wardrobe against wardrobe, equipage against equipage. Uncertainty and insecurity dominant in that realm, wretchedness enthroned, torture at a premium, and a life not worth living.

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

But I shall show you a life that is worth living. A young man says: "I am here. I am not responsible for my ancestry; others decided that. I am not responsible for my temperament; God gave me that. But here I am, in the afternoon of the nineteenth century, at twenty years of age. I am here, and I must take an account of stock. Here I have a body which is a divinely constructed engine. I must put it to the very best uses, and I must allow nothing to damage this rarest of machinery. Two feet, and they mean locomotion. Two eyes, and they mean capacity to pick out my own way. Two ears, and they are telephones of communication with all the outside world, and they mean capacity to catch sweetest music and the voices of friendship—the very best music. A tongue, with almost infinity of articulation. Yes, hands with which to welcome, or resist, or lift, or smite, or wave, or bless—hands to help myself and help others.

"Here is a word which, after six thousand years of battling with tempest and accident, is still grander than any architect, human or angelic, could have drafted. I have two lamps to light me—a golden

lamp and a silver lamp—a golden lamp set on the sapphire mantel of the day, a silver lamp set on the jet mantle of the night. Yea, I have that at twenty years of age which defies all inventory of valuables—a soul, with capacity to choose or reject, to rejoice or to suffer, to love or to hate. Plato says it is immortal. Seneca says it is immortal. Confucius says it is immortal. An old book among the family relics—a book with leathern cover almost worn out, and pages almost obliterated by oft perusal, joins to the other books in saying I am immortal. I have eighty years for a lifetime, sixty years yet to live. I may not live an hour, but then I must lay out my plans intelligently and for a long life. Sixty years added to the twenty I have already lived, that will bring me to eighty. I must remember that these eighty years are only a brief preface to the five hundred thousand millions of quintillions of years which will be my chief residence and existence. Now, I understand my opportunities and my responsibilities.

“If there is any being in the universe all wise and all beneficent who can help a man in such a juncture, I want him. The old book found among the family relics tells me there is a God, and that for the sake of His Son, one Jesus, He will give help to a man, To Him I appeal. God help me! Here, I have sixty years yet to do for myself and to do for others. I must develop this body by all industries, by all gymnastics, by all sunshine, by all fresh air, by all good habits. And this soul I must have swept, and garnished, and illumined, and glorified by all that I can do for it and all that I can get God to do for it. It shall be a Luxembourg of fine pictures. It shall be an orchestra of grand harmonies. It shall be a palace

for God and righteousness to reign in. I wonder how many kind words I can utter in the next sixty years? I will try. I wonder how many good deeds I can do in the next sixty years? I will try. God help me!"

That young man enters life. He is buffeted, he is tried, he is perplexed. A grave opens on this side and a grave opens on that side. He falls, but he rises again. He gets into a hard battle, but he gets the victory. The main course of his life is in the right direction. He blesses everybody he comes in contact with. God forgives his mistakes, and makes everlasting record of his holy endeavors, and at the close of it God says to him: "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter into the joys of thy Lord." My brother, my sister, I do not care whether that man dies at thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, or eighty years of age; you can chisel right under his name on the tombstone these words, "His life was worth living."

I would not find it hard to persuade you that the poor lad, Peter Cooper, making glue for a living, and then amassing a great fortune until he could build a philanthropy which has had its echo in ten thousand philanthropies all over the country—I would not find it hard to persuade you that his life was worth living. Neither would I find it hard to persuade you that the life of Susannah Wesley was worth living. She sent out one son to organize Methodism and the other son to ring his anthems all through the ages. I would not find it hard work to persuade you that the life of Frances Leere was worth living, as she established in England a school for the scientific nursing of the sick, and then when the war broke out be-

tween France and Germany, went to the front, and with her own hands scraped the mud off the bodies of the soldiers dying in the trenches, and with her weak arm—standing one night in the hospital—pushing back a German soldier to his couch, as, all frenzied with his wounds, he rushed toward the door, and said: “Let me go, let me go to my *liebe mutter*.” Major-generals standing back to let pass this angel of mercy.

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

CHAPTER XII.

SOLICITUDE.

The first cause of parental solicitude, I think, arises from the imperfection of parents on their own part. We all somehow want our children to avoid our faults. We hope that if we have any excellencies they will copy them; but the probability is they will copy our faults, and omit our excellencies. Children are very apt to be echoes of the parental life. Some one meets a lad in the back street, finds him smoking, and says: "Why, I am astonished at you; what would your father say if he knew this? where did you get that cigar?" "Oh, I picked it up on the street." "What would your father say, and your mother say, if they knew this?" "Oh," he replies, "that's nothing, my father smokes!" There is not one of us to-day, who would like to have our children copy all our example. And that is the cause of solicitude on the part of all of us. We have so many faults we do not want them copied and stereotyped in the lives and characters of those who come after us.

Then solicitude arises from our conscious insufficiency and un wisdom of discipline. Out of twenty parents there may be one parent who understands how thoroughly and skillfully to discipline; perhaps not more than one out of twenty. We, nearly all of us, are on one side or are on the other.

Here is a father who says: "I am going to bring up my children right; my sons shall know nothing but religion, shall see nothing but religion, and hear nothing but religion." They are routed at 6 o'clock in the morning to recite the Ten Commandments. They are wakened up from the sofa on Sunday night to recite the Westminster catechism. Their bedroom walls are covered with religious pictures and quotations of Scripture, and when the boy looks for the day of the month he looks for it in a religious almanac. If a minister comes to the house he is requested to take the boy aside, and tell him what a great sinner he is. It is religion morning, noon and night.

Time passes on, and the parents are waiting for the return of the son at night. It is 9 o'clock, it is 10 o'clock, it is 11 o'clock, it is 12 o'clock, it is half-past 12 o'clock. Then they hear a rattling of the night-key, and George comes in and hastens upstairs lest he be accosted. His father says: "George, where have you been?" He says: "I have been out." Yes, he has been out, and he has been down, and he has started on the broad road to ruin for this life and ruin for the life to come, and the father says to his wife: "Mother, the Ten Commandments are a failure; no use of Westminster Catechism; I have done my very best for that boy; just see how he has turned out." Ah! my friend, you stuffed that boy with religion, you had no sympathy with innocent hilarities, you had no common sense.

A man at mid-life said to me: "I haven't much desire for religion; my father was as good a man as ever lived, but he jammed religion down my throat when I was a boy until I got disgusted with it, and I haven't wanted any of it since." That father erred on one side.

Then the discipline is an entire failure in many households because the father pulls one way and the mother pulls the other way. The father says: "My son, I told you if I ever found you guilty of falsehood again I would chastise you, and I am going to keep my promise." The mother says: "Don't; let him off this time."

A father says: "I have seen so many that make mistakes by too great severity in the rearing of their children; now, I will let my boy do as he pleases; he shall have full swing; here, my son, are tickets to the theatre and opera; if you want to play cards, do so; if you don't want to play cards you need not play them; go when you want to and come back when you want to; have a good time; go it!" Plenty of money for the most part, and give a boy plenty of money, and ask him not what he does with it, and you pay his way straight to perdition. But after a while the lad thinks he ought to have a still larger supply. He has been treated, and he must treat. He must have wine suppers. There are larger and larger expenses.

After a while, one day a messenger from the bank over the way calls in and says to the father of the household of which I am speaking: "The officers of the bank would like to have you step over a minute." The father steps over and the bank officer says: "Is that your check?" "No," he says, "that is not my check; I never make an 'H' in that way, and I never put a curl to the 'Y' in that way; that is not my writing; that is not my signature; that is a counterfeit; send for the police." "Stop," says the bank officer, "your son wrote that."

Now the father and mother are waiting for the son

to come home at night. It is 12 o'clock, it is half-past 12 o'clock, it is 1 o'clock. The son comes through the hallway. The father says; "My son, what does all this mean? I gave you every opportunity, I gave you all the money you wanted, and here in my old days I find that you have become a spendthrift, a libertine, and a sot." The son says: "Now, father, what is the use of your talking that way? You told me to go it, and I just took your suggestion." And so to strike the medium between severity and too great leniency, to strike the happy medium between the two and to train our children for God and for heaven, is the anxiety of every intelligent parent.

Another great anxiety, great solicitude, is in the fact that so early is developed childish sinfulness. Morning glories put out their bloom in the early part of the day, but as the hot sun comes on they close up. While there are other flowers that blaze their beauty along the Amazon for a week at a time without closing, yet the morning glory does its work as certainly as *Victoria regia*; so there are some children that just put forth their bloom, and they close, and they are gone. There is something supernatural about them while they tarry, and there is an ethereal appearance about them. There is a wonderful depth to their eye, and they are gone. They are too delicate a plant for this world. The Heavenly Gardener sees them, and He takes them in.

But for the most part, the children that live sometimes get cross, and pick up bad words in the street, or are disposed to quarrel with brother or sister, and show that they are wicked. You see them in the Sabbath-school class. They are so sunshiny and

bright you would think they were always so ; but the mother, looking over at them, remembers what an awful time she had to get them ready. Time passes on. They get considerably older, and the son comes in from the street, from a pugilistic encounter, bearing on his appearance the marks of defeat, or the daughter practices some little deception in the household. The mother says: "I can't always be scolding, and fretting, and finding fault, but this must be stopped." So in many a household there is the sign of sin, the sign of the heart's being wrong, the sign of the truthfulness of what the Bible says when it declares, "They go astray as soon as they be born, speaking lies."

Some go to work, and try to correct all this, and the boy is picked at, and picked at, and picked at. That always is ruinous. There is more help in one good thunderstorm, than in five days of cold drizzle. Better the old-fashioned style of chastisement, if that be necessary, than the fretting, and the scolding, which have destroyed so many.

There is also the cause of great solicitude sometimes because our young people are surrounded by so many temptations. A castle may not be taken by a straightforward siege, but suppose there be inside the castle an enemy, and in the night he shoves back the bolt, and swings open the door? Our young folks have foes without, and they have foes within. Who does not understand it? Who is the man here who is not aware of the fact that the young people of this day have tremendous temptations?

Some man will come to the young people, and try to persuade them that purity, and honesty, and uprightness are a sign of weakness. Some man will

take a dramatic attitude, and he will talk to the young man, and he will say: "You must break away from your mother's apron-string; you must get out of that Puritanical straight-jacket; it is time you were your own master; you are verdant; you are green; you are unsophisticated; come with me, I'll show you the world; I'll show you life; come with me; you need to see the world; it won't hurt you." After a while the young man says, "Well, I can't afford to be odd, I can't afford to be peculiar, I can't afford to sacrifice all my friends; I'll just go and see for myself." Farewell to innocence, which once gone, never fully comes back. Do not be under the delusion that because you repent of sin you get rid forever of its consequences. I say farewell to innocence, which once gone never fully comes back.

Oh, how many traps set for the young! Styles of temptation just suited to them. Do you suppose that a man who went clear to the depths of dissipation, went down in one great plunge? Oh, no! At first it was a fashionable hotel. Marble floor. No unclean pictures behind the counter. No drunken hiccough while they drink, but the click of cut glass to the elegant sentiment. You ask that young man now to go into some low restaurant, and get a drink, and he would say, "Do you mean to insult me?" But the fashionable and the elegant hotel is not always close by, and now the young man is on the down grade. Further and further down until he has about struck the bottom of the depths of ruin. Now, he is in the low restaurant. The cards so greasy you can hardly tell who has the best hand. Gambling for drinks. Shuffle away, shuffle away. The land-

lord stands in his shirt-sleeves, with his hands on his hips, waiting for an order to fill up the glasses.

The clock strikes twelve—the tolling of the funeral bell of a soul. The breath of eternal woe flushes in that young man's cheek. In the jets of the gaslight the fiery tongue of the worm that never dies. Two o'clock in the morning, and now they are sound asleep in their chair. Landlord comes around and says, "Wake up, wake up! time to shut up!" "What!" says the young man. "Time to shut up." Push them all out into the night air. Now they are going home. Going home! Let the wife crouch in the corner and the children hide under the bed. What was the history of that young man? He began his dissipations in the bar-room of a Fifth Avenue Hotel, and completed his damnation in the lowest grog-shop on Atlantic Street.

Sometimes sin does not halt in that way. Sometimes sin even comes to the drawing-room. There are leprous hearts sometimes admitted in the highest circles of society. He is so elegant, he is so bewitching in his manner, he is so refined, he is so educated, no one suspects the sinful design; but after a while the talons of death come forth. What is the matter with that house? The front windows have not been open for six months or a year. A shadow has come down on that domestic hearth, a shadow thicker than one woven of midnight and hurricane. The agony of that parent makes him say: "Oh, I wish I had buried my children when they were small!" Loss of property? No. Death in the family? No. Madness? No. Some villain, kid-gloved and diamonded, lifted that cup of domestic bliss until the sunlight struck it, and all the rainbows played around the rim,

and then dashed it into desolation and woe, until the harpies of darkness clapped their hands, and all the voices of the pit uttered a loud "Ha! ha!"

The statistic has never been made up in these great cities of how many have been destroyed, and how many beautiful homes have been overthrown. If the statistic could be presented, it would freeze your blood in a solid cake at your heart. Our great cities are full of temptations, and to vast multitudes of parents these temptations become a matter of great solicitude.

But now for the alleviations. First of all, you save yourself a great deal of trouble, Oh, parent, if you can early watch the children and educate them for God and heaven! "The first five years of my life made me an infidel," said Tom Paine.

A vessel puts out to sea, and after it has been five days out there comes a cyclone. The vessel springs a leak. The helm will not work. What is the matter? It is not seaworthy. It never was seaworthy. Can you mend it now? It is too late. Down she goes with 250 passengers into a watery grave. What was the time to fix that vessel? What was the time to prepare it for the storm? In the dry dock. Ah, my friends, do not wait until your children get out into the world, beyond the Narrows and out on the great voyage of life! It is too late then to mend their morals and their manners. The dry dock of the Christian home is the place. Correct the sin now, correct the evil now.

Just look at the character of your children now and get an intimation of what they are going to be. You can tell by the way that boy divides the apple what his proclivity is and what his sin will be, and

what style of discipline you ought to bring upon him. You let that disposition go. You see how he divides that apple? He takes nine-tenths of it for himself, and he gives one-tenth to his sister. Well, let that go, and all his life he will want the best part of everything, and he will be grinding and grasping to the day of his death. Begin early with your children. You stand on the banks of a river and you try to change its course. It has been rolling now for a hundred miles. You cannot change it. But just go to the source of that river, go to where the water just drips down on the rock. Then with your knife make a channel this way and a channel that way, and it will take it. Come out and stand on the banks of your child's life when it is thirty or forty years of age, or even twenty, and try to change the course of that life. It is too late! It is too late! Go further up at the source of life and nearest to the mother's heart where the character starts, and try to take it in the right direction.

But oh, my friend, be careful to make a line, a distinct line between innocent hilarity on the one hand and vicious proclivity on the other. Do not think your children are going to ruin because they make a racket. All healthy children make a racket. But do not laugh at your child's sin because it is smart. If you do, you will cry after awhile because it is malicious. Rebuke the very first appearance of sin. Now is your time. Do not begin too late.

Remember it is what you do more than what you say that is going to affect your children. Do you suppose Noah would have got his family to go into the ark if he staid out? No. His sons would have said: "I am not going into the boat; there's some-

thing wrong ; father won't go in ; if father stays out, I'll stay out." An officer may stand in a castle and look off upon an army fighting ; but he cannot be much of an officer, he cannot excite much enthusiasm on the part of his troops, standing in a castle or on a hill-top looking off upon the fight. It is a Garibaldi or a Napoleon I. who leaps into the stirrups and dashes ahead. And you stand outside the Christian life and tell your children to go in. They will not go. But you dash on ahead, you enter the kingdom of God, and they themselves will become good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Lead, if you would have them follow.

CHAPTER XIII.

ANANIAS AND SAPPHIRA.

There are thousands of ways of telling a lie. A man's whole life may be a falsehood, and yet never with his lips may he falsify once. There is a way of uttering falsehood by look, by manner, as well as by lip. There are persons who are guilty of dishonesty of speech and then afterward say "may be;" call it a white lie, when no lie is that color. The whitest lie ever told was as black as perdition. There are those so given to dishonesty of speech that they do not know when they are lying.

With some it is an acquired sin, and with others it is a natural infirmity. There are those whom you will recognize as born liars. Their whole life, from cradle to grave, is filled up with vice of speech. Misrepresentation and prevarication are as natural to them as the infantile diseases, and are a sort of moral croup or spiritual scarlatina. Then there are those who in after life have opportunities of developing this evil, and they go from deception to deception, and from class to class, until they are regularly graduated liars.

There is something in the presence of natural objects that has a tendency to make one pure. The trees never issue false stock. The wheat fields are always honest. Rye and oats never move out in the night, not paying for the place they occupy. Corn

shocks never make false assignment. Mountain brooks are always current. The gold of the wheat fields is never counterfeit. But while the tendency of agricultural life is to make one honest, honesty is not the characteristic of all who come to the city markets from the country districts. You hear the creaking of the dishonest farm-wagon in almost every street of our great cities, a farm-wagon in which there is not one honest spoke or one truthful rivet from tongue to tail-board. Again and again has domestic economy in our great cities foundered on the farmer's firkin. When New York, and Brooklyn, and Cincinnati, and Boston sit down and weep over their sins, Westchester and Long Island counties and all the country districts ought to sit down and weep over theirs.

The tendency in all rural districts is to suppose that sins and transgressions cluster in our great cities; but citizens and merchants long ago learned that it is not safe to calculate from the character of the apples on the top of the farmer's barrel what is the character of the apples all the way down toward the bottom. Many of our citizens and merchants have learned that it is always safest to see the farmer measure the barrel of beets. Milk cans are not always honest. There are those who in country life seem to think they have a right to overreach grain-dealers, merchants of all styles. They think it is more honorable to raise corn than to deal in corn.

The producer sometimes practically says to the merchant: "You get your money easily, anyhow." Does he get it easy? While the farmer sleeps, and he may go to sleep conscious of the fact that his corn and rye are all the time progressing and adding to

his fortune or his livelihood, the merchant tries to sleep while conscious of the fact that at that moment the ship may be driving on the rock, or a wave sweeping over the hurricane deck spoiling his goods, or the speculators may be plotting a momentary revolution, or the burglars may be at that moment at his money safe, or the fire may have kindled on the very block where his store stands.

Easy is it? Let those who get their living in the quiet farm and barn take the place of one of our city merchants and see whether it is so easy. It is hard enough to have the hands blistered with out-door work, but it is harder with mental anxieties to have the brain consumed. God help the merchants. And do not let those who live in country life come to the conclusion that all the dishonesties belong to city life. There are those who apologize for deviations from the right and for practical deception by saying it is commercial custom. In other words, a lie by multiplication becomes a virtue.

There are large fortunes gathered in which there is not one drop of the sweat of unrequited toil, and not one spark of bad temper flashes from the bronze bracket, and there is not one drop of needlewoman's heart's blood on the crimson plush; while there are other fortunes about which it may be said that on every door-knob and on every figure of the carpet, and on every wall there is the mark of dishonor. What if the hand wrung by toil, and blistered until the skin comes off should be placed on the exquisite wall paper, leaving its mark of blood—four fingers and a thumb? or, if in the night the man should be aroused from his slumber again and again by his own conscience, getting himself up on his elbow, and crying out into the darkness: "Who is there?"

There are large fortunes upon which God's favor comes down, and it is just as honest and just as Christian to be affluent as it is to be poor. In many a house there is a blessing on every pictured wall, and on every scroll, and on every traceried window, and the joy that flashes in the lights, and that showers in the music, and that dances in the quick feet of the children pattering through the hall, has in it the favor of God and the approval of man. And there are thousands and tens of thousands of merchants who, from the first day they sold a yard of cloth, or a firkin of butter, have maintained their integrity. They were born honest, they will live honest, and they will die honest.

But you and I know that there are in commercial life those who are guilty of great dishonesties of speech. A merchant says: "I am selling these goods at less than cost." Is he getting for those goods a price inferior to that which he paid for them? Then he has spoken the truth. Is he getting more? Then he lies. A merchant says: "I paid \$25 for this article." Is that the price he paid for it? All right. But suppose he paid for it \$23 instead of \$25? Then he lies.

But there are just as many falsehoods before the counter as there are behind the counter. A customer comes in and asks: "How much is this article?" "It is five dollars." "I can get that for four somewhere else." Can he get it for four somewhere else, or did he say that just for the purpose of getting it cheap by depreciating the value of the goods? If so, he lied. There are just as many falsehoods behind the counter as there are before the counter. A man unrolls upon the counter a bale of handker-

chiefs. The customer says: "Are these all silk?" "Yes." "No cotton in them?" "No cotton in them?" Are those handkerchiefs all silk? Then the merchant told the truth. Is there any cotton in them? Then he lied. Moreover, he defrauds himself, for this customer, coming in from Hempstead, or Yonkers, or Newark, will, after a while, find out that he has been defrauded, and the next time he comes to town and goes shopping, he will look up at that sign and say: "No, I won't go there; that's the place where I got those handkerchiefs." First, the merchant insulted God, and secondly, he picked his own pocket.

Who would take the responsibility of saying how many falsehoods were yesterday told by hardware men, and clothiers, and lumbermen, and tobacconists, and jewelers, and importers, and shippers, and dealers in furniture, and dealers in coal, and dealers in groceries? Lies about buckles, about saddles, about harness, about shoes, about hats, about coats, about shovels, about tongs, about forks, about chairs, about sofas, about horses, about lands, about everything. I arraign commercial falsehood as one of the crying sins of our time.

Among the artisans are those upon whom we are dependent for the houses in which we live, the garments we wear, the cars in which we ride. The vast majority of them are, so far as I know them, men who speak the truth, and they are upright, and many of them are foremost in great philanthropies and in churches; but that they all do not belong to that class every one knows.

In times when there is a great demand for labor, it is not so easy for such men to keep their obligations,

because they may miscalculate in regard to the weather, or they may not be able to get the help they anticipated in their enterprise. I am speaking now of those who promise to do that which they know they will not be able to do. They say they will come on Monday; they do not come until Wednesday. They say they will come Wednesday; they do not come until Saturday. They say they will have the job done in ten days; they do not get it done before thirty. And then when a man becomes irritated and will not stand it any longer, then they go and work for him a day or two and keep the job along; and then some one else gets irritated and outraged, and they go and work for that man and get him pacified, and then they go somewhere else. I believe they call that "nursing the job."

Ah, my friends, how much dishonor such men would save their souls if they would promise to do only that which they know they can do. "Oh," they say, "it's of no importance; everybody expects to be deceived and disappointed." There is a voice of thunder sounding among the saws and the hammers and the shears, saying: "All liars shall have their place in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone." So in all styles of work there are those who are not worthy of their work.

How much of society is insincere. You hardly know what to believe. They send their regards; you do not exactly know whether it is an expression of the heart, or an external civility. They ask you to come to their house; you hardly know whether they really want you to come. We are all accustomed to take a discount off of what we hear.

Social life is struck through with insincerity. They

apologize for the fact that the furnace is out; they have not had any fire in it all winter. They apologize for the fare on their table; they never live any better. They decry their most luxuriant entertainment to win a shower of approval from you. They point at a picture on the wall as a work of one of the old masters. They say it is an heirloom in the family. It hung on the wall of a castle. A duke gave it to their grandfather! People that will lie about nothing else will lie about a picture. On small income we want the world to believe we are affluent, and society to-day is struck through with cheat and counterfeit and sham. How few people are natural.

Frigidity sails around, iceberg grinding against iceberg. You must not laugh outright; that is vulgar. You must smile. You must not dash quickly across the room; that is vulgar. You must glide. Society is a round of bows and grins and grimaces and oh's and ah's and he, he, he's, and simperings and namby pambyisms, a whole world of which is not worth one good honest round of laughter. From such a hollow scene the tortured guest retires at the close of the evening, assuring the host that he has enjoyed himself. Society is become so contorted and deformed in this respect that a mountain cabin where the rustics gather at a quilting or an appleparing has in it more good cheer than all the frescoed refrigerators of the metropolis.

It is hardly worth your while to ask an extreme Calvinist what an Arminian believes. He will tell you an Arminian believes that man can save himself. An Arminian believes no such thing. It is hardly worth your while to ask an extreme Arminian what a Calvinist believes. He will tell you that a Calvin-

ist believes that God made some men just to damn them. A Calvinist believes no such thing.

It is hardly worth your while to ask a Pedo-Baptist what a Baptist believes. He will tell you a Baptist believes that immersion is necessary for salvation. A Baptist does not believe any such thing. It is hardly worth your while to ask a man, who very much hates Presbyterians, what a Presbyterian believes. He will tell you that a Presbyterian believes that there are infants in hell a span long, and that very phraseology has come down from generation to generation in the Christian Church. There never was a Presbyterian who believed that. "Oh," you say, "I heard some Presbyterian minister twenty years ago say so." You did not. There never was a man who believed that, there never will be a man who will believe that. And yet from boyhood I have heard that particular slander against a Christian Church going down through the community.

Then how often it is that there are misrepresentations on the part of individual churches in regard to other churches—especially if a church comes to great prosperity. As long as a church is in poverty, and the singing is poor and all the surroundings are decrepit, and the congregation are so hardly bestead in life that their pastor goes with elbows out, then there will always be Christian people in churches who say, "What a pity, what a pity!" But let the day of prosperity come to a Christian Church, and let the music be triumphant, and let there be vast assemblages, and then there will be even ministers of the Gospel critical and denunciatory and full of misrepresentation and falsification, giving the impression to the outside world that they do not like the corn

because it is not ground in their mill. Oh, my friends, let us in all departments of life stand back from deception.

“Oh,” says some one, “the deception that I practice is so small it don’t amount to anything.” Ah, my friends, it does amount to a great deal. You say: “When I deceive it is only about a case of needles, or a box of buttons, or a row of pins.” But the article may be so small you can put it in your vest pocket, but the sin is as big as the pyramids, and the echo of your dishonor will reverberate through the mountains of eternity. There is no such thing as a small sin. They are all vast and stupendous, because they will all have to come under inspection in the Day of Judgment.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BALANCE-SHEET.

The impression is abroad that religion puts a man on short allowance; that when the ship sailing heavenward comes to the shining wharf it will be found out that all the passengers had the hardest kind of sea-fare; that the soldiers in Christ's army march most of the time with an empty haversack; in a word, that only those people have a good time in this world who take upon themselves no religious obligation.

I want to find out whether this is so, and I am going to take stock; I am going to show what are the Christian's liabilities, and what is his income, and what are his warranty deeds, and what are his bonds and mortgages.

Now, it would be an absurd thing to suppose that God would give to strangers privileges and advantages which He would deny His own children. If you have a large park, a grand mansion, beautiful fountains, stalking deer, and statuary, to whom will you give the first right to all these possessions? To outsiders? No, to your own children. You will say: "It will be very well for outsiders to come in, and walk these paths, and enjoy this landscape; but the first right to my house, and the first right to my statuary, the first right to my gardens, shall be in the possession of my own children."

Now, this world is God's park, and while He allows those who are not His children, and who refuse His authority, the privilege of walking through the gardens, the possession of all this grandeur of park and mansion is in the right of the Christian—the flowers, the diamonds, the silver, the gold, the morning brightness, and the evening shadow. The Christian may not have the title-deed to one acre of land, as recorded in the clerk's office, he may never have paid one dollar of taxes; but he can go up on a mountain, and look off upon fifty miles of grain-field, and say, "All this is mine; my Father gave it to me."

So the refinements of life are the Christian's right. He has a right to as good apparel, to as beautiful adornments, to as commodious a residence as the worldling. Show me any passage in the Bible that tells the people of the world they have privileges, they have glittering spheres, they have befitting apparel, that are denied the Christian. There is no one who has so much a right to laugh, none so much a right to everything that is beautiful, and grand, and sublime in life, as the Christian. "All are yours." Can it be possible that one who is reckless and sinful, and has no treasures laid up in heaven, is to be allowed pleasures which the sons and daughters of God, the owners of the whole universe, are denied?

So all the sweet sounds of the world are in the Christian's right. There are people who have an idea that instruments of music are inappropriate for the Christian's parlor, or for the Christian Church. When did the house of sin, or the bacchanal, get the right to music?

They have no right to it. God makes over to Christian people all the pianos, all the harps, all the

drums, all the cornets, all the flutes, all the organs. People of the world may borrow them, but they only borrow them; they have no right or title to them. God gave them to Christian people when He said: "All are yours."

David no more certainly owned the harp with which he thrummed the praises of God, than the Church of Christ owns now all chants, all anthems, all ivory key-boards, all organ diapasons, and God will gather up these sweet sounds after a while, and He will mingle these in one great harmony, and the Mendelssohns, and the Beethovens, and the Mozarts of the earth will join their voices, and their musical instruments, and soft south wind and loud-lunged euroclydon will sweep the great organ pipes, and you shall see God's hand striking the keys, and God's foot tramping the pedals in the great oratorio of the ages!

So all the vicissitudes of this life, so far as they have any religious profit, are in the right of the Christian. You stand among the Alleghany Mountains, especially near what is called the "Horseshoe," and you will find a train of cars almost doubling on itself, and sitting in the back car you see a locomotive coming as you look out of the window, and you think it is another train, when it is only the front of the train in which you are riding; and sometimes you can hardly tell whether the train is going toward Pittsburgh or toward Philadelphia, but it is on the track, and it will reach the depot for which it started, and all the passengers will be discharged at the right place. Now, there are a great many sharp curves in life. Sometimes we seem to be going this way, and sometimes we seem to be going that way; but, if we

are Christians, we are on the right track, and we are going to come out at the right place. Do not get worried, then, about the sharp curve.

A sailing vessel starts from New York to Glasgow. Does it go in a straight line? Oh, no. It changes its tack every little while. Now, you say, "This vessel, instead of going to Glasgow, must be going to Havre, or it is going to Hamburg, or it is going to Marseilles." No, no. It is going to Glasgow. And in this voyage of life we often have to change our tacks. One storm blows us this way, and another storm blows us that way; but He who holds the winds in His fist will bring us into a haven of everlasting rest just at the right time. Do not worry, then, if you have to change tacks.

One of the best things that ever happened to Paul was being thrown off his horse. One of the best things that ever happened to Joseph was being thrown into the pit. The losing of his physical eyesight helped John Milton to see the battle of the angels. One of the best things that ever happened to Ignatius was being thrown to the wild beasts in the the Coliseum, and while eighty thousand people were jeering at his religion, he walked up to the fiercest of all the lions, and looked him in the eye, as much as to say, "Here I am, ready to be devoured for Christ's sake."

All things work together for your good. If you walk the desert, the manna will fall, and the sea will part. If the feverish torch of sickness is kindled over your pillow, by its light you can read the promise. If the waves of trouble dash clear high above your girdle, across the blast and across the surge you can hear the promise, "When thou passest through the

waters, I will be with thee." You never owned a glove, or a shoe, or a hat, or a coat, more certainly than you own all the frets, and annoyances, and exasperations of this life, and they are bound to work out your present and your eternal good. They are the saws, the hammers, the files, by which you are to be hewn, and cut, and smoothed for your eternal well-being.

I go further, and tell you that the Christian owns, not only this world, but he owns the next world.

No chasm to be leaped, no desert to be crossed. There is the wall; there is the gate of heaven. He owns all on this side. Now, I am going to show you that he owns all on the other side. Death is not a ruffian that comes to burn us out of house and home, destroying the house of the tabernacle so that we should be homeless forever. Oh, no! He is only a black messenger who comes to tell us it is time to move; to tell us to get out of this hut, and go up into the palace. The Christian owns all heaven. "All are yours." Its palaces of beauty, its towers of strength, castles of love. He will not walk in the eternal city as a foreigner in a strange city, but as a farmer walks over his own premises. "All are yours." All the mansions yours. Angels your companions. Trees of life your shade. Hills of glory your lookout. Thrones of heaven the place where you will shout the triumph. Jesus is yours. God is yours.

You look up into the face of God, and say, "My Father." You look up into the face of Jesus, and say, "My Brother." Walk out on the battlements of heaven, and look off upon the city of the sun.

No tears. No sorrow. No death. No smoke of toiling warehouse curling on the air. No voice of

blasphemy thrilling through the bright, clear Sabbath morning. No din of strife jarring the air. Then take out your deed, and remember that from throne to throne, and from wall to wall, and from horizon to horizon, "all are yours."

Then go up into the temple of the sun, worshipers in white, each with a palm branch, and from high gallery of that temple look down upon the thousands of thousands, and the ten thousand times ten thousand, and the one hundred and forty and four thousand, and the great "multitude that no man can number," and louder than the rush of the wheels, louder than the tramp of the redeemed, hear a voice saying, "All are yours." See the great procession marching around the throne of God. Martyrs who went up on wings of flame. Invalids who went up from couches of distress. Toilers who went up from the workhouse, and the factory, and the mine. All the suffering and the bruised children of God. See the chariots of salvation; in them those who were more than conquerors. See them marching around about the throne of God forever and forever, and know that "all are yours."

O ye who have pains of body, that exhaust your strength and wear out your patience, I hold before you this morning the land of eternal health, and of imperishable beauty. O ye, who have hard work to get your daily bread, hard work to shelter your children from the storm, I lift before you the vision of that land where they never hunger, and they never thirst, and God feeds them, and robes cover them, and the warmth of eternal love fills them, and all that is yours. O ye whose hearts are buried in the grave of your dead—O ye whose happiness went by long

ago—O ye who mourn for countenances that never will light up, and for eyes closed forever—sit no longer among the tombs, but look here. A home that shall never be broken up. Green fields never cleft of the grave. Ransomed ones, from you parted long ago, now radiant with a joy that shall never cease, and a love that shall never grow cold, and wearing garments that shall never wither, and know all that is yours. Yours the love. Yours the acclaim. Yours the transport. Yours the cry of the four and twenty elders. Yours the choiring of cherubim. Yours the lamb that was slain.

In the vision of that glorious consummation I almost lose my foothold, and have to hold fast lest I be overborne by the glory. The vision rose before St. John on Patmos, and he saw Christ in a blood-red garment, riding on a white horse, and all heaven following Him on white horses. What a procession! Let Jesus ride. He walked the way footsore, weary, and faint. Now let Him ride. White horse of victory, bear on our Chief. Hosanna to the son of David! Ride on, Jesus! Let all heaven follow Him. These cavalry of God fought well, and they fought triumphantly. Now let them be mounted. The pavements of gold ring under the flying hoofs. Swords sheathed and victories won, like conquerors they sit on their chargers. Ye mounted troops of God, ride on! ride on! ten thousand abreast, cavalcade after cavalcade. No blood dashed to the lips. No blood dripping from the fetlocks. No smoke of battle breathed from the nostril. The battle is ended—the victory won!

CHAPTER XV.

NOONTIDE OF LIFE.

It seems to me that in some respects the hill-top in the journey of life is the best part of the journey.

While in early life we are climbing up the steep hillside, we have worries and frets, and we slip, and we fall, and we slide back, and we run upon sharp antagonisms, and all the professions and occupations have drudgeries and sharp rivalries at the start. We are afraid we will not be properly appreciated. We toil on, and we pant, and we struggle, and we are out of breath, and sometimes we are tempted to lie down in the bower of lazy indulgence. In addition to these difficulties of climbing the hill of life, there are those who rejoice in setting a man back and trying to make a young man cowed down.

Every young man has had somebody to meet him as he was climbing up, and say to him: "Don't, don't—you can't, you can't—quit, quit!" Every young man has had twenty disheartenments where he has one round word of good cheer. But after we have climbed to the top of the hill of life, then we have comparative tranquility and repose. We begin to look about us. We find that it is just three miles from cradle to grave: Youth the first mile, manhood the second mile, old age the third mile. Standing on the hill-top of the journey of life and in the second mile, having come up one side the hill, and

before I go down the other side, I want to tell you that life is to me a happiness, and much of the time it has been to me a rapture, and sometimes an ecstasy.

There has been a great deal of wholesale slander of this world. People abuse it, and the traveler on the mountain curses the chill, and the voyager on the deep curses the restlessness, and there are those who say it is a mean, old, despicable world, and from pole to pole it has been calumniated; and if the world should present a libel suit for all those who have slandered it, there would not be gold enough in the mountains to pay the damages, or places enough in the penitentiaries to hold the offenders. The people not only slander the world, but they slander its neighbors, and they belabor the sun, now because it is too ardent, and now because it is too distant; but by experience coming up the hill of life I have found out when there is anything wrong the trouble is not with the sun, or the moon, or the stars, or the meteorological conditions; the trouble is with myself. Oh, I am so glad that while this world as a finality is a dead failure, as a hotel where we stop for awhile in our traveling on toward a better place, it is a very good world, a very kind world, and I am glad that the shepherd in so pleasant a place makes his flocks rest at noon!

But having told you how life seems to me on the hill-top of the journey, you naturally want to know how it seems to me when I look backward, and when I look forward. The first thing a traveler does after climbing up to the top of a mountain is to take a long breath, and then look about and see what is all around him. He sees out in this direction the winding road

up which he came, and out in that direction the winding road down which he shall go. And so, standing on the hill-top of life's journey, I put my outspread hand to my forehead, so as to keep off the glare of the noonday's sun, and to concentrate my vision, and I look back on the winding road on which I have traveled, and I see far on down at the foot of that road, in the dim distance, something small, something insignificant, and it vibrates, and it trembles, and it rocks. I wonder what it is. I guess what it is. A cradle!

Then I turn, and still keeping my outspread hand to my forehead so as to shade my eyes from the glare of the noonday's sun, and to concentrate my vision, I look on the winding road down which I shall travel, and I see at the foot of the road something that does not tremble, does not vibrate, does not rock—something white—and then near it a bank of the earth, and I wonder what it is. Ah! I see what it is. I guess what it is. I know what it is. A grave.

So, standing on the hill-top, having come up one side the hill, and before I go down the other side, you ask me two or three questions, and I tell you that I have learned in coming up this side of life, the steep side, the first side—I have learned that nothing is accomplished without hard work. And I say to the multitude of young people starting in occupations and professions, nothing is accomplished without work, hard work, continuous work, all-absorbing work, everlasting work.

A parishioner asked a clergyman why the congregation had filled up, and why the church was now so prosperous above what it had ever been before. "Well," said the clergyman, "I will tell you the

secret. I met a tragedian some time ago, and I said to him, 'How is it you get along so well in your profession?' The tragedian replied, 'The secret is, I always do my best; when stormy days come, and the theatre is not more than half or a fourth occupied, I always do my best, and that has been the secret of my getting on.' " And the clergyman reciting it, said: "I have remembered that, and ever since then I have always done my best." And I say to you, in whatever occupation or profession God has put you, Do your best; whether the world appreciates it or not, do your best—always do your best. Domitian, the Roman emperor, for one hour every day caught flies and killed them with his penknife; and there are people with imperial opportunity who set themselves to some insignificant business. Oh, for something grand to do, and then concentrate all your energies of body, mind, and soul upon that one thing, and nothing in earth or hell can stand before you. There is no such thing as good luck.

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

No event stands alone. Sometimes you say, "This is my day off." You will never have a day off. Nothing is off.

But if you continue to ask me how the past seems, I answer it seems like three or four picture galleries—Dusseldorf, Louvre, and Luxembourg—their corridors interjoining. I close my eyes and see them coasting the hillside, and flying the kite, and trundling the hoop, and gathering nuts in the autumnal forests, and then a little while after, bending in anxious study over the lexicons and the trigonometries. Where are those comrades? Most of them gone. Some are in useful spheres on earth. Some died in rapture, and a good many of them perished in dissipation before thirty years of age. The wine-cup, with its sharp edge, cut the jugular vein of their soul. Poor fellows! They tried the world without God, and the world was too much for them. Splendid fellows! Oh, what forehead they had for brain, and what muscle they had for strength, and what gleam of eye they had for genius, and what loving letters they got from home, and how they carried off the bouquets on Commencement Day! But they made the terrific mistake of thinking religion a superfluity, and now they are in my memory, not so much canvas as sculpture—some Laocoon struggling with snapped muscles, and eyes starting from the socket for torture; struggling amid the crushing folds of a serpentine monstrosity, a reptile horror, a Laocoon worse than that of the ancients.

Satan has a fastidious appetite, and the vulgar souls he throws into a trough to fatten his swine; but he says: "Bring to my golden plate all the fine natures, bring to my golden plate all the clear intel-

lects, bring them to me; my knife will cut down through the lusciousness; fill my chalice with the richest of their blood; pour it in until it comes three-fourths full; pour it in until it comes to the rim of the chalice; pour it until the blood bubbles over the rim. There, that will do now. Oh, this infernal banquet of great souls! Aha! aha! let the common demons have the vulgar souls, but give to me, who am the king of all diabolism, the jolliest, the gladdest, and the grandest of all this immortal sacrifice. Aha!"

Then in my mind there is the home gallery.

Oh, those dear faces, old faces and young faces, faces that have lost nothing of their loveliness by the recession of years, faces into which we looked when we sat on their laps, faces that looked up to us when they sat on our laps, faces that wept, faces that laughed, faces wrinkled with old age, faces all aflush with juvenile jocundity, faces that have disappeared, faces gone.

But you ask how the rest of the journey appears to me. As I look down now, having come up one side, and standing on the hill-top, and before I take the other journey, let me say to you, the road yet to be traveled, seems to me brighter than the one on which I have journeyed. I would not want to live life over again, as some wish to. If we lived life over again we would do no better than we have done. Our lives have been lived over five hundred times before. We saw five hundred people make mistakes in life, and we went right on and made the same mistakes. Our life was not the first. There were five hundred or a thousand people living before us. We did not profit by their example. We went right on and broke down in the same place, and if

we did not do any better with those experiences before us, do you think we would do any better if we tried life over again? No. I should rather go right on. If we tried life over again we would repeat the same journey.

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

I have not a fear, an anxiety, that I can mention. I do not know one. I put all my case in God's hands, and I have not any anxiety about the future. I do not feel foolhardy. I only trust. I trust, I trust, I trust! And—for there are those here of my own age—let me say, when we come to duties, and trials, and hardships, God is going to see us through.

From this hill-top of life I catch a glimpse of those hill-tops where all sorrow and sighing shall be done away. Oh, that God would make that world to us a

reality! Faith in that world helped old Dr. Tyng, when he stood by the casket of his dead son, whose arm had been torn off in the threshing-machine, death ensuing; and Dr. Tyng, with infinite composure, preached the funeral sermon of his own beloved son. Faith in that world helped Martin Luther, without one tear, to put away in death his favorite child. Faith in that world helped the dying woman to see on the sky the letter "W," and they asked her what she supposed the letter "W" on the sky meant. "Oh," she said, "don't you know? W stands for welcome." O Heaven, swing open thy gates! O Heaven, roll upon us some of thine anthems! O Heaven, flash upon us the vision of thy luster!

CHAPTER XVI.

A SCROLL OF HEROES.

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

In this roll, in the first place, I find all the heroes of the sick room.

When Satan had failed to overcome Job he said to God: "Put forth thy hand and touch his bone and his flesh, and he will curse Thee to Thy face." Satan had found out what we have all found out, that sickness is the greatest test of character. A man who can stand that can stand anything; to be shut in a room as fast as though it were a Bastile; to be so

nervous you cannot endure the tap of a child's foot; to have luxuriant fruit, which tempts the appetite of the robust and healthy, excite our loathing and disgust when it first appears on the platter; to have the rapier of pain strike through the side or across the temples like a razor, or to put the foot into a vise, or to throw the whole body into the blaze of a fever. Yet there have been men and women, but more women than men, who have cheerfully endured this hardness. Through years of exhausting rheumatisms and excruciating neuralgias they have gone, and through bodily distresses that rasped the nerves, and tore the muscles, and paled the cheeks, and stooped the shoulders. By the dim light of the sick room taper they saw on their wall the picture of that land where the people are never sick. Through the dead silence of the night they have heard the chorus of the angels.

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

In this roll I also find the heroes of toil, who do their work uncomplainingly. It is comparatively easy to lead a regiment into battle when you know

that the whole nation will applaud the victory ; it is comparatively easy to doctor the sick when you know that your skill will be appreciated by a large company of friends and relatives ; it is comparatively easy to address an audience when in the gleaming eyes and the flushed cheeks you know that your sentiments are adopted ; but to do sewing where you expect that the employer will come and thrust his thumb through the work to show how imperfect it is, or to have the whole garment thrown back on you, to be done over again ; to build a wall and know there will be no one to say you did it well, but only a swearing employer howling across the scaffold ; to work until your eyes are dim, and your back aches, and your heart faints, and to know that if you stop before night your children will starve—that is heroism.

Ah, the sword has not slain so many as the needle ! The great battlefields of our last war were not Gettysburg and Shiloh and South Mountain. The great battlefields of the last war were in the arsenals, and the shops and the attics, where women made army jackets for a sixpence. They toiled on until they died. They had no funeral eulogium, but in the name of my God, this morning I enroll their names among those of whom the world was not worthy ;—heroes of the needle, heroes of the sewing-machine, heroes of the attic, heroes of the cellar, heroes and heroines.

In this roll I also find the heroes who have uncomplainingly endured domestic injustices. There are men who for their toil and anxiety have no sympathy in their homes. Exhausting application to business gets them a livelihood, but an unfrugal wife scatters it.

The husband is fretted at from the moment he enters the door until he comes out of it—the exasperations of business life augmented by the exasperations of domestic life. Such men are laughed at, but they have a heart-breaking trouble, and they would have long ago gone into appalling dissipations but for the grace of God. Society to-day is strewn with the wrecks of men who under the northeast storm of domestic infelicity have been driven on the rocks. There are tens of thousands of drunkards in this country to-day made such by their wives. That is not poetry; that is prose!

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

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

prayers, and forgiveness before it is asked for. No bitter words when the family Bible goes for rum, and the pawnbroker's shop gets the last decent dress.

Some day, desiring to evoke the story of her sorrow, you say: "Well, how are you getting along now?" And rallying her trembling voice, and quieting her quivering lip, she says: "Pretty well, I thank you; pretty well." She never will tell you. In the delirium of her last sickness she may tell all the secrets of her lifetime, but she will not tell that. Not until the books of eternity are opened on the thrones of judgment will ever be known what she has suffered. Oh, ye who are twisting a garland for the victor! put it on that pale brow.

When she is dead the neighbors will beg linen to make her a shroud, and she will be carried out in a plain box, with no silver plate to tell her years, for she has lived a thousand years of trial and anguish. The gamblers and the swindlers who destroyed her husband, will not come to the funeral. One carriage will be enough for that funeral—one carriage to carry the orphans and the two Christian women who presided over the obsequies. But there is a flash, and a clank of a celestial door, and a shout, "Lift up your head, ye everlasting gates, and let her come in." And Christ will step forth, and say, "Come in! ye suffered with Me on earth, be glorified with Me in heaven." What is the highest throne in heaven? You say, "The throne of the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb." No doubt about it. What is the next highest throne in heaven? While I speak it seems to me that it will be the throne of the drunkard's wife, if she, with cheerful patience, endured all her earthly torture. Heroes and heroines.

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

But I am speaking of those who, out of their pinched poverty, help others—of such men as those Christian missionaries at the West, who are living on two hundred and fifty dollars a year, that they may proclaim Christ to the people, one of them writing to the secretary in New York, saying, "I thank you for that twenty-five dollars. Until yesterday we have had no meat in our house for three months. We have suffered terribly. My children have no shoes this winter." And of those people who have only a half loaf of bread, but give a piece of it to others who are more hungry; and of those who have only a scuttle of coal, but help others to fuel; and of those who have only a dollar in their pocket, and give twenty-five cents to somebody else; and of that father who wears a shabby coat, and of that mother who wears a faded dress, that their children may be well appareled.

You call them paupers, or ragamuffins, or tatterdemalions. I call them heroes and heroines. You and

I may not know where they live, or what their name is. God knows; and they have more angels hovering over them than you and I have, and they will have a higher seat in heaven. They may have only a cup of cold water to give a poor traveler, or may have only picked a splinter from under the nail of a child's finger, or have put only two mites into the treasury, but the Lord knows them. Considering what they had, they did more than we have ever done, and their faded dress will become a white robe, and the small room will be an eternal mansion, and the old hat will be a coronet of victory, and all the applause of earth and all the shouting of heaven will be drowned out when God rises up to give His reward to those humble workers in His kingdom, and to say to them, "Well done, good and faithful servants."

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

Do not envy any man his money, or his applause, or his social position. Do not envy any woman her wardrobe, or her exquisite appearance. Be the hero

or the heroine. If there be no flour in the house, and you do not know where your children are to get bread, listen, and you will hear something tapping against the window-pane. Go to the window, and you will find it is the beak of a raven; and open the window, and there will fly in the messenger that fed Elijah.

Do you think that the God who grows the cotton of the South will let you freeze for lack of clothes? Do you think that the God who allowed the disciples on Sunday morning to go into the grainfield, and then take the grain, and rub it in their hands, and eat—do you think God will let you starve? Did you ever hear the experience of that old man: "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread?" Get up out of your discouragement, O troubled soul, O sewing woman, O man kicked and cuffed by unjust employers, O ye who are hard bestead in the battle of life and know not which way to turn, O you bereft one, O you sick one with complaints you have told to no one! Come and get the comfort of this subject. Listen to our great Captain's cheer: "To him that overcometh, will I give to eat of the fruit of the tree of life which is in the midst of the paradise of God."

CHAPTER XVII.

BURDENS LIFTED.

In the far East, wells of water are so infrequent that when a man owns a well he has a property of very great value, and sometimes battles have been fought for the possession of one well of water ; but there is one well that every man owns, a deep well, a perennial well, a well of tears. If a man has not a burden on this shoulder, he has a burden on the other shoulder.

The day I left home to look after myself and for myself, in the wagon my father sat driving, and he said that day something which has kept with me all my life: "De Witt, it is always safe to trust God. I have many a time come to a crisis of difficulty. You may know that, having been sick for fifteen years, it was no easy thing for me to support a family ; but always God came to the rescue. I remember the time," he said, "when I didn't know what to do, and I saw a man on horseback riding up the farm lane, and he announced to me that I had been nominated for the most lucrative office in all the gift of the people of the county ; and to that office I was elected, and God in that way met all my wants, and I tell you it is always safe to trust Him."

Oh, my friends, what we want is a practical religion! The religion people have is so high up you can not reach it.

There are a great many men who have business burdens. When we see a man harried, and perplexed, and annoyed in business life, we are apt to say: "He ought not to have attempted to carry so much." Ah! that man may not be to blame at all. When a man plants a business he does not know what will be its outgrowths, what will be its roots, what will be its branches. There is many a man with keen foresight and large business faculty who has been flung into the dust by unforeseen circumstances springing upon him from ambush. When to buy, when to sell, when to trust, and to what amount of credit, what will be the effect of this new invention of machinery, what will be the effect of that loss of crop, and a thousand other questions perplex business men until the hair is silvered and deep wrinkles are plowed in the cheek; and the stocks go up by mountains and go down by valleys, and they are at their wits' ends, and stagger like drunken men.

This is a world of burden-bearing. Where is the soul that has not a struggle? There is never an audience assembles on the planet where the text is not gloriously appropriate: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

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

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

Ah! my friend, do you say that God does not care anything about your worldly business? I tell you God knows more about it than you do. He knows all your perplexities; He knows what mortgagee is about to foreclose; He knows what note you cannot pay; He knows what unsalable goods you have on your shelves; He knows all your trials, from the day you took hold of the first yard stick down to that sale of the last yard of ribbon, and the God who helped David to be king, and who helped Daniel to be prime minister, and who helped Havelock to be a soldier, will help you to discharge all your duties. He is going to see you through. When loss comes; and you find your property going, just take this Book and put it down by your ledger, and read of the eternal possessions that will come to you through our Lord Jesus Christ. And when your business partner betrays you, and your friends turn against you, just take the insulting letter, put it down on the table, put your Bible beside the insulting letter, and

then read of the friendship of Him who "sticketh closer than a brother."

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

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

“Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.”

Then there are a great many who have a weight of persecution and abuse upon them. Sometimes society gets a grudge against a man. All his motives are misinterpreted, and his good deeds are depreciated. With more virtue than some of the honored and applauded, he runs only against raillery and sharp criticism. When a man begins to go down, he has not only the force of natural gravitation, but a hundred hands to help him in the precipitation. Men are persecuted for their virtues, and their successes. Germanicus said he had just as many bitter antagonists as he had adornments. The character sometimes is so lustrous that the weak eyes of Envy and Jealousy can not bear to look at it.

It was their integrity that put Joseph in the pit, and Daniel in the den, and Shadrach in the fire, and sent John the Evangelist to desolate Patmos, and Calvin to the castle of persecution, and John Huss to the stake, and Korah after Moses, and Saul after David, and Herod after Christ. Be sure if you have anything to do for church or state, and you attempt it with all your soul, lightning will strike you.

The world always has had a cross between two thieves for the one who comes to save it. High and holy enterprise has always been followed by abuse. The most sublime tragedy of self-sacrifice has come to burlesque. The graceful gait of virtue is always followed by scoffed with grimace and travesty. The sweetest strain of poetry ever written has come to ridiculous parody, and as long as there are virtue and righteousness in the world, there will be something for iniquity to grin at. All along the line of the ages,

and in all lands, the cry has been: "Not this man, but Barabbas. Now, Barabbas was a robber."

And what makes the persecutions of life worse, is that they come from people whom you have helped, from those to whom you loaned money or have started in business, or whom you rescued in some great crisis. I think it has been the history of all our lives—the most acrimonious assault has come from those whom we have benefited, whom we have helped, and that makes it all the harder to bear. A man is in danger of becoming cynical.

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

The great danger is that men will become cynical, and given to believe, as David was tempted to say, that all men are liars. Oh, my friends, do not let that be the effect upon your souls!

Now, if you have come across ill-treatment, let me tell you you are in excellent company—Christ, and Luther, and Galileo, and Columbus, and John Jay, and Josiah Quincy, and thousands of men and women, the best spirits of earth and heaven. Budge not one inch, though all hell wreak upon you its vengeance,

and you be made a target for devils to shoot at. Do you not think Christ knows all about persecution? Was He not hissed at? Was He not struck on the cheek? Was He not pursued all the days of His life? Did they not expectorate upon Him? Or, to put it in Bible language, "They spit upon Him." And can not He understand what persecution is? "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DAY WE LIVE IN.

It is my business to tell you what style of men and women you ought to be in order that you may meet the demand of the age in which God has cast your lot. If you really would like to know what this age has a right to expect of you as Christian men and women, then I am ready, in the Lord's name, to look you in the face. When two armies have rushed into battle the officers of either army do not want a philosophical discussion about the chemical properties of human blood, or the nature of gunpowder; they want some one to man the batteries and swab out the guns. And now, when all the forces of light and darkness, of heaven and hell, have plunged into the fight, it is no time to give ourselves to the definitions, and formulas, and technicalities, and conventionalities of religion. What we want is practical, earnest, concentrated, enthusiastic, and triumphant help.

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

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

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

I was once amid the wonderful, bewitching cactus growths of North Carolina. I never was more bewildered with the beauty of flowers, and yet, when I would take up one of these cactuses, and pull the leaves apart, the beauty was all gone. You could hardly tell that it had ever been a flower. And there are a great many Christian people in this day just pulling apart their Christian experiences to see what

there is in them, and there is nothing left in them. This style of self-examination is a damage instead of an advantage to their Christian character. I remember when I was a boy I used to have a small piece in the garden that I called my own, and I planted corn there, and every few days I would pull it up to see how fast it was growing. Now, there are a great many Christian people in this day whose self-examination merely amounts to the pulling up of that which they only yesterday, or the day before, planted.

Oh, my friends, if you want to have a stalwart Christian character, plant it right out-of-doors in the great field of Christian usefulness, and though storms may come upon it, and though the hot sun of trial may try to consume it, it will thrive until it becomes a great tree, in which the fowls of heaven may have their habitation. I have no patience with these flower-pot Christians. They keep themselves under shelter, and all their Christian experience in a small, exclusive circle, when they ought to plant it in the great garden of the Lord, so that the whole atmosphere could be aromatic with their Christian usefulness. What we want in the Church of God is more brawn of piety.

The century plant is wonderfully suggestive and wonderfully beautiful, but I never look at it without thinking of its parsimony. It lets whole generations go by before it puts forth one blossom; so I have really more heartfelt admiration when I see the dewy tears in the blue eyes of the violets, for they come every spring. My Christian friends, time is going by so rapidly that we cannot afford to be idle.

A recent statistician says that human life now has

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

“But,” says some man, “I liberally support the Gospel, and the Church is open, and the Gospel is preached; all the spiritual advantages are spread before men, and if they want to be saved let them come to be saved; I have discharged all my responsibility.” Ah! is that the Master’s spirit? Is there not an old Book somewhere that commands us to go out into the highways and the hedges, and compel the people to come in? What would have become of you and me if Christ had not come down off the hills of heaven, and if He had not come through the door of the Bethlehem caravansary, and if He had not with the crushed hand of the crucifixion knocked at the iron gate of the sepulchre of our spiritual death, crying, “Lazarus, come forth?” Oh, my Christian friends, this is no time for inertia, when all the forces of darkness seem to be in full blast; when steam printing presses are publishing infidel tracts;

when express railroad trains are carrying messengers of sin; when fast clippers are laden with opium and rum; when the night air of our cities is polluted with the laughter that breaks up from the ten thousand saloons of dissipation and abandonment; when the fires of the second death already are kindled in the cheeks of some who only a little while ago were incorrupt. Oh, never since the curse fell upon the earth has there been a time when it was such an unwise, such a cruel, such an awful thing for the Church to sleep. The great audiences are not gathered in the Christian Church; the great audiences are gathered in the temples of sin—tears of unutterable woe their baptism, the blood of crushed hearts the awful wine of their sacrament, blasphemies their litany, and the groans of the lost world the organ dirge of their worship.

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

But, on the other hand, do not adhere to anything

merely because it is old. There is not a single enterprise of the Church or the world but has sometimes been scoffed at. There was a time when men derided even Bible societies; and when a few young men met near a haystack in Massachusetts and organized the first missionary society ever organized in this country, there went laughter and ridicule all around the Christian Church. They said the undertaking was preposterous. And so also the work of Jesus Christ was assailed. People cried out: "Who ever heard of such theories of ethics and government? Who ever noticed such a style of preaching as Jesus has?" Ezekiel had talked of mysterious wings and wheels. Here came a man from Capernaum and Gennesaret, and he drew his illustrations from the lakes, from the sand, from the ravine, from the lilies, from the cornstalks. How the Pharisees scoffed! How Herod derided! How Caiaphas hissed. And this Jesus they plucked by the beard, and they spat in his face, and they called him "this fellow!" All the great enterprises in and out of the Church have at times been scoffed at, and there have been a great multitude who have thought that the chariot of God's truth would fall to pieces if it once got out of the old rut.

And so there are those who have no patience with anything like improvement in church architecture, or with anything like good, hearty, earnest church singing, and they deride any form of religious discussion which goes down walking among everyday men rather than that which makes an excursion on rhetorical stilts. Oh, that the Church of God would wake up to an adaptability of work! We must admit the simple fact that the churches of Jesus Christ in this

day do not reach the great masses. There are fifty thousand people in Edinburgh who never hear the Gospel. There are one million people in London who never hear the Gospel. There are at least three hundred thousand souls in the city of Brooklyn who come not under the immediate ministrations of Christ's truth, and the Church of God in this day, instead of being a place full of living epistles, read and known of all men, is more like a "dead-letter" postoffice.

"But," say the people, "the world is going to be converted; you must be patient; the kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of Christ." Never, unless the Church of Jesus Christ puts on more speed and energy. Instead of the Church converting the world, the world is converting the Church. Here is a great fortress. How shall it be taken? An army comes and sits around about it, cuts off the supplies, and says; "Now we will just wait until from exhaustion and starvation they will have to give up." Weeks and months, and perhaps a year pass along, and finally the fortress surrenders through that starvation and exhaustion. But, my friends, the fortresses of sin are never to be taken in that way. If they are taken for God it will be by storm; you will have to bring up the great siege guns of the Gospel to the very wall and wheel the flying artillery into line, and when the armed infantry of heaven shall confront the battlements you will have to give the quick command, "Forward! Charge!"

Ah, my friends, there is work for you to do and for me to do in order to this grand accomplishment. Here is my pulpit and I preach in it. Your pulpit is

the bank. Your pulpit is the store. Your pulpit is the editorial chair. Your pulpit is the anvil. Your pulpit is the house scaffolding. Your pulpit is the mechanic's shop. I may stand in this place and, through cowardice or through self-seeking, may keep back the word I ought to utter; while you, with sleeve rolled up and brow besweated with toil, may utter the word that will jar the foundations of heaven with the shout of a great victory. I tell you, every one, go forth and preach this gospel. You have as much right to preach as I have, or as any man has. Only find out the pulpit where God will have you preach and there preach.

Hedley Vicars was a wicked man in the English army. The grace of God came to him. He became an earnest and eminent Christian. They scoffed at him and said: "You are a hypocrite; you are as bad as ever you were." Still he kept his faith in Christ, and after awhile, finding that they could not turn him aside by calling him a hypocrite, they said to him: "Oh, you are nothing but a Methodist." That did not disturb him. He went on performing his Christian duty until he had formed all his troop into a Bible class, and the whole encampment was shaken with the presence of God. So Havelock went into the heathen temple in India while the English army was there, and put a candle into the hand of each of the heathen gods that stood around in the heathen temple, and by the light of those candles, held up by the idols, General Havelock preached righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. And who will say, on earth or in heaven, that Havelock had not the right to preach?

In the minister's house where I prepared for col-

lege there was a man who worked, by the name of Peter Croy. He could neither read nor write, but he was a man of God. Often theologians would stop in the house—grave theologians—and at family prayer Peter Croy would be called upon to lead; and all those wise men sat around, wonder-struck at his religious efficiency. When he prayed he reached up and seemed to take hold of the very throne of the Almighty, and he talked with God until the very heavens were bowed down into the sitting room. Oh, if I were dying I would rather have plain Peter Croy kneel by my bedside and commend my immortal spirit to God than the greatest archbishop, arrayed in costly canonicals. Go preach this Gospel. You say you are not licensed. In the name of the Lord Almighty, I license you. Go preach this Gospel—preach it in the Sabbath schools, in the prayer meetings, in the highways, in the hedges. Woe be unto you if you preach it not.

Again, in order to be qualified to meet your duty in this particular age you want unbounded faith in the triumph of truth and the overthrow of wickedness. How dare the Christian Church ever get discouraged. Have we not the Lord Almighty on our side? How long did it take God to slay the hosts of Sennacherib or burn Sodom, or shake down Jericho? How long will it take God, when He once rises in His strength, to overthrow all the forces of iniquity? Between this time and that there may be long seasons of darkness—the chariot wheels of God's Gospel may seem to drag heavily, but here is the promise and yonder is the throne; and when omniscience has lost its eyesight, and omnipotence falls back impotent, and Jehovah is driven from His throne, then the

Church of Jesus Christ can afford to be despondent, but never until then. Despots may plan and armies may march, and the congresses of the nations may seem to think they are adjusting all the affairs of the world, but the mighty men of the earth are only the dust of the chariot wheels of God's providence.

I think before the sun of this century shall set the last tyranny will fall, and with a splendor of demonstration that shall be the astonishment of the universe God will set forth the brightness and pomp and glory and perpetuity of His eternal government. Out of the starry flags and the emblazoned insignia of this world God will make a path for His own triumph, and returning from universal conquest, He will sit down, the grandest, strongest, highest throne of earth His footstool.

Then shall all nations' song ascend
To Thee, our Ruler, Father, Friend,
Till heaven's high arch resounds again
With "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Hosts of the living God, march on! march on! His spirit will bless you. His shield will defend you. His sword will strike for you. March on! march on! The despotisms will fall, and paganism will burn its idols, and Mohammedanism will give up its false prophet, and Judaism will confess the true Messiah, and the great walls of superstition will come down in thunder and wreck at the long, loud blast of the Gospel trumpet. March on! march on! The besiegement will soon be ended. Only a few more steps on the long way; only a few more sturdy blows; only a few more battle cries, then God will put the laurel upon your brow, and from the living fountains of

heaven will bathe off the sweat and the heat and the dust of the conflict. March on! march on! For you the time for work will soon be passed, and amid the out-flashings of the judgment throne, and the trumpeting of resurrection angels, and the upheaving of a world of graves, and the hosanna and the groaning of the saved and the lost, we shall be rewarded for our faithfulness, or punished for our stupidity. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting, and let the whole earth be filled with His glory.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE OLD FOLKS' VISIT.

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

"What a nuisance it is to have poor relations!"

• Joseph did not say that, but he rushed out to meet his father with perfect abandon of affection and brought him up to the palace, and introduced him to the Emperor, and provided for all the rest of the father's day, and nothing was too good for the old man while living; and when he was dead, Joseph, with military escort, took his father's remains to the family cemetery at Machpelah, and put them down

beside Rachel, Joseph's mother. Would God all children were as kind to their parents!

If the father have large property, and he be wise enough to keep it in his own name, he will be respected by the heirs; but how often it is when the son finds his father in famine, as Joseph found Jacob in famine, the young people make it very hard for the old man. They are so surprised he eats with a knife instead of a fork. They are chagrined at his antediluvian habits. They are provoked because he can not hear as well as he used to, and when he asks it over again, and the son has to repeat it, he bawls in the old man's ear: "I hope you hear that!" How long he must wear the old coat or the old hat before they get him a new one! How chagrined they are at his independence of the English grammar! How long he hangs on! Seventy years and not gone yet! Seventy-five years and not gone yet! Eighty years and not gone yet! Will he ever go? They think it of no use to have a doctor in his last sickness, and go up to the drugstore and get a dose of something that makes him worse, and economize on a coffin, and beat the undertaker down to the last point, giving a note for the reduced amount, which they never pay! I have officiated at obsequies of aged people where the family have been so inordinately resigned to the Providence that I felt like taking my text from Proverbs: "The eye that mocketh at its father, and refuseth to obey its mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." In other words, such an ingrate ought to have a flock of crows for pall-bearers! I congratulate you if you have the honor of providing for aged parents. The blessing of the Lord God of Joseph and Jacob will be on you.

Share your successes with the old people. The probability is, that the principles they inculcated achieved your fortune. Give them a Christian percentage of kindly consideration. Let Joseph divide with Jacob the pasture fields of Goshen and the glories of the Egyptian court.

And here I would like to sing the praises of the sisterhood who remained unmarried that they might administer to aged parents. The brutal world calls these self-sacrificing ones by ungallant names, and says they are peculiar or angular; but if you had had as many annoyances as they have had, Xantippe would have been an angel compared with you. It is easier to take care of five rollicking, romping children than of one childish old man. Among the best women of Brooklyn, and of yonder transpontine city are those who allowed the bloom of life to pass away while they were caring for their parents. While other maidens were sound asleep, they were soaking the old man's feet, or tucking up the covers around the invalid mother. While other maidens were in the cotillon, they were dancing attendance upon rheumatism, and spreading plasters for the lame back of the septenarian, and heating catnip tea for insomnia.

In almost every circle of our kindred there has been some queen of self-sacrifice to whom jeweled hand after jeweled hand was offered in marriage, but who staid on the old place because of the sense of filial obligation, until the health was gone, and the attractiveness of personal presence had vanished. Brutal society may call such a one by a nickname. God calls her daughter, and Heaven calls her saint, and I call her domestic martyr. A half-dozen ordi-

nary women have not as much nobility as could be found in the smallest joint of the little finger of her left hand. Although the world has stood six thousand years, this is the first apotheosis of maidenhood, although in the long line of those who have declined marriage that they might be qualified for some especial mission, are the names of Anna Ross, and Margaret Breckinridge, and Mary Shelton, and Anna Etheridge, and Georgiana Willetts, the angels of the battlefields of Fair Oaks, and Lookout Mountain, and Chancellorsville, and Cooper Shop Hospital; and though single life has been honored by the fact that the three grandest men of the Bible—John, and Paul, and Christ—were celibates.

Let the ungrateful world sneer at the maiden aunt, but God has a throne burnished for her arrival, and on one side of that throne in heaven there is a vase containing two jewels, the one brighter than the Kohinoor of London Tower, and the other larger than any diamond ever found in the districts of Golconda—the one jewel by the lapidary of the palace, cut with the words: “Inasmuch as ye did it to father;” the other jewel by the lapidary of the palace, cut with the words: “Inasmuch as ye did it to mother.”

As if to disgust us with unfilial conduct, the Bible presents us the story of Micah, who stole the eleven hundred shekels from his mother, and the story of Absalom, who tried to dethrone his father. But all history is beautiful with stories of filial fidelity. Epaminondas, the warrior, found his chief delight in reciting to his parents his victories. There goes Æneas from burning Troy, on his shoulders, Anchises, his father. The Athenians punished with death

any unfilial conduct. There goes beautiful Ruth escorting venerable Naomi across the desert, amid the howling of the wolves and the barking of the jackals. John Lawrence burned at the stake in Colchester, was cheered in the flames by his children, who said: "O God, strengthen thy servant, and keep thy promise!" And Christ, in the hour of ex-cruciation, provided for His old mother. Jacob kept his resolution, "I will go and see him before I die," and a little while after, we find them walking the tessellated floor of the palace, Jacob and Joseph, the prime-minister proud of the shepherd.

CHAPTER XX.

ORDINARY PEOPLE.

"Salute Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia"—ROMANS, 16: 14, 15.

Matthew Henry, Albert Barnes, Adam Clark, Thomas Scott, and all the commentators pass by these verses without any especial remark. The other twenty people mentioned in the chapter were distinguished for something, and were therefore discussed by the illustrious expositors; but nothing is said about Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus, and Julia. Where were they born? No one knows. When did they die? There is no record of their decease. For what were they distinguished? Absolutely for nothing, or the trait of character would have been brought out by the apostle. If they had been very intrepid, or opulent, or hirsute, or musical of cadence, or crass of style, or in any wise anomalous, that feature would have been caught by the apostolic camera. But they were good people, because Paul sends to them his high Christian regards. They were ordinary people, moving in ordinary sphere, attending to ordinary duty, and meeting ordinary responsibilities.

What the world wants is a religion for ordinary people. If there be in the United States 55,000,000 people, there are certainly not more than 1,000,000 extraordinary; and then there are 54,000,000 ordi-

nary, and we do well to turn our backs for a little while upon the distinguished and conspicuous people of the Bible and consider in our text the seven ordinary. We spend too much of our time in twisting garlands for remarkables, and building thrones for magnates, and sculpturing warriors, and apotheosizing philanthropists. The rank and file of the Lord's soldiery need especial help.

The vast majority of people will never lead an army, will never write a State constitution, will never electrify a Senate, will never make an important invention, will never introduce a new philosophy, will never decide the fate of a nation. You do not expect to; you do not want to. You will not be a Moses to lead a nation out of bondage. You will not be a Joshua to prolong the daylight until you can shut five kings in a cavern. You will not be a St. John to unroll an Apocalypse. You will not be a Paul to preside over an apostolic college. You will not be a Mary to mother a Christ. You will more probably be Asyncritus, or Phlegon, or Hermas, or Patrobas, or Hermes, or Philologus, or Julia.

Many of you are women at the head of households. Every morning you plan for the day. The culinary department of the household is in your dominion. You decide all questions of diet. All the sanitary regulations of your house are under your supervision. To regulate the food, and the apparel, and the habits, and decide the thousand questions of home life is a tax upon brain and nerve and general health absolutely appalling, if there be no divine alleviation.

It does not help you much to be told that Elizabeth Fry did wonderful things amid the criminals at Newgate. It does not help you much to be told that Mrs.

Judson was very brave among the Bornesian cannibals. It does not help you very much to be told that Florence Nightingale was very kind to the wounded in the Crimea. It would be better for me to tell you that the divine friend of Mary and Martha is your friend, and that He sees all the annoyances and disappointments, and abrasions, and exasperations of an ordinary housekeeper from morn till night, and from the first day of the year to the last day of the year, and at your call He is ready with help and reinforcement.

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

An unthinking man may consider it a matter of little importance—the cares of the household and the economies of domestic life—but I tell you the earth is strewn with the martyrs of kitchen and nursery. The health-shattered womanhood of America cries out for a God who can help ordinary women in the ordinary duties of housekeeping. The wearing, grinding, unappreciated work goes on, but the same Christ who stood on the bank of Galilee in the early

morning and kindled the fire and had the fish already cleaned and broiling when the sportsmen stepped ashore, chilled and hungry, will help every woman to prepare breakfast, whether by her own hand, or the hand of her hired help. The God who made indestructible eulogy of Hannah, who made a coat for Samuel, her son, and carried it to the temple every year, will help every woman in preparing the family wardrobe. The God who opens the Bible with the story of Abraham's entertainment by the three angels on the plains of Mamre, will help every woman to provide hospitality, however rare and embarrassing. It is high time that some of the attention we have been giving to the remarkable women of the Bible—remarkable for their virtue, or their want of it, or remarkable for their deeds—Deborah and Jezebel, and Herodias and Athalia, and Dorcas and the Marys, excellent and abandoned—it is high time some of the attention we have been giving to these conspicuous women of the Bible be given to Julia, an ordinary woman, amid ordinary circumstances, attending to ordinary duties, and meeting ordinary responsibilities.

Then there are all the ordinary business men.

They need divine and Christian help. When we begin to talk about business life we shoot right off and talk about men who did business on a large scale, and who sold millions of dollars of goods a year; and the vast majority of business men do not sell a million dollars of goods, nor half a million, nor quarter of a million, nor the eighth part of a million. Put all the business men of our cities, towns, villages, and neighborhoods side by side, and you will find that they sell less than fifty thousand dollars worth of goods. All

these men in ordinary business life want divine help. You see how the wrinkles are printing on the countenance the story of worryment and care. You can not tell how old a business man is by looking at him. Gray hairs at thirty. A man at forty-five with the stoop of a nonogenarian. No time to attend to improved dentistry, the grinders cease because they are few. Actually dying of old age at forty or fifty, when they ought to be at the meridian. Many of these business men have bodies like a neglected clock to which you come, and you wind it up, and it begins to buzz and roar, and then the hands start around very rapidly, and then the clock strikes five, or ten, or forty, and strikes without any sense, and then suddenly stops. So is the body of that worn out business man. It is a neglected clock, and though by some summer recreation it may be wound up, still the machinery is all out of gear. The hands turn around with a velocity that excites the astonishment of the world. Man cannot understand the wonderful activity, and there is a roar, and a buzz, and a rattle about these disordered lives, and they strike ten when they ought to strike five, and they strike twelve when they ought to strike six, and they strike forty when they ought to strike nothing, and suddenly they stop. Post-mortem examination reveals the fact that all the springs, and pivots, and weights, and balance-wheels of health are completely deranged. The human clock is simply run down. And at the time when the steady hand ought to be pointing to the industrious hours on a clear and sunlit dial, the whole machinery of body, mind, and earthly capacity stops forever. Greenwood has thousands of New York and Brooklyn business men who died of old age at thirty, thirty-five, forty, forty-five.

Now, what is wanted is grace—divine grace for ordinary business men, men who are harnessed from morn till night and all the days of their life—harnessed in business. Not grace to lose a hundred thousand, but grace to lose ten dollars. Not grace to supervise two hundred and fifty employes in a factory, but grace to supervise the bookkeeper, and two salesmen, and the small boy that sweeps out the store. Grace to invest not in the eighty thousand dollars of net profit, but the twenty-five hundred of clear gain. Grace not to endure the loss of a whole shipload of spices from the Indies, but grace to endure the loss of a paper of collars from the leakage of a displaced shingle on a poor roof. Grace not to endure the tardiness of the American Congress in passing a necessary law, but grace to endure the tardiness of an errand boy stopping to play marbles when he ought to deliver the goods. Such a grace as thousands of business men have to-day—keeping them tranquil, whether goods sell or do not sell, whether customers pay or do not pay, whether tariff is up or tariff is down, whether the crops are luxuriant or a dead failure—calm in all circumstances, and amid all vicissitudes. That is the kind of grace we want.

Millions of men want it, and they may have it for the asking. Some hero or heroine comes to town, and as the procession passes through the street the business men come out and stand on tiptoe on their store step and look at some one who in Arctic clime, or in ocean storm, or in day of battle, or in hospital agonies did the brave thing, not realizing that they, the enthusiastic spectators, have gone through trials in business life that are just as great before God, There are men who have gone through freezing Arctics

and burning torrids, and awful Marengoes of experiences without moving five miles from their doorstep.

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

Then there are all the ordinary farmers. We talk about agricultural life, and we immediately shoot off to talk about Cincinnatus, the patrician, who went from the plow to a high position, and after he got through the dictatorship, in twenty-one days went back again to the plow. What encouragement is that to ordinary farmers? The vast majority of them—none

of them will be patricians. Perhaps none of them will be Senators. If any of them have dictatorships it will be over forty, or fifty, or a hundred acres of the old homestead. What those men want is grace, to keep their patience while plowing with balky oxen, and to keep cheerful amid the drouth that destroys the corn crop, and that enables them to restore the garden the day after the neighbor's cattle have broken in and trampled out the strawberry bed, and gone through the Lima-bean patch, and eaten up the sweet corn in such large quantities that they must be kept from the water lest they swell up and die.

Grace in catching weather that enables them, without imprecation, to spread out the hay the third time, although again, and again, and again, it has been almost ready for the mow. A grace to doctor the cow with a hollow horn, and the sheep with the foot rot, and the horse with the distemper, and to compel the unwilling acres to yield a livelihood for the family, and schooling for the children, and little extras to help the older boy in business, and something for the daughter's wedding outfit, and a little surplus for the time when the ankles will get stiff with age, and the breath will be a little short, and the swinging of the cradle through the hot harvest-field will bring on the old man's vertigo. Better close up about Cincinnatus. I know five hundred farmers just as noble as he was.

What they want is to know that they have the friendship of that Christ who often drew His similes from the farmer's life, as when he said: "A sower went forth to sow;" as when He built His best parable out of the scene of a farmer's boy coming back from his wanderings, and the old farmhouse shook

that night with rural jubilee; and who compared Himself to a lamb in the pasture field, and who said that the eternal God is a farmer, declaring: "My Father is the husbandman."

Those *stone masons* do not want to hear about Christopher Wren, the architect, who built St. Paul's Cathedral. It would be better to tell them how to carry the hod of brick up the ladder without slipping, and how on a cold morning with the trowel to smooth off the mortar and keep cheerful, and how to be thankful to God for the plain food taken from the pail by the roadside. *Carpenters* standing amid the adze, and the bit, and the plane, and the broad axe, need to be told that Christ was a carpenter, with his own hand wielding saw and hammer. Oh, this is a tired world, and it is an overworked world, and it is an under-fed world, and it is a rung-out world, and men and women need to know that there is rest and recuperation in God and in that religion which was not so much intended for extraordinary people as for ordinary people, because there are more of them.

The healing profession has had its Abercrombies, and its Abernethys, and its Valentine Motts, and its Willard Parkers; but the ordinary physicians do the most of the world's medicining, and they need to understand that while taking diagnosis or prognosis, or writing prescription, or compounding medicament, or holding the delicate pulse of a dying child they may have the presence and the dictation of the Almighty Doctor who took the case of the madman, and, after he had torn off his garments in foaming dementia, clothed him again, body and mind, and who lifted up the woman who for eighteen years had been bent almost double with the rheumatism into grace-

ful stature, and who turned the scabs of leprosy into rubicund complexion, and who rubbed the numbness out of paralysis, and who swung wide open the closed windows of hereditary or accidental blindness, until the morning light came streaming through the fleshly casements, and who knows all the diseases, and all the remedies, and all the herbs, and all the catholicons, and is monarch of pharmacy and therapeutics, and who has sent out ten thousand doctors of whom the world makes no record; but to prove that they are angels of mercy, I invoke the thousands of men whose ailments they have assuaged and the thousands of women to whom in crises of pain they have been next to God in benefaction.

Come, now, let us have a religion for ordinary people in professions, in occupations, in agriculture, in the household, in merchandise, in everything. I salute across the centuries Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus, and Julia.

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

Then, if you feel that you are ordinary, remember that your position invites the less attack. Conspicuous people—how they have to take it! How they are misrepresented, and abused, and shot at! The higher the horns of a roebuck the easier to track him down. What a delicious thing it must be to be a candidate for President of the United States! It must be so soothing to the nerves! It must pour into the souls of a candidate such a sense of serenity when he reads the blessed newspapers!

I came into the possession of the abusive cartoons in the time of Napoleon I., printed while he was yet alive. The retreat of the army from Moscow, that army buried in the snows of Russia, one of the most awful tragedies of the centuries, represented under the figure of a monster called General Frost shaving the French Emperor with a razor of icicle. As Satyr and Beelzebub he is represented, page after page, page after page. England cursing him, Spain cursing him, Germany cursing him, Russia cursing him, Europe cursing him, North and South America cursing him. The most remarkable man of his day, and the most abused. All those men in history who now have a halo around their name, on earth wore a crown of thorns. Take the few extraordinary railroad men of our time, and see what abuse comes upon them, while thousands of stockholders escape. New York Central Railroad has 9,265 stockholders. If anything in that railroad affronts the people all the abuse comes down on one man, and the 9,264 escape. All the world took after Thomas Scott, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, abused him until he got under the ground. Over 17,000 stockholders in that company. All the blame on one man! The Central

Pacific Railroad—two or three men get all the blame if anything goes wrong. There are 10,000 in that company.

I mention these things to prove it is extraordinary people who get abused, while the ordinary escape. The weather of life is not so severe on the plain as it is on the high peaks. The world never forgives a man who knows, or gains, or does more than it can know, or gain, or do. Parents sometimes give confectionery to their children as an inducement to take bitter medicine, and the world's sugar-plum precedes the world's *aqua-fortis*. The mob cried in regard to Christ, "Crucify Him, crucify Him!" and they had to say it twice to be understood, for they were so hoarse, and they got their hoarseness by crying a little while before at the top of their voice, "Hosanna." The river Rhone is foul when it enters Lake Lemman, but crystalline when it comes out on the other side. But there are men who have entered the bright lake of wordly prosperity crystalline and came out terribly riled. If, therefore, you feel that you are ordinary, thank God for the defences and the tranquility of your position.

Let us all be content with such things as we have. God is just as good in what He keeps away from us as in what he gives us. Even a knot may be useful if it is at the end of a thread.

At an anniversary of a deaf and dumb asylum, one of the children wrote upon the blackboard words as sublime as the Iliad, the Odyssey, and the "Divina Comedia" all compressed in one paragraph. The examiner, in the signs of the mute language, asked her: "Who made the world?" The deaf and dumb girl wrote upon the blackboard, "In the beginning

God created the heaven and the earth." The examiner asked her, "For what purpose did Christ come into the world?" The deaf and dumb girl wrote upon the blackboard: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The examiner said to her, "Why were you born deaf and dumb, while I hear and speak?" She wrote upon the blackboard: "Even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in thy sight." Oh, that we might be baptized with a contented spirit! The spider draws poison out of a flower, the bee gets honey out of a thistle; but happiness is a heavenly elixir, and the contented spirit extracts it, not from the rhododendron of the hills, but from the lily of the valley.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE LACHRYMAL.

Within the past century travelers and antiquarians have explored the ruins of ancient cities, and from the very heart of the buried splendor they have brought up evidence of customs long ago vanished from the earth. From some of those tombs they have brought up lachrymatories, or lachrymals, which are vials made of earthenware. The tears wept over the dead were caught and kept in this vial, or lachrymatory or lachrymal, or bottle, and then the bottle was placed in the tomb of the dead. There are in our museums to-day, if you will search for them, many specimens of these tear-bottles of olden times.

The tears that were brought up in the lachrymals of Herculaneum and Pompeii have all gone, and those bottles are as dry as the scoria of the volcano that submerged them; but not so with the bottle in which God gathers all our tears. So it is not a mere soft sentiment, it is not only a poetic idea, but it is a deep and an earnest expression of hundreds of people here who have had misfortune, or trial, or loss, or bereavement, when they cry out, saying: "Put thou my tears into thy bottle."

You have all heard of the story of paradise and the *peri*. I think it might come to a better adaptation. An angel went forth from heaven, and searched all the earth to find some beautiful thing worthy of celes-



tial transportation. That angel went down to the gold and silver mines of the earth, yet found nothing worthy of carrying back to God and to heaven. And then the angel went down to the depths of the sea, and examined all the pearls that lay there, but not one of them was fit to take to heaven, and the angel, utterly discouraged and despairing, stood at the foot of a mountain and folded its wing, when, looking a little way off, it saw a wanderer weeping over his evil ways, and as the tears were falling down the cheek of that wanderer the angel thrust its wing under the falling tear and captured it, and then sped away toward the sky, and as God saw the angel flying heavenward with that tear upon the wing, God cried out; "Behold the brightest jewel of heaven, the tear of a sinner's repentance."

Oh, when I see the shepherd bringing a lost sheep back from the wilderness, when I hear the quick tread of a ragged prodigal coming to his father's house, when I see the sin burned, and the passion blasted, and the wretched and the vile appealing for God's compassion, then I break forth into ecstasy and triumph, and I cry: "More tears for God's bottle!" I remember only one or two lines of the old hymn which says:

"Or sins like mountains for their size,
The seas of sovereign grace expand;
The seas of sovereign grace arise."

O wanderer, come back to thy God. That falling tear will not drop on the cheek, it will not drop on your hand; it will drop into the bottle where God keeps all our tears. God has an intimate acquaintance with and a tender remembrance of all poverty. Much of the world's want does not come to inspec-

tion. Deacons of the church do not see it, controllers of almshouses never report it. People who prefer to suffer and to die in silence rather than to display their poverty and their bitterness. Parents who fail to get a livelihood so that they with their children dwell in perpetual privation. Sewing women who cannot ply the needle fast enough to earn shelter and bread.

Sorrow and privation and woe huger than a camel going through the eye of their needle. But whether reported or uncomplaining, whether in seemingly comfortable parlor or in damp cellar, or in hot garret, the angels of God watch. All those griefs are being collected. Down on the back street, away off amid shanties and log huts, angels of God are watching. Tears of want seething in summer's heat, tears of want freezing in winter's cold, fall not unheeded. They are jewels in heaven's casket. They are pledges of divine sympathy. They are tears for God's bottle.

When some years ago a city missionary was crossing one of the parks in New York on the Sabbath day, he said to a lad, "What are you doing here, breaking the Lord's day? You ought to be at church and worshiping God instead of breaking the Sabbath in this way." Then the poor lad in his rags looked up at the city missionary, and said: "Oh, sir, it's very easy for you to talk that way, but God knows that we poor chaps ain't got no chance." Oh, that the tears of all the poor might drop into God's bottle.

God has an intimate acquaintance with and a tender remembrance of, all our parental anxiety. You sometimes see a man step right out from the most infamous surroundings into the kingdom of God. You

say, "That is not logical; that man has not heard a sermon in twenty years; that man has not had any alarming providence; why is it he steps right out from the most debased surroundings into the kingdom of God?" This is the secret: God one day looks at the bottle in which He keeps the tears of His dear children, and He finds there a parental tear which for forty years has been unanswered, and He says, "Go to now, and I will answer that tear." Quick as lightning to the heart of that debased and wandering man comes the influence of the Holy Ghost, and he steps out of his sin into the light of the Gospel.

Oh, this work of training children for God and for heaven is a tremendous work. I know there are a great many people who have not been called to parental responsibility, who have a very complete idea about domestic discipline. They know how children ought to be trained! But to every intelligent parent it is a tremendous question.

Now there is a little child, and it is a beautiful plaything. It lies in the mother's arms. She looks down into the bright eyes, and she examines the dimples on its feet, and she says: "What an exquisite organism." Beautiful plaything that child is. But one night while that mother is rocking that child to sleep a voice drops straight from the throne of God, saying: "Do you know what you are rocking? That is an immortal." Stars shall die, but that is an immortal. The sun will die of old age, but that is immortal.

With some of you this is the chief anxiety. You try to train your children aright. You correct this folly, you chide that worldliness, and your midnight pillow is wet with weeping in parental anxiety; and

you ask me to-day, you ask me in silence; but I hear the question coming up from hundreds of souls: "Is all this wasted? Are my prayers going to be heard? Is all this solicitude for nothing?" I answer no. God has counted all the sleepless nights. God has heard all the counsels you ever gave to that boy or that girl in your household. God knows it all, and He has kept a record, and in lachrymal—not such as is taken up from ancient sepulchre, but in a lachrymal that stands on His eternal throne, He has gathered all those exhausting tears.

The grass may be rank on your grave, and the letters may have faded from the tombstone under the dash of the elements, but He who has said, "I will be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee," will not forget, and some day in heaven, while you are ranging the fields of light, the gates of pearl will open, and garlanded with glory that wanderer will rush into your outstretched arms of welcome and triumph. The hills may depart, and the stars may fall, and the world may burn, and time may perish, but God will break His oath—never, never!

But you say, "Why keep in heaven the tears of earth? why that great lachrymatory on the throne of God?" Well, my friends, I do not know that the tears will always stay there. I do not know but that after awhile some angel passing along will look at that great lachrymatory of heaven and find it empty. What sprite of hell hath broken into the gates and robbed that place of its jewels? This is the secret: Those were sanctified sorrows, and those tears have been changed into pearl, and now they adorn the coronets and the robes of the ransomed.

I take up some coronet of light and I see gems

sparkling in it, and say, "From what river depth of heaven did these jewels come?" and a thousand voices answer: "These are the transmuted tears from God's bottle." Then I see a scepter stretched down from the throne of men who were trodden on by earth, and I see on every scepter point, and I see inlaid in the ivory stair of the golden throne some very bright jewels, and I say, "Whence came they? whence came they?" and the elders from before the throne, and the martyrs under the altar coming up and standing on the sea of glass, cry in ecstasy, "These are the transmuted tears from God's bottle."

Let the ages of heaven roll on. All the pomp and pride of earth forgotten; the Koh-i-noor diamonds that were the pride of kings forgotten; precious stones that adorned Persian tiara or flamed in the robes of Babylonian processions, forgotten; the Golconda mines charred in the last conflagration; but firm as the everlasting hills, and pure as the light that streams from the throne, and bright as the river that flows from under the eternal rocks, are the transmuted tears from God's bottle. Let that empty lachrymatory stand forever on the steps of heaven, on the steps of the throne. Let no hand touch it. Let no wing strike it. Let no collision crack it. Purer than beryl or chrysopterus, let it stand on the steps of Jehovah's throne, and under the arch of the unfading rainbow. Passing down the corridors of the palace, the redeemed of earth will look at it, and think of their earthly sorrows sanctified, and say, "Why, that is what we heard of on earth; that is what the Psalmist spoke of; there is where our tears were kept; that is God's bottle." And while the redeemed of heaven are gazing on this richest inlaid

vase in glory, all the towers of heaven will strike this silvery chime: "God hath wiped away all tears from all faces. God hath wiped away all tears from all faces."

CHAPTER XXII.

SUNSET.

It is a dismal thing to be getting old without the rejuvenating influence of religion. When we step on the down grade of life and see that it dips to the verge of the cold river, we want to behold some one near who will help us across it. When the sight loses its power to glance and gather up, we need the faith that can illumine. When we feel the failure of the ear, we need the clear tones of that voice which in olden times broke up the silence of the deep with cadences of mercy. When the axe-men of death hew down whole forests of strength and beauty around us and we are left in solitude, we need the dove of divine mercy to sing in our branches. When the shadows begin to fall and we feel that the day is far spent, we need most of all to supplicate the strong, beneficent Jesus in the prayer of the villagers, "Abide with us, for it is toward evening."

The request is an appropriate exclamation for all those who are approached in the gloomy hour of temptation. There is nothing easier than to be good-natured when everything pleases, or to be humble when there is nothing to oppose us, or forgiving when we have not been assailed, or honest when we have no inducement to fraud. But you have felt the grapple of some temptation. Your nature at some time quaked and groaned under the infernal force.

You felt that the devil was after you. You saw your Christian graces retreating. You feared that you would fail in the awful wrestle with sin and be thrown into the dust. The gloom thickened. The first indications of the night were seen. In all the trembling of your soul, in all the infernal suggestions of Satan, in all the surging up of tumultuous passions and excitements, you felt with awful emphasis that it was toward evening.

In the tempted hour you need to ask Jesus to abide with you. You can beat back the monster that would devour you. You can unhorse the sin that would ride you down. You can sharpen the battle-axe with which you split the head of helmeted abomination. Who helped Paul shake the brazen-gated heart of Felix? Who acted like a good sailor when all the crew howled in the Mediterranean shipwreck? Who helped the martyrs to be firm, when one word of recantation would have unfastened the withes of the stake and put out the kindling fire? When the night of the soul came on and all the denizens of darkness came riding upon the winds of perdition—who gave strength to the soul? Who gave calmness to the heart? Who broke the spell of infernal enchantment? He who heard the request of the villagers: “Abide with us for it is toward evening.”

One of the forts of France was attacked and the outworks were taken before night. The besieging army lay down, thinking that there was but little to do in the morning, and that the soldiery in the fort could be easily made to surrender. But during the night, through a back stairs, they escaped into the country. In the morning the besieging army sprang upon the battlements, but found that their prey was

gone. So when we are assaulted in temptation, there is always some secret stair by which we might get off. God will not allow us to be tempted above what we are able, but with every temptation will bring a way of escape that we may be able to bear it.

The greatest folly that ever grew on this planet is the tendency to borrow trouble; but there are times when approaching sorrow is so evident that we need to be making especial preparations for its coming.

One of your children has lately become a favorite. The cry of that child strikes deeper into the heart than the cry of all the others. You think more about it. You give it more attention, not because it is any more of a treasure than the others, but because it is becoming frail. There is something in the cheek, in the eye and in the walk that makes you quite sure that the leaves of the flower are going to be scattered. The utmost nursing and medical attendance are ineffectual. The pulse becomes feeble, the complexion lighter, the step weaker, the laugh fainter. No more romping for that one through hall and parlor. The nursery is darkened by an approaching calamity. The heart feels with mournful anticipation that the sun is going down. Night speeds on. It is toward evening,

You have long rejoiced in the care of a mother. You have done everything to make her last days happy. You have run with quick feet to wait upon her every want. Her presence has been a perpetual blessing in the household. But the fruit-gatherers are looking wistfully at that tree. Her soul is ripe for heaven. The gates are ready to flash open for her entrance. But your soul sinks at the thought of separation. You can not bear to think that soon you

will be called to take the last look at that face, which from the first hour has looked upon you with affection unchangeable. But you see that life is ebbing, and the grave will soon hide her from your sight. You sit quiet. You feel heavy-hearted. The light is fading from the sky, the air is chill. It is toward evening.

You had a considerable estate and felt independent. In five minutes on one fair balance sheet you could see just how you stood with the world. But there came complications; something that you imagined impossible, happened. The best friend you had proved traitor to your interest. A sudden crash of national misfortune prostrated your credit. You may to-day be going on in business, but you feel anxious about where you are standing, and fear that the next turn of the commercial wheel will bring you prostrate, You foresee what you consider certain defalcation. You think of the anguish of telling your friends that you are not worth a dollar. You know not how you will ever bring your children home from school. You wonder how you will stand the selling of your library, or the moving into a plainer house. The misfortunes of life have accumulated. You wonder what makes the sky so dark. It is toward evening.

Trouble is an apothecary that mixes a great many draughts, bitter, and sour and nauseous, and you must drink some one of them. Trouble puts up a great many packs, and you must carry some one of them. There is no sandal so thick and well adjusted but some thorn will strike through it. There is no sound so sweet but the undertaker's screw-driver grates through it. In this swift shuttle of the heart

some of the threads must break. The journey from Jerusalem to Emmaus will soon be ended. Our Bible, our common-sense, our observation reiterates in tones that we can not mistake, and ought not to disregard; it is toward evening.

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

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE FERRY BOAT OVER THE JORDAN.

Every day I find people trying to extemporize a way from earth to heaven. They gather up their good works and some sentimental theories, and they make a raft, shoving it from this shore, and poor, deluded souls get on board that raft, and they go down. The fact is, that skepticism and infidelity never yet helped one man to die. I invite all the ship-carpenters of worldly philosophy to come and build one boat that can safely cross this river. I invite them all to unite their skill, and Bolingbroke shall lift the stanchions, and Carlyle shall set up the timber heads, and Tyndall shall lift the bowsprit, and Spinoza shall make the main-top gallant braces, and Renan shall go to tacking, and wearing, and boxing the ship.

All together in ten thousand years they will never be able to make a boat that can cross this Jordan. Why was it that Spinoza and Blount and Shaftesbury lost their souls? It was because they tried to cross the stream in a boat of their own construction. What miserable work they all made of dying! Diodorus died of mortification, because he could not guess a conundrum which had been proposed to him at a public dinner; Zeuxis, the philosopher, died of mirth, laughing at a caricature of an aged woman—a caricature made by his own hand; while another of

their company and of their kind died saying, "Must I leave all these beautiful pictures?" and then asked that he might be bolstered up in the bed in his last moments, and be shaved and painted and rouged. Of all the unbelievers of all ages not one of them died well. Some of them sneaked out of life; some of them wept themselves away into darkness; some of them blasphemed and raved, and tore their bed-covers to tatters. That is the way worldly philosophy helps a man to die.

When we cross over from this world to the next, the boat will have to come from the other side. I stand on the eastern side of the river Jordan, and I find no shipping at all; but, while I am standing there, I see a boat plowing through the river, and as I hear the swirl of the waters, and the boat comes to the eastern side of the Jordan, and David and his family and his old friend step on board that boat, I am mightily impressed with the fact that, when we cross over from this world to the next, the boat will have to come from the opposite shore.

Blessed be God, there is a boat coming from the other shore. Transportation at last for our souls from the other shore; everything about this Gospel from the other shore; pardon from the other shore; mercy from the other shore; pity from the other shore; ministry of angels from the other shore; power to work miracles from the other shore; Jesus Christ from the other shore. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world [a foreigner] to save sinners." I see the ferry-boat coming, and it rolls with the surges of a Saviour's suffering; but as it strikes the earth the mountains rock, and the dead

adjust their apparel so that they may be fit to come out. That boat touches the earth, and glorious Thomas Walsh gets into it, in his expiring moment, saying: "He has come! He has come! My Beloved is mine, and I am His." Good Sarah Wesley got into that boat, and as she shoved off from the shore she cried: "Open the gates! open the gates!" And the dying Christian soldier got into that boat. He was fatally wounded setting up the telegraph poles which had been torn down by the opposing army, and in his dying moments his Christian triumph and the feverish delirium seemed to mingle, and he cried out with exultation: "The wires are all laid; the poles are all up from Stony Point to headquarters! Huzzah!" Oh, I bless God that as the boat came from the other shore to take David and his men across, so, when we come to die, the boat will come from the same direction. God forbid that I should ever trust to anything that starts from this side.

Now, I want to break a delusion in your mind, and that is this. When our friends go out from this world, we feel sorry for them because they have to go alone, and parents hold on to the hands of their children who are dying, and hold on with something of the impression that the moment they let go the little one will be in the darkness and in the boat all alone. "Oh," the parent says, "if I could only go with my child, I would be willing to die half a dozen times. I am afraid she will be lost in the woods or in the darkness; I am afraid she will be very much frightened in the boat all alone." I break up the delusion. When a soul goes to heaven it does not go alone; the King is on board the boat.

Was Paul alone in the last exigency? Hear the shout of the scarred missionary as he cries out, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." Was John Wesley alone in the last exigency? No. Hear him say, "Best of all, God is with us." Was Sir William Forbes alone in the last exigency? No. Hear him say to his friends, "Tell all the people who are coming down to the bed of death, from my experience has no terrors." "Oh," say a great many people, "that does very well for distinguished Christians; but for me, a common man, for me, a common woman, we can't expect that guidance and help." If I should give you a passage of Scripture that would promise to you positively, when you are crossing the river to the next world, the King would be in the boat, would you believe the promise? "Oh, yes," you say, "I would." Here is the promise: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Christ at the sick pillow to take the soul out of the body; Christ to help the soul down the bank into the boat; Christ mid stream; Christ on the other side to help the soul up the beach. Be comforted about your departed friends. Be comforted about your own demise when the time shall come. Tell it to all the people under the sun that no Christian ever dies alone; the King is in the boat.

Leaving this world for heaven is only crossing a ferry. Dr. Shaw estimates the average width of the Jordan to be about thirty yards. What! so narrow? Yes. Yes, going to heaven is only a short trip—only a ferry. It may be eighty miles, that is eighty years, before we get to the wet bank on the other side, and

we may travel millions of miles, that is millions of years, on the other side ; but the crossing is short. I will tell you the whole secret. It is not five minutes across, nor three, nor two, nor one minute. It is an instantaneous transportation. People talk as though leaving this life, the Christian went plunging, and floundering, and swimming, to crawl up exhausted on the other shore ; and to be pulled out of the pelting surf as by a Ramsgate life boat. No such thing. It is only a ferry. It is so narrow that we can hail each other from bank to bank. It is only four arms' length across. The arm of earthly farewell put out from this side, the arm of heavenly welcome put out from the other side ; while the dying Christian, standing mid-stream, stretches out his two arms, the one to take the farewell of earth, and the other to take the greeting of heaven. That makes four arms' lengths across the river.

Blessed be God, that when we leave this world we are not to have a great and perilous enterprise of getting into heaven. Not a dangerous Franklin expedition, to find the Northwest passage among icebergs, Only a ferry. That accounts for something you have never been able to understand. You never supposed that very nervous and timid Christian people could be so perfectly unexcited and placid in the last hour. The fact is, they were clear down on the bank, and they saw there was nothing to be frightened about. Such a short distance—only a ferry. With one ear they heard the funeral psalm in their memory, and with the other ear they heard the song of heavenly salutation. The willows on this side the Jordan and the Lebanon cedars on the other almost interlocked their branches. Only a ferry.

When we cross over at the last, we shall find a solid landing. The ferry-boat means a place to start from and a place to land. David and his people did not find the eastern shore of the Jordan any more solid than the western shore where he landed, and yet to a great many heaven is not a real place. To you heaven is a fog-bank in the distance. Now my heaven is a solid heaven. After the resurrection has come you will have a resurrected foot, and something to tread on; and a resurrected eye, and colors to see with it; and a resurrected ear, and music to regale it. Smart men in this day are making a great deal of fun about St. John's materialistic descriptions of heaven. Well now, my friends, if you will tell me what will be the use of a resurrected body in heaven with nothing to tread on, and nothing to hear, and nothing to handle, and nothing to taste, then I will laugh too. Are you going to float about in ether forever, swinging about your hands and feet through the air indiscriminately, and one moment sweltering in the center of the sun, and the next moment shivering in the mountains of the moon? That is not my heaven.

Dissatisfied with John's materialistic heaven, theological thinkers are trying to patch up a heaven that will do for them at the last. I never heard of any heaven I want to go to, except St. John's heaven. I believe I shall hear Mr. Toplady sing yet, and Isaac Watts recite hymns, and Mozart play. "Oh," you say, "where would you get the organ?" The Lord will provide the organ. Don't you bother about the organ. I believe I shall yet see David with a harp, and I will ask him to sing one of the songs of Zion. I believe after the resurrection I shall see Masillon, the

great French pulpit orator, and I shall hear from his own lips how he felt on that day when he preached the king's funeral sermon, and flung his whole audience into a paroxysm of grief and solemnity. I have no patience with your transcendental gelatinous gaseous heaven. My heaven is not a fog-bank. My eyes are unto the hills, the everlasting hills. The King's ferry-boat, starting from a wharf on this side, will go to a wharf on the other side.

Our arrival will not be like stepping ashore at Antwerp or Constantinople, among a crowd of strangers; it will be among friends, good friends, warm-hearted friends, and all their friends.

We know people whom we have never seen, by hearing somebody talk about them very much; we know them almost as well as if we had seen them. And do you not suppose that our parents and brothers and sisters and children in heaven have been talking about us all these years, and talking to their friends? so that, I suppose, when we cross the river at the last, we shall not only be met by all those Christian friends whom we knew on earth, but by all their friends. They will come down to the landing to meet us. Your departed friends love you more now than they ever did. You will be surprised at the last to find how they know about all the affairs of your life. Why, they are only across the ferry; and the boat is coming this way, and the boat is going that way. I do not know but that they have already asked the Lord the day, the hour, the moment, when you are coming across, and that they know now; but I do know you will be met at the landing. The poet Southey said he thought he should know Bishop Heber in heaven by the por-

traits he had seen of him in London; and Dr. Randolph said he thought he would know William Cowper, the poet, in heaven, from the pictures he had seen of him in England; but we will know our departed kindred by the portraits hung in the throne-room of our hearts.

On starlight nights you look up—and I suppose it is so with any one who has friends in heaven—on starlight nights you look up, and you cannot help but think of those who have gone; and I suppose they look down, and cannot but think of us. But they have the advantage of us. We know not just where their world of joy is; they know where we are.

There was romance as well as Christian beauty in the life of Dr. Adoniram Judson, the Baptist missionary, when he concluded to part from his wife, she to come to America to restore her health, he to go back to Burmah to preach the Gospel. They had started from Burmah for the United States together, but, getting near St. Helena, Mrs. Judson was so much better she said: "Well, now, I can get home very easily; you go back to Burmah and preach the Gospel to those poor people. I am almost well; I shall soon be well, and then I will return to you." After she had made that resolution, terrific in its grief, willing to give up her husband for Christ's sake, she sat down in her room, and with her trembling hand wrote some eight or ten verses, two or three of which I will give you:

" We part on this green islet, love;
 Thou for the eastern main;
 I for the setting sun, love:
 Oh, when to meet again!

“ When we knelt to see our Henry die,
And heard his last faint moan,
Each wiped away the other's tears;
Now each must weep alone.

“ And who can paint our mutual joy
When, all our wandering o'er,
We both shall clasp our infants three,
At home on Burmah's shore?

“ But higher shall our raptures glow
On yon celestial plain,
When the loved and parted here below
Meet ne'er to part again.”

She folded that manuscript; a relapse of her disease came on, and she died. Dr. Judson says he put her away, for the resurrection, on the Isle of St. Helena. They had thought to part for a year or two; now they parted forever, so far as this world is concerned. And he says he hastened on board after the funeral with his little children to start for Burmah, for the vessel had already lifted her sails; and he said: “I sat down for some time in my cabin, my little children around me crying, ‘Mother, mother!’ and I abandoned myself to heart-breaking grief. But one day the thought came across me, as my faith stretched her wing, that we should meet in heaven, and I was comforted.”

Was it, my friends, all a delusion? When he died, did she meet him at the landing? When she died, did the scores of souls whom she had brought to Christ, and who had preceded her to heaven, meet her at the landing? I believe it; I know it. Oh, glorious consolation, that when our poor work on earth is done and we cross the river, we shall be met at the landing.



PART II.

Goals for the Church Militant.



CHAPTER XXIV.

DOWNFALL OF CHRISTIANITY.

Christianity is the rising sun of our time, and men have tried with the uprolling vapors of skepticism and the smoke of their blasphemy to turn the sun into darkness. Suppose the archangels of malice and horror should be let loose a little while and be allowed to extinguish and destroy the sun in the natural heavens. They would take the oceans from other worlds and pour them on this luminary of the planetary system, and the waters go hissing down amid the ravines and the caverns, and there is explosion after explosion, until there are only a few peaks of fire left in the sun, and these are cooling down and going out until the vast continents of flame are reduced to a small acreage of fire, and that whitens and cools off until there are only a few coals left, and these are whitening and going out until there is not a spark left in all the mountains of ashes and the valleys of ashes and the chasms of ashes. An extinguished sun. A dead sun. A buried sun. Let all worlds wail at the stupendous obsequies. Of course, this withdrawal of the solar light and heat throws our earth into a universal chill, and the tropics become the temperate, and the temperate becomes the Arctic, and there are frozen rivers and frozen lakes and frozen oceans. From the Arctic and Antarctic regions the inhabitants gather in toward the center

and find the equator as the poles. The slain forests are piled up into a great bonfire, and around them gather the shivering villages and cities. The wealth of the coal mines is hastily poured into the furnaces and stirred into rage of combustion, but soon the bonfires begin to lower, and the furnaces begin to go out, and the nations begin to die. Cotopaxi, Vesuvius, Etna, Stromboli, Californian geysers cease to smoke, and the ice of hailstorms remains unmelted in their crater. All the flowers have breathed their last breath. Ships with sailors frozen at the mast and helmsmen frozen at the wheel, and passengers frozen in the cabin.

All nations dying, first at the north and then at the south. Child frosted and dead in the cradle. Octogenarian frosted and dead at the hearth. Workmen with frozen hand on the hammer and frozen foot on the shuttle. Winter from sea to sea. All-congealing winter. Perpetual winter. Globe of frigidity. Hemisphere shackled to hemisphere by chains of ice. Universal Nova Zembla. The earth an ice-floe grinding against other ice-floes. The archangels of malice and horror have done their work, and now they may take their thrones of glacier, and look down on the ruin they have wrought.

What the destruction of the sun in the natural heavens would be to our physical earth, the destruction of Christianity would be to the moral world. The sun turned into darkness. Infidelity in our time is considered a great joke. There are people who will gather to hear Christianity caricatured, and to hear Christ assailed with quibble, and quirk, and misrepresentation, and badinage, and harlequinade.

I propose to take Infidelity and Atheism out of the

realms of jocularly into one of tragedy, and show you what these men propose, and what, if they are successful, they will accomplish. There are those in all our communities who would like to see the Christian religion overthrown, and who say the world would be better without it. I want to show you what is the end of this road, and what is the terminus of this crusade, and what this world would be when Atheism and Infidelity have triumphed over it, if they can. I say, if they can. I reiterate it, if they can.

In the first place, it will be the complete and unutterable degradation of womanhood.

I will prove it by facts and arguments which no honest man will dispute. In all communities, and cities, and states, and nations, where the Christian religion has been dominant, woman's condition has been ameliorated and improved, and she is deferred to and honored in a thousand things, and every gentleman takes off his hat before her. If your associations have been good, you know that the name of wife, mother, daughter, suggest gracious surroundings.

Now, compare this with woman's condition in lands where Christianity has made little or no advance—in China, in Barbary, in Borneo, in Tartary, in Egypt, in Hindostan. The Burmese sell their wives and daughters as so many sheep. The Hindoo Bible makes it disgraceful and an outrage for a woman to listen to music, or look out of the window in the absence of her husband, and gives as a lawful ground for divorce, a woman's beginning to eat before her husband has finished his meal. What mean those white bundles on the ponds and rivers in China in the morning? Infanticide following infant-

icide. Female children destroyed, simply because they are female. Women harnessed to a plow as an ox. Women veiled and barricaded, and in all styles of cruel seclusion. Her birth a misfortune. Her life a torture. Her death a horror. The missionary of the cross to-day, in heathen lands, preaches generally to two groups—a group of men who do as they please, and sit where they please; the other group women, hidden and carefully secluded in a side apartment, where they may hear the voice of the preacher. but may not be seen. No refinement. No liberty. No hope for this life. No hope for the life to come. Ringed nose. Cramped foot. Disfigured face. Embruted soul.

Now, compare those two conditions. How far toward this latter condition would woman go if Christian influences were withdrawn, and Christianity were destroyed? It is only a question of dynamics.

If an object be lifted to a certain point and not fastened there, and the lifting power be withdrawn, how long before that object will fall down to the point from which it started? It will fall down, and it will go still further than the point from which it started. Christianity has lifted women up from the very depths of degradation almost to the skies. If that lifting power be withdrawn, she falls clear back to the depth from which she was resurrected, not going any lower, because there is no lower depth.

If infidelity triumph, and Christianity be overthrown, it means the demoralization of society. The one idea in the Bible that atheists and infidels most hate, is the idea of retribution. Take away the idea of retribution and punishment from society, and it

will begin very soon to disintegrate ; and take away from the minds of men the fear of hell, and there are a great many of them who would very soon turn this world into a hell.

The majority of those who are indignant against the Bible because of the idea of a punishment are men whose lives are bad or whose hearts are impure, and who hate the Bible because of the idea of future punishment for the same reason that criminals hate the penitentiary. Oh, I have heard this brave talk about people fearing nothing of the consequences of sin in the next world, and I have made up my mind it is merely a coward's whistling to keep his courage up. I have seen men flaunt their immoralities in the face of the community, and I have heard them defy the Judgment Day and scoff at the idea of any future consequence of their sin ; but when they came to die they shrieked until you could hear them for nearly two blocks, and in the summer night the neighbors got up to put the windows down because they could not endure the horror.

I would not want to see a railroad train with five hundred Christian people on board go down through a drawbridge into a watery grave. I would not want to see five hundred Christian people go into such disaster, but I tell you plainly that I could more easily see that than I could for any protracted time stand and see an infidel die, though his pillow were of eider-down and under a canopy of vermilion. I have never been able to brace up my nerves for such a spectacle. There is something at such a time so indescribable in the countenance. I just looked in upon it for a minute or two, but the clutch of his fist was so diabolic, and the strength of his voice was so

unnatural, I could not endure it. "There is no hell, there is no hell, there is no hell!" the man had said for sixty years; but that night when I looked into the dying room of my infidel neighbor, there was something on his countenance which seemed to say, "There is, there is, there is, there is!"

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

Suppose now these generals of Atheism and Infidelity got the victory, and suppose they marshalled a great army made up of the majority of the world. They are in companies, in regiments, in brigades—the whole army. Forward, march! ye host of infidels and atheists, banners flying before, banners flying behind, banners inscribed with the words: "No God! No Christ! No punishment! No restraints! Down with the Bible! Do as you please!" The sun turned into darkness. Forward, march! ye great army of infidels and atheists. And first of all you will attack the churches. Away with those houses of worship! They have been standing there so long deluding the people with consolation in their bereavements and sorrows. All those churches ought to be extirpated;

they have done so much to relieve the lost and bring home the wandering, and they have so long held up the idea of eternal rest after the paroxysm of this life is over. Turn the St. Peters and St. Pauls and the temples and tabernacles into club-houses. Away with those churches!

Forward, march! ye great army of infidels and atheists, and next of all they scatter the Sabbath-schools; the Sabbath-schools filled with bright-eyed, bright-cheeked little ones who are singing songs on Sunday afternoon, and getting instruction when they ought to be on the street corners playing marbles, or swearing on the commons. Away with them! Forward, march! ye great army of infidels and atheists, and next of all they will attack Christian asylums—the institutions of mercy supported by Christian philanthropies. Never mind the blind eyes and the deaf ears and the crippled limbs and the weakened intellects. Let paralyzed old age pick up its own food, and orphans fight their own way, and the half reformed go back to their evil habits. Forward, march! ye great army of infidels and atheists, and with your battle-axes hew down the cross and split up the manger of Bethlehem. Civilization hurled back into semi-barbarism, and semi-barbarism driven back into Hottentot savagery. The wheel of progress turned the other way, and turned toward the dark ages. The clock of the centuries put back two thousand years. Go back, you Sandwich Islands, from your schools and from your colleges and from your reformed condition to what you were in 1820, when the missionaries first came. Call home the five hundred missionaries from India and overthrow their two thousand schools, where they are trying to edu-

cate the heathen, and scatter the one hundred and forty thousand little children that they have gathered out of barbarism into civilization. Obliterate all the work of Dr. Duff in India, of David Abeel in China, of Dr. King in Greece, of Judson in Burmah, of David Brainard amid the American aborigines, and send home the three thousand missionaries of the cross who are toiling in foreign lands, toiling for Christ's sake, toiling themselves into the grave. Tell these three thousand men of God that they are of no use. Send home the medical missionaries who are doctoring the bodies as well as the souls of the dying nations. Go home, London Missionary Society. Go home, American Board of Foreign Missions. Go home, ye Moravians, and relinquish back into darkness and squalor and filth and death the nations whom ye have begun to lift.

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

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

At the beginning God said: "Let there be light," and light was, and light is, and light shall be. So Christianity is rolling on, and it is going to warm all nations, and all nations are to bask in its light. Men may shut the window blinds so they cannot see it, or they may smoke the pipe of speculation until they are shadowed under their own vapping; but the Lord God is a sun! This white light of the Gospel made up of all the beautiful colors of earth and heaven—violet plucked from amid the spring grass, and the indigo of the Southern jungles, and the blue of the skies, and the green of the foliage, and the yellow of the autumnal woods, and the orange of the Southern groves, and the red of the sunsets. All the beauties of earth and heaven brought out by this spiritual spectrum. Great Britain is going to take all Europe for God. The United States are going to take all America for God. Both of them together will take all Asia for God. All three of them will take Africa for God. "Who art thou, oh great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain." The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. Hallelujah; amen!

CHAPTER XXV.

EVOLUTION.

There is no contest between genuine science and revelation. The same God who, by the hand of prophet wrote on parchment, by the hand of the storm wrote on the rock. The best telescopes and microscopes and electric batteries and philosophical apparatus belong to Christian universities. Who gave us magnetic telegraphy? Professor Morse, a Christian. Who swung the lightnings under the sea, cabling the continents together? Cyrus W. Field, the Christian. Who discovered the anæsthetical properties of chloroform, doing more for the relief of human pain than any man that ever lived, driving back nine-tenths of the horrors of surgery? James Y. Simpson, of Edinburgh, as eminent for piety as for science; on week days in the university lecturing on profoundest scientific subjects, and on Sabbaths preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the masses of Edinburgh. I saw the universities of that city draped in mourning for his death, and I heard his eulogy pronounced by the destitute populations of the Cowgate. Science and revelation are the bass and the soprano of the same tune. The whole world will yet acknowledge the complete harmony. But between science falsely so called and revelation, there is an uncompromising war, and one or the other must go under. And when I say scientists, of course, I do not mean liter-

ary men or theologians who in essay or in sermon, and without giving their life to scientific investigation look at the subject on this side or that. By scientists I mean those who have a specialty in that direction, and who, through zoological garden and aquarium and astronomical observatory, give their life to the study of the physical earth, its plants and its animals, and the regions beyond so far as optical instruments have explored them.

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

Herbert Spencer, in the only address he made in this country, in his very first sentence ascribes his physical ailments to fate, and the authorized report of that address begins the word fate with a big "F." Professor Heckel, in the very first page of his two great volumes sneers at the Bible as a so-called revelation. Tyndall, in his famous prayer test, defied the whole of Christendom to show that human supplication made any difference in the result of things.

John Stuart Mill wrote elaborately against Christianity, and to show that his rejection of it was complete, ordered this epitaph for his tombstone: "Most unhappy." Huxley said that at the first reading of Darwin's book he was convinced of the fact that teleology, by which he means Christianity, had received its death-blow at the hand of Mr. Darwin. All the leading scientists who believe in evolution, without one exception the world over, are infidel. I say nothing against infidelity, mind you; I only wish to define the belief and the meaning of the rejection.

Now, I put opposite to each other, to show that evolution is infidelity, the Bible account of how the human race started, and the evolutionist account as to how the human race started. Bible account: "God said, let us make man in our image. God created man in his own image; male and female created He them." He breathed into him the breath of life, the whole story setting forth the idea that it was not a perfect kangaroo, or a perfect orang outang, but a perfect man. That is the Bible account. The evolutionist account: Away back in the ages there were four or five primal germs, or seminal spores from which all the living creatures have been evolved. Go away back, and there you will find a vegetable stuff that might be called a mushroom. This mushroom by innate force develops a tadpole, the tadpole by innate force develops a polywog, the polywog develops a fish, the fish by natural force develops into a reptile, the reptile develops into a quadruped, the quadruped develops into a baboon, the baboon develops into a man."

Darwin says that the human hand is only a fish's fin developed. He says that the human lungs are

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

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

The nearest to a direct answer is that made by Herbert Spencer, in which he says it was made by the great "unknowable mystery." But here comes Huxley with a pail of protoplasm to explain the

thing. This protoplasm, he says, is primal life giving quality with which the race away back in the ages was started. With this protoplasm he proposes to explain everything. Dear Mr. Huxley, who made the protoplasm?

To show you that evolution is infidel, I place the Bible account of how the brute creation was started opposite to the evolutionist's account of the way the brute creation was started. Bible account: You know the Bible tells how that the birds were made at one time, and the cattle made at another time, and the fish made at another time, and that each brought forth after its kind. Evolutionist account: From four or five primal germs or seminal spores all the living creatures evolved. Hundreds of thousands of species of insects, of reptiles, of beasts, of fish, from four germs—a statement flatly contradicting, not only the Bible, but the very A B C of science. A species never develops into anything but its own species. In all the ages, and in all the world there has never been an exception to it. The shark never comes of a whale, nor the pigeon of a vulture, nor the butterfly of a wasp. Species never cross over. If there be an attempt at it, it is hybrid and hybrid is always sterile and has no descendants.

Agassiz says that he found in a reef of Florida, the remains of insects thirty thousand years old—not three, but thirty thousand years old—and that they were just like the insects now. There has been no change. All the facts of ornithology and zoology, and ichthyology and conchology, but an echo of Genesis first, and twenty-first; “Every winged fowl after his kind.” Every creature after its kind. When common observation and science corroborate the

Bible I will not stultify myself by surrendering to the elaborated guesses of evolutionists.

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

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

So these infidel evolutionists go wandering up and down guessing through the universe. Anything to push back the Jehovah from His empire and make the one book which is His great communication to the soul of the human race, appear obsolete and a derision. But I am glad to know that while some of these scientists have gone into evolution, there are more that do not believe it. Among them, the man who by most is considered the greatest scientist we ever had this side the water — Agassiz. A name that makes every intelligent man the earth over uncover.

Agassiz says: “The manner in which the evolution theory in zoology is treated would lead those who are not special zoologists to suppose that observations have been made by which it can be inferred that there is in nature such a thing as change among organized beings actually taking place. There is no such thing on record. It is shifting the ground of observation from one field of observation to another to make this statement, and when the assertions go so far as to exclude from the domain of science those who will not be dragged into this mire of mere assertion, then it is time to protest.”

With equal vehemence against this doctrine of evolution Hugh Miller, Farraday, Brewster, Dana, Dawson, and hundreds of scientists in this country and other countries have made protest. I know that the few men who have adopted the theory make more noise than the thousands who have rejected it. The *Bothnia* of the Cunard Line took five hundred passengers safely from New York to Liverpool. Not one of the five hundred made any excitement. But after we had been four days out, one morning we

found on deck a man's hat and coat and vest and boots, implying that some one had jumped overboard. Forthwith we all began to talk about that one man. There was more talk about that one man overboard than all the five hundred passengers that rode on in safety. "Why did he jump overboard?" "I wonder when he jumped overboard?" "I wonder if when he jumped overboard he would like to have jumped back again?" "I wonder if a fish caught him, or whether he went clear down to the bottom of the sea?" And for three or four days afterward we talked about that poor man.

Here is the glorious and magnificent theory that God by His omnipotent power made man, and by His omnipotent power made the brute creation, and by His omnipotent power made all worlds, and five thousand scientists have taken passage on board that magnificent theory, but ten or fifteen have jumped overboard. They make more talk than all the five thousand that did not jump. I am politely asked to jump with them. Thank you, gentlemen, I am very much obliged to you. I think I shall stick to the old Cunarder. If you want to jump overboard, jump, and test for yourselves whether your hand was really a fish's fin, and whether you were web-footed originally, and whether your lungs are a swim bladder. And as in every experiment there must be a division of labor, some who experiment and some who observe, you make the experiment, and I will observe.

There is one tenet of evolution which it is demanded we adopt, that which Darwin calls "Natural Selection," and that which Wallace calls the "Survival of the Fittest." By this they mean that the human race and the brute creation are all the time

improving, because the weak die and the strong live. Those who do not die survive because they are the fittest. They say the breed of sheep and cattle, and dogs, and men, is all the time improving, naturally improving. No need of God, or any Bible, or any religion, but just natural progress.

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

How has it been in the families of the world? How was it with the child physically the strongest, intellectually the brightest, in disposition the kindest?

Did that child die because it was not as fit to live as those of your family that survived? Not the "survival of the fittest." In all communities some of the noblest, grandest men dying in youth, or in mid-life, while some of the meanest and most contemptible live on to old age. Not the "survival of the fittest."

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

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

four hundred years ago right beside it. Vast improvement, as I shall show you in a minute or two, but no natural evolution.

I tell you, my friends, that natural evolution is not upward, but it is always downward. Hear Christ's account of it. Fifteenth Matthew, and nineteenth verse: "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies." That is what Christ said of Evolution. Give natural evolution full swing in our world and it will evolve into two hemispheres of crime, two hemispheres of penitentiary, two hemispheres of lazaretto, two hemispheres of brothel. New York Tombs, Moyamensing Prison, Philadelphia; Seven Dials, London, and Cowgate, Edinburgh, only festering carbuncles on the face and neck of natural evolution. See what the Bible says about the heart, and then what evolution says about the heart. Evolution says, "Better and better and better gets the heart by natural improvement." The Bible says: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Who can know it? When you can evolve fragrance from malodor, and can evolve an oratorio from a buzz-saw, and can evolve fall pippins from a basket of decayed crab apples, then you can by natural evolution from the human heart develop goodness. Ah! my friends, evolution is always downward; it is never upward.

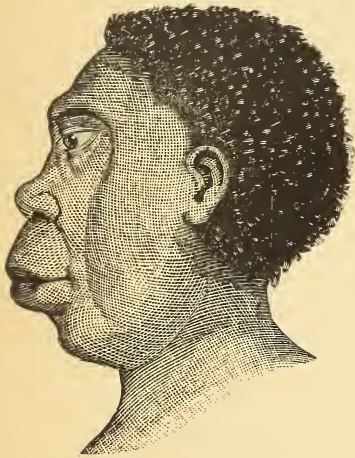
What is remarkable about this thing is, it is all the time developing its dishonesty. In our day it is ascribing this evolution to Herbert Spencer and Charles Darwin. It is a dishonesty. Evolution was known and advocated hundreds of years before these gentlemen began to be evolved. The Phœnicians,

thousands of years ago, declared that the human race wobbled out of the mud. Democritus, who lived 460 years before Christ—remember that—knew this doctrine of evolution, when he said: “Everything is composed of atoms, or infinitely small elements, each with a definite quality, form and movement, whose inevitable union and separation, shape all different things and forms, laws and efforts, and dissolve them again for new combinations. The gods themselves and the human mind originated from such atoms. There are no casualties. Everything is necessary and determined by the nature of the atoms which have certain mutual affinities, attractions, and repulsions.” Anoximander, centuries ago, declares that the human race started at the place where the sea saturated the earth. Lucretius develops long centuries ago, in his poems, the doctrine of evolution.

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

There is only one thing *worse than English snobbery*, and that is American snobbery. I like democracy and I like aristocracy; but there is one kind of ocracy in this country that excites my contempt, and that is what Charles Kingsley, after he had witnessed it

himself, called snobocracy. Now I say it is a gigantic dishonesty when they ascribe this old heathen doctrine of evolution to any modern gentleman. I am not a pessimist but an optimist. I do not believe everything is going to destruction; I believe everything is going on to redemption. But it will not be through the infidel doctrine of evolution, but through our glorious Christianity which has effected all the good that has ever been wrought, and which is yet to reconstruct all the nations.



The Female Hottentot.



The Female Gorilla.

THE MISSING LINK.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MISSING LINK.

It seems to me that evolutionists are trying to impress the great masses of the people with the idea that there is *an ancestral line* leading from the primal germ on up through the serpent, and on up through the quadruped, and on up through the gorilla to man. They admit that there is "a missing link," as they call it, but there is not a missing link—it is a whole chain gone. Between the physical construction of the highest animal and the physical construction of the lowest man, there is a chasm as wide as the Atlantic Ocean.

Evolutionists tell us that somewhere in Central Africa, or in Borneo, there is a creature half-way between the brute and the man, and that that creature is the highest step in the animal ascent, and the lowest step in the human creation. But what are the facts? The brain of the largest gorilla that was ever found is thirty cubic inches, while the brain of the most ignorant man that was ever found is seventy. Vast difference between thirty and seventy. It needs a bridge of forty arches to span that gulf.

Beside that, there is a difference between the gorilla and the man—*a difference of blood globule*, a difference of nerve, a difference of muscle, a difference of bone, a difference of sinew. The horse is more like man in intelligence, the bird is more like him in

musical capacity, the mastiff more like him in affection. That eulogized beast of which we hear so much, represented on the walls of ancient cities thousands of years ago, is just as complete as it is now, showing that there has not been a particle of change.

Beside that, if a pair of apes had a man for descendant, why would not all the apes have the same kind of descendants? Can it be that that one favored pair only was honored with human progeny? Beside that, evolution says that as one species rises to another species, the old type dies off. Then how is it that there are whole kingdoms of chimpanzee and gorilla and baboon?

The evolutionists have come together and have tried to explain *a bird's wing*. Their theory has always been that a faculty of an animal while being developed must always be useful, and always beneficial, but the wing of a bird, in the thousands of years it was being developed, so far from being any help, must have been a hindrance, until it could be brought into practical use away on down in the ages. Must there not have been an intelligent will somewhere that formed that wonderful flying instrument, so that a bird five hundred times heavier than the air, can mount it and put gravitation under claw and beak? That wonderful mechanical instrument, the wing, with between twenty and thirty different apparatus curiously constructed, does it not imply a divine intelligence? Does it not imply a direct act of some outside being? All the evolutionists in the world cannot explain a bird's wing, or an insect's wing.

So they are confounded by the rattle of the rattlesnake. Ages before that reptile had any enemies,

this warning weapon was created. Why was it created? When the reptile far back in the ages had no enemies, why this warning weapon? There must have been a divine intelligence foreseeing and knowing that in the ages to come that reptile would have enemies, and then this warning weapon would be brought into use. You see evolution at every step is a contradiction or a monstrosity. At every stage of animal life, as well as at every stage of human life, there is evidence of direct action of divine will.

Beside that, it is very evident from another fact that we are an *entirely different creation*, and that there is no kinship. The animal in a few hours or months comes to full strength and can take care of itself. The human race for the first one, two, three, five, ten years, is incomplete helplessness. The chick just come out of its shell begins to pick up its own food. The dog, the wolf, the lion, soon earn their own livelihood and act for their own defence. The human race does not come to development until twenty or thirty years of age, and by that time the animals that were born the same year the man was born—the vast majority of them—have died of old age. This shows there is no kinship, there is no similarity. If we had been born of the beast, we would have had the beast's strength at the start, or it would have had our weakness. Not only different but opposite.

Darwin admits that the dove-cote pigeon has not changed in thousands of years. It is demonstrated over and over again that the lizard on the lowest formation of rocks was just as complete as the lizard now. It is shown that the ganoid, the first fish, was just as complete as the sturgeon, another name for the same fish now. Darwin's entire system is a guess,

and Huxley, and John Stuart Mill, and Tyndall, and especially Professor Heckel, come to help him in the guess, and guess about the brute, and guess about man, and guess about worlds, but as to having one solid foot of ground to stand on, they never have had it and never will have it.

I put in opposition to these evolutionist theories the *inward consciousness* that we have no consanguinity with the dog that fawns at our feet, or the spider that crawls on the wall, or the fish that flops in the frying pan, or the crow that swoops on the field carcass, or the swine that wallows in the mire. Everybody sees the outrage it would be to put beside the Bible record that Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob, and Jacob begat Judah, the record that the microscopic animalculæ begat the tadpole, and the tadpole begat the polywog, and the polywog begat the serpent, and the serpent begat the quadruped, and the quadruped begat the baboon, and the baboon begat man.

The evolutionists tell us that the apes were originally fond of climbing the trees, but after a while they lost their prehensile power, and therefore could not climb with any facility, and hence they surrendered monkeydom and set up in business as men. Failures as apes, successes as men. According to the evolutionists a man is a bankrupt monkey! I pity the person who in every nerve and muscle and bone and mental faculty and spiritual experience does not realize that he is higher in origin, and has had a grander ancestry than the beasts which perish. However degraded men and women may be, and though they may have foundered on the rocks of crime and sin, and though we shudder as we pass them, neverthe-

less, there is something within us that tells us they belong to the same great brotherhood and sisterhood of our race, and our sympathies are aroused in regard to them. But gazing upon the swiftest gazelle, or upon the tropical bird of most flamboyant wing, or upon the curve of grandest courser's neck, we feel there is no consanguinity. The grandest, the highest, the noblest of them is ten thousand fathoms below what we are conscious of being.

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

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

Evolution is one great mystery. It hatches out fifty mysteries, and the fifty hatch out a thousand, and the thousand hatch out a million. Why, my

brother, not admit the one great mystery of God, and have that settle all the other mysteries? I can more easily appreciate the fact that God, by one stroke of His omnipotence could make man, than I could realize how, out of five millions of ages, He could have evolved one, putting on a little here and a little there. It would have been just as great a miracle for God to have turned an orang-outang into a man as to make a man out and out—the one job just as big as the other.

It seems to me we had better let God have a little place in our world somewhere. It seems to me if we cannot have Him make all creatures, we had better have Him make two or three. There ought to be some place where He could stay without interfering with the evolutionists. "No," says Darwin, and so for years he is trying to raise fan-tailed pigeons, and to turn these fan-tail pigeons into some other kind of pigeon, or to have them go into something that is not a pigeon—turning them into quail, or barnyard fowl, or brown thresher. But pigeon it is. And others have tried with the ox and the dog and the horse, but they stayed in their species. If they attempt to cross over it is a hybrid, and a hybrid is always sterile and goes into extinction. There has been only one successful attempt to pass over from speechless animal to the articulation of man, and that was the attempt which Baalam witnessed in the beast that he rode; but an angel of the Lord, with drawn sword, soon stopped that long-eared evolutionist.

But, says some one, "If we can not have God make a man let us have Him make a horse." "Oh, no!" says Huxley, in his great lectures in New York several years ago. No, he does not want any God around

the premises. God did not make the horse. The horse came of the pliohippus, and the pliohippus came from the protohippus, and the protohippus came from the mio-hippus, and the mio-hippus came from the meshohippus, and the meshohippus came from the orohippus, and so away back, all the living creatures, we trace it in a line, until we get to the moneron, and no evidence of divine intermeddling with the creation until you get to the moneron, and that, Huxley says, is of so low a form of life that the probability is it just made itself, or was the result of spontaneous generation. What a narrow escape from the necessity of having a God.

As near as I can tell, these evolutionists seem to think that God at the start had not made up His mind as to exactly what He would make, and having made up his mind partially, He has been changing it all through the ages. I believe God made the world as He wanted to have it, and that the happiness of all the species will depend upon their staying in the species where they were created.

But, my friends, evolution is not only infidel and atheistic and absurd; it is *brutalizing in its tendencies*. If there is anything in the world that will make a man bestial in his habits it is the idea that he was descended from the beast. Why, according to the idea of these evolutionists, we are only a superior kind of cattle, a sort of Alderney among other herds. To be sure, we browse on better pasture, and we have better stall and better accommodations, but then we are only Southdowns among the great flocks of sheep. Born of a beast, to die like a beast; for the evolutionists have no idea of a future world. They say the mind is only a superior part of the body.

They say our thoughts are only molecular formation. They say when the body dies, the whole nature dies. The slab of the sepulchre is not a milestone on a journey upward, but a wall shutting us into eternal nothingness. We all die alike—the cow, the horse, the sheep, the man, the reptile. Annihilation is the heaven of the evolutionist.

From such a stenchful and damnable doctrine turn away. Compare that idea of your origin—an idea filled with the chatter of apes, and the hiss of serpents, and the croak of frogs—to an idea in one or two stanzas which I shall read to you from an old book of more than Demosthenic, or Homeric, or Dantesque power: “What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him? Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hand; thou hast put all things under his feet. All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas. Oh, Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth.”

How do you like that origin? The lion the monarch of the field, the eagle the monarch of the air, behemoth the monarch of the deep, but man monarch of all. Ah! my friends, I have to say to you that I am not so anxious to know what was my origin as to know what will be my destiny. I do not care so much where I came from as where I am going to. I am not so interested in who was my ancestry ten million years ago as I am to know where I will be ten million years from now. I am not so much inter-

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

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

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

CHAPTER XXVII.

EVANGELISM VINDICATED.

Domitian, the Roman Emperor, had in his realm a troublesome evangelist who would keep preaching, and so he exiled him to a barren island, as now the Russians exile convicts to Siberia, or as sometimes the English Government used to send prisoners to Australia. The island I speak of is now called Patmos, and is so barren and unproductive that its inhabitants live by fishing.

But one day the evangelist of whom I speak, sitting at the mouth of a cavern on the hill-side, and perhaps half asleep under the drone of the sea, has a supernatural dream, and before him pass, as in panorama, time and eternity. Among the strange things that he saw was an angel with a little book in his hand, and in his dream the evangelist asked for this little book, and the angel gave it to him, and told him to eat it up. As in a dream things are sometimes incongruous, the evangelist took the little book and ate it up. The angel told him beforehand that it would be very sweet in the mouth, but afterward he would be troubled with indigestion. True enough, the evangelist devours the book, and it becomes to him a sweetness during the mastication, but afterward a physical bitterness.

Who the angel was and what the book was no one can tell. The commentators do not agree, and I shall

take no responsibility of interpretation, but will tell you that it suggests to me the little book of creeds, which skeptics take and chew up and find a very luscious morsel to their witticism, but after awhile it is to them a great distress. The angel of the church hands out this little book of evangelism, and the antagonists of the Christian Church take it and eat it up, and it makes them smile at first, but afterward it is to them a dire dyspepsia.

All intelligent people have creeds—that is, favorite theories which they have adopted. Political creeds—that is, theories about tariff, about finance, about civil service, about government. Social creeds—that is, theories about manners and customs and good neighborhood. Æsthetical creeds—that is, theories about tapestry, about bric-a-brac, about styles of ornamentation. Religious creeds—that is, theories about the Deity, about the soul, about the great future. The only being who has no creed about anything is the idiot. This scoffing against creeds is always a sign of profound ignorance on the part of the scoffer, for he has himself a hundred creeds in regard to other things. In our time the beliefs of evangelistic churches are under a fusilade of caricature and misrepresentation. Men set up what they call orthodox faith, and then they rake it with the musketry of their denunciation. They falsify what the Christian churches believe. They take evangelical doctrines and set them in a harsh and repulsive way, and put them out of the association with other truths. They are like a mad anatomist who, desiring to tell what a man is, dissects a human body and hangs up in one place the heart, and in another place the two lungs, and in another place an ankle bone, and says

that is a man. They are only fragments of a man wrenched out of their God-appointed places.

Evangelical religion is a healthy, symmetrical, well-jointed, roseate, bounding life, and the scalpel and dissecting knife of the infidel or the atheist cannot tell you what it is. Evangelical religion is as different from what it is represented to be by these enemies, as the scarecrow, which the farmer puts in the cornfield to keep off the ravens, is different from the farmer himself.

For instance, these enemies of evangelism say that the Presbyterian Church believes that God is a savage sovereign, and that He made some men just to damn them, and that there are infants in hell a span long. These old slanders come down from generation to generation. The Presbyterian Church believes no such thing. The Presbyterian Church believes that God is a loving and just sovereign, and that we are free agents. "No, no! that cannot be," say these men who have chewed up the creed, and have the consequent embittered stomachs. "That is impossible; if God is a sovereign, we can't be free agents." Why, my friends, we admit this in every other direction. I, De Witt Talmage, am a free citizen of Brooklyn. I go when I please, and I come when I please, but I have at least four sovereigns. The Church Court of our denomination; that is my ecclesiastical sovereign. The mayor of this city; he is my municipal sovereign. The governor of New York; he is my state sovereign. The president of the United States; he is my national sovereign. Four sovereigns have I, and yet in every faculty of body, mind, and soul, I am a free man. So, you see, it is possible that the two doctrines go side by side,

and there is a common-sense way of presenting it, and there is a way that is repulsive. If you have the two doctrines in a worldly direction, why not in a religious direction? If I choose to-morrow morning to walk into the Mercantile Library, and improve my mind, or to go through the conservatory of my friend at Jamaica, who has flowers from all lands growing under the arches of glass, and who has an aquarium all a-squirm with trout and gold fish, and there are trees bearing oranges and bananas—if I want to go there, I could. I am free to go. If I want to go over to Hoboken, and leap into a furnace of an oil factory, if I want to jump from the platform of the Philadelphia express train, if I want to leap from Brooklyn bridge, I may. But suppose I should go to-morrow, and leap into the furnace at Hoboken, who would be to blame? That is all there is about sovereignty and free agency. God rules and reigns, and He has conservatories, and He has blast furnaces. If you want to walk in the gardens, walk there. If you want to leap into the furnaces, you may.

Suppose now, a man had a charmed key with which he could open all the jails, and he should open Raymond Street Jail, and the New York Tombs, and all the prisons on the continent. In three weeks what kind of a country would this be? all the inmates turned out of those prisons and penitentiaries. Suppose all the reprobates, the bad spirits, the outrageous spirits, should be turned into the New Jerusalem. Why, the next morning the gates of pearl would be found off hinge, the linchpin would be gone out of the chariot wheels, the "house of many mansions" would be burglarized. Assault and battery, arson, libertinism, and assassination would reside in the

capital of the skies. Angels of God would be insulted on the streets. Heaven would be a dead failure if there were no great lock-up, if all people, without regard to their character, when they leave this world, go right into glory.

I wonder if, in the temple of the skies, Charles Guiteau and John Wilkes Booth occupy the same pew! Your common-sense demands two destinies! And then, as to the Presbyterian Church believing there are infants in perdition, if you will bring me a Presbyterian of good morals and sound mind who will say that he believes there ever was a baby in the lost world, or ever will be, I will make him a deed to all my property, and he can take possession to-morrow.

So the Episcopal Church is misrepresented by the enemies of evangelism. They say that church substitutes forms and ceremonies for heart religion, and it is all a matter of liturgy and genuflexion. False again. All Episcopalians will tell you that the forms and creeds of their church are worse than nothing unless the heart go with them.

So also the Baptist Church has been misrepresented. The enemies of evangelism say the Baptist Church believes that unless a man is immersed he will never get into heaven. False again. All the Baptists, close communion and open communion, believe that if a man accept the Lord Jesus Christ he will be saved, whether he be baptized by one drop of water on the forehead, or be plunged into the Ohio or Susquehanna, although immersion is the only gate by which one enters their earthly communion.

The enemies of evangelism also misrepresent the Methodist Church. They say the Methodist Church

believes that a man can convert himself, and that conversion in that church is a temporary emotion, and that all a man has to do is to kneel down at the altar and feel bad, and then the minister pats him on the back and says, "It is all right," and that is all there is of it. False again. The Methodist Church believes that the Holy Ghost alone can convert a heart, and in that church conversion is an earthquake of conviction, and a sunburst of pardon. And as to mere "temporary emotion," I wish we all had more of the "temporary emotion" which lasted Bishop Janes and Matthew Simpson for a half century; keeping them on fire for God until their holy enthusiasm consumed their bodies.

So all the evangelical denominations are misrepresented. And then these enemies of evangelism go on and hold up the great doctrines of the Christian Churches as absurd, dry, and inexplicable technicalities. "There is your doctrine of the Trinity," they say. "Absurd beyond all bounds. The idea that there is a God in three persons! Impossible. If it is one God He can't be three, and if there are three, they can't be one." At the same time all of us—they with us—acknowledge trinities all around us. Trinity in our own make-up—body, mind, soul. Body with which we move, mind with which we think, soul with which we love. Three, yet one man. Trinity in the air—light, heat, moisture—yet one atmosphere. Trinity in the court room—three judges on the bench, but one court. Trinities all around about us, in earthly government and in nature. Of course, all the illustrations are defective for the reason that the natural cannot fully illustrate the spiritual. But suppose an ignorant man should

come up to a chemist and say: "I deny what you say about the water and about the air; they are not made of different parts. The air is one; I breathe it every day. The water is one; I drink it every day. You can't deceive me about the elements that go to make up the air and the water." The chemist would say: "You come up into my laboratory and I will demonstrate this whole thing to you." The ignorant man goes into the chemist's laboratory, and sees for himself. He learns that the water is one and the air is one, but they are made up of different parts. So here is a man who says: "I can't understand the doctrine of the Trinity." God says: "You come up here into the laboratory after your death, and you will see—you will see it explained, you will see it demonstrated." The ignorant man cannot understand the chemistry of the water and the air until he goes into the laboratory, and we will never understand the Trinity until we go into heaven. The ignorance of the man who cannot understand the chemistry of the air and water does not change the fact in regard to the composition of air and water. Because we cannot understand the Trinity, does that change the fact?

"And there is your absurd doctrine about justification by faith," say these antagonists who have chewed up the little book of evangelism, and have the consequent embittered stomach—"justification by faith; you can't explain it." I can explain it. It is simply this: When a man takes the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour from sin, God lets the offender off. Just as you have a difference with some one, he has injured you, he apologizes or he makes reparation, you say, "Now, that's all right, that's all right." Justification

by faith is this: A man takes Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and God says to the man, "Now, it was all wrong before, but it is all right now ; it is all right." That was what made Martin Luther what he was. Justification by faith,—it is going to conquer all nations.

"There is your absurd doctrine about regeneration," these antagonists of evangelism say. What is regeneration? Why, regeneration is reconstruction. Anybody can understand that. Have you not seen people who are all made over again by some wonderful influence? In other words, they are just as different now from what they used to be as possible. The old Constellation, man-of-war, lay down here at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Famine came to Ireland. The old Constellation was fitted up, and though it had been carrying gunpowder and bullets it took bread to Ireland. You remember the enthusiasm as the old Constellation went out of our harbor, and with what joy it was greeted by the famishing nation on the other side the sea. That is regeneration. A man loaded up with sin and death loaded up with life. Refitted. Your observation has been very small indeed if you have not seen changes in characters as radical as that.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SPLENDORS OF ORTHODOXY.

The Bible is not only divinely inspired, but it is divinely protected in its present shape. You could as easily, without detection, take from the writings of Shakspeare Hamlet, and institute in place thereof Alexander Smith's drama, as at any time during the last fifteen hundred years a man could have made any important change in the Bible without immediate detection. If there had been an element of weakness or of deception, or of disintegration, the Book would long ago have fallen to pieces. If there had been one loose brick or cracked casement in this castellated truth, surely the bombardment of eight centuries would have discovered and broken through that imperfection. The fact that the Bible stands intact, notwithstanding all the furious assaults on all sides upon it, is proof to me that it is a miracle, and every miracle is of God.

"But," say some, "do you really think the Scriptures are inspired thought?" Yes, either as history or as guidance. Gibbon and Josephus and Prescott record in their histories a great many things they did not approve of. When George Bancroft put upon his brilliant historical page the account of an Indian massacre, does he approve of that massacre? There are scores of things in the Bible which neither God nor inspired men sanctioned. Either as history or

as guidance, the entire Bible was inspired of God.

“But,” says some one, “don’t you think that the copyists might have made mistakes in transferring the divine words from one manuscript to another?” Yes, no doubt there were such mistakes; but they no more affect the meaning of the Scriptures than the misspelling of a word or the ungrammatical structure of a sentence in a last will and testament affect the validity or the meaning of that will. All the mistakes made by the copyists in the Scriptures do not amount to any more importance than the difference between your spelling in a document the word forty, forty or fourty. This book is the last will and testament of God to our lost world, and it bequeaths everything in the right way, although human hands may have damaged the grammar or made unjustifiable interpolation.

These men who pride themselves in our day on being advanced thinkers in Biblical interpretation will all of them end in atheism, if they live long enough, and I declare here to-day they are doing more in the different denominations of Christians, and throughout the world, for damaging Christianity and hindering the cause of the world’s betterment, than five thousand Robert Ingersolls could do. That man who stands inside a castle is far more dangerous if he be an enemy than five thousand enemies outside the castle. Robert G. Ingersoll assails the castle from the outside. These men who pretend to be advanced thinkers in all the denominations are fighting the truth from the inside, and trying to shove back the bolts and swing open the gates.

Now, I am in favor of the greatest freedom of religious thought and discussion. I would have as

much liberty for heterodoxy as for orthodoxy. If I should change my theories of religion I should preach them out and out, but not in this building, for this was erected by people who believe in an entire Bible, and it would be dishonest for me to promulgate sentiments different from those for which this building was put up. When we enter any denomination as ministers of religion we take a solemn vow that we will preach the sentiments of that denomination. If we change our theories, as we have a right to change them, then there is a world several thousand miles in circumference, and there are hundreds of halls and hundreds of academies of music where we can ventilate our sentiments.

I remember that in these cities, in time of political agitation, there are the Republican headquarters and the Democratic headquarters. Suppose I should go into one of these headquarters pretending to be in sympathy with their work, at the same time electioneering for the opposite party. I would soon find that the centrifugal force was greater than the centripetal. Now, if a man enters a denomination of Christians, taking a solemn oath, as we all do, that we will promulgate the theories of that denomination, and then the man shall proclaim some other theory, he has broken his oath, and he is an out-and-out perjurer. Nevertheless, I declare for largest liberty in religious discussion. I would no more have the present attempt to rear a monument to Thomas Paine in New York interfered with than I would have interfered with the lifting of the splendid monument to Washington in Wall Street. Largest liberty for the body, largest liberty for the mind, largest liberty for the soul.

Now, I want to show you, as a matter of advocacy for what I believe to be the right, the splendors of orthodoxy. Many have supposed that its disciples are people of flat skulls, and no reading, and behind the age, and the victims of gullibility. I shall show you that the word orthodoxy stands for the greatest splendors outside of heaven. Behold the splendors of its achievements. All the missionaries of the Gospel, the world round, are men who believe in an entire Bible. Call the roll of all the missionaries who are to-day enduring sacrifices in the ends of the earth for the cause of religion and the world's betterment, and they all believe in an entire Bible. Just as soon as a missionary begins to doubt whether there ever was a Garden of Eden, or whether there is any such thing as future punishment, he comes right home from Beyrout or Madras, and goes into the insurance business! All the missionary societies of this day are officered by orthodox men, and are supported by orthodox churches.

Orthodoxy, beginning with the Sandwich Islands, has captured vast regions of barbarism for civilization, while heterodoxy has to capture the first square inch. Blatant for many years in Great Britain and the United States, and strutting about with a peacockian braggadocio, it has yet to capture the first continent, the first State, the first township, the first ward, the first space of ground as big as you could cover with the small end of a sharp pin. Ninety-nine out of every hundred of the Protestant churches of America were built by people who believed in an entire Bible. The pulpit now may preach some other Gospel, but it is a heterodox gun on an orthodox carriage. The foundations of all the churches

that are of very great use in this world to-day, were laid by men who believed the Bible from lid to lid, and if I can not take it in that way, I will not take it at all.

No church of very great influence to-day but was built by those who believe in an entire Bible. Neither will a church last long built on a part of the Bible. You have noticed, I suppose, that as soon as a man begins to give up the Bible, he is apt to preach in some hall, and he has an audience while he lives, and when he dies, the church dies. If I thought that this church was built on a quarter of a Bible, or a half of a Bible, or three-quarters of a Bible, or ninety-nine one-hundredths of a Bible, I would expect it to die when I die; but when I know it is built on the entire Word of God, I know it will last two hundred years after you and I sleep the last sleep. Oh, the splendors of an orthodoxy which, with ten thousand hands and ten thousand pulpits and ten thousand Christian churches, is trying to save the world!

Behold the splendors of character built by orthodoxy. Who had the greatest human intellect the world ever knew? Paul. In physical stature insignificant; in mind, head and shoulders above all the giants of the age. Orthodox from scalp to heel. Who was the greatest poet the ages ever saw, acknowledged to be so both by infidels and Christians? John Milton, seeing more without eyes than anybody else ever saw with eyes. Orthodox from scalp to heel. Who was the greatest reformer the world has ever seen? so acknowledged by infidels as well as by Christians. Martin Luther. Orthodox from scalp to heel.

Then look at the certitudes. O man, believing in

an entire Bible, where did you come from? Answer: "I descended from a perfect parentage in Paradise, and Jehovah breathed into my nostrils the breath of life. I am a son of God." O man, believing in a half-and-half Bible—believing in a Bible in spots, where did you come from? Answer: "It is all uncertain; in my ancestral line away back there was an orang-outang and a tadpole and a polywog, and it took millions of years to get me evolved." O man, believing in a Bible in spots, where are you going to when you quit this world? Answer: "Going into a great to be, so on into the great somewhere, and then I shall pass through on to the great anywhere, and I shall probably arrive in the nowhere." That is where I thought you would fetch up. O man, believing in an entire Bible, and believing with all your heart, where are you going to when you leave this world? Answer: "I am going to my Father's house; I am going into the companionship of my loved ones who have gone before; I am going to leave all my sins, and I am going to be with God and like God forever and forever." Oh, the glorious certitudes, certainties of orthodoxy!

Behold the splendors of orthodoxy in its announcement of two destinies.

Palace and penitentiary. Palace with gates on all sides through which all may enter and live on celestial luxuries world without end, and all for the knocking and the asking. A palace grander than if all the Alhambras and the Versailles and the Windsor castles and the winter gardens and the imperial abodes of all the earth were heaved up into one architectural glory. At the other end of the universe a penitentiary where men who want their sins can have them. Would it

be fair that you and I should have our choice of Christ and the palace, and other men be denied their choice of sin and eternal degradation? Palace and penitentiary. The first of no use unless you have the last. Brooklyn and New York would be better places to live in with Raymond Street Jail and the Tombs and Sing Sing, and all the small-pox hospitals emptied on us than heaven would be if there were no hell. Palace and penitentiary. If I see a man with a full bowl of sin, and he thirsts for it, and his whole nature craves it, and he takes hold with both hands and presses that bowl to his lips, and then presses it hard between his teeth, and the draught begins to pour its sweetness down his throat, shall we snatch away the bowl and jerk the man up to the gate of heaven, and push him in if he does not want to go and sit down and sing psalms forever? No. God has made you and me so completely free that we need not go to heaven unless we prefer it. Not more free to soar than free to sink.

Young men, old men, middle aged men, take sides in this contest between orthodoxy and heterodoxy. "Ask for the old paths, walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." But you follow this crusade against any part of the Bible—first of all you will give up Genesis, which is as true as Matthew; then you will give up all the historical parts of the Bible; then after a while you will give up the miracles; then you will find it convenient to give up the Ten Commandments: and then after a while you will wake up in a fountainless, rockless, treeless desert swept of everlasting sirocco. If you are laughed at you can afford to be laughed at for standing by the Bible, just as God has given it to you and miraculously preserved it.

Do not jump overboard from the staunch old Great Eastern of old-fashioned orthodoxy until there is something ready to take you up stronger than the fantastic yawl which has painted on the side, "Advanced Thought," and which leaks at the prow and leaks at the stern, and has a steel pen for one oar and a glib tongue for the other oar, and now tips over this way and then tips over that way, until you do not know whether the passengers will land in the breakers of despair or on the sinking sand of infidelity and atheism.

I am in full sympathy with the advancements of our time, but this world will never advance a single inch beyond this old Bible. God was just as capable of dictating the truth to the prophets and apostles as he is capable of dictating the truth to these modern apostles and prophets. God has not learned anything in a thousand years. He knew just as much when He gave the first dictation as He does now, giving the last dictation, if He is giving any dictation at all. So I will stick to the old paths. I prefer the thick, warm robe of the old religion—old as God—the robe which has kept so many warm amid the cold pilgrimage of this life, and amid the chills of death. The old robe rather than the thin, uncertain gauze offered us by these wise-acres who believe the Bible in spots.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MENDING THE BIBLE.

“If any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city.”—REV. 22: 19.

You see it is a very risky business, this changing of the Holy Scriptures.

A pulpit in New York has recently set forth the idea that the Scriptures ought to be expurgated, that portions of them are unfit to be read, and the inspiration of much of the Bible has been denied. Among other striking statements are these:

The Book of Genesis is a tradition of creation, a successive layer of traditions thought out centuries before. Moses' mistakes about creation were the mistakes of his age. That there are many systems of theology in the New Testament. That Paul had all the notions of the rabbinical schools of his time. That Job winds up his epilogue in genuine fairy-tale style. That Revelation is a long array of misshapen progeny in the apocalyptic writings, tracing themselves back to Daniel. That Revelation comes to a madman, or leaves him mad. That what he calls the abominable lewdness of some things in the Old Testament is not fit to be read. That it is an abominable misuse of the Bible to suppose the prophecies really foretell future events. That the book of Daniel is not in the right place. That Solomon's Songs are not

in the right place, and he seems to applaud the idea of some one who said that the book of Solomon's Songs ought not to be in any one's hands under thirty years of age. He intimates that he does not believe that Samson slew a thousand men with the jawbone of an ass. That the whole Bible has been improperly chopped up into chapters and verses.

He does not believe the beginning of the Bible, and he does not believe the close of it, nor anything between as fully inspired of God, and he thinks the Book ought to be expurgated, and there are those who re-echo the same sentiment.

Now, I believe in the largest liberty of discussion, and there are halls, and opera-houses, and academies of music, where the Bible and Christianity may be assaulted without interruption; but when a minister of the Gospel surrenders the faith of any denomination, his first plain, honest duty, is to get out of it. What would you think of the clerk in a dry-goods store, or a factory, or a banking-house, who should go to criticising the books of the firm, and denouncing the behavior of the firm, still taking the salary of that firm and the support of that firm, and doing all his denunciation of the books of the firm under its cover? Certainly, a minister of the Gospel ought to be as honest with his denomination, as a dry-goods clerk is honest with his employers.

The heinousness of finding fault with the Bible at this time by a Christian minister is most evident. In our day the Bible is assailed by scurrility, by misrepresentation, by infidel scientist, by all the vice of earth and all the venom of perdition, and at this particular time ministers of religion fall into line of criticism of the Word of God. Why, it makes me think

of a ship in a September equinox, the waves dashing to the top of the smoke-stack, and the hatches fastened down. and many prophesying the foundering of the steamer, and at that time some of the crew with axes and saws go down into the hold of the ship, and try to saw off some of the planks and pry out some of the timbers because the timber did not come from the right forest! It does not seem to me commendable business for the crew to be helping the winds and storms outside with their axes and saws inside.

Now, this old Gospel ship, what with the roaring of earth and hell around the stem and stern, and mutiny on deck, is having a very rough voyage, but I have noticed that not one of the timbers has started, and the Captain says He will see it through. And I have noticed that keelson and counter-timber knee are built out of Lebanon cedar, and she is going to weather the gale, but no credit to those who make mutiny on deck.

When I see ministers of religion in this particular day finding fault with the Scriptures, it makes me think of a fortress terrifically bombarded, and the men on the ramparts, instead of swabbing out and loading the guns and helping fetch up the ammunition from the magazine, are trying with crowbars to pry out from the wall certain blocks of stone, because they did not come from the right quarry. Oh, men on the ramparts, better fight back and fight down the common enemy, instead of trying to make breeches in the wall.

While I oppose this expurgation of the Scriptures, I shall give you my reasons for such opposition. "What!" say some of the theological evolutionists,

whose brains have been addled by too long brooding over them by Darwin and Spencer, "you don't now really believe all the story of the Garden of Eden, do you?" Yes, as much as I believe all the roses that were in my garden last summer. "But," say they, "you don't really believe that the sun and moon stood still?" Yes, and if I had strength enough to create a sun and moon I could make them stand still, or cause the refraction of the sun's rays so it would appear to stand still. "But," they say, "you don't really believe that the whale swallowed Jonah?" Yes, and if I were strong enough to make a whale I could have made very easy ingress for the refractory prophet, leaving to Evolution to eject him, if he were an unworthy tenant. "But," say they, "you don't really believe that the water was turned into wine?" Yes, just as easily as water now is often turned into wine with an admixture of strychnine and logwood! "But," say they, "you don't really believe that Samson slew a thousand with the jaw-bone of an ass?" Yes, as I think that the man who in this day assaults the Bible is wielding the same weapon!

There is nothing in the Bible that staggers me. There are many things I do not understand, I do not pretend to understand, never shall in this world understand. But that would be a very poor God who could be fully understood by the human. That would be a very small Infinite that can be measured by the finite. You must not expect to weigh the thunderbolts of Omnipotence in an apothecary's balances. Starting with the idea that God can do anything, and that He was present at the beginning, and that He is present now, there is nothing in the Holy Scriptures to arouse skepticism in my heart. Here I

stand, a fossil of the ages, dug up from the tertiary formation, fallen off the shelf of an antiquarian, a man in the latter part of the glorious nineteenth century, believing in a whole Bible, from lid to lid!

I am opposed to the expurgation of the Scriptures in the first place, because the Bible in its present shape has been so miraculously preserved. Fifteen hundred years after Herodotus wrote his history, there was only one manuscript copy of it. Twelve hundred years after Plato wrote his book, there was only one manuscript copy of it. God was so careful to have us have the Bible in just the right shape, that we have fifty manuscript copies of the New Testament, a thousand years old, and many of them fifteen hundred years old. This Book, handed down from the time of Christ, or just after the time of Christ, by the hand of such men as Origen, in the second century, and Tertullian, in the third century—men of different ages who died for their principles. The three best copies of the New Testament in manuscript in the possession of three great churches—the Protestant Church of England, the Greek Church of St. Petersburg, and the Romish Church of Italy.

It is a plain matter of history that Tischendorf went to a convent in the peninsula of Sinai, and was by ropes lifted over the wall into the convent, that being the only mode of admission, and that he saw there in the waste basket for kindling for the fires, a manuscript of the Holy Scriptures. That night he copied many of the passages of that Bible, but it was not until fifteen years had passed of earnest entreaty and prayer, and coaxing, and purchase on his part that that copy of the Holy Scriptures was put into the hands of the Emperor of Russia—that one copy so marvelously protected.

Do you not know that the catalogue of the books of the Old and New Testaments, as we have it, is the same catalogue that has been coming on down through the ages? Thirty-nine books of the Old Testament thousands of years ago. Thirty-nine now. Twenty-seven books of the New Testament, sixteen hundred years ago. Twenty-seven books of the New Testament now. Marcion, for wickedness, was turned out of the Church in the second century, and in his assault on the Bible and Christianity, he incidentally gives a catalogue of the books of the Bible—that catalogue corresponding exactly with ours—testimony given by the enemy of the Bible, and the enemy of Christianity. The catalogue now, just like the catalogue then. Assaulted and spit on, and torn to pieces and burned, yet adhering. The book to-day, in three hundred languages, confronting four-fifths of the human race in their own tongue. Three hundred million copies of it in existence. Does not that look as if this Book had been divinely protected, as if God had guarded it all through the centuries?

Not only have all the attempts to detract from the Book failed, but all the attempts to add to it. Many attempts were made to add the apochryphal books to the Old Testament. The Council of Trent, the Synod of Jerusalem, the Bishops of Hippo, all decided that the apochryphal books must be added to the Old Testament. "They must stay in," said those learned men, but they stayed out. There is not an intelligent Christian man that to-day will put the Book of Maccabeus or the Book of Judith beside the Book of Isaiah or Romans. Then a great many said, "We must have books added to the New Testament," and there were epistles and Gospels and

apocalypses written and added to the New Testament, but they have all fallen out. You cannot add anything. You cannot subtract anything. Divinely protected book in the present shape. Let no man dare to lay his hands on it with the intention of detracting from the Book, or casting out any of these holy pages.

I am also opposed to this proposed expurgation of the Scriptures for the fact that in proportion as people became self-sacrificing and good and holy and consecrated, they like the book as it is. I have yet to find a man or a woman distinguished for self-sacrifice, for consecration to God, for holiness of life, who wants the Bible changed. Many of us have inherited family Bibles. Those Bibles were in use twenty, forty, fifty, perhaps a hundred years in the generations. This afternoon, when you go home, take down those family Bibles, and find out if there are any chapters which have been erased by lead pencil or pen, and if in any margins you can find the words: "This chapter not fit to read." There has been plenty of opportunity during the last half century privately to expurgate the Bible. Do you know any case of such expurgation? Did not your grandfather give it to your father, and did not your father give it to you?

Expurgate the Bible! You might as well go to the old picture galleries in Dresden and in Venice and in Rome and expurgate the old paintings. Perhaps you could find a foot of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" that might be improved. Perhaps you could throw more expression into Raphael's "Madonna." Perhaps you could put more pathos into Rubens' "Descent from the Cross." Perhaps you

could change the crests of the waves in Turner's "Slave Ship." Perhaps you might go into the old galleries of sculpture and change the forms and the postures of the statues of Phidias and Praxiteles. Such an iconoclast would very soon find himself in the penitentiary. But it is worse vandalism when a man proposes to re-fashion these masterpieces of inspiration and to remodel the moral giants of this gallery of God.

Now, let us divide off. Let those people who do not believe the Bible and who are critical of this and that part of it, go clear over to the other side. Let them stand behind the devil's guns. There can be no compromise between infidelity and Christianity. Give us the out and out opposition of infidelity rather than the work of these hybrid theologians, these mongrel ecclesiastics, these half and half evolved pulpiteers who believe the Bible and do not believe it, who accept the miracles and do not accept them, who believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures and do not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures—trimming their belief on one side to suit the skepticism of the world, trimming their belief on the other side to suit the pride of their own heart, and feeling that in order to demonstrate their courage they must make the Bible a target, and shoot at God.

There is one thing that encourages me very much, and that is, that the Lord made out to manage the universe before they were born, and will probably be able to make out to manage the universe a little while after they are dead. While I demand that the antagonists of the Bible, and the critics of the Bible go clear over where they belong, on the devil's side, I ask all the friends of this good Book to come out openly

and above board in behalf of it. That Book, which was the best inheritance you ever received from your ancestry, and which will be the best legacy you will leave to your children when you bid them good-bye as you cross the ferry to the golden city.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE GLORIOUS MARCH.

“Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.”—SOLOMON’S SONG 6: 10.

The fragrance of spikenard, the flash of jewels, the fruitfulness of orchards, the luxuriance of gardens, the beauty of Heshbon fish-pools, the dew of the night, and the splendor of the morning—all contribute to the richness of Solomon’s style, when he comes to speak of the glory of the Church. In contrast with his eulogium of the Church, look at the denunciatory things that are said in our day in regard to it. If one stockholder become a cheat, does that destroy the whole company? If one soldier be a coward, does that condemn the whole army? And yet there are many in this day so unphilosophic, so illogical, so dishonest, and so unfair as to denounce the entire Church of God because there are here and there bad men belonging to it.

There are those who say that the Church of God is not up to the spirit of the day in which we live; but I have to tell you that, notwithstanding all the swift wheels, and the flying shuttles, and the lightning communications, the world has never yet been able to keep up with the Church. As high as God is above man, so high is the Church of God—higher than all human institutions. From her lamp the best discoveries of the world have been lighted. The

best of our inventors have believed in the Christian religion—the Fultons, the Morses, the Whitneys, the Perrys, and the Livingstones. She has owned the best of the telescopes and Leyden jars; and while infidelity and atheism have gone blindfolded among the most startling discoveries that were about to be developed, the earth, and the air, and the sea have made quick and magnificent responses to Christian philosophers.

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



THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

glance with great tides comes up panting upon the beach, mingling, as it were, foam and fire.

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

“Who is she, fair as the moon?” Our answer is the Church. Like the moon, she is a borrowed light.

She gathers up the glory of a Saviour's sufferings, a Saviour's death, a Saviour's resurrection, a Saviour's ascension, and pours that light on palace and dungeon, on squalid heathenism and elaborate skepticism, on widow's tears and martyr's robe of flame, on weeping penitence and loud-mouthed scorn.

She is the only institution to-day that gives any light to our world. Into her portal the poor come and get the sympathy of a once pillowless Christ. The bereaved come and see the bottle in which God saves all our tears, and the captives come, and on the sharp corners of her altars dash off their chains, and the thirsty come and put their cup under the “Rock of Ages,” which pours forth from its smitten side

living water, sparkling water, crystalline water, from under the throne of God and the Lamb. Blessed the bell that calls her worshipers to prayer. Blessed the water in which her members are baptized. Blessed the wine that glows in her sacramental cup. Blessed the songs on which her devotions travel up and the angels of God travel down.

As the moon goes through the midst of the roaring storm-clouds unflushed and unharmed, and comes out calm and beautiful on the other side, so the Church of God has gone through all the storms of this world's persecution and come out uninjured, no worse for the fact that Robespierre cursed it, and Voltaire caricatured it, and Tom Paine sneered at it, and all the forces of darkness have bombarded it. Not like some baleful comet shooting across the sky, scattering terror and dismay among the nations, but above the long howling night of the world's wretchedness the Christian Church has made her mild way.

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

Light for voyager on the deep; light for shepherds guarding the flocks afield; light for the poor who have no lamps to burn; light for the downcast and

the weary; light for aching eyes and burning brain and consuming captive; light for the smooth brow of childhood and the dim vision of the octogenarian; light for the queen's coronet and sewing-girl's needle. "Let there be light."

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

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

The Church of God will yet come to full meridian,

and in that day all the mountains of the world will be sacred mountains touched with the glory of Calvary, and all streams will flow by the mount of God like cool Siloam, and all lakes be redolent with Gospel memories like Gennesaret, and all islands of the sea be crowned with apocalyptic vision like Patmos, and all cities be sacred as Jerusalem, and all gardens luxuriant as Paradise, with God walking in the cool of the day. Then the chorals of grace will drown out all the anthems of earth. Then the throne of Christ will overtop all earthly authority. Then the crown of Jesus will outflame all other coronets. Sin destroyed. Death dead. Hell defeated. The Church triumphant. All the darknesses of sin, all the darknesses of trouble, all the darknesses of earthly mystery, hieing themselves to their dens. "Clear as the sun! clear as the sun."

You know there is nothing that excites a soldier's enthusiasm so much as an old flag. Many a man almost dead, catching a glimpse of the national ensign, has sprung to his feet, and started again into the battle. Now, my friends, I don't want you to think of the Church of Jesus Christ as a defeated institution, as the victim of infidel sarcasm, something to be kicked, and cuffed, and trampled on through all the ages of the world. It is "an army with banners." It has an inscription and colors such as never stirred the hearts of an earthly soldiery. We have our banner of recruit, and on it is inscribed, "Who is on the Lord's side?" Our banner of defiance, and on it is inscribed, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against us." Our banner of triumph, and on it is inscribed, "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" and we mean to plant that banner on every hilltop, and wave it at the gate of heaven.

With Christ to lead us, we need not fear. I will not underrate the enemy. They are a tremendous host. They come on with acutest strategy. Their weapons by all the inhabitants of darkness have been forged in furnaces of everlasting fire. We contend not with flesh and blood. but with principalities, and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places ; but, if God be for us, who can be against us? Come on, ye troops of the Lord ! Fall into line ! Close up the ranks ! On, through burning sands and over frozen mountain-tops, until the whole earth surrenders to God. He made it ; He redeemed it ; He shall have it. They shall not be trampled with hoofs, they shall not be cut with sabers, they shall not be crushed with wheels, they shall not be cloven with battle-axes, but the marching, and the onset, and the victory, will be none the less decisive for that.

With Christ to lead us, and heaven to look down upon us, and angels to guard us, and martyr spirits to bend from their thrones, and the voice of God to bid us forward into the combat, our enemies shall fly like chaff in the whirlwind, and all the towers of heaven ring because the day is ours.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SHAMS IN RELIGION.

The world wants a religion that will work into all the circumstances of life. We do not want a new religion, but the old religion applied in all possible directions.

Yonder is a river with steep and rocky banks, and it roars like a young Niagara as it rolls on over its rough bed. It does nothing but talk about itself all the way from its source in the mountain to the place where it empties into the sea. The banks are so steep the cattle cannot come down to drink. It does not run one fertilizing rill into the adjoining field. It has not one grist mill or factory on either side. It sulks in wet weather, with chilling fogs. No one cares when that river is born among the rocks, and no one cares when it dies into the sea. But yonder is another river, and it mosses its banks with the warm tides, and it rocks with floral lullaby the water lilies asleep on its bosom. It invites herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and coveys of birds to come there and drink. It has three grist mills on one side and six cotton factories on the other. It is the wealth of two hundred miles of luxuriant farms. The birds of heaven chanted when it was born in the mountains, and the ocean shipping will press in from the sea to hail it as it comes down to the Atlantic coast. The one river is a man who lives for him-

self. The other river is a man who lives for others. I think you will agree with me in the statement that the great want of this world is more practical religion. We want practical religion to go into all merchandise. It will supervise the labeling of goods. It will not allow a man to say that a thing was made in one factory when it was made in another. It will not allow the merchant to say that watch was manufactured in Geneva, Switzerland, when it was manufactured in Massachusetts. It will not allow the merchant to say that wine came from Madeira when it came from California. Practical religion will walk along by the store shelves, and tear off all the tags that make misrepresentation. It will not allow the merchant to say that is pure coffee, when dandelion root and chicory and other ingredients go into it. It will not allow him to say that is pure sugar, when there are in it sand and ground glass.

When practical religion gets its full swing in the world it will go down the street, and it will come to that shoe store and rip off the fictitious soles of many a fine-looking pair of shoes, and show that it is paste-board sandwiched between the sound leather. And this practical religion will go right into a grocery store, and it will pull out the plug of all the adulterated syrups, and it will dump into the ash-barrel, in front of the store, the cassia bark that is sold for cinnamon and the brickdust that is sold for cayenne pepper; and it will shake out the Prussia blue from the tea leaves, and it will sift from the flour plaster of Paris and bonedust and soapstone, and it will, by chemical analysis, separate the one quart of Ridgewood water from the few honest drops of cow's milk, and it will throw out the live animalcules from the brown sugar.

There has been so much adulteration of articles of food that it is an amazement to me that there is a healthy man or woman in America. Heaven only knows what they put into the spices and into the sugars and into the butter, and into the apothecary drug. But chemical analysis and the microscope have made wonderful revelations. The Board of Health in Massachusetts analyzed a great amount of what was called pure coffee, and found in it not one particle of coffee. In England there is a law that forbids the putting of alum in bread. The public authorities examined fifty-one packages of bread, and found them all guilty. The honest physican, writing a prescription, does not know but that it may bring death instead of health to his patient, because there may be one of the drugs weakened by a cheaper article, and another drug may be in full force, and so the prescription may have just the opposite effect intended. Oil of wormwood warranted pure from Boston was found to have forty-one per cent. of resin and alcohol and chloroform. Scammony is one of the most valuable medical drugs. It is very rare, very precious. It is the sap or the gum of a tree or a bush in Syria. The root of the tree is exposed; an incision is made into the root, and then shells are placed at this incision to catch the sap or the gum, as it exudes. It is very precious, this scammony. But the peasant mixes it with a cheaper material; then it is taken to Aleppo, and the merchant there mixes it with a cheaper material; then it comes on to the wholesale druggist in London or New York, and he mixes it with a cheaper material; then it comes to the retail druggist, and he mixes it with a cheaper material, and by the time the poor sick man gets it into his bottle, it is ashes and

chalk and sand, and some of what has been called pure scammony after analysis, has been found to be no scammony at all.

Now, practical religion will yet rectify all this. It will go to those hypocritical professors of religion who got a "corner" in corn and wheat in Chicago and New York, sending prices up and up until they were beyond the reach of the poor, keeping these breadstuffs in their own hands, or controlling them until the prices going up and up and up, they were, after a while, ready to sell, and they sold out, making themselves millionaires in one or two years—trying to fix the matter up with the Lord by building a church, or a university, or a hospital—deluding themselves with the idea that the Lord would be so pleased with the gift He would forget the swindle. Now, as such a man may not have any liturgy in which to say his prayers, I will compose for him one which he practically is making: "O Lord, we, by getting a 'corner' in breadstuffs, swindled the people of the United States out of ten million dollars, and made suffering all up and down the land, and we would like to compromise the matter with Thee. Thou knowest it was a scaly job, but then it was smart. Now, here we compromise it. Take one per cent. of the profits, and with that one per cent. you can build an asylum for these poor miserable ragamuffins of the street, and I will take a yacht and go to Europe, forever and ever. Amen!"

Ah! my friends, if a man hath gotten his estate wrongfully and he build a line of hospitals and universities from here to Alaska, he cannot atone for it. After a while, this man who has been getting a "corner" in wheat, dies, and then Satan gets a "corner"

in him. He goes into a great, long Black Friday. There is a "break" in the market. According to Wall Street parlance, he wiped others out, and now he is himself wiped out. No collaterals on which to make a spiritual loan. *Étérnal defalcation.*

But this practical religion will not only rectify all merchandise; it will also rectify all mechanism, and all toil. A time will come when a man will work as faithfully by the job as he does by the day. You say when a thing is slightly done: "Oh, that was done by the job." You can tell by the swiftness or slowness with which a hackman drives whether he is hired by the hour or by the excursion. If he is hired by the hour he drives very slowly, so as to make as many hours as possible. If he is hired by the excursion, he whips up the horses so as to get around and get another customer. All styles of work have to be inspected. Ships inspected, horses inspected, machinery inspected. Boss to watch the journeyman. Capitalist coming down unexpectedly to watch the boss. Conductor of a city car sounding the punch bell to prove his honesty as a passenger hands to him a clipped nickel. All things must be watched and inspected. Imperfections in the wood covered with putty. Garments warranted to last until you put them on the third time. Shoddy in all kinds of clothing. Chromos. Pinchbeck. Diamonds for a dollar and a half. Bookbinding that holds on until you read the third chapter. Spavined horses, by skillful dose of jockeys, for several days made to look spry. Wagon tires poorly put on. Horses poorly shod. Plastering that cracks without any provocation, and falls off. Plumbing that needs to be plumbed. Imperfect car wheel that halts the whole train with a

hot box. So little practical religion in the mechanism of the world. I tell you, my friends, the law of man will never rectify these things. It will be the all-pervading influence of the practical religion of Jesus Christ that will make the change for the better.

Yes, this practical religion will also go into agriculture, which is proverbially honest, but needs to be rectified, and it will keep the farmer from sending to the New York market, veal that is too young to kill, and when the farmer farms on shares, it will keep the man who does the work from making his half three-fourths, and it will keep the farmer from building his post and rail fence on his neighbor's premises, and it will make him shelter his cattle in the winter storm, and it will keep the old elder from working on Sunday afternoon in the new ground where nobody sees him. And this practical religion will hover over the house, and over the barn, and over the field, and over the orchard.

Yes, this practical religion of which I speak, will come into the learned professions. The lawyer will feel his responsibility in defending innocence and arraigning evil, and expounding the law, and it will keep him from charging for briefs he never wrote, and for pleas he never made, and for percentages he never earned, and from robbing widow and orphan, because they are defenceless. Yes, this practical religion will come into the physician's life, and he will feel his responsibility as the conservator of the public health, a profession honored by the fact that Christ Himself was a physician. And it will make him honest, and when he does not understand a case, he will say so, not trying to cover up lack of diagnosis with

ponderous technicalities, or send the patient to a reckless drugstore, because the apothecary happens to pay a percentage on the prescriptions sent. And this practical religion will come to the school-teacher, making her feel her responsibility in preparing our youth for usefulness, and for happiness, and for honor, and will keep her from giving a sly box to a dull head, chastising him for what he can not help, and sending discouragement all through the after years of a lifetime. This practical religion will also come to the newspaper men, and it will help them in the gathering of the news, and it will help them in setting forth the best interests of society, and it will keep them from putting the sins of the world in larger type than its virtues, and its mistakes than its achievements, and it will keep them from misrepresenting interviews with public men, and from starting suspicions that never can be allayed, and will make them staunch friends of the oppressed instead of the oppressor.

Yes, this religion, this practical religion, will come and put its hand on what is called good society, elevated society, successful society, so that people will have their expenditures within their income, and they will exchange the hypocritical "not at home" for the honest explanation "too tired," or "too busy to see you," and will keep innocent reception from becoming intoxicated conviviality, and it will by frank manners and Christian sentiment drive out that creature with sharp-toed shoe and tightly bandaged limb, and elbows drawn back, and idiotic talk, and infinitesimal cane, and sickening swagger, born in America, but a poor copy of a foppish Englishman, the nux vomica of modern society, commonly called the "Dude."

Yea, there is great opportunity for missionary work in what are called the successful classes of society. It is no rare thing now to see a fashionable woman intoxicated in the street, or the rail-car, or the restaurant. The number of fine ladies who drink too much is increasing. Perhaps you may find her at the reception in most exalted company, but she has made too many visits to the wine room, and now her eye is glassy, and after a while her cheek is unnaturally flushed, and then she falls into fits of excruciating laughter about nothing, and then she offers sickening flatteries, telling some homely man how well he looks, and then she is helped into the carriage, and by the time the carriage gets to her home, it takes the husband and the coachman to get her up the stairs. The report is, She was taken suddenly ill at a german. Ah! no. She took too much champagne, and mixed liquors, and got drunk. That was all.

Yea, this practical religion will have to come in and fix up the marriage relation in America. There are members of churches who have too many wives and too many husbands. Society needs to be expurgated, and washed, and fumigated, and Christianized. We have missionary societies to reform the Five Points in New York, and Bedford Street, Philadelphia, and Shoreditch, London, and the Brooklyn docks; but there is need of an organization to reform much that is going on in Beacon Street, and Madison Square, and Rittenhouse Square, and West End, and Brooklyn Heights, and Brooklyn Hill. The trouble is that people have an idea they can do all their religion on Sunday with hymn-book, and prayer-book, and liturgy, and some of them sit in church rolling up their

eyes as though they were ready for translation, when their Sabbath is bounded on all sides by an inconsistent life, and while you are expecting to come out from under their arms the wings of an angel, there come out from their forehead the horns of a beast.

There has got to be a new departure in religion. I do not say a new religion. Oh, no; but the old religion brought to new appliances. In our time we have had the daguerreotype, and the ambrotype, and the photograph; but it is the same old sun, and these arts are only new appliances of the old sunlight. So this glorious Gospel is just what we want to photograph the image of God on one soul, and daguerreotype it on another soul. Not a new Gospel, but the old Gospel put to new work. In our time we have had the telegraphic invention, and the telephonic invention, and the electric light invention; but they are all the children of old electricity, an element that the philosophers have a long while known much about. So this electric Gospel needs to flash its light on the eyes, and ears, and souls of men, and become a telephonic medium to make the deaf hear; a telegraphic medium to dart invitation and warning to all nations; an electric light to illumine the Eastern and Western hemispheres. Not a new Gospel, but the old Gospel doing a new work.

Now you say, "That is a very beautiful theory, but is it possible to take one's religion into all the avocations and business of life?" Yes, and I will give you some specimens. Medical doctors who took their religion into everyday life: Dr. John Abercrombie, of Aberdeen, the greatest Scottish physician of his day, his book on "Diseases of the Brain and Spinal Cord," no more wonderful than his book on "The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings,"

and often kneeling at the bedside of his patients to commend them to God in prayer. Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, immortal as an author, dying recently under the benediction of the sick of Edinburgh; myself remembering him as he sat in his study in Edinburgh talking to me about Christ, and his hope of heaven. And a score of Christian family physicians in Brooklyn just as good as they were.

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

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

Dodge, in the iron business, Moses H. Grinnell, in the shipping business, Peter Cooper, in the glue business. Scores of men just as good as they were.

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

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

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

In the latter part of the last century, a girl in England became a kitchen maid in a farmhouse. She had many styles of work and much hard work. Time rolled on, and she married the son of a weaver of Halifax. They were industrious, they saved money enough after a while to build them a home. On the morning of the day when they were to enter that home, the young wife arose at four o'clock, entered the front door-yard, knelt down, consecrated the place to God, and there made this solemn vow: "O Lord, if Thou wilt bless me in this place, the poor shall have a share of it." Time rolled on and a fortune rolled in. Children grew up around them, and they all became affluent. One, a Member of Parliament, in a public place declared that his success came from that prayer of his mother in the door-yard. All of them were affluent,—four thousand hands in their factories. They built dwelling houses for laborers at cheap rents, and where they were invalid, and could not pay, they had the houses for nothing. One of these sons came to this country, admired our parks, went back, bought land, opened a great public park, and made it a present to the city of Halifax, England. They endowed an orphanage, they endowed two almshouses. All England has heard of the generosity and the good works of the Crossleys. Moral: Consecrate to God your small means and your humble surroundings, and you will have larger means and grander surroundings. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise, of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." "Have faith in God by all means, but remember that faith without works is dead."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE BEAUTY OF RELIGION.

The crystal is the star of the mountain ; it is the queen of the cave ; it is the ear-drop of the hills ; it finds its heaven in the diamond. Among all the pages of natural history there is no page more interesting to me than the page crystallographic.

Religion is superior to the crystal in exactness. That shapeless mass of crystal against which you accidentally dashed your foot is laid out with more exactness than any earthly city. There are six styles of crystalization, and all of them divinely ordained. Every crystal has mathematical precision. God's geometry reaches through it, and it is a square or it is a rectangle or it is a rhomboid or in some way it hath a mathematical figure.

Now religion beats that in the simple fact that spiritual accuracy is more beautiful than material accuracy. God's attributes are exact. God's law exact. God's decrees exact. God's management of the world exact. Never counting wrong, though He counts the grass-blades and the stars and the sands and the cycles. His providences never dealing with us perpendicularly when those providences ought to be oblique, nor lateral when they ought to be vertical. Everything in our life arranged without any possibility of mistake. Each life a six-sided prism. Born at the right time ; dying at the right time. There are no "happen-so's" in our theology.



RELIGIOUS INFLUENCE.

If I thought this was a slipshod universe I would go crazy. God is not an anarchist. Law, order, symmetry, precision, a perfect square, a perfect rectangle, a perfect rhomboid, a perfect circle. The edge of God's robe of government never frays out. There are no loose screws in the world's machinery. It did not just happen that Napoleon was attacked with indigestion at Borodino so that he became incompetent for the day. It did not just happen that John Thomas, the missionary, on a heathen island, waiting for an outfit and orders for another missionary tour, received that outfit and those orders in a box that floated ashore, while the ship and the crew that carried the box were never heard of. The barking of F. W. Robertson's dog, he tells us, led to a line of events which brought him from the army into the Christian ministry, where he served God with world-renowned usefulness. It did not merely happen so. I believe in a particular providence. I believe God's geometry may be seen in all our life more beautifully than in crystallography. Job was right. "The crystal can not equal it."

Just after my arrival in Philadelphia^a to take a pastorate I was called to a house of great sorrow. The family had been to Cape May for summering. The son of the household had been drowned in a pond not far from the beach. As I entered the afflicted home and the lad prepared for the sepulchre lay in one room, there rang through the hall the wailing of the father and the mother, a grief appalling and indescribable. The parents said they could not forgive themselves, because they had changed their plans for the summer and had not gone to the White Mountains as they had proposed, and had gone to Cape May.

“Oh,” I said to them, “do not say, ‘I wish we had gone to the mountains instead of going to Cape May;’ do you not think God has arranged all this? You cannot understand now the mercy of it, but trust Him; there are no accidents; the God who arranges all the affairs of your life arranged the death of that boy.” Do not say, as I have often heard some of you say, “Oh, if I had not gone here and if I had not gone there, this would not have occurred, and that would not have occurred!” Things are not at loose ends. Precision, accuracy. Job was right: “The crystal cannot equal it.”

Religion is superior to the crystal in transparency. We know not when or by whom glass was first discovered. Beads of it have been found in the tomb of Alexander Severus. Vases of it are brought up from the ruins of Herculaneum. There are female adornments made out of it three thousand years ago—those adornments found now attached to the mummies of Egypt. A great many commentators believe that my text means glass. What would we do without the crystal? The crystal in the window to keep out the storm, and let in the day—the crystal over the watch defending its delicate machinery, yet allowing us to see the hour—the crystal of the telescope by which the astronomer brings distant worlds so near he can inspect them. Oh, the triumphs of the crystals in the celebrated windows of Rouen and Salisbury!

But there is nothing so transparent in a crystal as in our holy religion. It is a transparent religion. You put it to your eye and you see man—his sin, his soul, his destiny. You look at God and you see something of the grandeur of His character. It is a

transparent religion. Infidels tell us it is opaque. Do you know why they tell us it is opaque? It is because they are blind. The natural man receiveth not the things of God because they are spiritually discerned. There is no trouble with the crystal; the trouble is with the eyes which try to look through it. We pray for vision, Lord, that our eyes might be opened. When the eye-salve cures our blindness then we find that religion is transparent.

It is a transparent Bible. All the mountains of the Bible come out; Sinai, the mountain of the law; Pisgah, the mountain of prospect; Olivet, the mountain of instruction; Calvary, the mountain of sacrifice. All the rivers of the Bible come out—Hidkel, or the river of paradisaical beauty; Jordan, or the river of holy chrisms; Cherith, or the river of prophetic supply; Nile, or the river of palaces; and the pure river of life from under the throne clear as crystal. While reading this Bible after our eyes have been touched by grace, we find it all transparent, and the earth rocks, now with crucifixion agony and now with judgment terror, and Christ appears in some of His two hundred and fifty-six titles, as far as I can count them—the bread, the rock, the captain, the commander, the conqueror, the star, and on and beyond any capacity of mind to rehearse them. Transparent religion!

The providence that seemed dark before becomes pellucid. Now you find God is not trying to put you down. Now you understand why you lost that child, and why you lost your property; it was to prepare you for eternal treasures. And why sickness came; it being the precursor of immortal juvenescence: And now you understand why they lied about you,

and tried to drive you hither and thither. It was to put you in the glorious company of such men as Ignatius, who, when he went out to be destroyed by the lions, said: "I am the wheat, and the teeth of the wild beasts must first grind me before I can become pure bread for Jesus Christ;" or the company of such men as Polycarp, who, when standing in the midst of the amphitheater waiting for the lions to come out of their cave and destroy him, and the people in the galleries jeering and shouting, "The lions for Polycarp," replied: "Let them come on," and then stooping down toward the cave where the wild beasts were roaring to get out, "Let them come on." Ah, yes, it is persecution to put you in glorious company; and while there are many things that you will have to postpone to the future world for explanation, I tell you that it is the whole tendency of your religion to unravel and explain and interpret and illumine and irradiate.

Religion surpasses the crystal in its beauty.

That lump of crystal is put under the magnifying glass of the crystallographer, and he sees in it indescribable beauty—snowdrift and splinters of hoar-frost and corals and wreaths and stars and crowns and castellations of conspicuous beauty. The fact is that crystal is so beautiful that I can think of but one thing in all the universe that is so beautiful, and that is the religion of the Bible. No wonder this Bible represents that religion as the daybreak, as the apple blossoms, as the glitter of a king's banquet. It is the joy of the whole earth.

People talk too much about their cross, and not enough about their crown. Do you know the Bible mentions a cross but twenty-seven times while it

mentions a crown eighty times? Ask that old man what he thinks of religion. He has been a close observer. He has been culturing an æsthetic taste. He has seen the sunrises of a half century. He has been an early riser. He has been an admirer of cameos, and corals, and all kinds of beautiful things. Ask him what he thinks of religion, and he will tell you, "It is the most beautiful thing I ever saw. The crystal can not equal it."

Beautiful in its symmetry. When it presents God's character it does not present Him as having love like a great protuberance on one side of His nature, but makes that love in harmony with His justice—a love that will accept all those who come to Him, and a justice that will by no means clear the guilty. Beautiful religion in the sentiment it implants! Beautiful religion in the hope it kindles! Beautiful religion in the fact that it proposes to garland, and enthrone, and emparadise an immortal spirit! Solomon says it is a lily. Paul says it is a crown. The Apocalypse says it is a fountain kissed of the sun. Ezekiel says it is a foliage cedar. Christ says it is a bridegroom come to fetch home a bride. While Job takes up a whole vase of precious stones—the topaz, and the sapphire, and the chrysoprase—and he takes out of this beautiful vase just one crystal and holds it up until it gleams in the warm light of the eastern sky, and he exclaims, "The crystal can not equal it."

Oh, it is not a stale religion, it is not a stupid religion, it is not a toothless hag, as some seem to have represented it; it is not a Meg Merrilies with shriveled arm come to scare the world. It is the fairest daughter of God, heiress of all His wealth. Her cheek the morning sky; her voice the music of the

south wind; her step the dance of the sea. Come and woo her. The Spirit and the Bride say come, and whosoever will, let him come. Do you agree with Solomon, and say it is a lily? Then pluck it, and wear it over your heart. Do you agree with Paul, and say it is a crown? Then let this hour be your coronation. Do you agree with the Apocalypse, and say it is a springing fountain? Then come and slake the thirst of your soul. Do you believe with Ezekiel, and say it is a foliaged cedar? Then come under its shadow. Do you believe with Christ and say it is a bridegroom come to fetch home a bride? Then strike hands with your Lord, the king, while I pronounce you everlastingly one. Or if you think with Job that it is a jewel, then put it on your hand like a ring, on your neck like a bead, on your forehead like a star, while looking into the mirror of God's Word you acknowledge "The crystal cannot equal it."

Religion is superior to the crystal in its transformations.

The diamond is only a crystalization of coal. Carbonate of lime rises till it becomes calcite or aragonite. Red oxide of copper crystalizes into cubes and octahedrons. Those crystals which adorn our persons, and our homes, and our museums, have only been resurrected from forms that were far from lustrous. Scientists for ages have been examining these wonderful transformations. But I tell you in the Gospel of the Son of God there is a more wonderful transformation. Over souls, by reason of sin black as coal and hard as iron, God by His comforting grace stoops and says: "They shall be Mine in the day when I make up My jewels."

“What,” say you, “will God wear jewelry?” If He wanted it He could make the stars of heaven His belt and have the evening cloud for the sandals of His feet; but he does not want that adornment. He will not have that jewelry. When God wants jewelry He comes down and digs it out of the depths and darkness of sin. These souls are all crystalizations of mercy. He puts them on and He wears them in the presence of the whole universe. He wears them on the hand that was nailed, over the heart that was pierced, on the temples that were stung. “They shall be mine,” saith the Lord, “in the day when I make up my jewels.” Wonderful transformation! The carbon becomes a solitaire!

Now, I have no liking for those people who are always enlarging in Christian meetings about their early dissipation. Do not go into the particulars, my brothers. Simply say you were sick, but make no display of your ulcers. The chief stock in trade of some ministers and Christian workers seems to be their early crimes and dissipations. The number of pockets you picked and the number of chickens you stole make very poor prayer-meeting rhetoric. Besides that, it discourages other Christian people who never got drunk or stole anything. But it is pleasant to know that those who were farthest down have been brought highest up. Out of infernal serfdom into eternal liberty. Out of darkness into light. From coal to the solitaire. “The crystal can not equal it.”

But, my friends, the chief transforming power of the Gospel will not be seen in this world and not until heaven breaks upon the soul. When that light falls upon the soul then you will see the crystals.

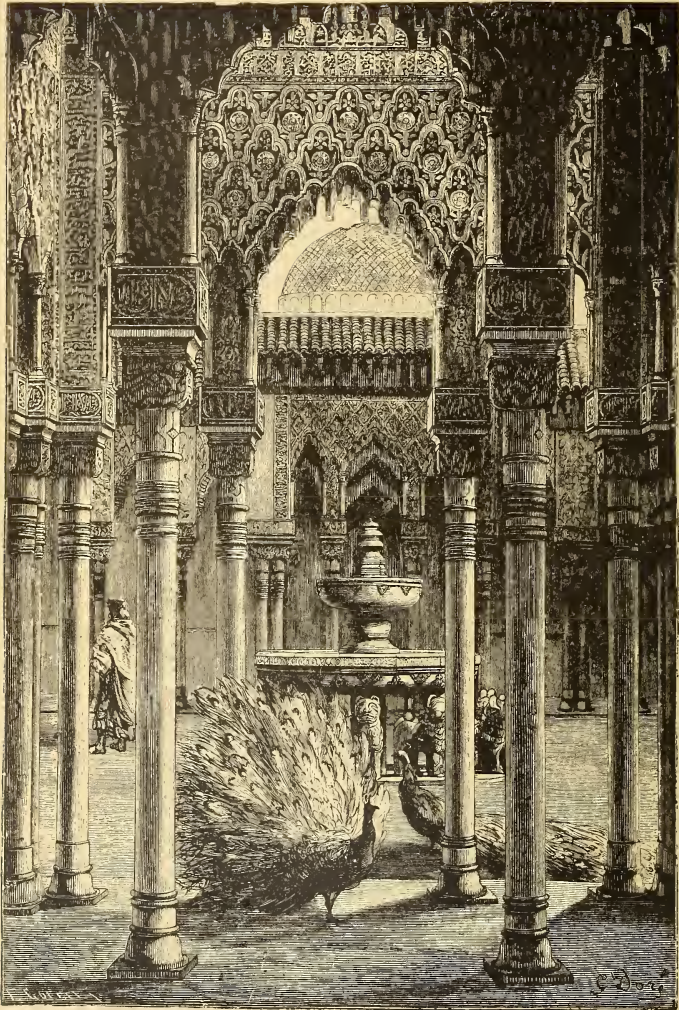
Oh, what a magnificent setting for these jewels of eternity!

“Oh,” says some one, putting his hand over his eyes, “can it be that I who have been in so much sin and trouble will ever come to those crystals?”

Yes, it may be—it will be. Heaven we must have, whatever else we have or have not, and we have come here to get it. “How much must I pay for it?” you say. You will pay for it just as much as the coal pays to become the diamond. In other words, nothing. The same Almighty power that makes the crystal in the mountain will change your heart, which is harder than stone, for the promise is, “I will take away your stony heart, and I will give you a heart of flesh.”

“Oh,” says some one, “it is just the doctrine I want; God is to do everything and I am to do nothing.” My brother, it is not the doctrine you want. The coal makes no resistance. It hears the resurrection voice in the mountain, and it comes to crystalization, but your heart resists. The trouble with you, my brother, is, the coal wants to stay coal. I do not ask you to throw open the door and let Christ in. I only ask that you stop bolting it and barring it.

O my brother, you must either kill sin or sin will kill you. It is no wild exaggeration when I say that any man or woman that wants to be saved may be saved. Tremendous choice. A thousand people are choosing this moment between salvation and destruction, between light and darkness, between heaven and hell, between charred ruin and glorious crystalization.



THE ALHAMBRA
[The Court of Lions]

CHAPTER XXXIII.

RELIGION AN ANTISEPTIC.

Grace is like salt in its beauty. In Galicia, among the mines of salt, there are two hundred and eighty miles of underground passages. Down in those salt mines there are chapels, and cathedrals, and theaters, and halls of reception, and the altars are of crystal, and the columns are of crystal, and the ceiling is of crystal. When the emperor comes and the princes, all this is lighted up with torches, and the scene is indescribable for beauty, as the emperor and the mighty men of his realm walk through, and some of them worship in the chancels, and others are entertained in the theaters, and all the floor, all the pillars, all the ceilings are of crystal. But why should I go so far to tell you of the beauty of salt when you can take a morning train and go to the salt mines in a few hours? You have it three times a day upon your table.

It is beautiful to the naked eye, but put under the microscope, you see the stars, and the splinters, and the shafts, and the bridges of fire glint of the sun. Salt has all the beauty of water foam and snowflake, with durability added. No human skill hath ever put in Alhambra or St. Peter's such marvelous beauty as God hath put in one crystal of salt. An angel would need to take all of time with an infringement upon eternity, to sketch the beauty

of that which you sometimes cast aside as of no importance.

So I have to tell you that the grace of God is beautiful and beautifying. Have you never seen a life illumined by it? Have you never seen a soul comforted by it? Have you never seen a character grandly constructed through it? I have seen it smooth the wrinkles of care from the brow. I have seen it seemingly change the aged into the young. I have seen it lift the stooped shoulder and put sparkle into the dull eye. It is beautifying in its results. It is grand and glorious in its influence. Solomon described its anatomical effect when he said: "It is marrow to the bones."

Of course, I refer now to a healthy religion, not that kind which sits for three hours on a gravestone reading Hervey's "Meditations among the Tombs"—a kind of religion which always thrives best in a bad state of the liver; but a religion such as Christ preached, the healthiest thing in all the earth, good for the body as well as good for the soul, for it calms the pulses and it soothes the nerves, and it quiets the spleen, and it is a physical reinvigoration. Many a man has felt it. I suppose when the grace of God has triumphed in all the earth disease will be banished, and that a man one hundred years of age will come into the house, and say: "I am very tired, and it is time for me to go," and without one physical pang heaven will have him.

When I was living in Philadelphia there was an aged bank president; he was somewhere in the nineties. At the close of the business of the day, he came home, lay down on the sofa, and said to his daughter: "My time has come, and I must go away

from you." "Why," she said, "father, are you sick? shall I send for a doctor?" "Oh, no," he replied, "I am not sick, but the time has come for me to go. You have it put in the morning papers about my death, so that they will not expect me in business circles." And instantly he ceased to breathe. That was beautiful—that was a glorious transition from the world. And the time will come when men will leave the world without a pang,

The grace of God is going to do just as much for the bodies of men as it does for the souls of men. But I think the power of religion is chiefly seen in the soul. It takes that which is hard and cold and repulsive and casts it out. It makes a man all over again. It takes his pride and his selfishness and his worldliness and chains them—chains them fast so that they can move around with very small sweep for they are chained.

Go all through the underground falls of Weilitzka and through the underground kingdoms of Holstadt and show me anything so beautiful, so grandly beautiful, as this eternal crystal. It throws a beauty over the heart, and a beauty over the life. Christ comes into the soul and casts on it the glow of a summer garden, as he says: "I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley." And then He comes and throws all over the life and the heart the beauty of a spring morning, as He cries out: "I am the light of the world." Oh, is there in all the earth, is there in all the heavens anything so beautiful as the grace of God?

Grace is like salt in the fact that it is a necessity of life. Beasts and men die without it. What are those paths across the Western prairie? They have

been made by the deer and buffalo coming to and going from the salt licks. All chemists, all physiologists, all physicians will tell you that salt is an absolute necessity for physical health and life. Without it we soon die. And I came to understand also that this grace of God is an absolute necessity. I hear people talk of it as though this religion were a mere adornment, a shoulder-strap decorating a soldier, a frothy, light dessert after the chief banquet has passed, something to be tried after calomels and mustard plasters have failed, but in ordinary circumstances of no especial importance—only the jingling of the bells on the horse's neck while he draws the load, but in no way helping him to draw it. Now I denounce that style of religion. Religion, while it is an adornment, is the first and the last necessity of an immortal nature. I must have it, you must have it, or we cannot live.

You know how a man would soon perish if he took no salt with his food. The energies would flag, the lungs would struggle with the air, slow fevers would crawl through the brain, the heart would flutter, and the life would be gone. And that is what is the matter with a great many people who are dying in their souls. They take none of this salt of divine grace. They have never tried it. They do not want it. Weaker and weaker will they get in the spiritual life, until after a while they will be stretched out on the bier of death. Coffin him in a groan. Hearse him in a sigh. Throw a wreath of nightshade on the casket. Kindle no lamp at the head or the foot, but rather set up the expired torches of the foolish virgins whose lamps went out. Salt an absolute necessity for the life of the body; the grace of God an absolute

necessity for the life of the soul. Oh, that it might thunder in our ears to-day, "Except ye be born again ye cannot, ye cannot see the kingdom of God."

We have got to have more faith in this Gospel, in its power to save all classes of people, not only those high up, but those low down, not only the wise, but the ignorant—all classes. It is going to regenerate society. While we sit in holy places to-day, how many thousands there are who have no Sabbath. They pass down these streets. They know not it is the Sabbath, except that it gives them more opportunity for dissipation and wicked hilarity, and more time for sin. They have got to be brought under the power of this Gospel. It is an abundant Gospel. The Christ that saved you will save them.

"Oh," says some one out there, "if I am to be saved I will be saved, and if I am to be lost I will be lost." You misrepresent the Gospel, my brother. Do not say that. There is something for you to do. Strive to enter in at the straight gate. Take the kingdom of heaven by violence.

This grace is also like salt in its preservative quality.

You know that salt absorbs the moisture of food, and so food is preserved. Salt is the great anti-putrefactive of the world. Everybody knows that. Experimenters in the preservation of food have tried sugar and smoke and air-tight jars, and everything; but as long as the world stands Christ's remark will be suggestive: "Salt is good." And this grace of God is to be the preservative of laws, of constitutions, of government. Why is it that the United States Government and the British Government have stood so long? While there has been corruption often in

high places, there have been good men always in the front. Take the grace of God away from a nation, and you work its destruction. It cannot live without it.

So a great deal of modern philosophy. What is the matter with it? The grace of God has gone out of it, and it putrefies and rots. What our schools of learning, what our institutions of science want now is not more Leyden jars, more galvanic batteries, more spectroscopes, more philosophic apparatus. Oh, no. What is most wanted is the grace of God to teach our men of learning that the God of the universe is the God of the Bible. Is it not strange that with all their magnificent sweeps of the telescopes they have never seen the morning star of Jesus? or having been so long studying about light and heat, they have never seen and felt the light and heat of the sun of righteousness that has risen on the world with healing in His wings? O my friends, the Gospel of the grace of God is the only anti-putrefactive among the nations. Take that away, you take their life away. Everything on earth is tending to decay and death. This is the preserving quality. "Salt is good."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE SPICERY OF RELIGION.

All theologians agree in making Solomon a type of Christ, and in making the Queen of Sheba a type of every truth-seeker; and I shall take the responsibility of saying that all the spikenard, and cassia, and frankincense which the Queen of Sheba brought to King Solomon is mightily suggestive of the sweet spices of our holy religion. Christianity is not a collection of sharp technicalities, and angular facts, and chronological tables, and dry statistics. Our religion is compared to frankincense and to cassia, but never to nightshade. It is a bundle of myrrh. It is a dash of holy light. It is a sparkle of cool fountains. It is an opening of opaline gates. It is a collection of spices. Would God that we were as wise in taking spices to our Divine King as Queen Balkis was wise in taking the spices to the earthly Solomon.

The fact is, that the duties and cares of this life, coming to us from time to time, are stupid often, and inane, and intolerable. Here are men who have been battering, climbing, pounding, hammering for twenty years, forty years, fifty years. One great, long drudgery has their life been. Their faces anxious, their feelings benumbed, their days monotonous. What is necessary to brighten up that man's life, and to sweeten that acid disposition, and to put sparkle into the man's spirits? The spicery of our holy re-

ligion. Why, if between the losses of life there dashed a gleam of an eternal gain; if between the betrayals of life there came the gleam of the undying friendship of Christ; if in dull times in business we found ministering spirits flying to and fro in our office, and store, and shop, everyday life, instead of being a stupid monotone, would be a glorious inspiration, penduluming between calm satisfaction and high rapture.

How any woman keeps house without the religion of Christ to help her, is a mystery to me. To have to spend the greater part of one's life, as many women do, in planning for the meals, and stitching garments that will soon be rent again, and deploring breakages, and supervising tardy subordinates, and driving off dust that soon again will settle, and doing the same thing day in and day out, and year in and year out, until the hair silvers, and the back stoops, and the spectacles crawl to the eyes, and the grave breaks open under the thin sole of the shoe—oh, it is a long monotony! But when Christ comes to the drawing-room, and comes to the kitchen, and comes to the nursery, and comes to the dwelling, then how cheery become all womanly duties. She is never alone now. Martha gets through fretting and joins Mary at the feet of Jesus. All day long Deborah is happy because she can help Lapidoth; Hannah, because she can make a coat for young Samuel; Miriam, because she can watch her infant brother; Rachel, because she can help her father water the stock; the widow of Sarepta because the cruse oil is being replenished.

O, woman, having in your pantry a nest of boxes containing all kinds of condiments, why have you not

tried in your heart and life the spicery of our holy religion? "Martha! Martha! thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

I must confess that a great deal of the religion of this day is utterly insipid. There is nothing piquant or elevating about it. Men and women go around humming psalms in a minor key, and culturing melancholy, and their worship has in it more sighs than raptures. We do not doubt their piety. Oh, no. But they are sitting at a feast where the cook has forgotten to season the food. Everything is flat in their experience and in their conversation. Emancipated from sin, and death, and hell, and on their way to a magnificent heaven, they act as though they were trudging on toward an everlasting Botany Bay. Religion does not seem to agree with them. It seems to catch in the windpipe, and become a strangulation instead of an exhilaration.

All the infidel books that have been written, from Voltaire down to Herbert Spencer, have not done so much damage to our Christianity as lugubrious Christians. Who wants a religion woven out of the shadows of the night? Why go growling on your way to celestial enthronement? Come out of that cave, and sit down in the warm light of the Son of Righteousness. Away with your odes to melancholy and Hervey's "Meditations among the Tombs."

"Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high."

I have to say also, that we need to put more spice and enlivenment in our religious teachings; whether it

be in the prayer-meeting, or in the Sabbath-school, or in the Church. We ministers need more fresh air and sunshine in our lungs, and our hearts, and our heads. Do you wonder that the world is so far from being converted when you find so little vivacity in the pulpit and in the pew? We want, like the Lord, to plant in our sermons and exhortations more lilies of the field. We want few rhetorical elaborations, and fewer sesquipedalian words; and when we talk about shadows, we do not want to say adumbration; and when we mean queerness, we do not want to talk about idiosyncrasies; or if a stitch in the back, we do not want to talk about lumbago; but, in the plain vernacular of the great masses, preach that Gospel which proposes to make all men happy, honest, victorious, and free. In other words, we want more cinnamon and less gristle. Let this be so in all the different departments of work to which the Lord calls us. Let us be plain. Let us be earnest. Let us be common-sensical. When we talk to the people in a vernacular they can understand, they will be very glad to come and receive the truth we present. Would to God that Queen Balkis would drive her spice-laden dromedaries into all our sermons and prayer-meeting exhortations.

More than that, we want more life and spice in our Christian work. The poor do not want so much to be groaned over as sung to. With the bread and medicines, and the garments you give them, let there be an accompaniment of smiles and brisk encouragement. Do not stand and talk to them about the wretchedness of their abode, and the hunger of their looks, and the hardness of their lot. Ah! they know it better than you can tell them. Show them the

bright side of the thing, if there be any bright side. Tell them good times will come. Tell them that for the children of God there is immortal rescue. Wake them up out of their stolidity by an inspiring laugh, and while you send in practical help, like the Queen of Sheba also send in the spices.

There are two ways of meeting the poor. One is to come into their house with a nose elevated in disgust, as much as to say: "I don't see how you live here in this neighborhood. It actually makes me sick. There is that bundle—take it, you poor miserable wretch, and make the most of it." Another way is to go into the abode of the poor in a manner which seems to say: "The blessed Lord sent me. He was poor himself. It is not more for the good I am going to try to do you than it is for the good you can do me." Coming in that spirit, the gift will be as aromatic as the spikenard on the feet of Christ, and all the hovels on that alley will be fragrant with the spice.

We need more spice and enlivenment in our church-music. Churches sit discussing whether they shall have choirs, or precentors, or organs, or bass-voils, or cornets; I say, take that which will bring out the most inspiring music. If we had half as much zeal and spirit in our churches as we have in the songs of our Sabbath-schools, it would not be long before the whole earth would quake with the coming God. Why, nine-tenths of the people in church do not sing; or they sing so feebly that the people at their elbows do not know they are singing. People mouth and mumble the praises of God: but there is not more than one out of a hundred who makes a joyful noise unto the Rock of our Salvation. Sometimes, when

the congregation forgets itself, and is all absorbed in the goodness of God, or the glories of heaven, I get an intimation of what church-music will be a hundred years from now, when the coming generation shall wake up to its duty.

Soft music, long-drawn-out music, is appropriate for the drawing-room, and appropriate for the concert; but St. John gives an idea of the sonorous and resonant congregational singing appropriate for churches when, in listening to the temple service of heaven, he says: "I heard a great voice, as the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings. Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

Join with me in a crusade, giving me not only your hearts, but the mighty uplifting of your voices, and I believe we can, through Christ's grace, sing five thousand souls into the kingdom of Christ. An argument, they can laugh at; a sermon, they may talk down; but a five-thousand voiced utterance of praise to God is irresistible. Would that Queen Balkis would drive all her spice-laden dromedaries into our church-music.

Religion is sweetness, and perfume, and spikenard, and saffron, and cinnamon, and cassia and frankincense, and all sweet spices together. "Oh," you say, "I have not looked at it as such. I thought it was a nuisance; it had for me a repulsion; I held my breath as though it were a *mal* odor; I have been appalled at its advance; I have said, if I have any religion at all, I want to have just as little of it as is possible to get through with it."

Oh, what a mistake you have made, my brother. The religion of Christ is a present and everlasting

redolence. It counteracts all trouble. Just put it on the stand beside the pillow of sickness. It catches in the curtains, and perfumes the stifling air. It sweetens the cup of bitter medicine, and throws a glow on the gloom of the turned lattice. It is a balm for the aching side, and a soft bandage for the temple stung with pain. It lifted Samuel Rutherford into a revelry of spiritual delight, while he was in physical agonies. It helped Richard Baxter until, in the midst of such a complication of diseases as perhaps no other man ever suffered, he wrote "The Saint's Everlasting Rest." And it poured light upon John Bunyan's dungeon—the light of the shining gate of the shining city. And it is good for rheumatism, and for neuralgia, and for low spirits, and for consumption; it is *the catholicon for all disorders*. Yes, it will heal all your sorrows.

A widowed mother, with her little child, went West, hoping to get better wages there; and she was taken sick, and died. The overseer of the poor got her body and put it in a box, and put it in a wagon, and started down the street toward the cemetery at full trot. The little child—the only child—ran after it through the streets, bare-headed, crying; "Bring me back my mother! bring me back my mother!" And it was said that as the people looked on and saw her crying after that which lay in the box in the wagon—all she loved on earth—it is said the whole village was bathed in tears.

And that is what a great many of you are doing—chasing the dead. Dear Lord, is there no appeasement for all this sorrow that I see about me? Yes, the thought of resurrection and reunion far beyond this scene of struggle and tears. "They shall hunger

no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Across the couches of your sick, and across the graves of your dead, I fling this shower of sweet spices. Queen Balkis, driving up to the pillared portico of the house of cedar, carried no such pungency of perfume as exhales to-day from the Lord's garden. It is peace. It is sweetness. It is comfort. It is infinite satisfaction, this Gospel I commend to you.

Some one could not understand why an old German Christian scholar used to be always so calm, and happy, and hopeful, when he had so many trials, and sicknesses, and ailments. A man secreted himself in the house. He said: "I mean to watch this old scholar and Christian;" and he saw the old Christian man go to his room and sit down on the chair beside the stand, and open the Bible and begin to read. He read on and on, chapter after chapter, hour after hour, until his face was all aglow with the tidings from heaven, and when the clock struck twelve, he arose and shut his Bible, and said: "Blessed Lord, we are on the same old terms yet. Good-night. Good-night." Oh, you sin-parched and you trouble-pounded, here is comfort, here is satisfaction. Will you come and get it? I can not tell you what the Lord offers you hereafter so well as I can tell you now. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

CHAPTER XXXV.

LIVE CHURCHES.

A live church is prompt in all its financial engagements. Every religious institution has monetary relations. The Bank of England ought to be no more faithful in the discharge of its obligations than ought the Church of Jesus Christ. If a church standing in any community fails to pay its debts, it becomes an injury to the place where it stands, instead of a blessing. All religious institutions ought to be an example to the world for faithfulness in the discharge of monetary obligations. There are a thousand things that prayer will not do. Prayer will not paint a church, prayer will not purchase a winter's coal, prayer will not pay an insurance, prayer will not support the institutions of religion. A prayer never goes heaven high unless it goes pocket deep. All our supplication in behalf of religious institutions amounts to nothing, unless we are willing, so far as God has prospered us, to contribute for their support.

I might at this point say that there are many churches of Jesus Christ in our land that are utterly failing in this direction. There are a great many of the ministers of religion half starved to death. "Thank you," said a minister from the far West, when some friends from the East sent him a few extra dollars; "thank you sir." Until that money

came we had no meat in our house for three months, and our children this winter have worn their summer clothes." There is no more ghastly suffering in the United States to-day than is to be found in some of the parsonages of this country. I denounce the niggardliness of many of the churches of Jesus Christ, keeping some men who are very apostles for piety and consecration, in circumstances where they are always apologetic, and have not that courage which they would have could they stand in the presence of people whom they knew were faithful in the discharge of their financial duties to the Christian Church. Alas! for those men of whom the world is not worthy. Do you know the simple fact that in the United States to-day the salary of ministers averages less than six hundred dollars, and when you consider that some of the salaries are very large, you, as business men, will immediately see to what great straits many of God's noblest servants are this day reduced. A live church will look after all its financial interests, and be as prompt in the meeting of those obligations as any bank in all the cities.

A live church will be punctual in its attendance. If in such a church the services begin at half-past ten o'clock in the morning, the people will not come at a quarter of eleven. If in such a church the services begin at half-past seven o'clock in the evening, the people will not come at a quarter of eight. In many churches there is great tardiness. The fact is, some people are always late. They were born too late, and I suppose they will die too late. It is poor inspiration to a Christian minister, when in preliminary exercises, half the people seated in their pews are looking around to see the other half come in. It is

very confusing to a minister of religion when, during the opening exercises, there is the rustling of dresses through the aisle, and the slamming of doors at the entrance.

There ought to be no opening, preliminary exercises. There is a grand delusion in the churches of Jesus Christ on this subject. There must be no preliminary exercises. The very first word of the invocation is as important as anything that may come after. Scripture lesson, the voice of God to man, while a sermon may be only the voice of man to man. And happy is that church where all the worshipers are present at the beginning of the services. I know there is a difference in timepieces, but a live church goes by railroad time, and everybody in every community knows what that is. No man goes to take the limited express train to Washington at five minutes past ten o'clock if the train started at ten. In many of the households of Christendom, every Sabbath morning the family might well sing that old hymn:

" Early, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face."

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

The Methodist Church has sung its way around the earth. A man on fire with the Gospel, as John Wesley preached it, has taken his place in the far West, and on Sabbath morning has come out in front of his log cabin and sung :

“ A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify.”

And they heard it on the other side the forest, and they gathered around the doorstep, and after a while a church grew up, and they had a great revival, and all the wilderness heard the voice of God. A church that can sing can do anything that ought to be done. In this great battle for God let us take the Bible in one hand and the hymn book in the other, on the way to triumphs without end, and to pleasures that never die. Sing!

A live church will have a flourishing Sabbath-school. It is too late in the history of the church to argue the benefit of Sabbath-schools. A Sabbath-school is not a supplement to the church; it is its right arm. “Oh,” you say, “there are stupid churches that have Sabbath-schools.” Yes, and the Sabbath-schools are stupid, too. It is a dead mother holding a dead child. But where Sabbath after Sabbath, a superintendent, and teachers, and children come, their faces aglow with enthusiasm, entering with great heart into the services, and then retiring at home feeling that they have been on a mount of transfiguration—that church will be a live church.

But while we have the children of the refined and the educated and the cultured in our churches, I deplore the fact that there are such vast multitudes who get none of the benediction. What will become of the 70,000 destitute children in New York? It is a

tremendous question. What will become of the thousands of destitute children in Brooklyn? If we do not act upon them they will act upon us. If we do not Christianize them they will heathenize us. It is a question not more for every Christian than for every patriot, and every philanthropist, and every statesman. Oh, if we could gather them all together, what a scene of hunger and wretchedness and despair and death.

If you could see those little feet on the broad road to death, which, through Christian charity, ought to be pressing the narrow path of life; if you could hear those voices in blasphemy, which ought to be singing the praises of God; if you could see those hearts, which at that age ought not to be soiled with one impure thought, already become the sewers of iniquity; if you could see those little ones sacrificed on the altar of every iniquitous passion, and baptized with fire from the lava of the pit, your soul would recoil, crying: "Avaunt, thou dream of hell."

They are coming up. They will not always be boys and girls. They are coming up into the men and women of this country. That spark of iniquity that might be put out now with one drop of the water of life, will become a conflagration, destroying every green thing that God ever planted in the soul. That which ought to be the temple of the Holy Ghost will become a scarred and blasted ruin, every light quenched, and every altar in the dust. That petty thief who yesterday slipped into your store and took a piece of cloth from the counter, will become the highwayman of the forest, or the burglar at midnight, picking the lock of your money safe and blowing up your store to hide the villainy.

A great army, they come on with staggering step and bloodshot eye, and drunken hoot to take the ballot box and hurrah at the elections. The rough-handed ruffianism of the country, if we do not look out, will after a while have more power than the tender hand of sobriety. Men bloated, and with the signature of sin burned in from the top of their foreheads to the bottom of their chins, will look honest men out of countenance. Moral corpses, that ought to be buried a hundred feet deep to keep them from poisoning the air, will rot in the face of the sun at noonday. Industry in her plain frock will be despised, and thousands of men unwilling to work will wander about with their hands on their hips, saying: "The world owes me a living," when it owes them the penitentiary. Oh, what a power there is in iniquity when unrestrained and unblanched. It goes on concentrating and deepening and widening, rolling ahead with every triumph of desolation, drowning like surges, scorching like flames, crushing like rocks.

What are you going to do with them—of this vast multitude of children marching up to take possession of this land? "Oh," you say, "it's only a child, it's only a child." Ah! that child has covered up in the ashes of its body a spark of immortality which will blaze on with untold splendor long after yonder sun has died of old age, and all the countless worlds that glitter at night shall have been swept off by the Almighty's breath as the small dust of a threshing floor. Yet you say it is only a child.

A live church will have commodious and appropriate architecture. A log church may do in a place where people live in log cabins, but in cities where people have commodious and beautiful apartments a

church that is not commodious and is not beautiful, is a moral nuisance; it is an insult to God and an insult to man.

A live church must be a soul-saving church. The Gospel of Jesus Christ must be preached in it. A church may be built around one man who shall read an essay, the church may be built around one man who shall preach something else than the Gospel, and there may be a large congregation; but after a while, the man dies, and the church dies. That church has a very poor foundation that is built on two human shoulders.

I could tell you of a church in the city of Boston that was more largely attended some thirty years ago than any other church in that city. Where is it today? Utterly gone out of existence. A man stood there who preached everything but the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He died, and the church died. We want a church built on the Rock of Ages, Jesus Christ, the Lord. That is the church that will go on decade after decade, century after century—a church standing like Rowland Hill's old church, meaning the Gospel all the way through. I was at the celebration of, I think, the ninetieth year of that church. The man who founded it had long ago gone into the skies.

"Oh," say some, "the Gospel of Jesus Christ allows such small opportunity for man's intellect." Does it? A man of that kind came to Rowland Hill, of whom I just spoke, and said: "Mr. Hill, I have quit the ministry because I am not willing to hide my talents." Mr. Hill said: "I have known you a long while, my friend, and I think the sooner you hide your talents the better." Oh, there is no such field

for a man's intellect and a man's heart as the Gospel ministry. Have you powers of analysis? Exhaust them here. Have you irresistible logic? Grapple with St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. Have you powers of pathos? Exhibit the love of Jesus Christ. Have you great imagination? Dwell upon the Psalms of David, or John's apocalyptic vision. Are you disposed to bold thinking? Follow Ezekiel's wheel full of eyes, and hear through his chapters the rush of the wings of the seraphim. Oh, come and preach this Gospel; if not in pulpits, in the store, in the factory, in the shop, in the street, in the banking-house, everywhere. Each of you called to preach this Gospel somewhere, a voice from the throne saying this day: "Woe unto you if you preach not this Gospel."



MUSIC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MUSIC IN WORSHIP.

The best music has been rendered under trouble. The first duet that I know anything of was given by Paul and Silas when they sang praises to God and the prisoners heard them. The Scotch Covenanters, hounded by the dogs of persecution, sang the psalms of David with more spirit than they have ever since been rendered. All our churches need arousal on this subject. Those who can sing must throw their souls into the exercise, and those who cannot sing must learn how, and it shall be heart to heart, voice to voice, hymn to hymn, anthem to anthem, and the music shall swell jubilant with thanksgiving and tremulous with pardon. Music seems to have been born in the soul of the natural world. The omnipotent voice with which God commanded the world into being seems to linger yet with its majesty and sweetness, and you hear it in the grain field, in the swoop of the wind amid the mountain fastnesses, in the canary's warble, and the thunder shock, in the brook's tinkle and the ocean's pæan. There are soft cadences in nature, and loud notes, some of which we cannot hear at all, and others that are so terrific that we cannot appreciate them.

The animalculæ have their music, and the spicula of hay and the globule of water are as certainly resonant with the voice of God as the highest

heavens in which the armies of the redeemed celebrate their victories. When the breath of the flower strikes the air, and the wing of the firefly cleaves it, there is sound and there is melody; and as to those utterances of nature which seem harsh and overwhelming, it is as when you stand in the midst of a great orchestra, and the sound almost rends your ear because you are too near to catch the blending of the music. So, my friends, we stand too near the desolating storm and the frightful whirlwind to catch the blending of the music; but when that music rises to where God is, and the invisible beings who float above us, then I suppose the harmony is as sweet as it is tremendous.

My chief interest is in the music of the Bible. The Bible, like a great harp with innumerable strings, swept by the fingers of inspiration, trembles with it. So far back as the fourth chapter of Genesis you find the first organist and harper—Jubal. So far back as the thirty-first chapter of Genesis you find the first choir. All up and down the Bible you find sacred music—at weddings, at inaugurations, at the treading of the wine press. Can you imagine the harmony when these white-robed Levites, before the symbols of God's presence, and by the smoking altars, and the candlesticks that sprang upward and branched out like trees of gold, and under the wings of the cherubim, chanted the one hundred and thirty-sixth Psalm of David? You know how it was done. One part of that great choir stood up and chanted, "Oh! give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good!" Then the other part of the choir, standing in some other part of the temple, would come in with the response: "For His mercy endureth forever." Then the first

part would take up the song again, and say, "Unto Him who only doeth great wonders." The other part of the choir would come in with the overwhelming response, "For His mercy endureth forever," until in the latter part of the song, the music floating backward and forward, harmony grappling with harmony, every trumpet sounding, every bosom heaving, one part of this great white-robed choir would lift the anthem, "Oh! give thanks unto the God of heaven," and the other part of the Levite choir would come in with the response: "For His mercy endureth forever."

Now, my friends, how are we to decide what is appropriate, especially for church music? There may be a great many differences of opinion. In some of the churches they prefer a trained choir; in others, the old style precentor. In some places they prefer the melodeon, the harp, the cornet, the organ; in other places they think these things are the invention of the devil. Some would have a musical instrument played so loud you cannot stand it, and others would have it played so soft you cannot hear it. Some think a musical instrument ought to be played only in the interstices of worship, and then with indescribable softness; while others are not satisfied unless there be startling contrasts and staccato passages that make the audience jump, with great eyes and hair on end, as from a vision of the Witch of Endor. But, while there may be great varieties of opinion in regard to music, it seems to me that the general spirit of the Word of God indicates what ought to be the great characteristic of church music.

And I remark, in the first place, a prominent characteristic ought to be adaptiveness to devotion.

Music that may be appropriate for a concert-hall, or the opera-house, or the drawing-room, may be shocking in church. Glee, madrigals, ballads, may be as innocent as psalms in their places. But church music has only one design, and that is devotion, and that which comes with the toss, the song, and the display of an opera-house is a hindrance to the worship. From such performances we go away saying, "What splendid execution! Did you ever hear such a soprano? Which of those solos did you like the better?" When, if we had been rightly wrought upon, we would have gone away saying, "Oh, how my soul was lifted up in the presence of God while they were singing that first hymn! I never had such rapturous views of Jesus Christ as my Saviour, as when they were singing that last doxology."

My friends, there is an everlasting distinction between music as an art and music as a help to devotion. Though a Schumann composed it, though a Mozart played it, though a Sontag sang it, away with it if it does not make the heart better and honor Christ. Why should we rob the programmes of worldly gayety, when we have so many appropriate songs and tunes composed in our own day, as well as that magnificent inheritance of Church psalmody which has come down fragrant with the devotions of other generations—tunes no more worn out than they were when our great-grandfathers climbed up on them from the church pew to glory?

And in those days there were certain tunes married to certain hymns, and they have lived in peace a great while, these two old people, and we have no right to divorce them. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Born, as we have

been, amid this great wealth of Church music, augmented by the compositions of artists in our own day, we ought not to be tempted out of the sphere of Christian harmony, and try to seek unconsecrated sounds. It is absurd for a millionaire to steal.

I remark also, that correctness ought to be a characteristic of Church music. While we all ought to take part in this service, with perhaps a few exceptions, we ought, at the same time, to culture ourselves in this sacred art. God loves harmony, and we ought to love it. There is no devotion in a howl.

Another characteristic must be spirit and life. Music ought to rush from the audience like the water from a rock—clear, bright, sparkling. If all the other part of the Church service is dull, do not have the music dull.

With so many thrilling things to sing about, away with all drawling and stupidity. There is nothing that makes me so nervous as to sit in a pulpit and look off on an audience with their eyes three-fourths closed, and their lips almost shut, mumbling the praises of God. People do not sleep at a coronation; do not let us sleep when we come to a Saviour's coronation.

Again, Church music must be congregational. This opportunity must be brought down within the range of the whole audience. A song that the worshipers can not sing is of no more use to them than a sermon in Choctaw.

Let us wake up to this duty. Let us sing alone, sing in our families, sing in our schools, sing in our churches.

“Gloria in Excelsis” is written over many organs. Would that by our appreciation of the goodness of

God, and the mercy of Christ, and the grandeur of heaven, we could have "Gloria in Excelsis" written over all our souls. "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ABOLITION OF SUNDAY.

While the evangelical denominations put especial emphasis upon the sanctity of the Sabbath, I am glad to know that the wisdom of resting one day in the seven is almost universally acknowledged. Men have found out that they can do more work in six days than they can in seven. The world has found out that the fifty-two days of rest are not a subtraction, but an addition. It has been demonstrated in all departments. Lord Castlereagh thought he could work his brain three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and he broke down and committed suicide; and Wilberforce said in regard to him: "Poor Castlereagh! this comes from non-observance of the Sabbath." A prominent merchant of New York said: "I should long ago have been a maniac but for the observance of the Sabbath." The nerves, the brain, the muscles, the bones, the entire physical, mental, and moral constitution cry out for Sabbatic rest.

What is true of man is true of beast. Travelers have found that they come sooner to their destination if they stop one day in the seven. What is the matter of some of these horses attached to the street cars as the poor creatures go stumbling and staggering on? They are robbed of the Sabbatic rest. In the days of old, when the sheep and the cattle were driven from the far West to the sea-coast, it was found out

by positive test that those drovers got sooner to the seaboard who stopped one day in seven on the way. They came sooner to the seaboard than those who drove right on. The fishermen off the banks of Newfoundland have experimented in this matter, and they find that they catch more fish in the year when they observe the Sabbath than in the year when they do not observe the Sabbath.

When I asked a Rocky Mountain locomotive engineer, as I was riding with him, "Why do you switch off your locomotive on a side track and take another?"—as I saw he was about to do—"it seems to be a straight route." He replied: "Oh, we have to let the locomotive stop and cool off, or the machinery would very soon break down!" The manufacturers of salt were told if they allowed their kettles to cool one day in seven they would have immense repairs to make; but the experiment was made; and the contrast came, and it was found that those manufacturers of salt who allowed the kettles to cool once a week had less repairs to make than those who kept the furnaces in full blast, and the kettles always hot. What does all this mean? It means that the intellectual man, and dumb beast, and dead machinery, cry out for the Lord's day.

A manufacturer declared that the goods his men manufactured in the early part of the week, and right after the Sabbath rest, were always better than the goods manufactured in the latter part of the week, and when his men were tired. The Sabbath comes, and it soothes the nerves, and it puts out the fires of anxiety which have burned all the week. The fact is, we are seven-day clocks, and we have to be wound up once a week or we will run down into the grave.

The Sabbath is a savings bank into which we gather up our resources of physical and mental strength to draw on all the week. That man gives a mortgage to disease and death who works on the Sabbath, and at the most unexpected moment the mortgage will be foreclosed and the soul ejected from the premises. Every gland, every cell, every globule, every fingernail, cry out: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy!"

A London banker says: "I came to London thirty years ago, and I have had a great deal of observation, and I have noticed that the bankers who went to their places of business on the Sabbath, and attended to affairs, and settled up their accounts, failed, and without one exception." A Boston merchant says: "I have observed a long while, and I have noticed when out on the Long Wharf, merchants kept their men busy loading vessels on Sunday, and at work from morn until night on the sacred day—I noticed all those merchants came to nothing, and their children came to nothing." "Gentlemen," said a merchant, although he is a man of the world—"gentlemen, it don't pay to work on Sunday."

While the flail, and the axe, and the yardstick have not been able to destroy the Sabbath, and the vast majority of people, from sanitary reasons, have about concluded it is best to rest on the Sabbath, there is an attempt to destroy the Lord's day, on one side by the grog-shops, and on the other side by secular amusements. I say it is time for all good citizens, whether they are temperance men or not—it is time for all honest citizens, and all men who have a pride in their homes, to rise up and put down this infamous business, at any rate one day of the week. Certainly,

if they have full swing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, they ought to give us at least one day of rest from this awful evil which is abroad amid the nations.

Then, there is an effort being made by secular amusements to destroy our Sabbaths. In many of the cities, all the, or nearly all the, places of theatric and operatic entertainment are open. There are thousands of pens busy trying to write down the Christian Sabbath, and it is a question whether we are going to have pluck and grit and consecration enough to hand down to our children the Sabbath we got from our ancestors.

I am opposed to all these invasions of the Sabbath, because they run against the divine enactment. God says: "If thou turn away thy foot from doing thy pleasure on my holy day, thou shalt walk upon the high places." What does He mean by "doing thy pleasure"? He means secular amusement. A man was telling me how he was affrighted when, during the time of an earthquake, he heard the bellowing of the cattle in the field, and even the barnyard fowl screamed in horror. I tell you that it was in time of earthquake, and when the mountains were full of fire, that God sent forth the enactment: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," the agonies of nature emphasizing the divine injunction.

"Oh," says some, "haven't you any regard for the people's rights?" Yes. I believe in the people having their rights, but has not the Lord any rights? You govern your family, and the Governor rules the State, and the President rules the United States. Do you really think the Lord Almighty, who made the heavens and the earth, has a right to rule the

universe? Had He a right to make the enactment, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy"? There is no higher court than that. I declare it now, in the presence of all the people, whether it be a popular or an unpopular thing to say, the people have no rights except those which the Lord God Almighty gives them.

I am opposed to all these infractions of the Sabbath, because they are attempting to introduce in this country the Parisian Sunday.

I was awakened in Paris by a great racket in the street, and I rushed to the window to see what was the matter. I said to some one: "What is the matter?" I said to another, "What is the matter?" "Oh," they replied, "it is Sunday!" Sunday! All the vehicles rushing hither and thither. People talking at the height of their voices, and in the most boisterous manner. The Champs Elysees one great mass, one great mob of pleasure-seekers. Balloons flying; parrots chattering; footballs rolling; Punch and Judy shows in scores of places, each with a shouting audience; hand-organs and cymbals, and all styles of racket, musical and unmusical. Sunday! Sunday! And then as the day passed on toward night I stood and saw the excursionists come home, fagged-out men, women, and children, a great Gulf Stream of fatigue, and irritability, and wretchedness. A drunken Fourth of July instead of a Christian Sunday. How would you like to have such a Sunday as that in this country?

Compare it with the Christian Sabbath in one of our best cities. At day-dawn a holy silence comes down. The business man tarries longer on the pillow, because there are no store doors to open, no

hard work to be engaged in. The family tarry longer around the table. There is no rushing off to business. After awhile there is a song sung. After awhile there is a prayer offered, and after awhile about ten o'clock, there is a long procession churchward, and there they praise God for His goodness, and they contribute to the poor, the suffering, and the wandering. Which Sunday do you like the best?

I will tell you in which boat the Sabbath came to this country, and in which boat it will go out. The Sabbath came to this country in the Mayflower, and if it ever leaves, if the Sabbath ever leaves this country, it will go in the ark that floats above a deluge of a destroyed nation. If you have ever been in Brussels or in Paris on the Sabbath day, it requires no great persuasion for me on my part to get you to pray morning, noon and night, that such a Sabbath may never come to this country.

Then all these movements are a war upon our political institutions. When the Sabbath goes down the Republic goes down. Dissoluteness is inconsistent with self-government. Sabbath-breaking is dissoluteness. What is the matter with republicanism in Italy and in Spain? No Sabbath. What is the matter with republicanism in France? France got a republic, but one day the modern Napoleon rode through the Champs Elysees, and the republic went down under the clattering hoofs. France has a republic again, but how often it quakes from end to end, and one of the Commune has only just to plaster an insurgent advertisement against a stone wall, and all France is aquake and in fear of revolution that is to come. France will never have any quiet,

happy and permanent republic until she quits her roosting Sabbaths and recognizes God and sacred things. Abolish the Sabbath, and then you have the Commune in America. Abolish the Sabbath, and then you have revolution, and then you have the sun of prosperity going down in darkness and in blood. May the Lord God of Lexington and Bunker Hill and Gettysburg avert the catastrophe! O men and women who believe in Christian things, O men and women in favor of popular liberty, stand in solid phalanx in this Thermopylæ of our national history, for as certain as I stand here and you sit there, the triumph or overthrow of republican institutions in this country will be decided in this Sabbatic contest.

Rally your voices, your pens, your printing-presses and all your influence in the Lord's artillery corps in behalf of the Christian Sabbath. Decree before high heaven that the Sabbath which you received from your ancestors shall go down undamaged to your children. For those who die battling in this contest we will chisel the epitaph: "These are they who came out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." But for that man who proves recreant to the cause of God and his country in a crisis like this, there shall be no honorable epitaph, and he shall not be worthy of any burial-place in all this land, but perhaps some steam tug at midnight may take him out and drop him in the sea where the lawless winds which observe no Sunday may gallop over the grave of him who in life and death proved himself a traitor to the cause of God and American institutions. Long live the Christian Sabbath! Perish forever all attempt to overthrow it!

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE BLOOD.

“The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.”—
1 JOHN 1: 7.

I know that circumstances sometimes aggravate one's transgressions. If a child unwittingly does wrong you easily forgive him; but we have done wrong, and we knew we were doing wrong. Every time man sins conscience rings the funeral bell. We may pretend not to hear it, we may put our fingers in our ears and try to go away from that sound; but having transgressed, although we may have our fingers in our ears, we will hear the word coming, “The wages of sin is death. The soul that sinneth, it shall die. The way of the transgressor is hard.” When you and I do wrong, when we have said that which we ought not to have said, when we have done that which we ought not to have done, we knew it, we knew it.

I can come to the man who declares he is the worst man on earth, and I can preach the Gospel with just as much confidence to him as to this man who has all his life preserved his integrity. Oh, the broadness of this Gospel that says, “Whosoever; *whosoever!*” However far you have wandered away from God you can come back, though you have gone through all the sins of the decalogue. “Whosoever, whosoever will, let him come.”

“ Oh,” says some man, “ all that is very true for immoral people, but I have been a moral man all my life, and I don’t need the gracious pardon.” Have your thoughts always been right? Would you like to have the thoughts of the last fifteen years written out and presented before the eye of the world? No. And if you would not want the thoughts of the last fifteen years all written out before the eye of the world, certainly you could not stand the divine scrutiny. Now, there is my right hand, and there is my left hand. You see the one just as plainly as the other. Well now, the sin of the heart and the sin of the life are as plain before God, the one as the other, and a thought to Him is just as plain as an action. Ah! you need the pardon of the Gospel.

You say you have never committed this, and you have never committed that, and you would not have done as this man did, and you would not as this man have gone astray in this direction, and as that man in another direction. Why, my brother, whether you know it or not, you have gone astray in many directions. You say you have never committed murder. How do you know? Have you ever hated anybody? Yes. Then you are a murderer. The Bible says so. Christ says so. “ He that hateth his brother is a murderer.” Do you hate anybody now? Is there anybody in all the earth you hate now? You are a murderer. “ He that hateth his brother is a murderer.” So, my brother, you are not as pure as you thought you were, you are not as good as you thought you were, if you say you have no sin to be forgiven.

You say you have never committed theft. I do not suppose you have ever wronged your fellow-man,

but have you taken an hour of a day from God and devoted it to wrong purposes? If you have, then you have been guilty of robbing God. It is a mean thing to steal from a man. It is a worse thing to steal from God. The Bible cries out, Will a man rob God? Yes; we have all robbed Him. Now, let us come to confessional, and let us acknowledge that we need the mercy and the pardon of God. We all need it; there is not an exception. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God. There is none that doeth good, no, not one."

Just let me blow the trumpet of resurrection, and let the sins of the best man in this house—all the sins of his past life—come up. Let the larger sin of the hundred be captain of the company, and let the greater sin of the thousand be colonel of the regiment, and let the mightiest sin of his life command the forces, vast as those of Xerxes, vaster, vaster. All the sins of that man's life coming down upon him. One man against a million transgressions, what chance has he? Where in the round of God's mercy is there any help for us? Rise, you seas, and overwhelm the host. Strike, you lightning, and consume the foe. The wave rolls back from the beach, and says, "No help in me." The lightning sheathes itself in the black scabbard of the midnight cloud, and says, "No help in me." Yonder I see the rider on the white horse. Make way for the courier. He swings his sword. It is the captain of salvation come for our rescue. Fall back, my sins. Fall back, my sorrows. All the transgressions of my heart and life are utterly scattered, and I cry, "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" Oh, what a Christ he is.

Do you wonder that men and women have died for

Him? Do you wonder that Margaret, the Scotch girl, would not give up her Lord when fastened down to the beach of the sea, and the persecutors thought, as the waves rolled on, she would give up her Christ? But fastened down at the beach when the tide was out, she continued in prayer until the tide came up, came to the ankles, came to the girdle, came to the shoulder, came to the lip, and with her last utterance she said, "My Lord, my God! He has been so good to me; I cannot surrender Him now, though the waves may go over me—my Lord, my Christ, my pardon, my peace," and the waves rolled over her.

Do you wonder that men and women and children have died for such a Lord as this? Oh, do you not want His consolation as well as pardon? How many of you have had misfortunes and trials, and you want this Christ. Oh, when those into whose bosom we have breathed our sorrows are snatched away, Christ's heart still beats; and when all other lights go out we see coming out from behind the cloud something that we cannot at first tell what it is, but it gets brighter and brighter, and we find it is the star, the star of hope, the star of consolation, the star of Jesus!

Oh, there are different kinds of hands. There is the hand of care that opens hard on you, and there is the hand of bereavement that snatched your loved ones away from you, and there is the hand of temptation that strikes you back into darkness; but there is a hand so different from all these, and it is so kind, and it is so gentle. It is the hand that wipeth away all tears from all eyes—it is the hand of Jesus. Do you not want Him? Would you not like to have that pardon to-day? Would you not like to have His comfort?

As at the sea beach we join hands and go down and bathe, and let the waters roll over us, and we feel great exhilaration, I wish we could by scores and hundreds and thousands to-day just join hands, and wade down in this great Atlantic of God's forgiveness—not standing on the margin paddling the ripples with our feet, but wading clear down in the sea and letting the crimson billows roll over us. Oh, you must have this Christ! If you reject Him, all those gaping wounds will plead against you, and they will haunt you through eternity with the thought of what you might have been. Oh, take your feet out of your Brother's blood! Do not go down condemned for fratricide and regicide and deicide. Do not do it! Better for thee that Calvary had never borne its burden, and better for thee that those loving lips had never uttered an invitation, if, rejecting all, you go down into desolation and darkness, your hands and feet bedabbled with the blood of the Son of God. O dying but immortal men, O judgment-bound hearers, repent, believe, and live! How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?

There will be a password at the gate of heaven! I see a great multitude coming up, and they say, "Make way, open the gate, let us in, we were honored on earth; we had a great position in the world, and we want a great position in heaven." But the gate-keeper says, "I never knew you." Here come another throng. They say, "We did a great many magnanimous things, we endowed colleges, we established schools, and we were celebrated for our philanthropies. Open the gate now. Let us come in and get our reward." A voice from within says, "I never knew you." But here come up a great throng,

thousands and tens of thousands, and they knock at the gate. They say: "We were wanderers from God, and we deserved to die, but we heard the voice of Jesus." "Aye," says the gate-keeper, "that is the pass-word—Jesus, Jesus, Jesus! Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let them come in."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

CAN THE UNPARDONABLE SIN BE COMMITTED IN OUR TIME?

In my opinion, the sin against the Holy Ghost was ascribing the works of the Spirit to Satanic agency. Indeed, the Bible distinctly so declares. Here is a man who is restored to sight after having been blind, and in Christ's time a man says to him, "That's the work of Beelzebub;" or a man dead is brought to life by the Lord Jesus, and some one says, "That man was brought to life by Satanic power, and not by Divine power." As soon as a man thought that or said that, he dropped under the curse.

I do not believe it is possible to commit that sin in our time. I think it only could be committed in apostolic times. The day of miracles has ceased, and Christ is not present in body, and I have the opinion that that sin cannot be committed in our own day. However, it is a very dangerous thing to say anything against the Holy Ghost, and the human race has been most mercifully kept from that. You have heard men swear by the name of Almighty God, and swear by the name of Jesus Christ, but you have never heard any one swear by the Holy Ghost; so I can feel there is salvation for all.

But there are persons who are afraid that they have committed the sin against the Holy Ghost, and that they can never be pardoned. That very anxiety

was produced by the Holy Ghost, and shows you are not forsaken. And this anxiety which you feel in regard to this subject, and this earnest question that you are asking, are proof positive that your soul is being moved by the Holy Ghost, and you are not becalmed forever. There is an opportunity of getting into the harbor.

A man may commit an irrevocable sin.

That is, he may do a wrong that can never be corrected, he may do something for which afterward he shall seek a place of repentance and not find it, though he seek it with tears. Esau had a birthright. It meant temporal and spiritual blessing. In a fit of hunger one day he traded it off for something to eat. As though you should take bonds and mortgages and government securities, and in some fit of recklessness or hunger you should go into a restaurant and put down these valuables and legally transfer them in order that you might get some style of food. Esau for a mess of pottage sold his birthright. He was very sorry about it afterward, but he could not get it back. He sought a place of repentance, and sought it carefully and with tears, but could not find it.

Now, while I do not think it is possible for you to commit the unpardonable sin, it is possible for you and for me to make irrevocable mistakes, and in this class of irrevocable mistakes, in the first place, I put the follies of a misspent youth.

At forty, or fifty, or sixty years of age we may wake up and say, "Oh, the neglects of my early studies when I was at school or college; how I neglected geology, and mathematics, and chemistry; I wish I had not neglected them; how very helpful they would have been to me in the duties of life; I

am sorry." Are you sorry? You will never get back those advantages, it does not make any difference how sorry you are. God will forgive you, but you will never forgive yourself. You may say, "Oh, if I had only disciplined my mind when I had the opportunity!" I do not wonder at your regret. You can seek a place of repentance; you will seek it in vain, you cannot find it. A man at fifty years of age says, "Oh, I wish I had not on me these habits of indolence! When will I ever get rid of them?" Never. Every stroke of work you do will be against the protest of your entire physical nature. You get that habit on you when you are twenty or twenty-five years of age, and you will never get over it.

A man always—every man has an idea in his mind that somewhere in the future there will be a time when he can correct his mistakes. If we only repent in time God will forgive us, and then it will be just as though we had never sinned. My subject runs in collision with that theory. There are those who go in the days of their youth and commit transgressions. They call it "sowing wild oats."

They say, "Oh, we'll get over these things after a while, and then we'll devote ourselves to high and noble enterprises." "They that sow to the winds will reap the whirlwind." A man at forty or fifty years of age says, "Oh, if it wasn't for the sins of my youth, what a strong constitution I would have had, and how useful I might have been to the world and the church." You are sorry. Are you? Yes, but that does not bring back the energy that you lost.

God forgives, but the laws of nature never forgive. Why do I say this? To give annoyance to those who have only baneful retrospection? No, for the

benefit of these young people. I want them to understand that people never get over the sins of their youth, though God may forgive those sins. I want them to understand that eternity is wrapped up in this hour. I want them to understand that a minute is not made up of sixty seconds, but of everlasting ages. Oh, what a dignity this gives to the lives of these young people! In the light of this subject life is not something to be smirked about, not something to be danced at, but something to be weighed in everlasting balances, the balances of eternity. Young man, the sin you committed yesterday, the sin you commit to-day, the sin you shall commit to-morrow, will be an everlasting sin in some respects. God may forgive you, the laws of nature never will. The scars of that sin will be everlasting.

We start our children. When they are ten years of age we wake up and try to correct this or that habit. It is too late, I believe that if parents do not make an impression upon a child for Christ and for heaven before ten years are past, they never will make any impression. Talk about people beginning life at twenty-one; life is decided between ten and twenty in nine cases out of ten. The following fifty years is not of so much importance in the formation of character as the first twenty. A man wakes up at fifty years of age. He says, "I must become a Christian; here and now I yield my heart to God." He goes home a Christian. He has spent all his life in worldliness and sin. He says, "Now let us call the family together, and have prayers." He opens his Bible. He says, "Call the family together." Where are the family? One in New Orleans, one in Cincinnati, one in Boston, two in eternity. Ah, he

cannot call his family together! I say it for the benefit of young parents, parents of twenty-five, or thirty, or thirty-five, now is the time for family prayers, now is the time to call your family together.

Oh, the time to train our children for God and for heaven is at the start; it is at the start. When a man comes at fifty years of age and chooses God, I congratulate him, but oh, I think what a pity you did not come twenty-five years ago.

A father was trying to illustrate to his son his evil habits, and every time the son committed a sin the father drove a nail into a post until there were many nails in the post. The young man, after a while, began to repent his sins, and give up his evil habits, and every time he repented, the father took a nail out of the post, until after a while the nails were all gone out of the post. "But," said the son, "Father, the scars are all there yet." God forgives, but the scars stay. Do not be under the infatuation, young men, that because God forgives you, and because society after a while may forgive you, the laws of nature are ever going to forgive you. The follies of youth are irrevocable mistakes.

In Belgium, sixty years ago, some miners got into a quarrel, and one set of miners, in order to revenge another set of miners, set fire to the mine where they were working. That fire has burned on for half a century; it is blazing to-day. They can not put it out. It never will be put out until it is wrapped in the greater conflagration of the last day. It is easy to start a fire that never will be quenched. Oh, young men, be not under the infatuation that the sins of your youth can ever be eradicated. God will forgive you, and you may enter heaven, but the scars will be there yet.

In this list I also put all lost opportunities of getting good. I never come to a Saturday night but I can see that during the week there were opportunities where I might have bettered my spiritual condition. I never come to a birthday but I think there were times during the past year that might have been made better, and I neglected the opportunity. How is it with you? Have you lost any opportunities?

If a farmer takes a certain number of bushels of wheat, and he throws this wheat on a certain number of acres of ground properly prepared, he expects a proportionate number of sheaves. Have the sheaves of your moral and spiritual harvest corresponded with the truth and the advantages planted? I cannot tell you, my brother, my sister. You know. You know. What does that mean? Why, it means, if we are going to get any good out of this Sabbath we are going to get it before the hand of the clock turns around to twelve to-night. It means that opportunities gone are gone forever. It means that while at our feasts the chalice may be passed to me and I may decline it, yet that very chalice may come back to me after a while; in this matter of the Gospel feast a chalice comes and I reject it—it never comes back—never. That one opportunity gone forever.

In this class I put all lost opportunities of usefulness.

There is a chance of benefiting that man once—never again. You have a business partner who is a proud, arrogant man. If ordinarily you should say to him, "Attend to the things of the soul, become a Christian," he would say to you, "Mind your own business, and I'll mind mine." But there has been an

affliction in his household, and his heart is tender. He is looking for sympathy and solace. Now is your time, oh, man! Speak, or forever hold your peace. You are in a religious meeting. A great impression is being produced. Something says to you, "Now is the time for you to speak a word for God." Your cheek flushes; you half arise from your seat; you sink back, cowering before men whose breath is in their nostrils. Your neglect will tell on eternal ages.

A lost opportunity of getting good, or of doing good, never comes back. You may fish for it; it will never take the hook. You may dig for it; it will never be found.

CHAPTER XL.

INTOLERANCE.

“Then said they unto him, Say now Shibboleth; and he said Sibboleth; for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him, and slew him at the passages of Jordan.”—
JUDGES 12: 6.

Do you notice the difference of pronunciation between shibboleth and sibboleth? A very small and unimportant difference, you say. And yet, that difference was the difference between life and death for a great many people. The Lord's people, Gilead and Ephraim, got into a great fight, and Ephraim was worsted, and on the retreat came to the fords of the river Jordan to cross. Order was given that all Ephraimites coming there be slain. But how could it be found out who were Ephraimites? They were detected by their pronunciation. Shibboleth was a word that stood for river. The Ephraimites had a brogue of their own, and when they tried to say shibboleth always left out the sound of the “h.” When it was asked that they say shibboleth they said sibboleth, and were slain. “Then said they unto him, say now shibboleth; and he said sibboleth, for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him and slew him at the passages of Jordan.” A very small difference, you say, between Gilead and Ephraim, and yet how much intolerance about that small difference! The Lord's tribes in our

time—by which I mean the different denominations of Christians—sometimes magnify a very small difference, and the only difference between scores of denominations to-day is the difference between shibboleth and sibboleth. The church of God is divided into a great number of denominations. Time would fail me to tell of the Calvinists, and the Arminians, and the Sabbatarians, and the Baxterians, and the Dunkers, and the Shakers, and the Quakers, and the Methodists, and the Baptists, and the Episcopalians, and the Lutherans, and the Congregationalists, and the Presbyterians, and the Spiritualists, and a score of other denominations of religionists, some of them founded by very good men, some of them founded by very egotistic men, some of them founded by very bad men. But as I demand for myself liberty of conscience, I must give that same liberty to every other man, remembering that he no more differs from me than I differ from him. I advocate the largest liberty in all religious belief and form of worship. In art, in politics, in morals, and in religion, let there be no gag law, no moving of the previous question, no persecution, no intolerance.

You know that the air and the water keep pure by constant circulation, and I think there is a tendency in religious discussion to purification and moral health. Between the fourth and the sixteenth centuries the Church proposed to make people think aright by prohibiting discussion, and by strong censorship of the press, and rack, and gibbet, and hot lead down the throat, tried to make people orthodox; but it was discovered that you cannot change a man's belief by twisting off his head, or that you can make a man see things differently by putting an awl

through his eyes. There is something in a man's conscience which will hurl off the mountain that you threw upon it, and, unsinged of the fire, out of the flame will make red wings on which the martyr will mount to glory.

The truth will conquer just as certainly as that God is stronger than the devil. Let Error run, if you only let Truth run along with it. Urged on by skeptic's shout and transcendentalist's spur, let it run. God's angels of wrath are in hot pursuit, and quicker than eagle's beak clutches out a hawk's heart, God's vengeance will tear it to pieces,

Bigotry is often the child of ignorance. You seldom find a man with large intellect who is a bigot. It is the man who thinks he knows a great deal, but does not. That man is almost always a bigot. The whole tendency of education and civilization is to bring a man out of that kind of state of mind and heart. There was in the far East a great obelisk, and one side of the obelisk was white, another side of the obelisk was green, another side of the obelisk was blue, and travelers went and looked at that obelisk, but they did not walk around it. One man looked at one side, another at another side, and they came home each one looking at only one side; and they happened to meet, the story says; and they got into a rank quarrel about the color of that obelisk. One man said it was white, another man said it was green, another man said it was blue, and when they were in the very heat of the controversy a more intelligent traveler came, and said: "Gentlemen, I have seen that obelisk, and you are all right, and you are all wrong. Why didn't you walk all round the obelisk?" Look out for the man who sees only one side of a

religious truth. Look out for the man who never walks around about these great theories of God and eternity and the dead. He will be a bigot inevitably—the man who only sees one side. There is no man more to be pitied than he who has in his head just one idea—no more, no less. More light, less sectarianism. There is nothing that will so soon kill bigotry as sunshine—God's sunshine.

So I have set before you what I consider to be the causes of bigotry. I have set before you the origin of this great evil. What are some of the baleful effects? First of all, it cripples investigation. You are wrong, and I am right, and that ends it. No taste for exploration, no spirit of investigation. From the glorious realm of God's truth, over which an archangel might fly from eternity to eternity and not reach the limit, the man shuts himself out and dies, a blind mole under a corn-shock. It stops all investigation.

While each denomination of Christians is to present all the truths of the Bible, it seems to me that God has given to each denomination an especial mission to give particular emphasis to some one doctrine; and so the Calvinistic churches must present the sovereignty of God, and the Arminian churches must present man's free agency, and the Episcopal churches must present the importance of order and solemn ceremony, and the Baptist churches must present the necessity of ordinances, and the Congregational Church must present the responsibility of the individual member, and the Methodist Church must show what holy enthusiasm hearty congregational singing can accomplish. While each denomination of Christians must set forth all the doctrines of the Bible, I feel

it is especially incumbent upon each denomination to put particular emphasis on some one doctrine.

Another great damage done by the sectarianism and bigotry of the church is that it disgusts people with the Christian religion. Now, my friends, the Church of God was never intended for a war barrack. People are afraid of a riot. You go down the street and you see an excitement, missiles flying through the air, and you hear the shocks of fire-arms. Do you, the peaceful and industrious citizen, go through that street? Oh, no! you will say, "I'll go around the block." Now, men come and look upon this narrow path to heaven, and sometimes see the ecclesiastical brickbats flying every whither, and they say, "Well, I guess I'll take the broad road; if it is so rough, and there is so much sharp shooting on the narrow road, I guess I'll try the broad road."

Francis I. so hated the Lutherans that he said if he thought there was one drop of Lutheran blood in his veins he would puncture them and let that drop out. Just as long as there is so much hostility between denomination and denomination, or between one professed Christian and another, or between one church and another; just so long men will be disgusted with the Christian religion, and say, "If that is religion, I want none of it."

Bigotry and sectarianism do great damage in the fact that they hinder the triumph of the Gospel. Oh, how much wasted ammunition, how many men of splendid intellect have given their whole life to controversial disputes, when, if they had given their life to something practical, they might have been vastly useful! Suppose there were a common enemy coming up the bay through the

Narrows, and all the forts around New York began to fire into each other—you would cry out, “National suicide! why don’t those forts blaze away in one direction, and that against the common enemy?” And yet I sometimes see in the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ a strange thing going on; Church against Church, minister against minister, denomination against denomination, firing away into their own fort, or the fort which ought to be on the same side, instead of concentrating their energy, and giving one mighty and everlasting volley against the navies of darkness, riding up through the bay!

I go out sometimes in the summer, and I find two beehives, and these two hives are in a quarrel. I come near enough, not to be stung, but I come just near enough to hear the controversy, and one beehive says, “That field of clover is the sweetest,” and another beehive says, “That field of clover is the sweetest.” I come in between them, and I say, “Stop this quarrel; if you like that field of clover best, go there; if you like that field of clover best, go there; but let me tell you that that hive which gets the most honey is the best hive.” So I come out between the Churches of the Lord Jesus Christ. One denomination of Christians says, “That field of Christian doctrine is best,” and another says, “This field of Christian doctrine is best.” Well, I say, “Go where you get the most honey.” That is the best church which gets the most honey of Christian grace for the heart, and the most honey of Christian usefulness for the life.

Beside that, if you want to build up any denomination, you will never build it up by trying to pull some other down. Intolerance never put anything

down. How much has Intolerance accomplished, for instance, against the Methodist Church? For long years her ministry were forbidden the pulpits of Great Britain. Why was it that so many of them preached in the fields? Simply because they could not get in the churches. And the name of the Church was given in derision and as a sarcasm. The critics of the Church said, "They have no order, they have no method in their worship;" and the critics, therefore, in irony called them "Methodists."

I am told that in Astor Library, New York, kept as curiosities, there are seven hundred and seven books and pamphlets against Methodism. Did Intolerance stop that church? No; it is either first or second amid the denominations of Christendom, her missionary stations in all parts of the world, her men not only important in religious trusts, but important also in secular trusts. Church marching on, and the more intolerance against it, the faster it marched.

What did Intolerance accomplish against the Baptist Church? If laughing scorn and tirade could have destroyed the church it would not have to-day a disciple left.

The Baptists were hurled out of Boston in olden times. Those who sympathized with them were confined, and when a petition was offered asking leniency in their behalf, all the men who signed it were indicted. Has Intolerance stopped the Baptist Church? The last statistics in regard to it showed twenty thousand churches and two million communicants. Intolerance never put down anything.

In England a law was made against the Jew. England thrust back the Jew and thrust down the Jew, and declared that no Jew should hold official posi-

tion. What came of it? Were the Jews destroyed? Was their religion overthrown? No. Who became Prime Minister of England only a little while ago? Who was next to the throne? who was higher than the throne because he was counsellor and adviser? Disraeli, a Jew. What were we celebrating in all our churches as well as synagogues only a few weeks ago? The one hundredth birthday anniversary of Montefiore, the great Jewish philanthropist. Intolerance never yet put down anything.

Having shown you the origin of bigotry or sectarianism, and having shown you the damage it does, I want briefly to show you how we are to war against this terrible evil, and I think we ought to begin our war by realizing our own weakness and our imperfections. If we make so many mistakes in the common affairs of life, is it not possible that we may make mistakes in regard to our religious affairs? Shall we take a man by the throat, or by the collar, because he can not see religious truths just as we do? In the light of eternity it will be found out, I think, there was something wrong in all our creeds, and something right in all our creeds. But since we may make mistakes in regard to things of the world, do not let us be so egotistic and so puffed up as to have an idea that we can not make any mistakes in regard to religious theories. And then I think we will do a great deal to overthrow the sectarianism from our heart, and the sectarianism from the world, by chiefly enlarging in those things in which we agree, rather than those on which we differ.

Now, here is a great Gospel platform. A man comes up on this side the platform, and says: "I don't believe in baby sprinkling." Shall I shove him

off? Here is a man coming up on this side the platform, and he says: "I don't believe in the perseverance of the saints." Shall I shove him off? No. I will say: "Do you believe in the Lord Jesus as your Saviour? do you trust Him for time and eternity?" He says, "Yes." "Do you take Christ for time and for eternity?" "Yes." I say: "Come on, brother; one in time and one in eternity; brother now, brother forever." Blessed be God for a Gospel platform so large that all who receive Christ may stand on it!

I think we may overthrow the severe sectarianism and bigotry in our hearts, and in the church also, by realizing that all the denominations of Christians have yielded noble institutions and noble men. There is nothing that so stirs my soul as this thought. One denomination yielded a Robert Hall and an Adoniram Judson; another yielded a Latimer and a Melville; another yielded John Wesley and the blessed Summerfield, while our own denomination yielded John Knox and the Alexanders—men of whom the world was not worthy. Now, I say, if we are honest and fair-minded men, when we come up in the presence of such churches and such denominations, although they may be different from our own, we ought to admire them, and we ought to love and honor them. Churches which can produce such men, and such large-hearted charity, and such magnificent martyrdom, ought to win our affection—at any rate, our respect. So, come on, ye ninety-five thousand Episcopalians in this country, and ye four hundred thousand Presbyterians, and ye nine hundred thousand Baptists, and ye two million Methodists—come on; shoulder to shoulder we will march for the world's conquest; for all nations are to be

saved, and God demands that you and I help do it. Forward, the whole line!

Moreover, we may also overthrow the feeling of severe sectarianism by joining other denominations in Christian work. I like when the springtime comes and the anniversary occasions begin, and all denominations come upon the same platform. That overthrows sectarianism in the Young Men's Christian Association, in the Bible Society, in the Tract Society, in the Foreign Missionary Society shoulder to shoulder, all denominations.

Perhaps I might more forcibly illustrate this truth by calling your attention to an incident which took place four or five or six years ago. One Monday morning at about two o'clock, while her nine hundred passengers were sound asleep in her berths dreaming of home, the steamer Atlantic crashed into Mars Head. Five hundred souls in ten minutes landed in eternity! Oh, what a scene! Agonized men and women running up and down the gangways, and clutching for the rigging, and the plunge of the helpless steamer, and the clapping of the hands of the merciless sea over the drowning and the dead, threw two continents into terror. But see this brave quartermaster pushing out with the life-line until he gets to the rock; and see these fishermen gathering up the shipwrecked, and taking them into the cabins, and wrapping them in the flannels snug and warm; and see that minister of the Gospel, with three other men, getting into a life-boat and pushing out for the wreck, pulling away across the surf, and pulling away until they saved one more man, and then getting back with him to the shore. Can those men ever forget that night? And can they ever for-

get their companionship in peril, companionship in struggle, companionship in awful catastrophe and rescue? Never! Never! In whatever part of the earth they meet, they will be friends when they mention the story of that awful night when the Atlantic struck Mars Head.

Well, my friends, our world has gone into a worse shipwreck. Sin drove it on the rocks. The old ship has lurched and tossed in the tempests of six thousand years. Out with the life-line! I do not care what denomination carries it. Out with the life-boat! I do not care what denomination rows it. Side by side, in the memory of common hardships, and common trials, and common prayers, and common tears, let us be brothers forever. We must be. We must be.

“Our army of the living God,
To whose command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.”

And I expect to see the day when all denominations of Christians shall join hands around the cross of Christ and recite the creed: “I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, and in the communion of Saints, and in the life everlasting.” May God inspire us all with the largest-hearted Christian charity.

*Our Army of the
Living God*

CHAPTER XLI.

THE WITNESS-STAND.

In the days of George Stephenson, the perfecter of the locomotive engine, the scientists proved conclusively that a railway train could never be driven by steam-power successfully, and without peril; but the rushing express trains from Liverpool to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh to London, have made all the nations witnesses of the splendid achievements. Machinists and navigators proved conclusively that a steamer could never cross the Atlantic Ocean; but no sooner had they successfully proved the impossibility of such an undertaking than the work was done, and the passengers on the Cunard, and the Inman, and the National, and the White Star lines are witnesses. There went up a guffaw of wise laughter at Professor Morse's proposition to make the lightning of heaven his errand-boy, and it was proved conclusively that the thing could never be done; but now all the news of the wide world, by Associated Press put in your hands every morning and night, has made all nations witnesses.

So in the time of Christ it was proved conclusively that it was impossible for Him to rise from the dead. It was shown logically that when a man was dead, he was dead, and the heart and the liver and the lungs having ceased to perform their offices, the limbs would be rigid beyond all power of friction or



THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

arousal. They showed it to be an absolute absurdity that the dead Christ should ever get up alive; but no sooner had they proved this than the dead Christ arose, and the disciples beheld Him, heard His voice, and talked with Him, and they took the witness-stand to prove that to be true which the wisecracks of the day had proved to be impossible; the record of the experiment and of the testimony is: "Him hath God raised from the dead, whereof we are witnesses."

Now, let me play the skeptic for a moment.

"There is no God," says the skeptic, "for I have never seen Him with my physical eyesight. Your Bible is a pack of contradictions. There never was a miracle. Lazarus was not raised from the dead, and the water was never turned into wine. Your religion is an imposition on the credulity of the ages."

The fact is, that if this world is ever brought to God, it will not be through argument, but through testimony. You might cover the whole earth with apologies for Christianity and learned treatises in defense of religion—you would not convert a soul. Lectures on the harmony between science and religion are beautiful mental discipline, but have never saved a soul, and never will save a soul. Put a man of the world and a man of the Church against each other, and the man of the world will in all probability get the triumph. There are a thousand things in our religion that seem illogical to the world, and always will seem illogical.

Our weapon in this conflict is faith, not logic; faith, not metaphysics; faith, not profundity; faith, not scholastic exploration. But then, in order to have faith, we must have testimony, and if five hundred

men, or one thousand men, or five hundred thousand men, or five million men get up and tell me that they have felt the religion of Jesus Christ a joy, a comfort, a help, an aspiration, I am bound as a fair-minded man to accept their testimony.

We are witnesses that the religion of Christ is able to convert a soul.

The Gospel may have had a hard time to conquer us, we may have fought it back, but we were vanquished. You say conversion is only an imaginary thing. We know better. "We are witnesses." There never was so great a change in our heart and life on any other subject as on this. People laughed at the missionaries in Madagascar because they preached ten years without one convert; but there are 33,000 converts in Madagascar to-day. People laughed at Doctor Judson, the Baptist missionary, because he kept on preaching in Burmah five years without a single convert; but there are 20,000 Baptists in Burmah to-day. People laughed at Doctor Morrison, in China, for preaching there seven years without a single conversion; but there are 15,000 Christians in China to-day. People laughed at the missionaries for preaching at Tahiti fifteen years without a single conversion, and at the missionaries for preaching in Bengal seventeen years without a single conversion; yet in all those lands there are multitudes of Christians to-day.

But why go so far to find evidence of the Gospel's power to save a soul? "We are witnesses." We were so proud that no man could have humbled us; we were so hard that no earthly power could have melted us; angels of God were all around about us, they could not overcome us; but one day, perhaps at

a Methodist anxious seat, or at a Presbyterian catechetical lecture, or at a burial, or on horseback, a power seized us, and made us get down, and made us tremble, and made us kneel, and made us cry for mercy, and we tried to wrench ourselves away from the grasp, but we could not. It flung us flat, and when we arose we were as much changed as Gourgis, the heathen, who went into a prayer-meeting with a dagger and a gun, to disturb the meeting and destroy it, but the next day was found crying, "Oh! my great sins! Oh! my great Saviour!" and for eleven years preached the Gospel of Christ to his fellow-mountaineers, the last words on his dying lips being, "Free grace!" Oh, it was free grace!

There is a man who was for ten years a hard drinker. The dreadful appetite had sent down its roots around the palate and the tongue, and on down until they were interlinked with the vitals of body, mind, and soul; but he has not taken any stimulants for two years. What did that? Not temperance societies. Not prohibition laws. Not moral suasion. Conversion did it. "Why," said one upon whom the great change had come, "sir, I feel just as though I were somebody else."

There is a sea-captain who swore all the way from New York to Havana, and from Havana to San Francisco, and when he was in port he was worse than when he was on the sea. What power was it that washed his tongue clean of profanities, and made him a psalm-singer? Conversion by the Holy Spirit.

We are witnesses of the Gospel's power to comfort.

When a man has trouble, the world comes in and

says: "Now get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business." What poor advice. Get your mind off of it! When everything is upturned with the bereavement, and everything reminds you of what you have lost. Get your mind off of it! They might as well advise you to stop thinking. You can not stop thinking, and you can not stop thinking in that direction. Take a walk in the fresh air! Why, along that very street, or that very road, she once accompanied you. Out of that grass-plot she plucked flowers, or into that show-window she looked, fascinated, saying, "Come see the pictures." Go deeper into business! Why, she was associated with all your business ambition, and since she has gone you have no ambition left.

Oh, this is a clumsy world when it tries to comfort a broken heart. I can build a Corliss engine, I can paint a Raphael's "Madonna," I can play a Beethoven's "Eroica Symphony," as easily as this world can comfort a broken heart. And yet you have been comforted. How was it done? Did Christ come to you and say: "Get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business?" No. There was a minute when He came to you—perhaps in the watches of the night, perhaps in your place of business, perhaps along the street—and He breathed something into your soul that gave peace, rest, infinite quiet, so that you could take out the photograph of the departed one and look into the eyes and the face of the dear one, and say: "It is all right; she is better off; I would not call her back. Lord, I thank Thee that Thou hast comforted my poor heart."

There are Christian parents who are willing to

testify to the power of this Gospel to comfort. Your son had just graduated from school or college and was going into business, and the Lord took him. Or your daughter had just graduated from the young ladies' seminary, and you thought she was going to be a useful woman, and of long life; but the Lord took her, and you were tempted to say, "All this culture of twenty years for nothing!" Or the little child came home from school with the hot fever that stopped not for the agonized prayer or for the skilful physician, and the little child was taken. Or the babe was lifted out of your arms by some quick epidemic, and you stood wondering why God ever gave you that child at all, if so soon He was to take it away. And yet you are not repining, you are not fretful, you are not fighting against God.

What has enabled you to stand all the trial? "Oh," you say, "I took the medicine that God gave my sick soul. In my distress I threw myself at the feet of a sympathizing God; and when I was too weak to pray or to look up, He breathed into me a peace that I think must be the foretaste of that heaven where there is neither a tear, nor a farewell, nor a grave." Come, all ye who have been out to the grave to weep there—come, all ye comforted souls, get up off your knees. Is there no power in this Gospel to soothe the heart? Is there no power in this religion to quiet the worst paroxysm of grief? There comes up an answer from comforted widowhood, and orphanage, and childlessness, saying, "Aye, aye, we are witnesses."

We are witnesses of the fact that religion has power to give composure in the last moment. I never shall forget the first time I confronted death. We

went across the cornfields in the country. I was led by my father's hand, and we came to the farmhouse where the bereavement had come, and we saw the crowd of wagons and carriages; but there was one carriage that especially attracted my boyish attention, and it had black plumes. I said, "What's that? what's that? Why those black tassels at the top?" and after it was explained to me, I was lifted up to look upon the bright face of an aged Christian woman who three days before had departed in triumph; the whole scene made an impression I never forgot.

I want to know if you have ever seen anything to make you believe that the religion of Christ can give composure in the final hour. Now, in the courts, attorney, jury and judge will never admit mere hearsay. They demand that the witness must have seen with his own eyes, or heard with his own ears, and so I am critical in my examination of you now; and I want to know whether you have seen or heard anything that makes you believe that the religion of Christ gives composure in the final hour.

"Oh, yes," you say, "I saw my father and mother depart. There was a great difference in their deathbeds. Standing by the one we felt more veneration. By the other there was more tenderness." Before the one you bowed perhaps, in awe. In the other case you felt as if you would like to go along with her.

How did they feel in that last hour? How did they seem to act? Were they very much frightened? Did they take hold of this world with both hands, as though they did not want to give it up? "Oh, no," you say, "no, I remember, as though it were yesterday; she had a kind word for us all, and there were a

few mementoes distributed among the children, and then she told us how kind we must be to our father in his loneliness, and then she kissed us good-bye and went asleep as calmly as a child in a cradle."

What made her so composed? Natural courage? "No," you say, "mother was very nervous; when the carriage inclined to the side of the road, she would cry out; she was always rather weakly." What, then, gave her composure? Was it because she did not care much for you, and the pang of parting was not great? "Oh," you say, "she showered upon us a wealth of affection; no mother ever loved her children more than mother loved us; she showed it by the way she nursed us when we were sick, and she toiled for us until her strength gave out." What then, was it that gave her composure in the last hour? Do not hide it. Be frank, and let me know. "Oh," you say, "it was because she was so good; she made the Lord her portion, and she had faith that she would go straight to glory, and that we should all meet her at last at the foot of the throne."

Here are people who say, "I saw a Christian brother die, and he triumphed." And some one else, "I saw a Christian sister die, and she triumphed." Some one else will say, "I saw a Christian daughter die, and she triumphed." Come, all ye who have seen the last moments of a Christian, and give testimony in this cause on trial. Uncover your heads, put your hand on the old family Bible from which they used to read the promises, and promise in the presence of high heaven that you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. With what you have seen with your own eyes, and from what you have heard with your own ears, is there

power in this Gospel to give calmness and triumph in the last exigency? The response comes from all sides, from young, and old, and middle-aged: "We are witnesses!"

CHAPTER XLII.

GOSPEL LOOKING-GLASS.

We often hear about the Gospel of John, and the Gospel of Matthew, and the Gospel of Luke. There is just as certainly a Gospel of Moses, a Gospel of David, a Gospel of Jeremiah. In other words, Christ is as certainly in the Old Testament as in the New. If, after one has departed, we want to get an idea of just how he looked, we gather up all the photographs—some taken from one side the face, others from the other side the face, some the full face, some the full-length portrait, and then from all these pictures we recall to our mind just how the departed one looked. And I want all the pictures of the evangelists and all the pictures of the prophets to bring before me the image of Jesus Christ. I want to know just how He looked, and the more pictures I have of Him the better I shall understand.

When the Israelites were on their march through the wilderness they carried their church with them. They had what they called a tabernacle, a pitched tent. It was very costly and very beautiful. The framework was made out of forty-eight boards of acacia wood, set in sockets of silver. The curtains of the building were of purple and scarlet and blue and fine linen, and they were hung on artistic loops. The candlestick had a shaft and branches and bowls of gold, and there were lamps of gold, and tongs of gold, and snuffers of gold, and rings of gold.

Now, there is one thing in this ancient tabernacle that especially attracts my attention, and that is the laver. It was a great basin filled with water, and the water went down through spouts and passed away, and the priests came and washed their hands and their feet as this water came down through the spouts and passed away. The laver was made out of the looking-glasses of the women who had frequented the tabernacle, and who had made that contribution to the furniture. The looking-glasses were not made out of glass, but of brass of a superior quality, polished and burnished, until just as soon as a priest looked into the side of the laver he saw his every feature and any spot of defilement that may have been on his countenance; so that this laver of looking-glasses had two purposes; the first, to show those who came up the defilement upon themselves, and secondly, to offer them a place where they could get rid of it. And as everything in the ancient tabernacle was typical of something in the Gospel of the Son of God, or, at any rate, suggestive of it, I take this laver of looking-glasses as all suggestive of this Gospel, which first shows me sin, and then gives me an opportunity of divine ablution.

“ Oh, happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away !”

This is the only mirror, the burnished side of this laver is the only mirror—that shows you just as you are. Some mirrors flatter the features, and they make you look better than you are. Some mirrors distort the features, and they make you look worse than you are. This mirror—this mirror of God’s Word—shows you just as you are. These priests would come in, and just as soon as they confronted

the burnished, polished side of this looking-glass, this metal out of which the laver was made, he saw where there was any pollution upon his countenance, where there was any spot that needed to be cleaned off.

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

Mind you, I am not talking about bad habits. We do not need any Bible to persuade us that blasphemy is wrong, or impure life is wrong, or evil speaking is wrong. I am now talking of the heart, the evil heart, the fountain of bad thoughts, of bad words, of bad actions. Here is ingratitude, for instance. If you hand me a glass of water, I say, "Thank you." If I hand you a glass of water, you say, "Thank you." But here we have been taking ten thousand mercies from the hand of God—our hunger fed, our thirst slaked, and we have had shelter and home, and

ten thousand blessings and advantages, and yet I do not state a thing that you will not believe when I say that there are people in this house this morning fifty years of age who have never got down once on their knees and thanked God for his goodness. And here is pride of heart. Oh, we all have felt it, the pride that will not submit to God. Pride wants its own way. I will not quarrel with theologians about terms. I do not care whether you call it total depravity, or whether you call it something else. This evil nature we got from our parents, and they got it from their parents, and it goes down from generation to generation—a nature obnoxious to God before conversion, and after conversion there is not one in any of us except that which the grace of God planted and fostered and keeps.

It seems to me that the reason there are comparatively so few conversions in our day, is to be found in the fact that the preaching of our day is so apt to persuade a man that he is almost right anyhow, he only needs a little fixing up, he only needs a few touches of divine grace, and then he will be all right; only a little out of order; only a little repair necessary to our nature, instead of the broad, deep talk, which Baxter, and Payson, and Wesley, and George Whitefield thundered in the ears of a race trembling on the verge of instant and eternal disaster. Ah! my friends, if there is any truth plainly set forth in this Book, it is that we have thoroughly gone astray, and that we are not by nature almost right, but altogether wrong. "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Some of us have been in Hampton Court, and we remember that room where all the four walls are covered with mir-

rors, and it does not make any difference which way you look, you see yourself. And when a man once fully steps inside this precinct of the Gospel he sees himself on all sides, every feature of moral deformity, every spot of moral taint. The whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint. I do not care what your ancestry was, your ancestry was no better than my ancestry. But all generations have felt this touch of sin. Have you not realized it? I will tell you why. You have never looked into the looking-glass, you have never seen the mirror.

“But,” says some one, “what is the use of displaying our defects to us if we cannot get rid of them?” None. You say: “What is the use of showing me that I am a sinner if I cannot be anything but a sinner?” No use. I cannot imagine anything meaner than for a physician to come into a sick room and tell the patient how bad he looks, and to discourse upon his affliction, and enlarge upon the fact that his case is hopeless, and then go out with his hands behind his back and whistling. There never has been a case like that. No physician would be so hard-hearted as that. If you cannot cure a disease you certainly will not make the matter worse by discoursing upon it, and I am the last man to stand here and talk about the sin of my heart and the sin of your heart unless there is a cure for it. There is no use for the polished side of this laver, no use for the burnished looking-glass, if there is no place for me to wash and be clean.

Now, you notice that this laver of looking-glasses spoken of in my text, was filled with fresh water every morning. The servants of the tabernacle took buckets, and they filled them with the water, and

they brought this bright water and poured it into the laver; and that is a type of this Gospel of Jesus Christ, which is a fresh Gospel—fresh every year, every day, every hour, every moment. It is not a stagnant pool of accumulated corruption; it is living water breaking from the rock. Christians often make the mistake of being satisfied with old experiences. Why, my brother and sister, I do not care what your experiences were ten, fifteen years ago. Do not give us a stale Gospel. Give us a fresh Gospel. What are you now? Suppose a war should come, and I could prove to the government that ten years ago I was loyal, would that be any excuse for my not taking the oath of allegiance? The government would not ask me what I was ten years ago, but, "What are you now?" And I do not ask you whether you were loyal to Jesus Christ ten or five years, or one year ago. Are you loyal now? Are you fighting under the standards of Emanuel? Are you a soldier of Jesus Christ now?

The trouble is, that a great many are depending upon old insurances against the damage of sin, and old insurances against the damage of the great future—old insurances that have run out. Suppose that you allowed the fire insurance on your home to expire yesterday, and to-day your home should be consumed, would you have the impertinence to go to-morrow morning with the papers to the insurance company and demand the amount of the policy? No. If you did they would say: "You have no business here, you have no right to ask that, you let the insurance expire on Saturday; this is Monday." O follower of the Lord Jesus, do not depend upon old insurances, ten, or twenty, or forty years old, as I know

some of you are depending upon them ! You want the policy paid up by the blood and the tears of the Son of God.

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

It is quite easy to be a Christian, or seems to be, on Sabbath, surrounded by kindly influences ; but not so easy to be a Christian when by one twitch of the roll of goods you can cover a defect in the silk. It is quite an easy thing to be a Christian with a psalm-book in your hand and the Bible on your lap ; not so easy to be a Christian when telling a merchant you can get better goods at less price at another store until he lets you have the goods cheaper than he has any capacity to sell them ; he is going to hurt himself when he does sell, for there are more lies told

before the counter than behind the counter, ten to one. Christ will have you all, or He will have none of you. This grace must reach to the very extremities of our nature.

Suppose you have rented or purchased a whole house, and the former owner comes to you with the keys. There are twelve rooms in the house and he gives you six of the keys. You say: "Where are the other keys?" "Oh," he says, "you can't have them! There is a room on the second floor you can't have, and there is a room on the third floor and a room on the fourth floor you can't have, and there is a dark place in the attic you can't have, but here are the keys for the others." You say: "I purchased the whole house, and I want all the keys, or I don't want any of them." Here is a man who comes to God, and he gives part of his nature, and says: "You may go to this and go to that, but there is something I can't give up, there is a room in my nature I can't surrender; and this I want to keep, and that I want to keep. You can have half the keys of my soul, but not all." Then Christ will not have any. He will take everything, from cellar to attic—all of the keys to all your affections, all your hopes, all your ambitions, all your heart, all your life, or He will not take one key. The grace of God must touch the extremities, the very extremities of our moral nature. The priests when they came to this laver of looking-glasses washed their hands and washed their feet.

I notice in this laver of looking-glasses that the washing in it was not optional, it was imperative. Here the priests came into the tabernacle. Suppose now one of them should say: "I washed before I came from home; there's no use of my washing in

this laver." God says: "You wash in this laver or die." But suppose the priest had said: "Why, there are other lavers just as bright as that from which this water was taken, and I might wash there just as well; why wash in the water of this laver?" God says: "Wash here or die." Not optional—imperative. Typical of the Gospel which says: "You wash in this fountain open for sin and uncleanness, or perish." We have no choice.

"But," says some one, "couldn't God have provided other ways of salvation?" Fifty of them, perhaps. I do not think that God exhausted all His wisdom when he laid out this plan of salvation. Perhaps he might have provided fifty plans of salvation. He provided only one. You say: "Might not a whole line of ships sail from earth to heaven?" Yes, but there is only one going. Are there any other trees as luxuriant as the tree of Calvary? Yes, more, for that one had neither bud nor blossom, and it was stripped and barked. But the one path to heaven is under the bare arm of that stripped tree. Not optional, but imperative.

O brother, sister, come up to the laver of the Gospel! O afflicted soul, come and bathe off your wounds, and, sick one, come up and cool your hot temples. Pardon for all your sin. Comfort for all your troubles. The dark cloud that hung thundering over Sinai floated above Calvary and burst into a shower of the Saviour's tears. If you have any trouble, come to God. He will make you His darlings. He will make you his favorites. We cannot in our households have favorites, but if you have a favorite, mother, I know which one it is; it is the sick one, the crippled one, the one that coughs all

night, the weary one, the wan one—that is your favorite. And God seems to have His favorites, and they are the weak and the worn and the sick and the weary. Just come up to Him to-day, and He will put His arms around you, and He will kiss your wan cheek, and He will say as He hushes you with the divine lullaby: “As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.”

CHAPTER XLIII.

RELIGION IN DRESS.

That we should all be clad is proved by the opening of the first wardrobe in Paradise, with its apparel of dark green. That we should all, as far as our means allows us, be beautifully and gracefully appareled, is proved by the fact that God never made a wave but He gilded it, or a tree but He garlanded it with blossoms, or a sky but He studded it with stars, or allowed the smoke of a furnace to ascend but He columned and turreted and domed and scrolled it into outlines of indescribable gracefulness. When I see the apple-orchards of the spring and the pageantry of the autumnal forests I come to the conclusion that if Nature ever does join a church, while she may be a Quaker in the silence of her worship, she never will be a Quaker in the style of her dress.

Why the notches on a fern-leaf, or the stamen on a water-lily? Why, when the day departs, does it let the folding-doors of heaven stay open so long, when it might go in so quickly? One summer morning I saw an army of a million spears, each one adorned with a diamond of the first water—I mean the grass with the dew on it. I say these things as a background, to show you that I have no prim, precise, prudish, or cast-iron theories on the subject of human apparel. But the goddess of fashion has set up her throne in this country, and at the sound of the tim-

brels we are all expected to fall down and worship. This goddess of fashion has become a rival of the Lord of heaven and earth; and it is high time that we unlimbered our batteries against this idolatry.

When I come to count the victims of fashion I find as many masculine as feminine. Men make an easy tirade against woman, as though she were the chief worshiper at this idolatrous shrine, and no doubt there are men in the more conspicuous part of the pew who have already cast glances to the more retired part of the pew, their look a prophecy of a generous distribution to others of the more cogent parts of my discourse. My words shall be as appropriate for one end of the pew as for the other. Men are as much the idolators of fashion as women, but they throw themselves on a different part of the altar. With men the fashion goes to cigars, and club-rooms, and yachting parties, and wine suppers. In the United States the men chew up and smoke one hundred millions of dollars' worth of tobacco every year. That is their fashion.

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

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

I say these things, because I want to show you that I am impartial in this discussion, and that both sexes, in the language of the Surrogate's office, shall "share and share alike." I shall show you what are the destroying and deathful influences of inordinate fashion.

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

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

attempt to keep up great home style. Our Washington politicians may theorize until the expiration of their terms of office as to the best way of improving our monetary condition in this country; it will be of no use, and things will be no better, until we learn to put on our heads and backs and feet and hands no more than we can pay for!

There are clerks in stores and banks on limited salaries who, in the vain attempt to keep the wardrobe of their family as showy as other wardrobes, are dying of muffs, and diamonds, and camel's-hair shawls, and high hats, and they have nothing left except what they give to cigars and wine-suppers, and they die before their time, and they will expect us ministers to preach about them as though they were the victims of early piety, and after a high-toned funeral, with silver handles at the side of their coffin, of extraordinary brightness, it will be found out that in the act of dying and going to Greenwood they swindled the undertaker out of his legitimate expenses.

The country is dressed to death. You are not surprised to find that the putting up of one public building in New York cost millions of dollars more than it ought to have cost when you find out that the man who gave out the contracts paid more than five thousand dollars for his daughter's wedding dress. The cashmeres of a thousand dollars each are not rare on Broadway. What are men to do in order to keep up such home wardrobes? Steal—that is the only respectable thing it seems to them they can do.

During the last fifteen years there have been innumerable fine businesses shipwrecked on the wardrobe.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Will you forgive me if I say in tersest shape possible, that some of the men in this country have to forge, and have to perjure, and have to swindle, to pay for their wives' dresses? I do not care whether you forgive me or not.

Again, inordinate fashion is the foe of all almsgiving.

Men and women put so much in personal display that they often have nothing for God and the cause of suffering humanity. A Christian man cracks his Palais Royal gloves clear across the back by holding on to the one cent too tight as he puts it into the poor-box. A Christian woman, at the story of the Hottentots, crying copious tears into a twenty-five dollar handkerchief, and then gives a two-cent piece to the collection, thrusting it down under the bills so that people will not know but it was a ten-dollar gold piece. One hundred dollars for incense to fashion. Two cents for God.

God gives us ninety cents out of every dollar. The other ten cents, by command of His Bible, belong to Him. Is not God liberal according to this tithing system laid down in the Old Testament—is not God liberal in giving us ninety cents out of a dollar, when He takes but ten? We do not like that. We want to have ninety-nine cents for ourselves and one for God. Now, I would a great deal rather steal ten cents from you than God. I think one reason why a great many people do not get along in worldly accumulation faster, is because they do not observe this divine rule. God rises up and says: "Well, if that man is not satisfied with ninety cents of a dollar, then I will take the whole dollar, and I will give it to the man or woman who is honest with me."

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

You know very well there are a good many people who come to church just as they go to the races, to see who will come out ahead. What a flutter it makes in church when some woman with extraordinary display of fashion comes in! "What a love of a bonnet!" says some one. "What a perfect fright!" say five hundred. For the most merciless critics in the world are fashion critics. Men and women with souls to be saved passing the hour in wondering where that man got his flamboyant cravat or what store that woman patronizes. In many of our churches the preliminary exercises are taken up with the discussion of wardrobes. It is pitiable. Is it not wonderful that the Lord does not strike the meeting-house with lightning?

What distraction of public worship! Dying men and women, whose bodies are soon to be turned into dust, yet before three worlds strutting like peacocks, the awful question of the soul's destiny submerged by the question of Creedmoor polonaise and navy blue velvet with long fan train skirt, long enough to drag up the church aisle, the husband's store, office, shop, factory, fortune, and the admiration of half the people in the building. Men and women come late to church to show their clothes. People sitting down in a pew, taking up a hymn book, all absorbed at the same time in personal array, to sing:

“Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Toward heaven, thy native place!”

I turn Episcopalian long enough to say, “Good Lord, deliver us!”

Insatiate fashion also belittles the intellect.

Our minds are enlarged, or they dwindle just in proportion to the importance of the subject on which we constantly dwell. Can you imagine anything more be-dwarfing to the human intellect than the study of fashion? I see men on the street, who, judging from their elaboration, I think, must have taken two hours to arrange their apparel.

What will be left of a woman’s intellect after giving years and years to the discussion of such questions as the comparison between knife-plaits and box-plaits, and borderings of gray fox fur or black marten, or the comparative excellence of circulars of repped Antwerp silk lined with blue fox fur, or with Hudson Bay sable? They all land in idiocy, the first stages or the last stages. I have seen men at the summer watering-places, through fashion the mere wreck of what they once were—sallow of cheek, meager of limb, gone in at the chest; showing no animation save in rushing across a room to pick up a lady’s fan; simpering along the corridors the same compliments they simpered twenty years ago. The fools of fashion are myriad. Fashion not only destroys the body, but it makes idiotic the intellect.

Yet, my friends, I have given you only the milder phase of this evil. It shuts a great multitude out of heaven. The first peal of thunder that shook Sinai declared: “Thou shalt have no other god before me,” and you will have to choose between the god-

ness of fashion and the Christian God. There are a great many seats in heaven, and they are all easy seats, but not one seat for the devotee of fashion. You could not sail up the harbor of heaven with that rigging. You would be fired on as a blockade-runner. Heaven is for meek and quiet spirits. Heaven is for those who think more of their souls than they do of their bodies. Heaven is for those who have more joy in Christian charity than they have in fashionable attire.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE COMING SERMON.

We hear a great deal in these days about the coming man, and the coming woman, and the coming time. Some one ought to tell us of the coming sermon. It is a simple fact that everybody knows that the sermon of to-day does not reach the world.

The sermon of to-day carries along with it the dead-wood of all ages. Hundreds of years ago it was decided what a sermon ought to be, and it is the attempt of many theological seminaries and doctors of divinity to hew the modern pulpit utterances into the same old-style proportions. Booksellers will tell you they dispose of a hundred histories, a hundred novels, a hundred poems to one book of sermons.

What is the matter? Some say the age is the worst of all the ages. It is better. Some say religion is wearing out, when it is wearing in. Some say there are so many who despise the Christian religion. I answer, there never was an age when there were so many Christians, or so many friends of Christianity as this age has—our age—as to others a hundred to one. What is the matter, then? It is simply because our sermon of to-day is not suited to the age. It is the canal-boat in an age of locomotive and electric telegraph. The sermon will have to be shaken out of the old grooves, or it will not be heard, and it will not be read.

Before the world is converted the sermon will have to be converted. You might as well go into the modern Sedan or Gettysburg with bows and arrows instead of rifles, and bombshells, and parks of artillery, as to expect to conquer this world for God by the old styles of sermonology. Jonathan Edwards preached the sermons most adapted to the age in which he lived, but if those sermons were preached now they would divide an audience into two classes: Those sound asleep and those wanting to go home.

That coming sermon will be full of a living Christ in contradistinction to didactic technicalities. A sermon may be full of Christ though hardly mentioning His name, and a sermon may be empty of Christ while every sentence is repetitions of His titles. The world wants a living Christ, not a Christ standing at the head of a formal system of theology, but a Christ who means pardon and sympathy and condolence and brotherhood and life and heaven. A poor man's Christ. An overworked man's Christ. An invalid's Christ. A farmer's Christ. A merchant's Christ. An artisan's Christ. An every man's Christ.

A symmetrical and fine-worded system of theology is well enough for theological classes, but it has no more business in a pulpit than have the technical phrases of an anatomist, or a physiologist, or physician in the sick room of a patient. The world wants help, immediate and world-uplifting, and it will come through a sermon in which Christ shall walk right down into the immortal soul and take everlasting possession of it, filling it as full of light as is this noonday firmament.

Oh, in that coming sermon of the Christian Church there will be living illustrations taken out from every-

day life of vicarious suffering—illustrations that will bring to mind the ghastlier sacrifice of Him who in the high places of the field, on the cross fought our battles and wept our griefs, and endured our struggle and died our death.

A German sculptor made an image of Christ, and he asked his little child, two years old, who it was, and she said: "That must be some very great man." The sculptor was displeased with the criticism, so he got another block of marble and chiseled away on it two or three years, and then he brought in his little child, four or five years of age, and he said to her, "Who do you think that is?" She said, "That must be the One who took little children in His arms and blessed them." Then the sculptor was satisfied. O my friends, what the world wants is not a cold Christ, not an intellectual Christ, not a severely magisterial Christ, but a loving Christ, spreading out His arms of sympathy to press the whole world to His loving heart.

The coming sermon of the Christian Church will be a short sermon.

Condensation is demanded by the age in which we live. No more need of long introductions and long applications and so many divisions to a discourse that it may be said to be hydra headed. In other days, men got all their information from the pulpit. There were few books and there were no newspapers, and there was little travel from place to place, and people would sit and listen two and a half hours to a religious discourse, and "seventeenthly" would find them fresh and chipper. In those times there was enough room for a man to take an hour to warm himself up to the subject, and an hour to cool off. But what was

a necessity then is a superfluity now. Congregations are full of knowledge from books, from newspapers, from rapid and continuous intercommunication, and long disquisitions of what they know already will not be abided. If a religious teacher cannot compress what he wishes to say to the people in the space of forty-five minutes, better adjourn it to some other day.

The trouble is, we preach audiences into a Christian frame and then we preach them out of it. We forget that every auditor has so much capacity of attention, and when that is exhausted he is restless. In all religious discourse we want locomotive power and propulsion; we want at the same time stout brakes to let down at the right instant. It is a dismal thing after a hearer has comprehended the whole subject to hear a man say, "Now, to recapitulate," and "A few words by way of application," and "Once more," and "Finally," and "Now to conclude."

Paul preached until midnight, and Eutychus got sound asleep and fell out of a window and broke his neck. Some would say, "Good for him." I would rather be sympathetic like Paul, and resuscitate him. The accident is often quoted now in religious circles as a warning against somnolence in church. It is just as much a warning to ministers against prolixity. Eutychus was wrong in his somnolence, but Paul made a mistake when he kept on till midnight. He ought to have stopped at eleven o'clock, and there would have been no accident. If Paul might have gone on to too great a length, let all those of us who are now preaching the Gospel remember that there is a limit to religious discourse, or ought to be, and that in our time we have no apostolic power of miracles.

Napoleon in an address of seven minutes thrilled his army and thrilled Europe. Christ's sermon on the mount, the model sermon, was less than eighteen minutes long at ordinary mode of delivery. It is not electricity scattered all over the sky that strikes, but electricity gathered into a thunderbolt and hurled; and it is not religious truth scattered over, spread out over a vast reach of time, but religious truth projected in compact form that flashes light upon the soul and rives its indifference.

When the coming sermon arrives in this land and in the Christian Church, the sermon which is to arouse the world and startle the nations and usher in the kingdom, it will be a brief sermon. Hear it, all theological students, all ye just entering upon religious work, all ye men and women who in Sabbath-schools and other departments are toiling for Christ and the salvation of immortals. Brevity! Brevity!

The coming sermon of which I speak will be a popular sermon. There are those in these times who speak of a popular sermon as though there must be something wrong about it. As these critics are dull themselves the world gets the impression that a sermon is good in proportion as it is stupid. Christ was the most popular preacher the world ever saw, and considering the small number of the world's population, had the largest audiences ever gathered. He never preached anywhere without making a great sensation. People rushed out in the wilderness to hear Him, reckless of their physical necessities. So great was their anxiety to hear Christ, that taking no food with them, they would have fainted and starved had not Christ performed a miracle and fed them.

Why did so many people take the truth at Christ's

hands? Because they all understood it. He illustrated His subject by a hen and her chickens, by a bushel measure, by a handful of salt, by a bird's flight, and by a lily's aroma. All the people knew what He meant, and they flocked to Him. And when the coming sermon of the Christian Church appears it will not be Princetonian, nor Rochesterian, nor Andoverian, nor Middletonian, but Olivetic—plain, practical, unique, earnest, comprehensive of all the woes, wants, sins, sorrows and necessities of an auditory.

But when that sermon does come, there will be a thousand gleaming scimeters to charge on it. There are in so many theological seminaries professors telling young men how to preach, themselves not knowing how, and I am told that if a young man in some of our theological seminaries says anything quaint, or thrilling, or unique, faculty and students fly at him, and set him right, and straighten him out, and smooth him down, and chop him off until he says everything just as everybody else says it.

Oh, when the coming sermon of the Christian Church arrives, all the churches of Christ in our great cities will be thronged. The world wants spiritual help. All who have buried their dead want comfort. All know themselves to be mortal and to be immortal, and they want to hear about the great future. I tell you, my friends, if the people of these great cities who have had trouble only thought they could get practical and sympathetic help in the Christian Church there would not be a street in New York, or Brooklyn, or Chicago, or Charleston, or Philadelphia, or Boston which would be passable on the Sabbath day, if there were a church on it, for all the people would press to that asylum of mercy, that great house of comfort and consolation.

We hear a great deal of discussion now all over the land about why people do not go to church. Some say it is because Christianity is dying out, and because people do not believe in the truth of God's Word, and all that. They are false reasons. The reason is because our sermons are not interesting and practical, and sympathetic and helpful. Some one might as well tell the whole truth on this subject, and so I will tell it. The sermon of the future, the Gospel sermon to come forth, and shake the nations, and lift people out of darkness, will be a popular sermon, just for the simple reason that it will meet the woes, and the wants, and the anxieties of the people.

The sermon of the future will be an awakening sermon. From altar-rail to the front doorstep, under that sermon an audience will get up and start for heaven. There will be in it many a staccato passage. It will not be a lullaby; it will be a battle charge. Men will drop their sins, for they will feel the hot breath of pursuing retribution on the back of their necks. It will be a sermon sympathetic with all the physical distresses as well as the spiritual distresses of the world. Christ not only preached, but He healed paralysis, and He healed epilepsy, and He healed the dumb, and the blind, and ten lepers.

That sermon of the future will be an everyday sermon, going right down into every man's life, and it will teach him how to vote, how to bargain, how to plow, how to do any work he is called to, how to wield trowel, and pen, and pencil, and yardstick, and plane. And it will teach women how to preside over their households, and how to educate their children, and how to imitate Miriam, and Esther, and Vashti and Eunice, the mother of Timothy; and Mary, the

mother of Christ; and those women who on Northern and Southern battlefields were mistaken by the wounded for angels of mercy fresh from the throne of God.



PART III.

Goals for the Moral Realm.



CHAPTER XLV.

THE GATES OF HELL.

You know about the gates of heaven. You have often heard them preached about. There are three to each point of the compass. On the north, three gates; on the south, three gates; on the east, three gates; on the west, three gates; and each gate is a solid pearl. Oh, gate of heaven, may we all get into it! But who shall describe the gates of hell? These gates are burnished until they sparkle and glisten in the gaslight. They are mighty, and set in sockets of deep and dreadful masonry. They are high, so that those who are in may not clamber over and get out. They are heavy, but they swing easily in to let those go in who are to be destroyed.

I remember, when the Franco-German war was going on, that I stood one day in Paris looking at the gates of the Tuilleries, and I was so absorbed in the sculpturing at the top of the gates—the masonry and the bronze—that I forgot myself, and after awhile, looking down, I saw that there were officers of the law scrutinizing me, supposing, no doubt, I was a German, and looking at those gates for adverse purposes. But, my friends, we shall not stand looking at the outside of the gates of hell. I intend to tell you of both sides, and I shall tell you what those gates are made of. With the hammer of God's truth I shall pound on the brazen panels, and with the

lantern of God's truth I shall flash a light upon the shining hinges.

Gate the first: Impure literature. Anthony Comstock seized twenty tons of bad books, plates, and letter-press, and when Professor Cochran, of the Polytechnic Institute, poured the destructive acids on those plates, they smoked in the righteous annihilation. And yet a great deal of the bad literature of the day is not gripped of the law. It is strewn in your parlors; it is in your libraries. Some of your children read it at night after they have retired, the gas-burner swung as near as possible to their pillow.

Much of this literature goes under the title of scientific information. A book-agent with one of these infernal books, glossed over with scientific nomenclature, went into a hotel and sold in one day a hundred copies, and sold them all to women! It is appalling that men and women who can get, through their family physician, all the useful information they may need, and without any contamination, should wade chin deep through such accursed literature, under the plea of getting useful knowledge, and that printing-presses, hoping to be called decent, lend themselves to this infamy. Fathers and mothers, be not deceived by the title, "medical works." Nineteenths of those books come hot from the lost world, though they may have on them the names of the publishing houses of New York and Philadelphia.

Then, there is all the novelette literature of the day flung over the land by the million. No one—mark this—no one systematically reads the average novelette of this day and keeps either integrity or virtue. The most of these novelettes are written by broken-down literary men for small compensation, on

the principle that, having failed in literature elevated and pure, they hope to succeed in the tainted and the nasty. Oh, this is a wide gate of hell! Every panel is made out of a bad book or newspaper. Every hinge is the interjoined type of a corrupt printing-press. Every bolt or lock of that gate is made out of the plate of an unclean pictorial. In other words, there are a million men and women in the United States to-day reading themselves into hell!

When in your own beautiful city, a prosperous family fell into ruins through the misdeeds of one of its members, the amazed mother said to the officer of the law: "Why, I never supposed there was anything wrong. I never thought there could be anything wrong." Then she sat weeping in silence for some time, and said: "Oh, I have got it now! I know, I know! I found in her bureau, after she went away, a bad book. That's what slew her!"

These leprous booksellers have gathered up the catalogues of all the male and female seminaries in the United States—catalogues containing the names and the residences of all the students, and circulars of death are sent to every one, without any exception. Can you imagine anything more dreadful? There is not a young person, male or female, or an old person, who has not had offered to him or her, a bad book or a bad picture. Scour your house to find out whether there are any of these adders coiled on your parlor center table, or coiled amid the toilet-set on the dressing-case. I adjure you before the sun goes down, to explore your family libraries with an inexorable scrutiny. Remember that one bad book or bad picture may do the work for eternity. I want to arouse

all your suspicions about novelettes. I want to put you on the watch against everything that may seem like surreptitious correspondence through the post-office. I want you to understand that impure literature is one of the broadest, highest, mightiest gates of the lost.

Gate the second: The dissolute dance.—You shall not divert me to the general subject of dancing. Whatever you may think about the parlor dance, or the methodic motion of the body to sounds of music in the family or the social circle, I am not now discussing that question. I want you to unite with me this morning in recognizing the fact that there is a dissolute dance. You know of what I speak. It is seen not only in the low haunts of death, but in elegant mansions. It is the first step to eternal ruin for a great multitude of both sexes.

You know, my friends, what postures and attitudes and figures are suggested of the devil. They who glide into the dissolute dance glide over an inclined plane, and the dance is swifter and swifter, wilder and wilder, until, with the speed of lightning, they whirl off the edges of a decent life into a fiery future. This gate of hell swings across the Axminster of many a fine parlor and across the ball-room of the summer watering-place. You have no right, my brother, my sister—you have no right to take an attitude to the sound of music which would be unbecoming in the absence of music.

Gate the third: Indiscreet apparel.—The attire of woman for the last four or five years has been beautiful and graceful beyond anything I have known; but there are those that will always carry that which is right into the extraordinary and indiscreet. I

charge Christian women neither by style of dress nor adjustment of apparel to become administrative of evil. Perhaps none else will dare to tell you, so I will tell you that there are multitudes of men who owe their eternal damnation to the boldness of womanly attire.

Show me the fashion-plates of any age between this and the time of Louis the Sixteenth, of France, and Henry the Eighth, of England, and I will tell you the type of morals or immorals of that age or that year. No exception to it. Modest apparel indicates a righteous people. Immodest apparel always indicates a contaminated and depraved society. You wonder that the city of Tyre was destroyed with such a terrible destruction. Have you ever seen the fashion-plates of Tyre?

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

Gate the fourth: Alcoholic beverage.—All the scenes of wickedness are under the enchantment of the wine-cup. That is what the waitresses carry on the platter. That is what glows on the table. That is what shines in illuminated gardens. That is what flushes the cheeks of the patrons who come in. That

is what staggers the step of the patrons as they go out. Oh, the wine-cup is the pattern of impurity. The officers of the law tell us that nearly all the men who go into the shambles of death go in intoxicated, the mental and the spiritual abolished, that the brute may triumph.

Tell me that a young man drinks, and I know the whole story. If he become a captive of the wine cup, he will become a captive of all other vices, only give him time. No one ever knows drunkenness alone. That is a carrion-crow that goes in a flock, and when you see that beak ahead, you may know the other beaks are coming. In other words, the wine-cup unbalances and dethrones one's better judgment, and leaves one the prey of all evil appetites that may choose to alight upon his soul.

There is not a place of any kind of sin in the United States to-day that does not find its chief abettor in the chalice of inebriety. There is either a drinking-bar before, or one behind, or one above, or one underneath. The officers of the law have said to me: "These people escape legal penalty because they are all licensed to sell liquor." Then I have said to myself: "The courts that license the sale of strong drink, license gambling-houses, license libertinism, license disease, license death, license all sufferings, all crimes, all despoliations, all disasters, all murders, all woe. It is the courts and the legislature that are swinging wide open this grinding, creaky, stupendous gate of the lost."

But you say, "You have described these gates of hell, and shown us how they swing in to allow the entrance of the doomed. Will you not, please, tell us how these gates may swing out to allow the escape of the penitent?" I reply, but very few escape.

Of the thousand that go in, nine hundred and ninety-nine perish. Suppose one of these wanderers should knock at your door, would you admit her? Suppose you knew where she came from, would you ask her to sit down at your dining-table? Would you ask her to become the governess of your children? Would you introduce her among your own acquaintance? Would you take the responsibility of pulling on the outside of the gate of hell while she pushed on the inside of that gate trying to get out? You would not—not one of a thousand of you that would dare to do it. You write beautiful poetry over her sorrows, and weep over her misfortunes, but give her practical help you never will. There is not one person out of a thousand that will—there is not one out of five thousand that has come so near the heart of the Lord Jesus Christ as to dare to help one of these fallen souls.

But you say, "Are there no ways of escape for the poor wanderers?" Oh, yes; three or four. The one way is the sewing-girl's garret, dingy, cold, hunger-blasted. But you say, "Is there no other way for her to escape?" Oh, yes. Another way is the street that leads to East River, at midnight, the end of the city dock, the moon shining down on the water making it look so smooth she wonders if it is deep enough. It is. No boatman near enough to hear the plunge. No watchman near enough to pick her out before she sinks the third time. No other way? Yes. By the curve of the Hudson River Railroad, at the point where the engineer of the lightning express train cannot see a hundred yards ahead to the form that lies across the track. He may whistle "down brakes," but not soon enough to disappoint the one who seeks her death.

But you say, "Isn't God good, and won't He forgive?" Yes; but man will not, woman will not, society will not. The Church of God says it will, but it will not. Our work, then, must be preventive rather than cure.

Those gates of hell are to be prostrated just as certainly as God and the Bible are true, but it will not be done until Christian men and women, quitting their prudery and squeamishness in this matter, rally the whole Christian sentiment of the church and assail these great evils of society. The Bible utters its denunciation in this direction again and again, and yet the piety of the day is such a namby-pamby sort of thing that you cannot even quote Scripture without making somebody restless. As long as this holy imbecility reigns in the Church of God, sin will laugh you to scorn. I do not know but that before the Church wakes up matters will get worse and worse, and that there will have to be one lamb sacrificed from each of the most carefully guarded folds, and the wave of uncleanness dash to the spire of the village church and the top of the cathedral pillar.

Prophets and patriarchs, and apostles and evangelists, and Christ Himself have thundered against these sins as against no other, and yet there are those who think we ought to take, when we speak of these subjects, a tone apologetic. I put my foot on all the conventional rhetoric on this subject, and I tell you plainly that unless you give up that sin your doom is sealed, and world without end you will be chased by the anathemas of an incensed God. I rally you to a besiegement of the gates of hell. We want in this besieging host no soft sentimentalists, but men who are willing to give and take hard knocks. The gates

of Ghaza were carried off; the gates of Thebes were battered down; the gates of Babylon were destroyed, and the gates of hell are going to be prostrated.

The Christianized printing press will be rolled up as the chief battering-ram. Then there will be a long list of aroused pulpits, which shall be assailing fortresses, and God's red-hot truth shall be the flying ammunition of the contest; and the sappers and the miners will lay the train under these foundations of sin, and at just the right time God, who leads on the fray, will cry, "Down with the gates!" and the explosion beneath will be answered by all the trumpets of God on high, celebrating universal victory.

But there may be one wanderer that would like to have a kind word calling homeward. I have told you that society has no mercy. Did I hint, at an earlier point in this subject, that God will have mercy upon any wanderer who would like to come back to the heart of infinite love?

A cold Christmas night in a farmhouse. Father comes in from the barn, knocks the snow from his shoes, and sits down by the fire. The mother sits at the stand knitting. She says to him, "Do you remember it is the anniversary to-night?" The father is angered. He never wants any allusion to the fact that one had gone away, and the mere suggestion that it was the anniversary of that sad event made him quite rough, although the tears ran down his cheeks. The old house dog, that had played with the wanderer when she was a child, comes up and puts his head on the old man's knee, but he roughly repulses the dog. He wants nothing to remind him of the anniversary day.

A cold winter night in a city church. It is Christ-

mas night. They have been decorating the sanctuary. A lost wanderer of the street, with thin shawl about her, attracted by the warmth and light, comes in and sits near the door. The minister of religion is preaching of Him who was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities, and the poor soul by the door said: "Why, that must mean me; 'mercy for the chief of sinners; bruised for our iniquities; wounded for our transgressions.'"

The music that night in the sanctuary brought back the old hymn which she used to sing when, with father and mother, she worshiped God in the village church. The service over, the minister went down the aisle. She said to him: "Were those words for me? 'Wounded for our transgressions.' Was that for me?" The man of God understood her not. He knew not how to comfort a shipwrecked soul, and he passed on and he passed out. The poor wanderer followed into the street.

"What are you doing here, Meg?" said the police. "What are you doing here to-night?" "Oh," she replied, "I was in to warm myself;" and then the rattling cough came, and she held to the railing until the paroxysm was over. She passed on down the street, falling from exhaustion; recovering herself again, until after a while she reached the outskirts of the city, and passed on into the country road. It seemed so familiar; she kept on the road, and she saw in the distance a light in the window. Ah! that light had been gleaming there every night since she went away. On that country road she passed until she came to the garden gate. She opened it and passed up the path where she played in childhood. She came to the steps and looked in at the fire on

the hearth. Then she put her fingers to the latch. Oh, if that door had been locked she would have perished on the threshold, for she was near to death! But that door had not been locked since the time she went away. She pushed open the door. She went in and lay down on the hearth by the fire. The old house-dog growled as he saw her enter, but there was something in the voice he recognized, and he frisked about her until he almost pushed her down in his joy.

In the morning the mother came down, and she saw a bundle of rags on the hearth; but when the face was uplifted, she knew it, and it was no more old Meg of the street. Throwing her arms around the returned prodigal, she cried, "Oh, Maggie!" The child threw her arms around her mother's neck, and said, "Oh, mother!" and while they were embraced a rugged form towered above them. It was the father. The severity all gone out of his face, he stooped and took her up tenderly and carried her to mother's room, and laid her down on mother's bed, for she was dying. Then the lost one, looking up into her mother's face, said: "'Wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities!' Mother, do you think that means me?" "Oh, yes, my darling," said the mother. "If mother is so glad to get you back, don't you think God is glad to get you back?"

And there she lay dying, and all their dreams and all their prayers were filled with the words, "Wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities," until, just before the moment of her departure, her face lighted up, showing the pardon of God had dropped upon her soul. And there she slept away on the bosom of a pardoning Jesus. So the Lord took back one whom the world rejected.

CHAPTER XLVI.

INFLUENCE OF CLUBS.

I am asked what is the influence of club-houses in America? Men are gregarious.

Cattle in herds. Birds in flocks. Fish in schools. The human race in social circles. You may by discharge of gun scatter the flock of quails, and you may by plunge of the anchor send apart the denizens of the deep; but they will reassemble. And if by some power you could scatter all the present associations of men, they would again reassemble.

Herbs and flowers prefer to stand in associations. You plant a forget-me-not or a heart's-ease away up alone on the hillside, and it will soon hunt up some other heart's-ease or forget-me-not, You find the herbs talking to each other in the morning dew. A galaxy of stars is a mutual life insurance company. Once in a while you find a man unsympathetic and alone, and like a ship's mast, ice-glazed, which the most agile sailor could not climb; but the most of men have in their nature a thousand roots and a thousand branches, and they blossom all the way to the top, and the fowls of heaven sing amid the branches. Because of this we have communities and societies—some for the kindling of mirth, some for the raising of sociality, some for the advance of a craft, some to plan for the welfare of the State—associations of artists, of merchants, of shipwrights,

of carpenters, of masons, of plumbers, of plasterers, of lawyers, of doctors, of clergymen. Do you cry out against this? Then you cry out against a divine arrangement.

You might as well preach a sermon to a busy ant-hill or beehive against secret societies. In many of the ages people have gathered together in associations, characterized by the old blunt Saxon designation of club. If you have read history you know there were the King's Head Club, and the Ben Jonson Club, and the Brothers' Club—to which Swift and Bolingbroke belonged—and the Literary Club, which Burke and Goldsmith and Johnson and Boswell made immortal; and Jacobin Club, and Benjamin Franklin Junto Club, and others almost as celebrated and conspicuous. Some to advance arts, some to vindicate justice, some to promote good literature, some to destroy the body and blast the soul. In our own time we have many clubs. They are as different from each other as the day from the night. I might show you two specimens.

Here is the imperial hallway. On this side is the parlor, with the upholstery of a Kremlin or a Tuilleries. Here is a dining-room which challenges you to mention any luxury it cannot afford. Here is an art gallery with pictures and statues and drawings from the best of artists—Bierstadt and Church and Cole and Powers—pictures for all moods, impassioned or placid—Sheridan's Ride and Farmers at their Nooning. Shipwreck and Sunlight over the Seas. Foaming deer with the hounds after it in the Adirondacks. Sheep asleep on the hill-side. And here are reading rooms with the finest of magazines, and libraries with all styles of books, from hermetics to fairy tale.

Men go there for ten minutes or for many hours. Some come from beautiful and happy home circles for a little while that they may enter into these club-house socialities. Others come from dismembered households, and while they have humble lodgings elsewhere, find their chief joy here. One blackball amid ten votes will defeat a man's membership. For rowdyism and gambling and drunkenness and every style of misdemeanor a man is immediately dropped. Brilliant club-house from top to bottom—the chandeliers, the plate, the literature, the social prestige a complete enchantment.

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

That is an only son seated there at another table. He had had all art, all culture, all refinement, showered upon him by his parents. That is the way he is paying them for their kindness. That is a young married man. A few months ago, he made promises of fidelity and kindness, every one of which he has broken. Around a table in the club-house there is a group telling vile stories. It is getting late now, and three-fourths of the members of the club are intoxicated. It is between twelve and one o'clock, and after a while it is time to shut up. The conversation has got to be groveling, base, filthy, outrageous. Time to shut up. The young men saunter forth, those who can walk, and balance themselves against the lamp-post or the fence. A young man not able

to get out has a couch extemporized for him in the club-house, or by two comrades not quite so overcome by strong drink, he is led to his father's house, and the door-bell rung, and the door opens, and these two imbecile escorts usher into the front hall the ghastliest thing ever ushered into a father's house—a drunken son. There are dissipating club-houses which would do well if they could make a contract with Inferno to furnish ten thousand men a year, and do that for twenty years, on the condition that no more would be asked of them. They would save—the dissipating club-houses of this country would save—hundreds of homesteads, and bodies, minds, and souls innumerable. The ten thousand they furnish a year by contract would be small when compared with the vaster multitudes they furnish without contract. But I make a vast difference between the club-houses. I have during my life belonged to four clubs—a base-ball club, a theological club, and two literary clubs. They were to me physical recuperation, mental food, moral health.

Now, what is the principle by which we are to judge in regard to the profitable or baleful influence of a club-house? That is the practical and the eternal question which hundreds of men to-day are settling. First, I would have you test your club-house by the influence it has upon your home, if you have a home. I have been told by a prominent member of one of the clubs, that three-fourths of the members are married men. That wife has lost her influence over her husband who takes every evening's absence as an assault upon domesticity. How are the great enterprises of art, and literature, and education, and the public weal to go on if every man

has his world bounded by his front doorstep on one side, and his back window on the other, his thoughts rising no higher than his own attic, going down no deeper than his own cellar? When a wife objects to a husband's absence for some elevating purpose, she breaks her scepter of conjugal power.

There should be no protest on the part of the wife if the husband goes forth to some practical, useful, honorable mission. But alas! for the fact that so many men sacrifice all home-life for the club-house. I have in my house the roll of the members of many of the clubs of our great cities, and I could point you to the names of many who have committed this awful sacrilege.

Genial as angels at the club-house, ugly as sin at home. Generous to a fault for all wine suppers and yachts and horse races, but stingy about the wife's dress and the children's shoes. That which might have been a healthful recreation has become a usurpation of his affections, and he has married it, and he is guilty of moral bigamy.

Under that process, whatever be the wife's features, she becomes uninteresting and homely. He criticises everything about her. He does not like her dress; he does not like the way she arranges her hair; he cannot see how he ever was so unromantic as to offer her his hand and heart. It is all the time talk about money, money, money, when she ought to be talking about Dexters and Derby Days and English drags, with six horses all under control of one ribbon. There are hundreds of homes in New York and Brooklyn being clubbed to death.

Membership in some of these clubs always means domestic shipwreck. Tell me a man has become a

member in a certain club, and tell me nothing more about him for ten years, and I will write his accurate biography. By that time he is a wine-guzzler, and his wife is broken-hearted or prematurely old, and his property is lost or reduced, and his home is a mere name in a directory.

“Here are six days of the secular week,” says the husband and father. “How shall I dispose of the six nights? Well, I will give four to my family at home, or taking them abroad to some place where they will be interested. Then I will give one night to a religious service, and I will give one night to a club-room.” I congratulate you. But here is a man who makes a different distribution of his time. He says: “I will give three nights to the club-room, and I will give three nights to other duties.” I begin to tremble. Here is a man who makes a different distribution of his time. He says: “Of the six secular nights, I will give five to the club-house, and one to my home, and that one night I will spend in scowling like a March squall because I am not spending it as I spent the others.” That man’s obituary is written. There is not one man out of ten thousand that gets as far as that on the road to ruin that ever stops. His physical health gives way under the late hours and the stimulants. He is an easy prey for erysipelas and rheumatism of the heart. The physician at one glance sees that he will not only have that disease to fight, but many years of fast living. The clergyman at the obsequies talks in religious generalities. The men who got his yacht in the eternal rapids will not come to the obsequies. Oh, no, they will have pressing engagements! They will send the wife with a wreath for the coffin-lid, and a few words of sym-

pathy, but they will be busy. Give me a chisel and a mallet that I may cut the man's epitaph on his tombstone: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." "Oh, no," you say, "that would not be appropriate." Let me try again with this epitaph: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." "Oh, no," you say, "that would be horribly inappropriate." Then give me the chisel and the mallet, and I will cut an honest epitaph: "Here lies the victim of a dissipating clubhouse."

The damage is often increased by the fact that the scion of some aristocratic family belongs to a club, and people born in humbler circles feel flattered to belong to that one where he belongs, not realizing the fact that some of the sons and grandsons of the great commercial establishments of the past as to mind are imbecile, as to body diseased, as to morals rotten. They would have long ago got through with their entire property, but the wily ancestor who got his money by hard knocks knows how it will be, and so he ties up everything in his will. There is nothing left now to that unworthy descendant but his grandfather's name and roast beef rotundity. And yet many a steamer is proud to be lashed fast of that worm-eaten tug, though it pulls straight for the breakers. I can point you to men in Brooklyn and New York who, because of an illustrious ancestry, are now taking scores of men to their eternal ruin.

Another test by which you may try your clubhouse, or the one into whose membership you are invited, is the question, What is the influence of that institution upon one's secular occupation? I can see

how through a club-house men may advance their commercial interests. I have friends who have formed their best mercantile relations through such institutions. But what has been the influence of the one with which you are connected upon your wordly credit?

Are people more cautious now how they let you have goods? Before you joined the club was your credit with the commercial agency A1? and has it gone clear down on the scale? Then beware!

We every day hear the going to pieces of commercial establishments through the dissipations of some club-house libertine or club-house drunkard who has wasted his estate, and wasted the estate of others. The fortune is beaten to pieces with the ball-player's bat, or cut amidship by the prow of a regatta, or falls under the sharp hoof of the fast horse, or is drowned in the potions of Cognac and Monongahela. The man's club-house was the Loch Earn, his occupation was the Ville du Havre. They struck on the high seas, and the Ville du Havre went under.

Another test by which you may try all the club-houses of these cities is the question, What influence will that institution have upon my sense of moral and spiritual obligation?

I have sometimes been perplexed, as some of you have been, at Buffalo, going to Chicago, to know whether to take the Michigan Central or the Lake Shore, equally safe, equally expeditious, trains arriving at the same hour; but suppose you hear that on one road the bridges are down, the tracks are torn up, and the switches are unlocked, you very easily make up your mind which is the best to take.

Now, here are two highways into the great future, the Christian highway and the unchristian; the one safe, the other dangerous. Anything that makes me forget that, is a bad institution. I had family prayers before I joined the club. Do I have them now? I attended regularly the house of God before I joined the club. Do I now attend religious service? Would you rather have in your hand, when you come to die, a pack of cards or a Bible? Would you, in the closing moment of your life, rather have the cup of Belshazzarean wassail put to your lip, or the cup of holy communion? Would you, my brother, rather have for eternal companions the swearing, carousing, vile, story-telling crew that surround the table in a dissipating club-house, or your little child, the bright girl that God took? Ah! you would not have been away so many nights if you had thought she was going so soon. Your wife has never brightened up since then. She has not got over it. She never will get over it. What a pity it is that you can not spend more evenings at home consoling that great sorrow! Oh, you can not drown that grief in a wine-cup! You can not forget those little arms that were thrown around your neck while she said: "Papa, do stay home to-night, do stay home to-night!" You can not wipe from your lips the dying kiss of that little child. And yet there has been many a man so completely overborne by the fascinations of a dissipating club-house, that he went off the night the child was dying of scarlet fever. He came back about midnight, and it was all over. The eyes were closed. The undertaker had done his work. The wife lay unconscious in the next room, from having watched for three weeks. He came up-stairs, and he saw the

empty cradle, and saw the window was up. He said, "What is the matter?" In God's judgment day he will find out what was the matter. Oh, man astray, God help you!

The influence which some of the club-houses are exerting is the more to be deplored because it takes down the very best men.

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

turned out of the higher club-houses, went into the lower club-houses, and on down, until one night he leaped out of a third-story window to end his wretchedness.

Let me say to fathers who are becoming dissipated, your sons will follow you. You think your son does not know. He knows all about it. I have heard men who say, "I am profane, but never in the presence of my children." Your children know you swear. I have heard men say, "I drink, but never in the presence of my children." Your children know you drink. I describe now what occurs in hundreds of households in this country. The tea-hour has arrived. The family are seated at the tea-table. Before the rest of the family arise from the table, the father shoves back his chair, says he has an engagement, lights a cigar, goes out, comes back after midnight, and that is the history of three hundred and sixty-five nights of the year. Does any man want to stultify himself by saying that that is healthy, that that is right, that that is honorable? Would your wife have married you with such prospects?

Time will pass on, and the son will be sixteen or seventeen years of age, and you will be at the tea-table, and he will shove back and have an engagement, and he will light his cigar, and he will go out to the club-house, and you will hear nothing of him until you hear the night key in the door after midnight. But his physical constitution is not quite so strong as yours, and the liquor he drinks is more terrifically drugged than that which you drink, and so he will catch up with you on the road to death, though you got such a long start of him, and so you will both go to hell together.

The revolving Drummond light in front of a hotel, in front of a locomotive, may flash this way, and flash that, upon the mountains, upon the ravines, upon the city; but I take the lamp of God's eternal truth, and I flash it upon all the club-houses of these cities, so that no young man shall be deceived. By these tests try them, try them! Oh, leave the dissipating influences of the club-room, if the influences of your club-room are dissipating! Paid your money, have you? Better sacrifice that than your soul. Good fellows, are they? Under that process they will not remain such. Mollusca may be found two hundred fathoms down beneath the Norwegian seas; Siberian stag get fat on the stunted growth of Altain peaks; Hedysarium grows amid the desolation of Sahara; tufts of osier and birch grow on the hot lips of volcanic Sneehattan; but a pure heart and an honest life thrive in a dissipating club-house—never!

The way to conquer a wild beast is to keep your eye on him, but the way for you to conquer your temptations, my friend, is to turn your back on them and fly for your life.

Oh, my heart aches! I see men struggling against evil habits, and they want help. I have knelt beside them, and I have heard them cry for help, and then we have risen, and he has put one hand on my right shoulder, and the other hand on my left shoulder, and looked into my face with an infinity of earnestness which the judgment day will have no power to make me forget, as he has cried out with his lips scorched in ruin, "God help me!" For such there is no help except in the Lord God Almighty. To His grace I commend you.

CHAPTER XLVII.

HEALTH RESORTS.

I believe in watering-places. I go there sometimes. Let not the commercial firm begrudge the clerk, or the employer the journeyman, or the patient the physician, or the church its pastor, a season of in-occupation. Luther used to sport with his children; Edmund Burke used to caress his favorite horse; Thomas Chalmers, in the dark hour of the Church's disruption, played kite for recreation—so I was told by his own daughter—and the busy Christ said to the busy apostles, "Come ye apart awhile into the desert and rest yourselves." And I have observed that they who do not know how to rest, do not know how to work.

But I have to declare this truth, that some of our fashionable watering-places are the temporal and eternal destruction of "a multitude that no man can number." The first temptation that is apt to hover in this direction is to leave your piety at home.

You will send the dog and cat and canary-bird to be well cared for somewhere else; but the temptation will be to leave your religion in the room with the blinds down and the door bolted, and then you will come back in the autumn to find that it is starved and suffocated, lying stretched on the rug, stark dead. There is no surplus of piety at the watering-places. I never knew any one to grow



A HEALTHFUL REST.

[After M. Leloir.]

very rapidly in grace at the Catskill Mountain House, or Sharon Springs, or the Falls of Montmorency. It is generally the case that the Sabbath is more of a carousal than any other day, and there are Sunday walks, Sunday rides, and Sunday excursions.

Elders and deacons and ministers of religion, who are entirely consistent at home, sometimes when the Sabbath dawns on them at Niagara Falls or the White Mountains, take the day to themselves. If they go to the church, it is apt to be a sacred parade, and the discourse, instead of being a plain talk about the soul, is apt to be what is called a crack sermon—that is, some discourse picked out of the effusions of the year as the one most adapted to excite admiration; and in those churches, from the way the ladies hold their fans, you know that they are not so much impressed with the heat as with the picturesqueness of half-disclosed features. Four puny souls stand in the organ-loft and squall a tune that nobody knows, and worshipers, with two thousand dollars' worth of diamonds on the right hand, drop a cent into the poor-box, and then the benediction is pronounced, and the farce is ended. The toughest thing I ever tried to do was to be good at a watering-place. The air is bewitched with "the world, the flesh, and the devil." There are Christians who, in three or four weeks in such a place, have had such terrible rents made in their Christian robe that they had to keep darning it until Christmas, to get it mended.

The health of a great many people makes an annual visit to some mineral spring an absolute necessity; but, my dear people, take your Bible along with you, and take an hour for secret prayer every

day, though you be surrounded by guffaw and saturnalia. Keep holy the Sabbath, though they deride you as a bigoted Puritan. Stand off from gambling hells and those other institutions which propose to imitate on this side the water the iniquities of Baden-Baden. Let your moral and your immortal health keep pace with your physical recuperation, and remember that all the sulphur and chalybeate springs cannot do you so much good as the healing, perennial flood that breaks forth from the "Rock of Ages." This may be your last summer. If so, make it a fit vestibule of heaven.

Another temptation hovering around nearly all our watering-places is the horse-racing business. We all admire the horse; but we do not think that its beauty or speed ought to be cultured at the expense of human degradation. The horse race is not of such importance as the human race. The Bible intimates that a man is better than a sheep, and I suppose he is better than a horse, though like Job's stallion, his neck be clothed with thunder. Horse-races in olden times were under the ban of Christian people; and in our day the same institution has come up under fictitious names. And it is called a "Summer Meeting," almost suggestive of positive religious exercises. And it is called an "Agricultural Fair," suggestive of everything that is improving in the art of farming. But under these deceptive titles are the same cheating, and the same betting, and the same drunkenness, and the same vagabondage, and the same abomination that were to be found under the old horse-racing system.

I never knew a man yet who could give himself to the pleasures of the turf for a long reach of time and

not be battered in morals. They hook up their spanking team, and put on their sporting cap, and light their cigar, and take the reins, and dash down the road to perdition! The great day at Saratoga, and Long Branch, and Cape May, and nearly all the other watering-places is the day of the races. The hotels are thronged, every kind of equipage is taken up at an almost fabulous price; and there are many respectable people mingling with jockeys and gamblers and libertines, and foul-mouthed men and flashy women.

The bartender stirs up the brandy smash. The bets run high. The greenhorns, supposing all is fair, put in their money, soon enough to lose it. Three weeks before the race takes place, the struggle is decided, and the men in the secret know on which steed to bet their money. The two men on the horses riding around, long ago arranged who shall win. Leaning from the stand, or from the carriage, are men and women so absorbed in the struggle of bone and muscle and mettle, that they make a grand harvest for the pickpockets who carry off the pocketbooks and the portemonnaies. Men, looking on, see only two horses with two riders flying around the ring; but there is many a man on that stand whose honor and domestic happiness and fortune—white mane, white foot, white flank—are in the ring, racing with inebriety, and with fraud, and with profanity, and with ruin—black neck, black foot, black flank. Neck and neck they go in that moral Epsom. White horse of honor; black horse of ruin. Death says, "I will bet on the black horse." Spectator says, "I will bet on the white horse." The white horse of honor a little way ahead. The black horse of ruin, Satan

mounted, all the time gaining on him. Spectator breathless. They put on the lash, dig in the spurs. There! They are past the stand. Sure. Just as I expected it. The black horse of ruin has won the race, and all the galleries of darkness "Huzza! huzza!" and the devils come in to pick up their wagers. Ah, my friends, have nothing to do with horse-racing dissipations. Long ago the English Government got through looking to the turf for the dragoon and the light-cavalry horse. They found out that the turf depreciates the stock; and it is worse yet for men. Thomas Hughes, the Member of Parliament, and the author, known all the world over, hearing that a new turf enterprise was being started in this country, wrote a letter in which he said, "Heaven help you, then; for of all the cankers of our old civilization there is nothing in this country approaching in unblushing meanness, in rascality, holding its head high, to this belauded institution of the British turf."

Another famous sportsman writes: "How many fine domains have been shared among these hosts of rapacious sharks during the last two hundred years; and unless the system be altered, how many more are doomed to fall into the same gulf!" With the bull-fights of Spain and the bear-baitings of the pit, may the Lord God annihilate the infamous and accursed horse racing of England and America.

I go further and speak of another temptation that hovers over the watering place, and that is the temptation to sacrifice physical strength.

The modern Bethesda was intended to recuperate the physical health; and yet how many come from the watering-places, their health absolutely destroyed!

New York and Brooklyn simpletons, boasting of having imbibed twenty glasses of Congress water before breakfast. Families, accustomed to going to bed at ten o'clock at night, gossiping until one or two o'clock in the morning. Dyspeptics, usually very cautious about their health, mingling ice-creams and lemons and lobster salads and cocoanuts, until the gastric juices lift up all their voices of lamentation and protest. Delicate women and brainless young men dancing themselves into vertigo and catalepsy. Thousands of men and women coming back from our watering-places in the autumn with the foundations laid for ailments that will last them all their life long.

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

Another temptation hovering around the watering-place is the formation of hasty and life-long alliances.

The watering-places are responsible for more of the domestic infelicities of this country than all other things combined. Society is so artificial there that no sure judgment of character can be formed. They who form companionships amid such circumstances, go into a lottery where there are twenty blanks to one prize. In the severe tug of life you want more than glitter and splash. Life is not a ball-room where the music decides the step, and bow and prance and graceful swing of long train can make up for strong common-sense. You might as well go among the gaily-painted yachts of a summer regatta to find war vessels, as to go among the light spray of the summer watering-place to find character that can stand the test of the great struggle of human life.

Ah, in the battle of life you want a stronger weapon than a lace fan or a croquet mallet. The load of life is so heavy that in order to draw it you want a team stronger than one made up of a masculine grasshopper and a feminine butterfly. If there is any man in the community that excites my contempt, and that ought to excite the contempt of every man and woman, it is the soft-handed, soft-headed dude who, perfumed until the air is actually sick, spends his summer in making killing attitudes, and waving sentimental adieux, and talking infinitesimal nothings, and finding his heaven in the set of a lavender kid glove. Boots are tight as an inquisition. Two hours of consummate skill exhibited in the tie of a flaming cravat. His conversation made up of "Ahs!" and "Ohs!" and "He hes!"

There is only one counterpart to such a man as that, and that is the frothy young woman at the watering-place; her conversation made up of French

moonshine; what she has in her head only equaled by what she has on her back; useless ever since she was born, and to be useless until she is dead, useless until she becomes an intelligent Christian. We may admire music, and fair faces, and graceful step; but amid the heartlessness, and the inflation, and the fantastic influences of our modern watering-places, beware how you make life-long covenants.

Another temptation that will hover over the watering-place is that of baneful literature.

Almost every one starting off for the summer, takes some reading matter. It is a book out of the library, or off the bookstand, or bought of the boy hawking books through the cars. I really believe there is more pestiferous trash read among the intelligent classes in July and August, than in all the other ten months of the year. Men and women who at home would not be satisfied with a book that was not really sensible, I find sitting on hotel piazza, or under the trees, reading books the index of which would make them blush if they knew that you knew what the book was. "Oh," they say, "you must have intellectual recreation." Yes. There is no need that you take along into a watering-place "Hamilton's Metaphysics," or some ponderous discourse on the eternal decrees, or "Faraday's Philosophy." There are many easy books that are good. You might as well say, "I propose now to give a little rest to my digestive organs, and instead of eating heavy meat and vegetables, I will, for a little while, take lighter food—a little strychnine and a few grains of ratsbane." Literary poison in August is as bad as literary poison in December. Mark that. Do not let the frogs and the lice of a corrupt printing-press

jump and crawl into your Saratoga trunk or White Mountain valise.

Are there not good books that are easy to read—books of entertaining travel; books of congenial history; books of pure fun; books of poetry, ringing with merry canto; books of fine engraving; books that will rest the mind as well as purify the heart and elevate the whole life? My hearers, there will not be an hour between this and the day of your death when you can afford to read a book lacking in moral principle.

Another temptation hovering all around our watering-places is intoxicating beverages. I am told that it is becoming more and more fashionable for women to drink. I care not how well a woman may dress, if she has taken enough of wine to flush her cheek and put a glassiness on her eye, she is drunk. She may be handed into a \$2,500 carriage, and have diamonds enough to confound the Tiffanys—she is drunk. She may be a graduate of Packer Institute, and the daughter of some man in danger of being nominated for the presidency—she is drunk. You may have a larger vocabulary than I have, and you may say in regard to her that she is “convivial,” or she is “merry,” or she is “festive,” or she is “exhilarated;” but you cannot, with all your garlands of verbiage, cover up the plain fact that it is an old-fashioned case of drunk.

Now the watering-places are full of temptations to men and women to tiddle. At the close of the tennip or billiard game they tiddle. At the close of the cotillion they tiddle. Seated on the piazza cooling themselves off, they tiddle. The tinged glasses come around with bright straws, and they tiddle. First,

they take "light wines," as they call them; but "light wines" are heavy enough to debase the appetite. There is not a very long road between champagne at five dollars a bottle and whiskey at ten cents a glass. Satan has three or four grades down which he takes men to destruction. One man he takes up, and through one spree pitches him into eternal darkness. That is a rare case. Very seldom, indeed, can you find a man who will be such a fool as that. Satan will take another man to a grade, to a descent at an angle about like the Pennsylvania coal-shoot or the Mount Washington rail-track, and shove him off. But that is very rare.

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

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

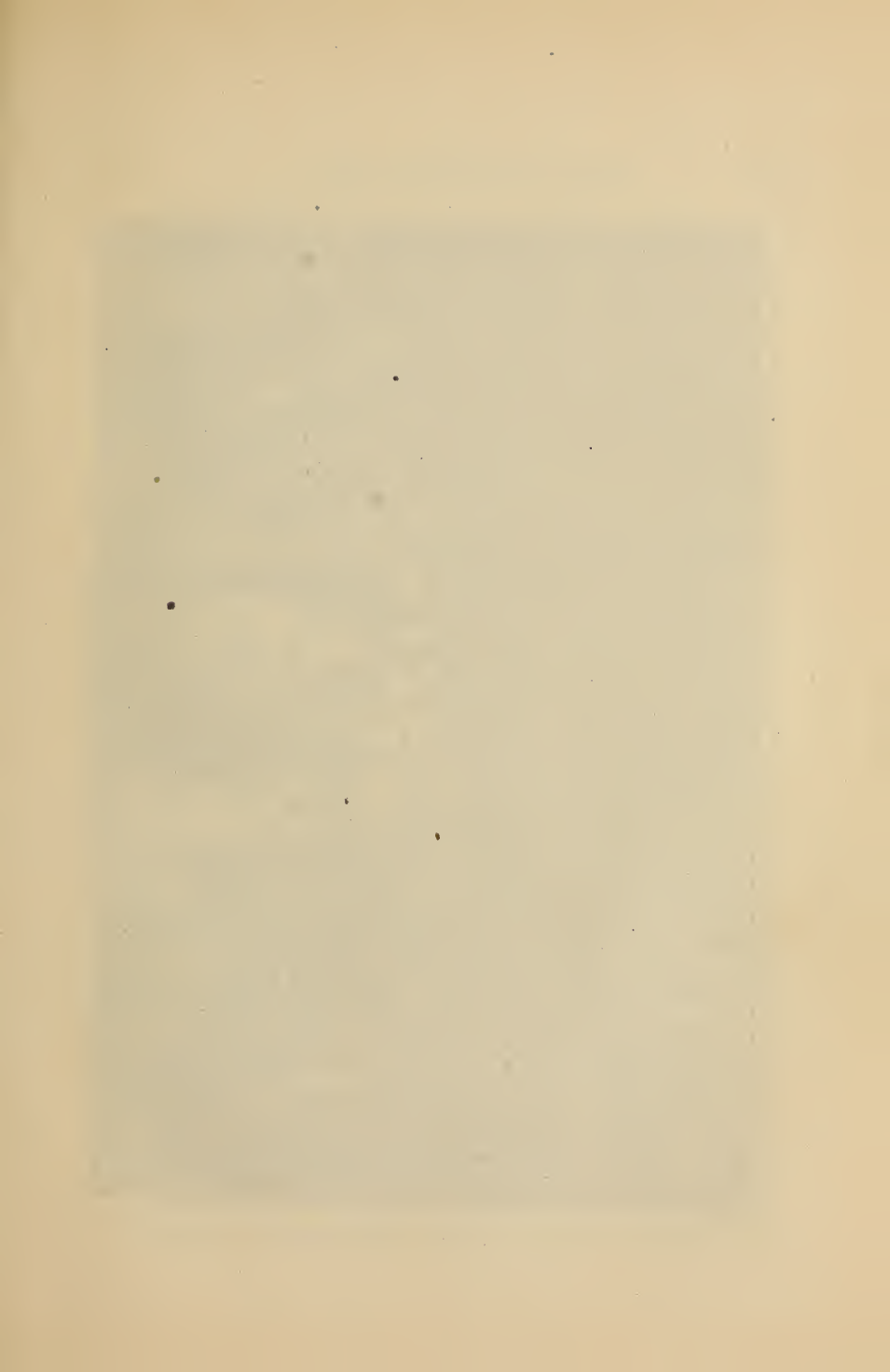
CHAPTER XLVIII.

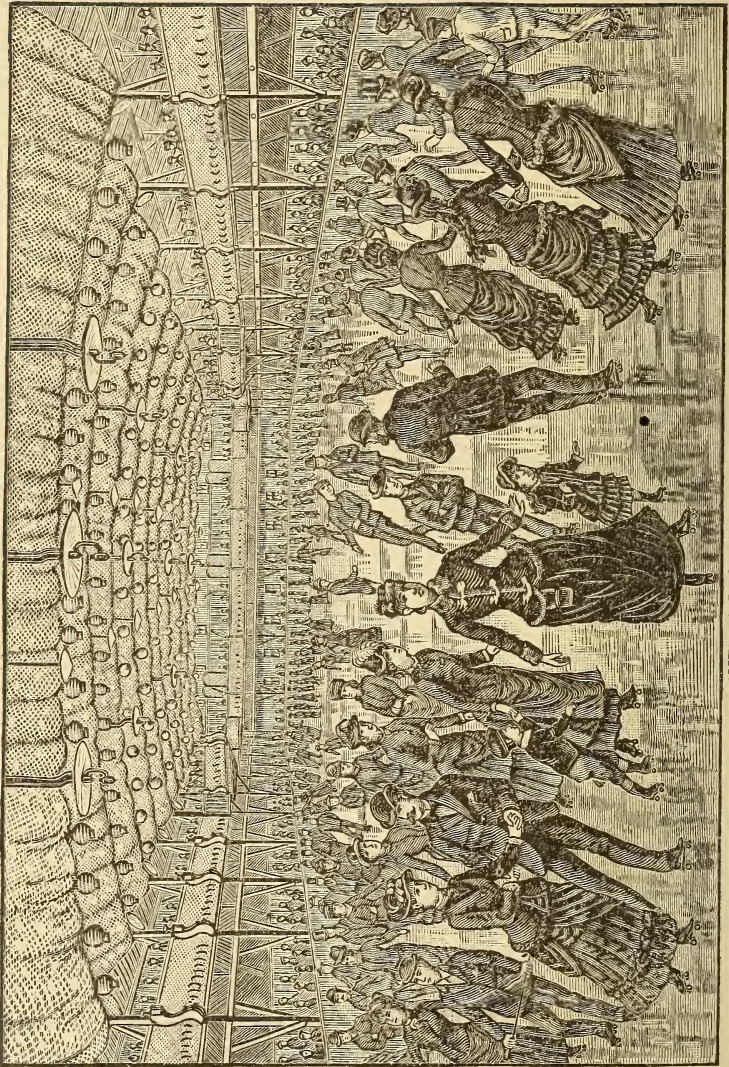
THE ROLLER-SKATE CRAZE.

Archimedes eulogized the lever, and he said if he had a place for the fulcrum outside of this world on which the lever could rest, he could move the world; but he found no such resting-place for the fulcrum. And it is not the lever that is to lift or sink this world, but the wheel, whether the solid disk, or made up of the rim, and spokes, and hub. Wheel of rail train, accelerating travel; wheel of printing-press, multiplying intelligence; wheel of sewing-machine, alleviating toil; wheel of chronometer, announcing the passage of the hours.

Balance wheel, fly wheel, belt wheel, spur wheel, driving wheel, ratchet wheel, the wheel invented by whom I know not, but the idea of it is suggested to us by the planetary system, which is a wheel, and the constellations and the galaxies, which are wheels, and these smaller wheels playing into the great wheel of the universe, the axis of which is the pillar on which rests the throne of God. Tell me which way the world's wheels turn, and I will tell you whether it is going toward ransom or ruin. Tell me how many revolutions they make in a minute, and I will tell you how rapidly it hastens on toward disenfranchisement or demolition.

In our day the principle of the wheel has been applied to recreations and amusements. and the veloci-





INTERIOR OF SKATING RINK.

pede, and the bicycle, and the tricycle, and the roller skate are the consequence, and the thousand-voiced question to be met is, "Are the roller-skates wheels of help or wheels of ruin?" Never in your time or mine has there been such high, wide, popular agitation of the question of amusements, and all ministers of the Gospel, and all parents, and all young people, and all old people need to be able to give an answer to these questions, and a right answer, and a reason for the answer.

Let me premise that for the last twenty-five years I have been looking for some healthful amusement—healthful for the body and the mind—and an amusement that would come in time to rescue this generation. Of healthful, honest, useful amusement, you know as well as I there has been an awful scarcity. Plenty of places to blight and blast and consume body, mind, and soul. No lack of gambling saloons! Within an hour of every home, and every hotel, and every boarding-house in these cities, there are places where a young man may get divorced of his money, and where the old spider of the gaming table officiates at the funeral of the innocent flies. You can lose ten cents, or you can lose a house and lot, or you can lose all you have in a night. Plenty of gambling saloons! I do not know a community on earth that is lacking in this direction. Plenty of grog-shops, where the owner, by expending twelve dollars for genuine alcohol, can fix up a mixture that he can sell for two hundred. Nice little percentage of profit! They let a young man have all he wants as long as his money lasts—one glass, two glasses, three glasses, four glasses, five glasses, until his money is all gone, and it is demonstrated that he has not so much as a

postage stamp left, and then they turn him into the street to take care of himself, or be helped home by some one not quite so intoxicated as himself, for the grog-seller never accompanies his victim to his home, lest at the door he confront mother or wife, to whom the Lord may have lent, for a little while, one of His smaller thunderbolts, with which to smite the despoiler into ashes. Plenty of gates of hell, and all of them wide open, and temptresses to say, "Come in, come in!" But of honest, useful, healthful amusements, a great scarcity.

Seven o'clock P. M., finds tens of thousands of young men at their home, or at the hotel, or at the boarding-house. The young man says, "How shall I spend this evening?" You say, "Go to prayer-meeting." Good advice for two nights of the week, and add to that the Sabbath night; subtracting three nights for religious purposes, you have four nights left for secular purposes. What shall the young man do with the four other nights? You say, "Go and hear a lecture on astronomy." But the young man's brain is all tired out with running up long lines of figures in the account book, or from trying to sell goods to people who do not want to buy them, and he has no appetite for astronomy. He does not want to know anything about other worlds, when he has more than he can do to take care of this one.

Now, you are a good man, you are a good woman, you take up a newspaper to tell that young man where to go. You will find, if you have ever tried it, that the vast majority of the advertisements announce places illy ventilated, with depraving companionship, and much of the spectacular indecent. Two hours and a half in such a place of amusement, and the

young man will come forth with body asphyxiated, mind weakened, soul scarred. Continuous entertainment of that kind makes lively work for undertakers, and gives tragedy of illustration for discourses on the text: "The end thereof is death." What our young people want is some style of recreation that shall help the body and help the mind—something that will allow them to be sound asleep at eleven o'clock at night, and to awaken at seven o'clock in the morning, or earlier, thoroughly rested.

We want something for our boys and girls that will put them at the goal of manhood and womanhood, ready for practical and useful life. Not mere splinters of humanity, not invalids at nineteen, twenty, and twenty-one, not masculine and feminine apologies, but ready to command respect, and with their own right arm, under God, put aside all obstacles. Now, a great many people are asking the question: "Does the roller-skate recreation afford this?" This amusement was invented in 1819, by Mr. Plympton, a Frenchman, who has been called the "father of the rink." He kept a tight grip on the invention of the skate until, in 1883, the patent ran out, and now there are factories all over the land producing roller skates, and every evening there are tens of thousands of people, young, middle-aged, and old, on these wheels, good or bad. You ask me if I favor the roller-skate exercise? I reply, Yes, with restrictions, and No, if there be no restrictions; yes, if it be restricted, and no, if it be unguarded. In other words, you can make it the best thing, or you can make it the worst thing. They have already, some of them, been exhilaration to the body—they have given health to the sick and enfeebled, and have been innocent hilarity to

a vast multitude. Other of the rinks have broken up families, have set surgeons to perform most painful operations, have produced life-long ailments, and everlasting misfortune. There is as much difference between skating-rinks as between light and darkness, as between heaven and hell. I will not be misunderstood on this subject.

The skating rink exercise, with proper precautions—and I shall show you what they are before I get through—the skating-rink exercise, with proper precautions, seems to me the most graceful and healthful of all amusements and all recreations. It eclipses coasting, it eclipses croquet, it eclipses football, and lawn-tennis, and skating under moonlight over frozen pond, and all the other amusements and recreations, that I know of. It is good for the muscles, it is good for the nerves, it is good for the lungs, it is good for the limbs, it is good for the circulation, it is good for the spirits—under proper precautions. It has all the advantages of the gymnasium, with more exhilaration of spirit; it has all the advantage of the skating pond over which our fathers and mothers used to dart, without any danger of breaking through the ice; it has all the exhilaration of outdoor sport, without being dependent on the condition of the atmosphere. With proper precautions, I say.

It would be well if our young men almost every night or afternoon of the secular week would take one hour for this healthful recreation, and come back to their duties again. It would be well if the women of America, who decline the brisk walk called the "constitutional," which keeps the English women roseate and strong, would one hour—one hour of the secular afternoon or the secular evening, turn back

on darning and mending and bread-making and housekeeping, and try this exhilarating sport. It would bring health to some of these hollow cheeks, it would bring to the lack-lustre eye the lost light, it would give strength to the worn-out body, it would straighten the stooped shoulders and drive away consumption and merciless neuralgia, and nervous prostration would be gone forever. The great demand in this country is some reasonable, honest, healthful recreation for the women of America, who are perishing for the lack of it. It would be well if the young man in the hotel of New York or Brooklyn, while during the day he purchases goods for a Western house, should in the evening just go to a respectable rink and hire a pair of skates, and interfering with no one, independent of everybody else, take a little of this exercise and go back to his hotel again.

But while I see the possibilities, the immense possibilities of this exercise—more possibilities in it for health than any exercise I ever heard of or ever dreamed of, it has been the means of destruction to body, mind, and soul of a good many. And now come the restrictions.

First of all, let us have no more of the vulgarity or immodesty of young women going along the streets of these cities unattended and alone to any place of amusement, whether it be rink or anything else. Let them be chaperoned by mother, or older sister, or father, or brother. If in a skating rink a man, without proper introduction, tips his hat to a lady, let the officer of the rink hasten that offender to the door and help him down the front steps with all modes of accelerating momentum he can think of. If these well-dressed devils who haunt skating rinks, and

sometimes stand at church doors, would get their quick justice done them, there would be less crime abroad and less ruin of society, and more honest amusement allowed, and more pure recreation.

Another remark I have to make, and that is, let not the bright lights and enchanting music tempt you to senseless prolongation of the amusement. Let there be no strife as to who shall be the swiftest skater, or shall count up the most fabulous number of circuits. Stop when you have got all the health there is in the amusement. Remember that the laws of health are the laws of God. Keep the Ten Commandments written on your nerves, and on your bones, and in the tissue of your lips, and on your lungs, and on your heart. Remember that at the door of every skating rink and every place of amusement, honest or dishonest, on every cold night a whole group of pneumonias stand ready to escort you to the sepulchre. Cool off before you face the north wind. Accept no unwarranted gallantries.

Let the law that dominates the parlor, dominate the place of amusement. And I want all the people to understand that the evil I hint at is not a characteristic of skating rinks any more than of a great many other places and a great many other conditions. In other words, it is high time that people in this country understood that flirtation is damnation. When on Broadway, New York, or Fulton street, Brooklyn, toward the evening hour, when gentlemen of business are returning from their work, I see the daughters of respectable families, with conspicuous behavior and a giggle intended to attract masculine attention, a horror goes through my soul, and I wonder if their parents are at all observant. The vast majority of

those who make everlasting shipwreck carry that kind of sail. The pirates of death attack that kind of craft. If I had a voice loud enough to be heard from the Penobscot to the Rio Grande I would cry out, "Flirtation is damnation!"

A craze on any subject is deplorable. Ball-playing, which has given to many of us the muscle and the strength with which we have gone on to discharge the duties of life, has become with many a dementia, and the gamblers have clutched it with their fingers, and from the innocent game of ball many have gone home robbed of their person, worst of all, robbed of their morals. Is that anything against ball playing? Boating, which with many of us who lived on the banks of rivers resulted in development of chest, which has allowed us easy respiration for twenty, thirty, forty years, and which would have given stout lungs to many who long ago vanished under pulmonary complaints—innocent boating has been seized upon by college students, who have sacrificed book for oar, and brain for muscle. Victors at the boat race, dead failures in all the practical business of life. Is that anything against boating? Strip this roller-skate excitement of the craze, and substitute common sense.

There is another very important thing for us all to remember—especially those of us who have got beyond forty years of age—and that is, we were boys and girls once ourselves. From the memory of a great many good people that seems to be obliterated. Go back forty years, and then think what was necessary for you then, and what was appropriate for you then. Rheumatism is incompetent to give law to solid ankles! You can not expect people to have the

tastes of the aged before they get to thirty. Do not go out looking for golden rod and china asters on a May morning. These people who have the tastes of the aged before they get to the thirties, after a while are the people who bore the life out of prayer-meetings, and turn religion into a sniffing cant, and disgust the world with that which ought to be attractive.

Do not forget that we once enjoyed the hilarities of life, if indeed we have passed along so far that we have forgotten it. Ah! no, we can not improve on God's arrangement. God knew what was best. He made them boys and girls, and He intends them to stay boys and girls until they are called to some other condition. They will come to the tug of life soon enough. Do not be envious of them, do not be jealous of them. They have the same battle ahead that we are fighting. Let them now cultivate broad shoulders and brawny arms and stout health, which will be taxed to the utmost long after you and I are under the ground.

Nothing of a secular nature pleases me so well as to see the young people laugh and have a good time—I mean by that a good innocent time—for I say to myself, in a little while all the generation now at the front will pass away, and these will come on, and they will have the battle of life to fight, and they will have burdens to carry, and oh, how many sorrows, and annoyances, and vexations! I rejoice now if they have amusement and hilarities. Let all the proprietors of skating-rinks and all parents unite in one grand conspiracy to overthrow the poor health and the physical stagnation of our cities, and the bad places of amusement will be empty, and the coming

generation will have a vigor rebounding and athletic. Oh, that they might all start life with more strength of body than we have! Their battle may be greater than our battle has been. As we come on toward the great Armageddon the strife is going to be the more tremendous. And most certainly we want human longevity improved. We want the average of human life, instead of thirty, one hundred and fifty. Why not? In olden times they lived two hundred, three hundred, four hundred, five hundred, six hundred years. The world ought to be as healthy now as it ever was. Many of the marshes have been filled up. Medical science has gone forth, and crippled, and balked, and destroyed many diseases, and why not the average of human life now something like what it used to be? But you know now the way it is. By the time we get our education, or learn our trade, and get fairly started, we have to quit because we are *emeritus*. We fall at the opening of the great war of existence instead of at the close, at Bull Run instead of Gettysburg.

I want all to understand that our amusements and recreations are merely intended to fit us for usefulness.

I hope that none of you, my friends, have fallen into the delusion that your mission in life is to enjoy yourself. You just hand me a list of the people you find at all hours of day and night at places of entertainment, and in one minute I will give you a list of the people who are sacrificing themselves for both worlds. Pepper, and salt, and sugar, and cinnamon are very important, but that would be a very unhealthful repast that had nothing else on the table. Amusements and recreations are the spice and condiment of the

great banquet. But some of you over-pleasuring people are feeding the body and soul on condiments. Ah! it is only those who have work to do, and are doing it well—it is only such persons who are really entitled to the amusements and recreations of this life. I know many people think this is a sarcastic passage which says, “Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.” It is not sarcastic, it is not ironical; it simply means to say, have a good time, have a real good time, but do not go into anything that will be affrighted by the judgment throne, do not forget your duties, do not forget you are immortal. We are to make these recreations of life preparations for practical usefulness.

Solon made a law that once every year every man should show by what trade or occupation he got his living, and if he could not show some trade or occupation by which he got his living, he was imprisoned and punished as a thief. In olden time when a man wanted to become a Roman citizen the officer of the law would take his hand and feel it; and if the hand felt hard, the conclusion was that the man was industrious; and if the hand felt soft, the conclusion was he was idle. While in our time many a diligent man has a soft hand for the reason that his toil is with the brain, and hence the palm does not get calloused, nevertheless we must all have some earnest work to do, and we must concentrate on that work. We must make our amusements a re-enforcement of our capacity. My brother, if at the close of any recreation or amusement you go home at night and cannot go down on your knees and say, “O Lord, bless the amuse-

ment and entertainment of this night to my better qualification for usefulness!" that is an amusement in which you ought not to have engaged. Living is a tremendous affair, and alas! for the man who makes recreation a depletion instead of an augmentation.

CHAPTER XLIX.

TOBACCO AND OPIUM.

The two first born of our earth were the grass blade and the herb. They preceded the brute creation and the human family—the grass for the animal creation, the herb for human service. The cattle came and took possession of their inheritance, the grass-blade; man came and took possession of his inheritance, the herb. We have the herb for food as in case of hunger, for narcotic as in case of insomnia, for anodyne as in case of paroxysm, for stimulant as when the pulses flag under the weight of disease. The caterer comes and takes the herb and presents it in all styles of delicacy. The physician comes and takes the herb and compounds it for physical recuperation. Millions of people come and take the herb for ruinous physical and intellectual delectation. The herb, which was divinely created, and for good purposes, has often been degraded for bad results. There is a useful and a baneful employment of the herbaceous kingdom.

There sprang up in Yucatan, of this continent, an herb that has bewitched the world. In the fifteenth century it crossed the Atlantic Ocean and captured Spain. Afterward it captured Portugal. Then the French ambassadors took it to Paris, and it captured the French Empire. Then Walter Raleigh took it to London, and it captured Great Britain. Nicotiana,

ascribed to that genus by the botanists, but we all know it is the exhilarating, elevating, emparadising, nerve-shattering, dyspepsia-breeding, health-destroying tobacco. I shall not in my remarks be offensively personal, because you all use it, or nearly all! I know by experience how it soothes and roseates the world, and kindles sociality, and I also know some of its baleful results. I was its slave, and by the grace of God I have become its conqueror. Tens of thousands of people have been asking the question during the past two months, asking it with great pathos and great earnestness: "Does the use of tobacco produce cancerous and other troubles?" I shall not answer the question in regard to any particular case, but shall deal with the subject in a more general way.

You say to me, "Did God not create tobacco?" Yes. You say to me, "Is not God good?" Yes. Well, then, you say, "If God is good, and He created tobacco, He must have created it for some good purpose." Yes, your logic is complete. But God created the common sense at the same time, by which we are to know how to use a poison, and how not to use it. God created that just as He created henbane and nux vomica, and copperas, and belladonna, and all other poisons, whether directly created by Himself or extracted by man.

That it is a poison no man of common sense will deny. A case was reported where a little child lay upon its mother's lap, and one drop fell from a pipe to the child's lip and it went into convulsions and into death. But you say, "Haven't people lived on in complete use of it to old age?" Oh, yes; just as I have seen inebriates seventy years old. In Boston, years ago, there was a meeting in which there were

several centenarians, and they were giving their experience, and one centenarian said that he had lived over a hundred years, and that he ascribed it to the fact that he had refrained from the use of intoxicating liquors. Right after him another centenarian said he had lived over a hundred years, and ascribed it to the fact that for the last fifty years he had hardly seen a sober moment. It is an amazing thing how many outrages men may commit upon their physical system, and yet live on. In the case of the man of the jug, he lived on because his body was pickled. In the case of the man of the pipe, he lived on because his body turned into smoked liver.

But are there no truths to be uttered in regard to this great evil? What is the advice to be given to the multitude of young people? What is the advice you are going to give to your children?

First of all, we must advise them to abstain from the use of tobacco, because all the medical fraternity of the United States and Great Britain agree in ascribing to this habit terrific unhealth. The men whose lifetime work is the study of the science of health say so, and shall I set up my opinion against theirs? Dr. Agnew, Dr. Olcott, Dr. Barnes, Dr. Rush, Dr. Mott, Dr. Harvey, Dr. Hosack—all the doctors, allopathic, homœopathic, hydropathic, eclectic, denounce the habit as a matter of unhealth. A distinguished physician declared he considered the use of tobacco caused seventy different styles of disease, and he says: "Of all the cases of cancer in the mouth that have come under my observation, almost in every case it has been ascribed to tobacco."

The united testimony of all physicians is, that it depresses the nervous system, that it takes away

twenty-five per cent. of the physical vigor of this generation, and that it goes on as the years multiply, and, damaging this generation with accumulated curse, it strikes other centuries. And if it is so deleterious to the body, how much more destructive to the mind. An eminent physician, who was the superintendent of the insane asylum at Northampton, Mass., says: "Fully one-half of the patients we get in our asylum have lost their intellect through the use of tobacco." If it is such a bad thing to injure the body, what a bad thing, what a worse thing it is to injure the mind, and any man of common sense knows that tobacco attacks the nervous system, and everybody knows that the nervous system attacks the mind.

Beside that, all reformers will tell you that the use of tobacco creates an unnatural thirst, and it is the cause of drunkenness in America to-day more than anything else. In all cases where you find men taking strong drink, you find they use tobacco. There are men who use tobacco who do not take strong drink, but all who use strong drink use tobacco, and that shows beyond controversy there is an affinity between the two products. There are reformers here to-day who will testify to you it is impossible for a man to reform from taking strong drink until he quits tobacco. In many of the cases where men have been reformed from strong drink, and have gone back to their cups, they have testified that they first touched tobacco, and then they surrendered to intoxicants.

The pathway to the drunkard's grave and the drunkard's hell is strewn thick with tobacco leaves. What has been the testimony on this subject? Is this a mere statement of a preacher, whose business it is to talk morals, or is the testimony of the world just as

emphatic? What did Benjamin Franklin say? "I never saw a well man, in the exercise of common sense, who would say that tobacco did him any good." What did Thomas Jefferson say? Certainly he is good authority. He says in regard to the culture of tobacco, "It is a culture productive of infinite wretchedness." What did Horace Greeley say of it? "It is a profane stench." What did Daniel Webster say of it? "If those men must smoke, let them take the horse-shed!" One reason why the habit goes on from destruction to destruction, is that so many ministers of the gospel take it. They smoke themselves into bronchitis, and then the dear people have to send them to Europe to get them restored from exhausting religious services! They smoke until the nervous system is shattered. They smoke themselves to death. I could mention the names of five distinguished clergymen who died of cancer in the mouth, and the doctor said, in every case, it was the result of tobacco. The tombstone of many a minister of religion has been covered all over with handsome eulogy, when if the true epitaph had been written it would have said: "Here lies a man killed by too much Cavendish?" They smoke until the world is blue, and their theology is blue, and everything is blue. How can a man stand in the pulpit and preach on the subject of temperance when he is indulging such a habit as that? I have seen a cuspidor in a pulpit into which the holy man dropped his cud before he got up to read about "Blessed are the pure in heart," and to read about the rolling of sin as a sweet morsel under the tongue, and to read about the unclean animals in Leviticus that chewed the cud.

About sixty-five years ago a student at Andover Theological Seminary graduated into the ministry. He had an eloquence and a magnetism which sent him to the front. Nothing could stand before him. But in a few months he was put in an insane asylum, and the physician said tobacco was the cause of the disaster. It was the custom in those days to give a portion of tobacco to every patient in the asylum. Nearly twenty years passed along, and that man was walking the floor of his cell in the asylum, when his reason returned, and he saw the situation, and he took the tobacco from his mouth and threw it against the iron gate of the place in which he was confined, and he said: "What brought me here? What keeps me here? Tobacco! tobacco! God forgive me, God help me, and I will never use it again." He was fully restored to reason, came forth, preached the Gospel of Christ for some ten years, and then went into everlasting blessedness.

There are ministers of religion now in this country who are dying by inches and they do not know what is the matter with them. They are being killed by tobacco. They are despoiling their influence through tobacco. They are malodorous with tobacco. I could give one paragraph of history, and that would be my own experience. It took ten cigars to make one sermon, and I got very nervous, and I awakened one day to see what an outrage I was committing upon my health by the use of tobacco. I was about to change settlement, and a generous tobacconist of Philadelphia told me if I would come to Philadelphia and be his pastor he would give me all the cigars I wanted for nothing, all the rest of my life. I halted. I said to myself, "If I smoke more

than I ought to now in these war times, and when my salary is small, what would I do if I had gratuitous and unlimited supply?" Then and there, twenty-four years ago, I quit once and forever. It made a new man of me. Much of the time the world looked blue before that because I was looking through tobacco smoke. Ever since the world has been full of sunshine, and though I have done as much work as any one of my age, God has blessed me, it seems to me, with the best health a man ever had.

I say that no minister of religion can afford to smoke. Put in my hand all the money expended by Christian men in Brooklyn for tobacco, and I will support three orphan asylums as well and as grandly as the three great orphan asylums already established. Put into my hand the money spent by Christians of America for tobacco, and I will clothe, shelter and feed all the suffering poor of the continent. The American church gives a million dollars a year for the salvation of the heathen, and American Christians smoke five million dollars' worth of tobacco.

I stand here to-day in the presence of a vast multitude of young people who are forming their habits. Between seventeen and twenty-five years of age a great many young men get on them habits in the use of tobacco that they never get over. Let me say to all my young friends :

You cannot afford to smoke ; you cannot afford to chew. You either take very good tobacco, or you take very cheap tobacco. If it is cheap I will tell you why it is cheap. It is made of burdock and lamp-black and sawdust and colt's foot and plantain leaves and fuller's earth and salt and alum and lime and a little tobacco, and you cannot afford to put such a

mess as that in your mouth. But if you use expensive tobacco, do you not think it would be better for you to take that amount of money which you are now expending for this herb, and which you will expend during the course of your life if you keep the habit up, and with it buy a splendid farm, and make the afternoon and the evening of your life comfortable?

There are young men whose life is going out inch by inch from cigarettes. Now, do you not think it would be well to listen to the testimony of a merchant of New York, who said this: "In early life I smoked six cigars a day at six and a half cents each. They averaged that. I thought to myself one day, I'll just put aside all I consume in cigars and all I would consume if I keep on in the habit, and I'll see what it will come to by compound interest." And he gives this tremendous statistic: "Last July completed thirty-nine years since, by the grace of God, I was emancipated from the filthy habit, and the saving amounted to the enormous sum of \$29,102.03 by compound interest. We lived in the city, but the children, who had learned something of the enjoyment of country life from their annual visits to their grandparent, longed for a home among the green fields. I found a very pleasant place in the country for sale. The cigar money came into requisition, and I found it amounted to a sufficient sum to purchase the place, and it is mine. Now, boys, you take your choice. Smoking without a home, or a home without smoking" This is common sense as well as religion.

I must say a word to my friends who smoke the best tobacco, and who could stop at any time. What is your Christian influence in this respect? What is

your influence upon young men? Do you not think it would be better for you to exercise a little self-denial? People wondered why George Briggs, Governor of Massachusetts, wore a cravat but no collar. "Oh," they said, "it is an absurd eccentricity."

This was the history of the cravat without any collar: For many years before he had been talking with an inebriate, trying to persuade him to give up the habit of drinking, and he said to the inebriate, "Your habit is entirely unnecessary." "Ah!" replied the inebriate, "we do a great many things that are unnecessary. It isn't necessary that you should have that collar." "Well," said Mr. Briggs, "I'll never wear a collar again if you will stop drinking." "Agreed," said the other. They joined hands in a pledge that they kept for twenty years—kept until death. That is magnificent. That is Gospel, practical Gospel, worthy of George Briggs, worthy of you. Self-denial for others. Subtraction from our advantage that there may be an addition to somebody else's advantage.

But what I have said has been chiefly appropriate for men. Now my subject widens, and shall be appropriate for both sexes. In all ages of the world there has been a search for some herb or flower that would stimulate lethargy and compose grief. Among the ancient Greeks and Egyptians they found something they called nepenthe, and the Theban women knew how to compound it. If a person should chew a few of these leaves their grief would be immediately whelmed with hilarity. Nepenthe passed out from the consideration of the world, and then came hasheesh, which is from the Indian hemp. It is manufactured from the flowers at the top. The workman

with leathern apparel walks through the field, and the exudation of the plants adheres to the leathern garments, and then the man comes out, and scrapes off this exudation, and it is mixed with aromatics, and becomes an intoxicant that has brutalized whole nations. Its first effect is sight, spectacle glorious and grand beyond all description, but afterward it pulls down body, mind, and soul, into anguish.

I knew one of the most brilliant men of our time. His appearance in a newspaper column, or a book, or a magazine, was an enchantment. In the course of a half hour he could produce more wit and more valuable information than any man I ever heard talk. But he chewed hasheesh. He first took it out of curiosity to see whether the power said to be attached really existed. He took it. He got under the power of it. He tried to break loose. He put his hand in the cocatrice's den to see whether it would bite, and he found out to his own undoing. His friends gathered around and tried to save him, but he could not be saved. The father, a minister of the Gospel, prayed with him and counseled him, and out of a comparatively small salary employed the first medical advice of New York, Philadelphia, Edinburgh, Paris, London, and Berlin, for he was his only son. No help came. First his body gave way in pangs and convulsions of suffering. Then his mind gave way, and he became a raving maniac. Then his soul went out, blaspheming God, into a starless eternity. He died at thirty years of age. Behold the work of accursed hasheeh.

But I must put my emphasis upon the use of opium. It is made from the white poppy. It is not a new discovery. Three hundred years before Christ we

read of it, but it was not until the seventh century that it took up its march of death, and passing out of the curative and the medicinal, through smoking and mastication, it has become the curse of nations. In 1861 there were imported into this country one hundred and seven thousand pounds of opium. In 1880, nineteen years after, there were imported five hundred and thirty thousand pounds of opium. In 1876 there were in this country two hundred and twenty-five thousand opium consumers. Now it is estimated that there are in the United States to-day six hundred thousand victims of opium. It is appalling.

We do not know why some families do not get on. There is something mysterious about them. The opium habit is so stealthy, it is so deceitful, and it is so deathful you can cure a hundred men of strong drink where you can cure one opium-eater.

I have knelt down in this very church by those who were elegant in apparel, and elegant in appearance, and from the depths of my soul we cried out for God's rescue. Somehow it did not come. In many a household only a physician and pastor know it—the physician called in for physical relief, the pastor called in for spiritual relief, and they both fail. The physician confesses his defeat, the minister of religion confesses his defeat, for somehow God does not seem to hear a prayer offered for an opium-eater. His grace is infinite, and I have been told there are cases of reformation. I never saw one. I say this not to wound the feelings of any who may feel this awful grip, but to utter a potent warning that you stand back from that gate of hell. Oh, man, oh, woman, tampering with this great evil, have you fallen back on this as a permanent resource, because of some

physical distress or mental anguish? Better stop. The ecstasies do not pay for the horrors. The Paradise is followed too soon by the Pandemonium. Morphia, a blessing of God for the relief of sudden pain and of acute dementia, misappropriated and never intended for permanent use.

It is not merely the barbaric fanatics that are taken down by it. Did you ever read De Quincey's Confessions of an Opium-eater? He says that during the first ten years the habit handed to him all the keys of Paradise, but it would take something as mighty as De Quincey's pen to describe the consequent horrors. There is nothing that I have ever read about the tortures of the damned that seemed more horrible than those which De Quincey says he suffered. Samuel Taylor Coleridge first conquered the world with his exquisite pen, and then was conquered by opium. The most brilliant, the most eloquent lawyer of the nineteenth century went down under its power, and there is a vast multitude of men and women—but more women than men—who are going into the dungeon of that awful incarceration.

The worst thing about it is, it takes advantage of one's weakness. De Quincey says: "I got to be an opium-eater on account of my rheumatism." Coleridge says; "I got to be an opium-eater on account of my sleeplessness." For what are you taking it? For God's sake do not take it long. The wealthiest, the grandest families going down under its power. Twenty-five thousand victims of opium in Chicago. Twenty-five thousand victims of opium in St. Louis, and, according to that average, seventy-five thousand victims of opium in New York and Brooklyn.

The clerk of a drugstore says: "I can tell them

when they come in ; there is something about their complexion, something about their manner, something about the look of their eyes, that shows they are victims." Some in the struggle to get away from it try chloral. Whole tons of chloral manufactured in Germany every year. Baron Liebig says he knows one chemist in Germany who manufactures a half ton of chloral every week. Beware of hydrate of chloral ! It is coming on with mighty tread to curse these cities. But I am chiefly under this head speaking of morphine. The devil of morphia is going to be in this country, in my opinion, mightier than the devil of alcohol.

By the power of the Christian pulpit, by the power of the Christianized printing-press, by the power of the Lord God Almighty, all these evils are going to be extirpated—all, all, and you have a work in regard to that, and I have a work. But what we do we had better do right away. The clock ticks now, and we hear it ; after awhile the clock will tick and we will not hear it.

CHAPTER L.

SOCIAL DISSIPATION.

I am not to discuss the old question, Is dancing right or wrong? but I am to discuss the question, Does dancing take too much place and occupy too much time in modern society? and in my remarks I hope to carry with me the earnest conviction of all thoughtful persons, and I believe I will.

You will all admit, whatever you think of that style of amusement and exercise, that from many circles it has crowded out all intelligent conversation. You will also admit that it has made the condition of those who do not dance, either because they do not know how, or because they have not the health to endure it, or because through conscientious scruples they must decline the exercise, very uncomfortable. You will also admit, all of you, that it has passed in many cases from an amusement to a dissipation, and you are easily able to understand the bewilderment of the educated Chinaman who, standing in the brilliant circle where there was dancing going on four or five hours, and the guests seemed exhausted, turned to the proprietor of the house and said: "Why don't you allow your servants to do this for you?"

You are also willing to admit, whatever be your idea in regard to the amusement I am speaking of, and whatever be your idea of the old-fashioned

square dance, and of many of the processional romps in which I can see no evil, the round dance is administrative of evil, and ought to be driven out of all respectable circles. I am by natural temperament and religious theory opposed to the position taken by all those who are horrified at playfulness on the part of the young, and who think that all questions are decided—questions of decency and morals—by the position of the feet, while on the other hand, I can see nothing but ruin, temporal and eternal, for those who go into the dissipations of social life, dissipations which have already despoiled thousands of young men and young women of all that is noble in character, and useful in life.

Dancing is the graceful motion of the body adjusted by art to the sound and measures of musical instrument or of the human voice. All nations have danced. The ancients thought that Castor and Pollux taught the art to the Lacedæmonians. But whoever started it, all climes have adopted it. In ancient times they had the festal dance, the military dance, the mediatorial dance, the bacchanalian dance, and queens and lords swayed to and fro in the gardens, and the rough backwoodsman with this exercise awakened the echo of the forest. There is something in the sound of lively music to evoke the movement of the hand and foot, whether cultured or uncultured. Passing down the street, we unconsciously keep step to the sound of the brass band, while the Christian in church with his foot beats time while his soul rises upon some great harmony. While this is so in civilized lands, the red men of the forest have their scalp dances, their green-corn dances, their war dances.

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

But we are not to discuss the customs of the olden times, but customs now. We are not to take the evidence of the ancient fathers, but our own conscience, enlightened by the Word of God, is to be the standard. Oh, bring no harsh criticism upon the young. I would not drive out from their soul all the hilarities of life. I do not believe that the inhabitants of ancient Wales, when they stepped to the sound of the rustic harp, went down to ruin. I believe God intended the young people to laugh and romp and play. I do not believe God would have put exuberance in the soul

and exuberance in the body if He had not intended they should in some wise exercise it and demonstrate it. If a mother joins hands with her children and cross the floor to the sound of music, I see no harm. If a group of friends cross and recross the room to the sound of piano well played, I see no harm. If a company, all of whom are known to host and hostess as reputable, cross and recross the room to the sound of musical instrument, I see no harm. I tried for a long while to see harm in it. I could not see any harm in it. I never shall see any harm in that. Our men need to be kept young, young for many years longer than they are kept young. Never since my boyhood days have I had more sympathy with the innocent hilarities of life than I have now. What though we have felt heavy burdens! What though we have had to endure hard knocks! Is that any reason why we should stand in the way of those who, unstung of life's misfortunes, are full of exhilaration, and full of glee?

God bless the young! They will have to wait many a long year before they hear me say anything that would depress their ardor or clip their wings, or make them believe that life is hard and cold and repulsive. It is not. I tell them, judging from my own experience, that they will be treated a great deal better than they deserve. We have no right to grudge the innocent hilarities to the young.

As we go on in years let us remember that we had our gleeful times; let us be able to say, "We had our good times, let others have their good times." Let us willingly resign our place to those who are coming after us. I will cheerfully give them everything—my house, my books, my position in society,

my heritage. After twenty, forty, fifty years we have been drinking out of the cup of this life, do not let us begrudge the passing of it that others may take a drink. But while all this is so, we can have no sympathy with sinful indulgences, and I am going to speak in regard to some of them, though I should tread on the long trail of some popular vanities. What are the dissipations of social life to-day, and what are the dissipations of the ballroom? In some cities and in some places reaching all the year round, in other places only in the summer time and at the watering-places. There are dissipations of social life that are cutting a very wide swathe with the sickle of death, and hundreds and thousands are going down under these influences, and my subject in application is as wide as the continent, and as wide as Christendom. The whirlpool of social dissipation is drawing down some of the brightest craft that ever sailed the sea—thousands and tens of thousands of the bodies and souls annually consumed in the conflagration of ribbons.

Social dissipation is the abettor of pride, it is the instigator of jealousy, it is the sacrificial altar of health, it is the defiler of the soul, it is the avenue of lust, and it is the curse of every town in America. Social dissipation. It may be hard to draw the line and say that this is right on the one side, and that is wrong on the other side. It is not necessary that we do that, for God has put a throne in every man's soul, and I appeal to that throne to-day. When a man does wrong he knows he does wrong, and when he does right he knows he does right, and to that throne that Almighty God lifted in the heart of every man and woman, I appeal.

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

How many people in America have stepped from the ballroom into the graveyard! Consumptions and swift neuralgias are close on their track. Amid many of the glittering scenes of social life in America, diseases stand right and left, and balance and chain. The breath of the sepulchre floats up through the perfume, and the froth of Death's lip bubbles up in the champagne. I am told that in some parts of this country, in some of the cities, there are parents who have actually given up housekeeping and gone to boarding, that they may give their time illimitably to social dissipations. I have known such cases. I have known family after family blasted in that way, in one of the other cities where I preached. Father and mother turning their back upon all quiet culture and all the amenities of home, leading forth their entire family in the wrong direction. Annihilated, worse than annihilated—for there are some things worse than annihilation. I give you the history of more than one family in America, when I say they went on in the dissipations of social life until the father dropped into a lower style of dissipation, and after awhile the son was tossed out into society a

nonentity, and after awhile the daughter eloped with a French dancing-master, and after awhile the mother, getting on further and further in years, tries to hide the wrinkles, but fails in the attempt, trying all the arts of the belle, an old flirt, a poor, miserable butterfly without any wings.

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

Oh! what a belittling process to the human mind this everlasting question about dress, this discussion of fashionable infinitesimals, this group looking askance at the glass, wondering, with an infinity of earnestness, how that last geranium leaf does look—this shriveling of a man's moral dignity until it is not observable to the naked eye, this Spanish inquisition of a tight shoe, this binding up of an immortal soul in a ruffle, this pitching off of an immortal nature over the rocks, when God intended it for great and everlasting uplifting.

You know as well as I do that the dissipations of social life in America to-day are destroying thousands and tens of thousands of people, and it is time that the pulpits lift their voice against them, for I now prophecy the eternal misfortune of all those who

enter the rivalry. When did the white, glistening boards of a dissipated ballroom ever become the road to heaven? When was a torch for eternity ever lighted at the chandelier of a dissipated scene? From a table spread after such an excited and desecrated scene who ever went home to pray?

In my parish of Philadelphia there was a young woman brilliant as a spring morning. She gave her life to the world. She would come to religious meetings and under conviction would for a little while begin to pray, and then would rush off again into the discipleship of the world. She had all the world could offer of brilliant social position. One day a flushed and excited messenger asked me to hasten to her house, for she was dying. I entered the room. There were the physicians, there was the mother, there lay this disciple of the world. I asked her some questions in regard to the soul. She made no answer. I knelt down to pray. I rose again, and desiring to get some expression in regard to her eternal interests, I said: "Have you any hope?" and then for the first her lips moved in a whisper as she said: "No hope!" Then she died. The world, she served it, and the world helped her not in the last.

I would wish that I could marshal all the young people in this audience to an appreciation of the fact that you have an earnest work in life, and your amusements and recreations are only to help you along in that work. At the time of a religious awakening, a Christian young woman spoke to a man in regard to his soul's salvation. He floated out into the world. After awhile she became worldly in her Christian profession. The man said one day,

“ Well, I am as safe as she is. I was a Christian, she said she was a Christian. She talked with me about my soul ; if she is safe I am safe.” Then a sudden accident took him off, without an opportunity to utter one word of prayer.

Do you not realize, have you not noticed, young men and old—have you not noticed that the dissipations of social life are blasting and destroying a vast multitude?

CHAPTER LI.

SPIRITUALISM AN IMPOSTURE.

We are surrounded by mystery. Before us, behind us, to the right of us, to the left of us, mystery. There is a vast realm unexplored, that science, I have no doubt, will yet map out. He who explores that realm will do the world more service than did ever a Columbus or an Amerigo Vespucci. There are so many things that can not be accounted for, so many sounds and appearances which defy acoustics and investigation, so many things approximating to the spectral, so many effects which do not seem to have a sufficient cause. The wall between the spiritual and the material is a very thin wall.

That there are communications between this world and the next world there can be no doubt, the spirits of our departed going from this world to that, and, according to the Bible, ministering spirits coming from that to this. I do not know but that some time there may be complete, and constant, and unmistakable lines of communication opened between this world and the next.

To unlatch the door between the present state and the future state all the fingers of superstition have been busy. We have books entitled "Footfalls on the Boundaries of Other Worlds," "The Debatable Land Between this World and the Next," "Researches into the Phenomena of Spiritualism," and

whole libraries of hocus-pocus, enough to deceive the very elect.

Modern Spiritualism proposes to open the door between this world and the next, and put us into communication with the dead. It has never yet offered one reasonable credential. There is nothing in the intelligence or the character of the founders of Spiritualism to commend it. All the wonderful things performed by Spiritualism have been performed by sleight-of-hand and rank deception. Dr. Carpenter, Robert Houdin, Mr. Waite and others have exposed the fraud by dramatizing in the presence of audiences the very things that Spiritualism proposes to do or says it has done. In the *New York Independent* there was an account of a challenge given by a non-Spiritualist to a Spiritualist to meet him on the platform of Tremont Temple, Boston. The non-Spiritualist declared that he would by sleight-of-hand perform all the feats executed by the Spiritualist. They met in the presence of an audience. The Spiritualist went through his wonderful performances, and the other man by sleight-of-hand did the same things.

“By their fruits ye shall know them,” is the test that Christ gave, and by that test I conclude that the tree of Spiritualism which yields bad fruit, and bad fruit continually, is one of the worst trees in all the orchard of necromancy. The postoffice which it has established between the next world and this is another Star Route postoffice, kept up at vast expense without ever having delivered one letter from the other world to this.

The first leading remark I have to make in regard to Spiritualism is that it is a very old doctrine.

Do you want to know the origin and the history of that which has captured so many in all our towns and cities, a doctrine with which some of you are tinged? Spiritualism in America was born in 1847, in Hydesville, Wayne county, New York, where one night there was a rapping at the door of Michael Weekman, and a second rapping at the door, and a third rapping at the door, and every time the door was opened there was no one there. Proof positive that they were invisible knuckles that rapped at the door. In that same house there was a man who felt a cold hand pass over his forehead, and there was no arm attached to the hand. Proof positive it was spiritualistic influence.

After a while, Mr. Fox with his family moved into that house, and then they had bangings at the door every night. One night Mr. Fox cried out: "Are you a spirit?" Two raps—answer in the affirmative. "Are you an injured spirit?" Two raps—answer in the affirmative. Then they knew right away that it was the spirit of a peddler who had been murdered in that house years before, and who had been robbed of his \$500. Whether the spirit of the peddler came back to collect his \$500 or his bones I do not know. But from that time on there was a constant excitement around the premises, and the excitement spread all over the land. All these are matters of history. People said: "Well, now, we have a new religion." Ah! it is not a new religion.

In all ages there have been necromancers, those who consulted with the spirits of the departed—charmners who threw people into a mesmeric state, sorcerers who by eating poisonous herbs can see everything, hear everything, and tell everything,

astrologers who found out a new dispensation of the stars, experts in palmistry who can tell by the lines in the palm of your hand your origin, your history and your destiny. From the cavern on Mount Parnassus it is said there came up an atmosphere that intoxicated the sheep and the goats that came near by, and under its influence the shepherds were lifted into exaltation so they could foretell future events and consult with familiar spirits. Long before the time of Christ the Brahmins had all the table rocking and the table quaking.

You want to know what God thinks of all these things. He says in one place, "I will be a swift witness against the sorcerers." He says in another place, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." And lest you should make too wide a margin between Spiritualism and witchcraft, he groups them together, and says: "There shall not be found among you any consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer, for all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord." And then the still more remarkable passage, which says: "The soul that turneth after such as have familiar spirits, and after wizards, to go a whoring after them, I will even set my face against that soul, and will cut him off from among his people;" and a score of passages showing that God never speaks of these evils in any other way than with living thunders of indignation. After all that, be a Spiritualist if you dare!

Another remark I have to make in regard to Spiritualism is, that it takes advantage of people when they are weak and morbid with trouble. We lose a friend. The house is dark, the world is dark, the future seems dark. If we had in our rebellion and in

our weakness the power to marshal a host and recapture our loved one from the next world, we would marshal the host. Oh, how we long to speak with the dead!

Spiritualism comes in at that moment, when we are all worn out, perhaps by six weeks' or two months' watching, all worn out body, mind, and soul, and says, "Now I will open the door, you shall hear the voices; take your place around the table; all be quiet now." Five minutes pass along; no response from the next world. Ten minutes, fifteen minutes, twenty minutes. Nervous system all the time more and more agitated. Thirty minutes; no response from the next world. Forty minutes pass, and the table begins to shiver. Then the medium sits down, his hand twitching, and the pen and the ink and the paper having been provided, he writes out the message from the next world.

What is remarkable is that these spirits, after being in the illumination of heaven, some of them for years, forget how to spell right. People who were excellent grammarians come back, and with their first sentence smash all the laws of English grammar! I received such a letter. I happened to know the man that signed it. It was a miserably spelled letter. I sent it back with the remark: "You just send word to those spirits they had better go to school and study orthography." It comes in time of weakness, and overthrows the soul. Now, just think of spirits enthroned in heaven coming down to crawl under a table, and break crockery, and ring the bell before supper is ready, and rattle the shutters on a gusty night. What consolation in such miserable stuff as compared with the consolation of our departed

friends free from toil, and sin, and pain are forever happy, and that we will join them, not in mysterious and half utterances, which make the hair stand on end, and make cold chills creep up and down the back, but in a reunion most blessed, and happy, and glorious.

“ And none shall murmur or misdoubt
When God’s great sunrise finds us out!”

Oh, I hate Spiritualism, because it takes advantage of people when they are weak, and worn out, and morbid under the bereavements and sorrows of this life.

Another remark I have to make in regard to Spiritualism is, that it is an affair of the night.

The Davenports, the Foxes, the Fowlers, and all the mediums prefer the night, or, if it is in the daytime, a darkened room. Why? Because deception is more successful in the night. Some of the things done in Spiritualism are not frauds, but are to be ascribed to some occult law of nature which will after a while be demonstrated; but nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of their feats are arrant and unmitigated humbug.

I suppose almost every one sometimes has been touched by some hallucination. Indigestion from a late supper generally accounts for it. If you will only take in generous proportions at eleven o’clock at night, lobster salad and mince pie and ice-cream and lemonade and a little cocoanut, you will be able to see fifty materialized spirits. All the mediums of the past did their work in the night. Witch of Endor held her seance in the night. Deeds of darkness. Away with this religion of spooks!

Another remark I have to make in regard to Spir-

itualism is that it ruins the physical health. Look in upon an audience of Spiritualists. Cadaverous, pale, worn out, exhausted. Hands cold and clammy. Nothing prospers but long hair—soft marshes yielding rank grass. Something startling going through that room, clothed in white. Table fidgety as though to get its feet loose and dance. Voices sepulchral. Rappings mysterious. I never knew a confirmed Spiritualist who had a healthy nervous organization. It is the first stages of epilepsy or catalepsy. I have noticed that people who hear a great many rappings from the next world have not much strength to endure the hard raps of this.

What a sin it is for you, my brother, to be trifling with your nervous system. Get your nervous system out of tune and the whole universe is out of tune as far as you are concerned. Better tamper with the chemist's retort that may smite you dead, or with the engineer's steam boiler that may blow you to atoms, than trifle with your nerves. You can live without eyes, and with one lung and with no hands and no feet. Be happy as men have been happy in such misfortune; but alas! if your nervous system is gone.

Another remark I have to make in regard to Spiritualism is, that it is a marital and social curse. Deeds of darkness and orgies of obscenity have transpired under its wing. I cannot tell you the story. I will not pollute my tongue or your ears with the recital. Enough to know that the criminal courts have often been called to stop the criminality. How many families have been broken up here in Brooklyn and throughout the United States! Women by the hundreds have by Spiritualism been pushed off into a life of profligacy. It employs all

that phraseology about "spiritual affinities," and "affinital relation," and "spiritual matches," and the whole vocabulary of free love. It is at war with the marriage relation. I read you from one of their prominent papers where it says: "Marriage is the monster curse of civilization." The Spiritualist paper goes on to say: "Marriage controls education, is the fountain of selfishness, the cause of intemperance and debauchery, the source and aggravation of poverty, the prolific mother of disease and crime. The society we want is men and women living in freedom, sustaining themselves by their own industry, dealing with each other in equity, respecting each other's sovereignty, and governed by their attractions."

If Spiritualism had full swing it would turn this world into a pandemonium of carnality. It is an unclean and an adulterous religion, and the sooner it goes down to the pit from which it came up, the better for earth and heaven. For the sake of man's honor and woman's purity, let it perish. I wish I could gather up all the raps it has ever heard from spirits blest or damned on its own head in one thundering rap of annihilation.

Another remark I have to make in regard to Spiritualism is, that it produces insanity. There is not an asylum from Bangor to San Francisco where there are not the torn and bleeding victims of Spiritualism. You go into an asylum and say: "What is the matter with this man?" The doctors will tell you again and again, "Spiritualism demented him." "What is the matter with this woman?" The doctors will tell you: "Spiritualism demented her." They have been carried off into mental midnight—

senators, judges of courts—and at one time they came near capturing a President of the United States. At Flushing, Long Island, there was a happy home. The father became infatuated with Spiritualism, forsook his home, took the \$15,000, the only \$15,000 he had, surrendered them to a New York medium, three times attempted to take his own life, and then was sent to the State lunatic asylum. You put your hand in the hand of this influence and it will lead you down to darkness, eternal darkness, where Spiritualism holds an everlasting seance.

You remember the steamer Atlantic started from Europe for America. After it had been out long enough to get to the middle of the ocean, the machinery broke, and for days and weeks the steamer Atlantic tossed about in the waves. Well, there were many friends of passengers in these cities and they said, "That vessel has gone down; it is a month since she was due; that vessel must have sunk." There were wives who went to spiritual mediums to learn the fate of that vessel. The spirits were gathered around the table and they said that vessel had gone to the bottom with all on board. Some of those women went to the insane asylum and passed the rest of their lives. But one day, off quarantine, a gun was heard. Flags went up on all the shipping, bells of New York and Brooklyn were rung, newsboys ran through the streets shouting: "Extra! The Atlantic safe!" The vessel came to wharf, and there was embracing of long-absent ones; but some of these men went up to the insane asylum to find their wives incarcerated by this foul cheat of hell, Spiritualism.

What did Judge Edmonds say in Broadway Tabernacle, New York, while making argument in behalf

of Spiritualism, himself having been fully captured. What did Judge Edmonds say? He admitted this: "There is a fascination about consultation with the spirits of the dead that has a tendency to lead people off from their right judgment, and to instil into them a fanaticism that is revolting to the natural mind."

Spiritualism not only ruins its disciples but it ruins its mediums.

No sooner had the Gadarean swine on the banks of Galilee become spiritual mediums than they went down in an avalanche of pork to the consternation of all the herdsmen. Spiritualism bad for a man, bad for a woman, bad for a beast.

Another remark I have to make in regard to Spiritualism is, that it ruins the soul.

It first makes a man quarter of an infidel, then it makes him half an infidel, then it makes him a full infidel. The whole system is built on the insufficiency of the Bible as a revelation. If God is ever struck square in the face it is when men sit at a table, put their hands on the table and practically say: "Come, you spirits of the departed, and make a revelation in regard to the future world which the Bible has not made. Come father, come mother, companion in life, my children, come, tell me something about that future world which the Bible is not able to tell me." Although the Bible says he that adds a word to it shall be found a liar, men are all the time getting these revelations, or trying to get them from the next world. You will either, my brother, my sister, you will either have to give up the Bible or give up Spiritualism. No one ever for a very great length of time kept both of them.

CHAPTER LII.

BOOKS.

The printing-press is the mightiest agency for good or evil. A minister of the Gospel occupies an important position, but not one so responsible as that of the editor and publisher. Take the one fact that from the daily press of New York there go forth four hundred and fifty thousand copies a day, and that three of the weeklies have an aggregate circulation of one million two hundred thousand, and then cipher, if you can, how far up, and how far down, and how far out, reach the influences of the American printing-press.

I have an idea that it is to be the chief agency for the rescue and evangelization of the world, and that the last great battle will not be fought with guns and swords, but with types and presses; a gospelized printing-press triumphing over, and trampling under foot, and crushing out a pernicious literature.

The greatest blessing that has come to this world since Jesus Christ came, is good journalism, and the worst scourge, unclean journalism. You must apply the same law to the book and the newspaper. The newspaper is a book swifter and in more portable shape. Under unclean literature, under pernicious books and newspapers, tens of thousands have gone down; the bodies of the victims in the penitentiaries, in the dens of shame, and some of the souls in the asylums for the imbecile and the insane, more of the



BOOKS.

[After C. Kiesel.]



souls already having gone down in an avalanche of horror and despair. The London plague is nothing to it. That counted its victims by the thousands; this modern pest shovels its millions into the charnel-house of the morally dead. The longest train of cars that ever rolled over the Erie track, or the Hudson, is not long enough, or large enough, to hold the beastliness and the putrefaction which has been gathered up in the bad books and newspapers of America for the last twenty years.

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

The first thing for us all to do is to keep ourselves and our families aloof from iniquitous books and newspapers. Standing as we do, chin deep in fictitious literature, the question is every day asked: Is it right to read novels? Well, I have to say that there are good novels, honest novels, Christian novels, useful novels, novels that make the heart purer and the life better. The world can never pay its debt of obligation to Hawthorne, and Landor, and Hunt, and Mackenzie, and scores of others who in times past have written healthful novels. The follies of the world were never better excoriated than in the books

of Miss Edgeworth. The memories of the past were never better embalmed than in the writings of Walter Scott. No healthier books have been written than those by Fenimore Cooper, his novels full of the breath of the seaweed and the air of the American forests. Kingsley did a grand work in his books in smiting morbidity and giving us the poetry of strong muscles and good health and fresh air. Thackeray accomplished a good work when he caricatured pretenders to gentility and high blood. The writings of Charles Dickens are an everlasting protest against injustice, and a plea for the poor.

These books, read in the right time and read in the right proportion with other books, are healthful and beneficial. But I declare to you to-day that I believe three-fourths of the novels of the time are pernicious and baleful to the last extent. The whole land is flooded with the iniquity. Some of these bad novels come forth from respectable printing presses. Some of them are actually commended by religious journals. You find them in the desk of the school miss, you find them in the trunk of the young man on his journey, you find them in the steamboat cabin, you find them in the hotel reception room. Everywhere, everywhere, a pernicious literature. You see a light late at night in your child's room, You go in and say: "What are you doing?" "Reading." "What are you reading?" "A book." You take the book and look at it, and you find it is a pernicious book. You say, "Where did you get it?" "Borrowed it." Thousands of people buy pernicious literature and are generous enough to let others also be blasted.

Now, I gather to-day all the novels, good and bad;

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

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

Those women who are indiscriminate readers of novels are unfit for the duties of wife, mother, sister, daughter—the duties of home life, the duties of a Christian life. There she sits at midnight, hands trembling, looking aghast, bursting into tears at midnight over the woes of some imaginary unfortunate. When the morrow comes she will sit by the hour gazing at nothing and biting her nails into the quick. The carpet that was plain enough before will be plainer now that she has walked through tessellated

halls, and the industrious companion will be more unattractive now that she has lounged in the king's park with a polished desperado. Oh, these confirmed readers of novels! They are unfit for the duties of this life, which is a tremendous discipline, and they are unfit for the work of a world where all we gain is achieved by hard, continuous, and exhaustive work. Evil and good mixed.

We will also help to stem this tide of pernicious literature by standing aloof, we and our families, from books which have some good, but a large admixture of evil. You have read books that had in them the good and the bad. Which stuck? The bad! There are minds like sieves, which let the small particles of gold fall through and keep the large cinders, while there are intellects like loadstones plunged into filings of steel and brass, that will keep the steel and repel the brass. But it is generally just the opposite. You plunge through a hedge of burrs to get one blackberry, and you will get more burrs than blackberries. I do not care how good you are, you cannot afford to read a bad book.

You say, "The influence is insignificant." Ah! the scratch of a pin may produce the lockjaw. You out of curiosity plunge into a bad book, and you have the curiosity of a man who takes a torch into a gunpowder mill to see whether or not it will blow up.

If you want to help stem the tide of pernicious literature, you and your families must stand back from books which corrupt the imagination. I refer now not to that literature which the villain has under his coat, waiting for the school to come out, then looking up and down the street for the police, and then offering the book to your boy on his way

home. I refer not to that, but to polished literature, which comes forth with a cute plot sounding the tocsin that arouses all the bad passions of our soul.

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

What do you make of the fact that fifty per cent.—more than fifty per cent.—of the criminals in the jails and penitentiaries of this country are under twenty-one years of age; many of them under eighteen, many under sixteen, many under fifteen. You go along the corridors of the prisons, and you will find that nine out of ten came there from reading bad books or newspapers. The men will tell you so; the women will tell you so. Is not that a fact worthy the consideration of those whose families are dear to them?

“Oh,” you say, “I am a business man, and can't be

looking after the literature of my household ; I can't be examining books and newspapers ; they will have to look after themselves." Suppose your child was threatened with typhoid fever, would you have time to go for a doctor ? would you have time to watch the progress of the disease ? would you have time to attend the funeral ? In the name of God, I warn some of you that your children are threatened with moral and spiritual typhoid, and if the evil be un-arrested there will be the funeral of the body, and the funeral of the mind, and the funeral of the soul—three funerals in one day.

If you want to help stem this tide, keep aloof, you and your families, from all books that are apologetic for crime.

Some of the most fascinating book-binding in our time is thrown around sin. Vice is horrible anyhow. It is born in shame, and it dies howling in the darkness. It whips one through this life with a scourge of scorpions, and after that God's thunders of wrath pursue it over boundless deserts. If you want to paint carnality, do not represent it as looking out from embroidered curtains, or from the window of a royal seraglio. Paint it as writhing in the horrors of a city hospital.

Cursed are the books which make impurity decent, and crime honorable, and hypocrisy noble. Ye authors who write them, ye publishers who print them, ye booksellers who distribute them, shall be cut to pieces, if not by an aroused public sentiment, then by Almighty God, who will sweep you to the lowest pit of perdition, ye murderers of souls. You may escape in this world ; in the next the heel of calamity will grind you, and you will be fastened to the rock, and

vultures of despair will claw at your soul, and those whom you have destroyed will come and torment you, pouring hotter coals into your suffering, eternally rejoicing at the outcry of your pain and the howling of your damnation. "God shall wound the hairy scalp of him that goeth on in his trespasses."

There she sits at midnight, bending over the evil romance. The tears are started. The color dashes to the cheek, and then it fades. The hands tremble as though a guardian angel were trying to shake the deadly book from her grasp. Then there is a rush of hot tears. The perspiration on her brow is the spray dashed up from the river of death. She laughs with a laugh that dies at its own sound. Soon in a madhouse she will mistake the ringlets for crawling serpents, and thrust her white hand through the bars of the incarceration, and then beat her head and push it as though she would push the scalp from the skull, crying, "My brain, my brain!" Oh, stand off from such infernal literature! Why go sounding among the reefs and among the warning buoys when there is such a vast ocean of good literature, good books and good newspapers?—an ocean on which you may voyage, all sail set.

I must, in this connection, call to your mind the iniquitous pictorials of our time. For good pictures I have great admiration. An artist, with one flash, will do that which an author can accomplish in four hundred pages. Fine paintings are the aristocracy of art. Engravings are the democracy of art. A good picture on one side of a pictorial will sometimes do just as much good as a book of four or five hundred pages. Multiply these pictures. Put them in your household. If there are any sick, put them

upon the couch. Put these pictorials on your walls. Gather them in portfolios and albums. God speed the good pictures on their errands of knowledge and mercy. It is a mighty agency for God and the truth, a good picture.

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

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

Oh, if in answer to this stupendous question of the day, a question which so many answer in the negative because they are in despairful mood, "Is there anything to be done to stem this awful tide of pernicious literature?" if I have shown you that there is something for us to do, I shall have done a work that I will not be ashamed of in that day which shall try every man's work, of what sort it is. Oh, remember that one column of good reading may save a soul, that one column of bad reading may destroy a soul.

Benjamin Franklin said that the reading of Cotton Mather's "Essay to Do Good" moulded his entire life. The assassin of Lord Russell said he entered crime through an evil romance. John Angell James, than whom England never produced a better man, or the Church of God honors a more consistent Christian, declared in his old days that he had never got over once having for fifteen minutes read a bad book. Ah! the power of a bad book. And then the power of a good book.

Years ago a clergyman passing along through the West, stopped at a hotel, and saw a woman copying from a book. He found the book was Doddridge's "Rise and Progress." This woman had been pleased with the book which she had borrowed, and was copying a passage that impressed her very much. The clergyman happened to have a copy of Doddridge's "Rise and Progress" in his valise, and gave it to her. Thirty years passed along, and that clergyman came to the same hotel, and was inquiring about the family that had lived there thirty years before, and was pointed to a house near by. He went there, and said to the woman, "Do you remember seeing me before?" She said, "I don't remember ever to

have seen you before." "Don't you remember thirty years ago a man giving you a copy of Doddridge's 'Rise and Progress'?" "Oh, yes, I remember that; that saved my soul. That book I loaned to my neighbors, and they read it, and they all came into the kingdom, and we had a great revival. Do you see the spire of a church out yonder? That church was built as a consequence of that book." Oh, the power of a good book! Oh, the power of a bad book!

I had one book in my library of which I have never thought with any comfort. It was an infidel book, which I bought for the purpose of finding out the arguments against Christianity. A gentleman in my library one day said, "Can I borrow that book?" I said, "Certainly." That book came back with some passages marked as having especially impressed him, and when I heard that he had gone down in a shipwreck off Cape Hatteras, I asked myself the question, "I wonder if anything he saw in that book which he borrowed from me, could have affected his eternal destiny?"

Oh, go home to-day and examine your libraries, and after you have got through your libraries, examine the stand where the pictorials and newspapers are, and if you find anything there that can not stand the test of the judgment day, do not give it to others—that would despoil them; do not sell it—that would be getting the price of blood; but kindle a fire on your kitchen hearth or in your back-yard, and put the poison in and keep stirring the blaze until everything has gone to ashes, from preface to appendix.

And crowd your minds with good books, and there

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

And while you have looked after yourselves and looked after your families, I want you to join this great army enlisted against pernicious literature. We are going to triumph. I feel to the tips of my fingers and in the depths of my soul the assurance that righteousness is going to triumph over all iniquity. If God be with us, who, who can be against us? Lady Hester Stanhope was the daughter of the third Earl Stanhope, and when her relatives were all dead she went to the far East and took possession of a deserted convent. Then she threw up fortresses amid the mountains of Lebanon, and invited to her castle all the poor and the wretched and the forsaken and the forgotten. Her house, her castle, was a rest for all the weary.

She was a devoted Christian woman, and expected that the Lord Jesus Christ would come again in person and reign in this world, and she was so entranced with the thought that Christ would come again that it was too much for her brain. She had in her magnificent stables two horses, which she kept all the time groomed and bridled and saddled and caparisoned, so

that when the Lord should come He might take one horse, and she the other, and they could speed away to Jerusalem, the city of the Great King. Of course it was a fanaticism and a delusion, but there was great beauty even in the dream.

Oh, my friends, we need no earthly palfreys groomed and bridled and saddled and caparisoned for our Lord, when He comes to put down iniquity. The horse is already in the Heavenly equerry, and the imperial rider is about to mount. "And I saw, and behold a white horse: and He that sat on him had a bow, and a crown was given unto Him: and He went forth conquering and to conquer." Horsemen of Heaven, mount! Cavalrymen of God, ride on! Charge, charge! until they shall be hurled back, the black horse of famine, the red horse of carnage, the pale horse of death. Jesus, forever!

CHAPTER LIII.

ARE THEATRES IMPROVING?

As near as I can tell, it is about half-past four o'clock in the morning. Signs of dawn all around the sky. Caverns full of darkness, but the mountains are being transfigured. The sun is coming up, although coming very slowly. The world progresses.

Since the armies of civilization and Christianity started on their march, they have not fallen back an inch. There have been regiments cowardly, which have retreated and surrendered to the enemy, just as in all armies there are those unworthy the standard they carry; but the great host of God has been answering to the command given at the start of, "Forward, march!"

Have the entertainments and the recreations of the world kept abreast in this grand march of the ages? Are the novels of our day superior to those that are past? Is the dance of this decade an improvement upon the dance of other decades? Are the opera houses rendering grander music than that which they rendered in other times? Are parlor games more healthful than they used to be? Are the theatres advancing in moral tone? Mark you, I am not to discuss whether the theatre is right or wrong. I am not to make wholesale attack upon tragedians and comedians. There are a hundred questions in regard to the theatre that might be asked which I shall not

this morning answer, the most of them having been answered at some other time in this pulpit. You say that Henry Irving, and Edwin Booth, and John McCullough, and Joseph Jefferson are great actors, and are honorable men. I believe it. The question that I am to discuss to-day is: Are the theatres advancing in high moral tone? and I shall in no wise be diverted from that discussion.

There are three or four reasons for answering this question in the negative, and the first is the combined and universal testimony of all the secular newspapers of the land that are worth anything. There is not a secular newspaper of any power in the United States which has not within the past few years, both in editorial and reportorial column, reprehended the styles of play most frequent. It is contrary to the financial interests of the secular newspaper severely to criticise the playhouse, because from it comes the largest advertising patronage, larger than from any other source, thousands and tens of thousands of dollars a year. When, therefore, the secular newspapers of the land, contrary to their financial interests, severely criticise the playhouse for imbecile and impure spectacular, their testimony is to me conclusive. On the negative side of this question I roll up all the respectable printing-presses of America.

Another reason for answering this question in the negative is the depraved advertisements on the bulletin boards and on the board fences and in the show windows, from ocean to ocean. I take it for granted that those advertisements are honest, and that night by night are depicted the scenes there advertised. Are those the scenes to which parents take their sons and daughters, and young men their affianced?

Would you allow in your parlor such brazen indecency enacted as is dramatized every night in some of the theaters of America, unless their advertisements be a libel? If the pictures be genuine, the scenes are damnable.

That which is wrong in a parlor is wrong on a stage. It ought to require just as much completeness of apparel to be honorable in one place as to be honorable in another. If you, fathers and mothers, take your sons and daughters to see such Sodomite lack of robe, and then, in after time, the plowshare of libertinism and profligacy should go through your own household, you will get what you deserve. It seems as if, having obtained a surplus of sanctity during the Lenten services, right after Easter, all through the United States, the streets become a picture gallery which rival the museums of Pompeii, which are kept under lock and key. Where are the mayors of the cities, and the judges of the courts, and the police, that they allow such things? When our cities are blotched with these depraved advertisements is it not some reason why we should think that the theaters of this country are not very rapidly advancing toward millennial excellence?

Another reason for answering this question in the negative is the large importation of bad morals from foreign countries to the American stage. France sent one of her queens of the stage to this country, her infamy, instead of a shame, a boast. Never a more popular actress on the American stage, and never one more dissolute. Thousands and tens of thousands of professed Christian men and women went and burned incense before that goddess of debauchery. England, too, has sent her delectable

specimens of ineffable sweetness commended by foreign princes, not as good as their mother. When I take into consideration this large importation of bad morals from foreign parts, I come to the conclusion that the American theatres are not, as a general thing, advancing in moral tone.

Another reason for answering this question in the negative is the fact that the vast majority of the plays of the day are degenerate. I will not name many of them, because I might advertise that which I condemn, and the mere mention of them would be a perfidy. If I mention any they must be those that are a little past, but which may come back again when the American taste wants a change of carrion. Take the plays of the last fifteen years, and I will admit that one-tenth of them are unobjectionable, but the nine-tenths of them are unfit to be looked at by the families of America. Subtract from them the libertinism and the domestic intrigue and the inuendo and the vulgarity and the marital scandalism, and you would leave those plays powerless in the dramatic market.

Put side by side the plays of the time of Macready and the elder Booth and the modern plays, and you will find there has been an awful decadence. I have not seen those plays, but I have taken the testimony of authentic witnesses, and I have seen the skillful analyses by critics—a score of critics—among them such men as Dr. Buckley, of New York, men who have read scores of the plays and who can report in regard to them—I take the testimony of those who witnessed the plays, and then I take the testimony of the critics who like the theater and who do not like it,—I put them all together, and I find a moral decadence.

If you who took your families to see East Lynne will now in your cooler moments read the manuscript of that play—read the printed play, and go through the fetid and malodorous chapters in which dishonest womanhood is chased from iniquity to iniquity, you will be able to judge for yourself whether that is an improved drama. You might as well go into the grogshop of the village hotel and sit down among the bevy of village loafers expecting to get any moral elevation as to get any moral elevation from a play like the “Ticket of Leave Man,” full of villainous pictures and low slang. The play entitled “A New Way to Pay Old Debts” is a eulogy, a practical eulogy on deception practised on the bad, and men and women never come from seeing that play as pure as when they went in. “She Stoops to Conquer” is as full of moral miasma as the Roman Campagna is full of typhus fever on a summer night. You may write Oliver Goldsmith above it and beneath it and at the close of each act, but you can not cover up the profane and the salacious. The “School for Scandal” is rotten clear through with lasciviousness, and if a man should come into your house and take that play from under his arm and read it to your family, all the bones that were left in his body unbroken would not be worth mentioning.

But who could mention all the Don Cæsars, and the barmaids, and the Peg Woffingtons, and the Courtleighs, and the Lady Gay Spankers, and the poltroons, and the scapegraces, and the people minus all excellency plus all abomination, who gather men, women, boys, and girls by tens of thousands every night in the lazaretto of the average American theater. It is estimated that there are one thousand

boys in Brooklyn every night breathing that pestilence. Hear it, ye whose sons stay out until 11 o'clock at night, and you do not know where they are! Hear it, ye philanthropists who want this generation better than the generations that have gone by!

Once in a while a great tragedian will render "King Lear," or "Merchant of Venice," or "Hamlet," before entranced audiences, but those plays as compared with the imbecile and depraved plays on the American stage to-day, are as the few drops of pure blood to the bad blood in a man who has passed out from yellow fever into Asiatic cholera, and is now winding up with first-class small-pox. Now, I say the majority of the plays of this country being bad in their influence, I have a right to conclude that the theaters of America, take them as an average, are not coming to any very large moral improvement.

Now, I demand that as men and women who love the best interests of society, that we band together to snatch the drama from its debased surroundings. I demand that as philanthropists and Christians, we rescue the drama.

The drama is not the theater. The theater is a human institution. The drama is a literary expression of something which God implanted in nearly all of our souls. People talk as though it were something built up entirely outside of us by the Congreves and the Sheridans and the Shakespeares of literature. Oh, no. It is an echo of something divinely put within us. You see it in your little child three or four years of age, with the dolls and the cradles and the carts. You see it ten years after in the parlor charades. You see it after in the im-

personations at the Academy of Music. You see it on Thanksgiving Day, when we decorate the house of God with the fruits and harvests of the earth, that spectacular arousing our gratitude. We see it on Easter morn, when we spell out on the walls of the house of God in flowers the words: "He is Risen," that spectacular arousing our emotion. Every parent likes it, and demonstrates it when he goes to see the school exhibition with its dialogues and its droll costumes. It is evidenced in the torchlight procession amid great political excitement, that torchlight procession only a dramatization of the political principles proclaimed.

Dithyrambic drama, romantic drama, sentimental drama, all an echo of the human soul. Farquhar and Congreve put in English literature only that which was in the English heart. Thespis and Eschylus dramatized only that which was in the Greek heart; Seneca and Plautus dramatized only that which was in the Roman heart; Racine and Alfieri dramatized only that which was in the French and the Italian heart; Shakespeare dramatized only that which was in the world's heart. But this divine principle is not to be despoiled and dragged into the service of sin. It is our business to rescue it, to lift it up, to bring it back, to exalt it. Will you suppress it? You might as well try to suppress its Creator. Just as we cultivate the beautiful and the sublime in taste by bird-haunted glen and roystering stream and cascade let down over moss-covered rocks, and the day setting up its banners of victory in the east, and passing out the gates of the west, setting everything on fire, the Austerlitz and the Waterloo of a July thunder-storm blazing its batteries into a sultry afternoon, and the

round tear of the world wet on the cheek of the night—as by these things we try to culture a taste for the sublime and the beautiful, so we are to culture this dramatic taste by staccato passages in literature, by antithesis and synthesis, by all tragic passages in human life.

We are to take this dramatic element and we are to harness it for God. Because it has been taken into the service of sin is nothing against it. You might as well denounce music because in Corinth and Herculaneum it was used to demonstrate and set forth depravity and turpitude. Shall we not enthrone music on the organ because music again and again has been trampled under the foot of impious dance? Because there are pollutions in art shall we turn back upon Church's "Niagara," or Powers' "Greek Slave," or Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," or Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment"? Because these things have been dragged into the service of sin is the very reason that you and I should take the drama out and harness it for God and the truth. You Sabbath-school teachers' want more of the dramatic element in your work, in your recital of the Bible scene, in the anecdote that you tell, in the descriptive gesture, in the impersonation of the character you present—you want more of the dramatic element. I can tell in looking over an audience of Sabbath-school children in which teacher the dramatic element is dominant, and in which the didactic element is dominant.

Oh, there are hundreds of people who are trying to do good. Have less of the didactic element, and have more of the dramatic. The tendency in our time is to drone religion, to moan religion, to croak

religion, to sepulcherize religion, when it ought to be put in animated and spectacular manner.

I say to all those young men who are preparing for the Gospel ministry, go to your libraries, and you will find that those who bring most souls to God, bring most into the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, are dramatic. John Knox, dramatic; Thomas Chalmers, dramatic; Robert M'Cheyne, dramatic; Rowland Hill, dramatic; Robert Hall, dramatic; Robert South, dramatic; Fenelon, dramatic; George Whitefield, dramatic; Dr. John Mason, dramatic; Bourdaloue, dramatic; Dr. Knott, dramatic; George W. Bethune, dramatic. And you have a right to cultivate that element in your nature. Oh, young men preparing for Christian work, and though you may meet with mighty rebuff and caricature if you attempt it, and though you may be arraigned by church courts who will try to put you down, the Lord will start you, and He will keep you all through, and great will be the reward for the assiduous and the plucky.

Oh, my friends, we want in all our work to freshen up. We want to freshen up, you in your sphere and I in mine. Great discussions in religious newspapers about why people do not come to church.

I will tell you. You cannot take the old hackneyed phrases that have come snoring down through the centuries and arrest the attention of the masses. People in religious work do not want the sham flowers bought in a millinery shop, but the japonicas wet with the morning dew. They do not want the bones of the extinct megatherium of the past, but the living reindeer caught last August at the edge of Schroon Lake. We need, all of us, to drive out of

our religious work the drowsy and the tedious and the didactic, and bring in the brightness and the vivacity and the holy sarcasm and the sanctified wit and the epigrammatic power and the blood-red earnestness, and we will get it through the sanctified drama.

But let me say to hundreds of young men, do not let your fondness for the dramatic lead you into sin. While God has given you this faculty, cultivate it, and cultivate it in the right direction. Admire it when it is used for God. Abhor it when it is used for sin. We do not try to suppress it in you. Do not misrepresent us. We would have it directed; we would have it educated; we would have it harnessed for multiplicand usefulness. In nowise suppress it. Gather all your faculties, and this among the others, and consecrate them to the Lord Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER LIV.

ROMANCE OF CRIME.

In our time, you know as well as I, that there is a disposition to put a halo around iniquity if it is committed in conspicuous place, and if it is wide resounding and of large proportions. In this land to-day there are hundreds of men hiding behind the communion tables and in churches of Jesus Christ, who have no business to be there as professors of religion. They expect to be all right with God, although they are all wrong with man. And while I want you to understand that by the deeds of the law no flesh living can be justified, and a mere honest life can not enter us into Heaven, I want you as plainly to understand that unless the life is right the heart is not right. Grace in the heart, and grace in the life; so we must preach sometimes the faith of the Gospel, and sometimes the morality of the Gospel.

It seems to me there has not been a time in the last fifty years when this latter truth needed more thoroughly to be presented in the American churches. It needs to be presented to-day.

A missionary in the islands of the Pacific preached one Sabbath on honesty and dishonesty, and on Monday he found his yard full of all styles of goods which the natives had brought. He could not understand it until a native told him: "Our gods permit us to purloin goods, but the God you told us about yester-

day, the God of Heaven and earth, it seems, is against these practices, and so we brought all the goods that do not belong to us, and they are in the yard, and we want you to help us to distribute them among their rightful owners." And if in all the pulpits of the United States to-day rousing sermons could be preached on honesty and the evils of dishonesty, and the sermons were blessed of God, and arrangement should be made by which all the goods which have been improperly taken from one man and appropriated by another man should be put in the City Halls of the country, there is not a City Hall in the United States that would not be crowded from cellar to cupola. Faith of the Gospel—that we must preach and we do preach. Morality of the Gospel we must just as certainly proclaim.

Now look abroad and see the fascinations that are thrown around different styles of crime. The question that every man and woman has asked has been, Should crime be excused because it is on a large scale? Is iniquity guilty and to be pursued of the law in proportion as it is on a small scale? Shall we have New York Tombs for the man who steals an overcoat from a hat-rack, and all Canada for a man to range in if he have robbed the public of three millions?

Look upon all the fascinations thrown around fraud in this country. You know that for years men have been made heroes of and pictorialized and in various styles presented to the public, as though sometimes they were worthy of admiration if they have scattered the funds of banks, or swallowed great estates that did not belong to them. Our young men have been dazed with this quick accumulation. They have

said, "That's the way to do it. What's the use of our plodding on with small wages or insignificant salary, when we may go into business life, and with some stratagem achieve such a fortune as that man has achieved?" A different measure has been applied to the crime of Wall Street from that which has been applied to the spoils which the man carries up Rat Alley.

So a peddler came down from Vermont some years ago, took hold of the money-market of New York, flaunted his abominations in the sight of all the people, defied public morals every day of his life. Young men looked up and said, "He was a peddler in one decade, and in the next decade he is one of the monarchs of the stock market. That's the way to do it."

There has been an irresistible impression going abroad among young men that the poorest way to get money is to earn it. The young man of flaunting cravat says to the young man of humble apparel, "What, you only get eighteen hundred dollars a year? Why, that wouldn't keep me in pin-money. I spend five thousand dollars a year." "Where do you get it?" asks the plain young man. "Oh, stocks, enterprises, all that sort of thing, you know." The plain young man has hardly enough money to pay his board, has to wear clothes after they are out of fashion, and deny himself all luxuries. After a while he gets tired of his plodding, and he goes to the man who has achieved suddenly large estate, and he says, "Just show me how it is done." And he is shown. He soon learns how, and although he is almost all the time idle now, and has resigned his position in the bank, or the factory, or the store, he has more money

than he ever had, trades off his old silver watch for a gold one with a flashing chain, sets his hat a little further over on the side of his head than he ever did, smokes better cigars, and more of them. He has his hand in! Now, if he can escape the penitentiary for three or four years, he will get into political circles, and he will get political jobs, and will have something to do with harbors, and pavements, and docks. Now he has got so far along he is safe for perdition.

It is quite a long road sometimes for a man to travel before he gets into the romance of crime. Those are caught who are only in the prosaic stage of it. If the sheriffs and constables would only leave them alone a little while, they would steal as well as anybody. They might not be able to steal a whole railroad, but they could master a load of pig iron.

Now I always thank God when I find an estate like that go to smash. It is plague-struck, and it blasts the nation. I thank God when it goes into such a wreck it can never be gathered up again. I want it to become so loathsome and such an insufferable stench that honest young men will take warning. If God should put into money or its representative the capacity to go to its lawful owner, there would not be a bank or a safety deposit in the United States whose walls would not be blown out, and mortgages would rip, and parchments would rend, and gold would shoot, and beggars would get on horseback, and stock gamblers would go to the almshouse.

How many dishonesties in the making out of invoices, and in the plastering of false labels, and in the filching of customers of rival houses, and in the making and breaking of contracts. Young men are

indoctrinated in the idea that the sooner they get money the better, and the getting of it on a larger scale only proves to them their greater ingenuity. There is a glitter thrown around about all these things. Young men have got to find out that God looks upon sin in a very different light.

A young man stood behind the counter in New York selling silks to a lady, and he said before the sale was consummated: "I see there is a flaw in that silk." The lady recognized it, and the sale was not consummated. The head man of the firm saw the interview, and he wrote home to the father of the young man living in the country, saying: "Dear sir, come and take your boy; he will never make a merchant." The father came down from the country home in great consternation, as any father would, wondering what his boy had done. He came to the store, and the merchant said to him: "Why, your son pointed out a flaw in some silk the other day, and spoiled the sale, and we will never have that lady, probably, again for a customer, and your son never will make a merchant." "Is that all?" said the father. "I am proud of him. I wouldn't for the world have him another day under your influence. John, get your hat and come; let us start." There are hundreds of young men under the pressure, under the fascinations thrown around about commercial iniquity. Thousands of young men have gone down under the pressure; other thousands have maintained their integrity. God help you! Let me say to you, my young friend, that you can be a great deal happier in poverty than you ever can be happy in a prosperity which comes from ill-gotten gains. "Oh," you say, "I might lose my place. It is easy

for you to stand there and talk, but it is no easy thing to get a place when you have lost it. Besides that, I have a widowed mother depending upon my exertions, and you must not be too reckless in giving advice to me." Ah, my young friend, it is always safe to be right, but it is never safe to be wrong. You go home and tell your mother the pressure under which you are in that store, and I know what she will say to you if she is worthy of you. She will say: "My son, come out from there; Christ has taken care of us all these years, and He will take care of us now; come out of that."

And remember that the man who gets his gain by iniquity will soon lose it all. One moment after his departure from life he will not own an opera house, he will not own a certificate of stock, he will not own one dollar of government securities, and the poorest boy that stands on the street with a penny in his pocket, looking at the funeral procession of the dead cheat as it goes by, will have more money than that man who one week ago boasted that he controlled the money market.

Oh, there is such a fearful fascination in this day about the use of trust funds.

It has got to be popular to take the funds of others and speculate with them. There may be many in this house who are practicing that iniquity. Almost every man in the course of his life has the property of others put in his care. He has administered, perhaps, for a dead friend; he is an attorney, and money passes from debtor to creditor through his hands; or he is in a commercial establishment, and gets a salary for the discharge of his responsibilities; or he is treasurer of a philanthropic institution, and money

for the suffering goes through his hands ; or he has some office in city, or State, or nation, and taxes, and subsidies, and supplies, and salaries are in his hands. Now, that is a trust. That is as sacred a trust as God can give a man. It is the concentration of confidence. Now, when that man takes that money—the money of others—and goes to speculating with it for his own purposes, he is guilty of theft, falsehood, and perjury, and in the most intense sense of the word is a miscreant.

There are families to-day—widows and orphans—with nothing between them and starvation but a sewing machine, or kept out of the vortex by the thread of a needle red with the blood of their hearts, who were by father or husband left a competency. You read the story in the newspaper of those who have lost by a bank defalcation, and it is only one line, the name of a woman you never heard of, and just one or two figures telling the amount of stock she had, the number of shares. It is a very short line in a newspaper, but it is a line of agony long as time ; it is a story long as eternity.

Now, do not come under the fascination which induces men to employ trust-funds for purposes of their own speculation. Cultivate old-fashioned honesty. Remember the example of Wellington, who, when he was leading the British army over the French frontier, and his army was very hungry, and there was plenty of plunder on the French frontier, and some of the men wanted to take it, he said : “ Soldiers, do not touch that ; God will take care of us ; He will take care of the English army ; plenty of plunder, I know, all around, but do not take it.” He told the story afterward himself, how that the French people

brought to him their valuables to keep—he, supposed to be their enemy—brought him their valuables to keep. And then he said, at a time when the creditors of the army were calling for money and for pay all the time, and they had so much all around about he did not feel it right for him to take it, or for the army to take it. An author beautifully wrote in regard to it: “Nothing can be grander or more noble and original than this admission. This old soldier, after thirty years of service, this iron man and victorious general, established in an enemy’s country, at the head of an immense army, is afraid of his creditors. This is a kind of fear that has seldom troubled conquerors and victors, and I doubt if the annals of war present anything comparable to this sublime simplicity.”

Oh, that God would scatter these fascinations about fraud, and let us all understand that if I steal from you one dollar I am a thief, and if I steal from you \$500,000 I am five hundred thousand times more of a thief!

So there has been a great deal of fascination thrown around libertinism.

Society is very severe upon the impurity that lurks around the alleys and low haunts of the town. The law pursues it, smites it, incarcerates it, tries to destroy it. You know as well as I that society becomes lenient in proportion as impurity becomes affluent or is in elevated circles, and finally society is silent, or disposed to palliate. Where is the judge, the jury, the police officer that dare arraign the wealthy libertine? He walks the streets, he rides the parks, he flaunts his iniquity in the eyes of the pure. The hag of uncleanness looks out of the

tapestried window. Where is the law that dares take the brazen wretches and put their faces in an iron frame of a State prison window?

Sometimes it seems to me as if society were going back to the state of morals of Herculaneum, when it sculptured its vileness on pillars and temple wall, and nothing but the lava of a burning mountain could hide the immensity of crime. At what time God will rise up, and extirpate these evils upon society I know not, nor whether He will do it by fire, or hurricane, or earthquake; but a Holy God I do not think will stand it much longer. I believe the thunderbolts are hissing hot, and that when God comes to chastise the community for these sins, against which He has uttered Himself more bitterly than against any other, the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah will be tolerable as compared with the fate of our modern society, which knew better, but did worse.

We want about ten thousand pulpits in America to thunder: "All adulterers and whoremongers shall have their place in the hell that burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." It is hell on earth, and hell forever. We have got to understand in Brooklyn and New York, and all parts of this land, that iniquity on Madison Square, or Brooklyn Heights, or Beacon Hill, is as damnable in the sight of God as it is in the slums. Whether it has canopied couch of eider-down, or dwells amid the putridity of a low tenement-house, God is after it in His vengeance. Yet the pulpit of the Christian Church has been so cowed down on this subject that it hardly dares speak, and men are almost apologetic when they read the Ten Commandments.

Then look at the fascinations thrown around assassination.

There are in all communities men who have taken the lives of others unlawfully, not as executioners of the law and they go scot free. You say they had their provocations. God gave life, and He alone has a right to take it, and He may take it by visitation of Providence, or by an executioner of the law, who is His messenger. But when a man assumes that divine prerogative he touches the lowest depth of crime.

Society is alert for certain kinds of murder. If a citizen going along the road at night is waylaid and slain by a robber, we all want the villain arrested and executed. For all garroting, for all beating out of life by a club, or an axe, or a slungshot, the law has quick spring and heavy stroke; but you know that when men get affluent and high position, and they avenge their wrongs by taking the lives of others, great sympathy is excited; lawyers plead, ladies weep, judge halts, jury is bribed, and the man goes free. If the verdict happen to be against him, a new trial is called on through some technicality, and they adjourn for witnesses that never come, and adjourn and adjourn until the community has forgotten all about it, and then the prison door opens, and the murderer goes free.

Now, if capital punishment can be right, I say let the life of the polished murderer go with the life of the vulgar assassin. Let us have no partiality of hemp, no aristocracy of gallows. Do not let us float back to barbarism, when every man was his own judge, jury and executioner, and that man had the supremacy who had the sharpest knife, and the strongest arm, and the quickest step, and the stealthiest revenge. He who wilfully and in hatred takes

the life of another is a murderer, I care not what the provocation or the circumstances. He may be cleared by an enthusiastic court-room, he may be sent by the Government of the United States as Minister to Spain, as on one occasion, or modern literature may polish the crime until it looks like heroism ; but in the sight of God murder is murder, and the judgment day will so reveal it.

Now, do not be fascinated by the glamour thrown over crime of whatever sort. Because others have habits that seem brilliant, but yet at the same time are wicked, do not choose such faults. Stand independent of all such influences. Put your confidence in the Lord God. He will be your strength. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Cultivate old-fashioned honesty.

CHAPTER LV.

ABUSE OF TRUST-FUNDS.

The columns of our custom-houses and of the State and National capitol swathed in black, and all the flags at half mast for the dead treasurer.

At sixty-six years of age he dies, without a spot upon his reputation, although much of his life had been spent amid temptations which have flung a vast multitude flat into the dust. Amid all the allurements of the legal profession, and amid the opportunity of bribe-taking on the judicial bench, and for three years holding the purse of the nation, yet not a half penny sticking to his hand. And in his dying hour he asks his attendant to take from the left pocket of his coat a check and get it cashed immediately, so that he meets the expenses of his own obsequies with his own hand; and after paying his way all through life by hard work, pays his own admission fee at the door of the sepulchre. All his accounts square with the United States Government, square with the world, and, I hope, square with God. What a glorious background to the picture of present epidemic of swindle amid trust-funds!

There has not been a time in my memory, or in yours, when there has been such utter black irresponsibility demonstrated among those who have in charge the finances of others. This unroofing of banks, this disappearance of administrators with the

funds of large estates, this disorder in postoffice accounts, this deficit amid United States officials, have made a pestilence of crime which solemnizes every thinking man and woman, and leads every philanthropist and Christian to ask, "Can this plague be stayed?" There is abroad this hour a simoon, a typhoon, a sirocco. Things in this regard are worse and worse. I have sometimes asked myself if it would not be better for men making wills to bequeath their money directly to the executors and the officers of courts, and then appoint the widows and orphans as a committee to see that the officers and trustees of funds get all that does not belong to them!

There are men—you know them and I know them—who are sailing yachts, and driving fast horses, and holding membership in expensive clubs, and owning country seats, who would not be worth a dollar if they returned to others their just rights. A crash comes, and there is a reverse, and the man fails, and he retires from the world, and seems about to go into monastic life; but in two or three years he blossoms out again, having compromised with his creditors—that is, paid them nothing but regrets—and the only difference between the second chapter of prosperity and the first chapter of prosperity is, that in his picture gallery now he has Raphaels and Murillos instead of Kensetts, and his horses go the mile twenty seconds sooner than their predecessors, and instead of one country seat he has three. I have watched and I have noticed that nine out of ten of the failures in what is called high life leave men with more money after the failure than they had before, and that their failure is only a stratagem to get rid of the payment of honest debts, and to put the world off the

the track while they introduce a more stupendous swindle.

It is, my Christian friends, most appalling that these things are possible. I blame, first of all, directors of banks and boards having in charge great financial interests. It ought not be possible for the president of a bank, or the cashier, or any officer to carry on a swindle in an institution year after year and year after year without detection. If a swindle go on one year, two years, three years, four years in a moneyed institution, the directors either have part in the infamy and pocket their share of the theft, or they are guilty of a negligence for which God will hold them as responsible as He holds the acknowledged defrauders. What right have our large business men to allow their names to be advertised as directors, so that the unsophisticated put their money in the institution, or buy script thereof, when the directors are doing nothing for the safety of that institution? It is a deception appalling and monstrous, and in the name of God and the rights of men I denounce it.

Many, with small surplus and with money not needed for immediate use, but which will, after a while, be indispensable, have no friends capable of advising them, and, in consequence, they take the moral character of men advertised as directors. And there are people who say, "I don't know anything about these things, but there is a man who is in that board of directors, and there is a man, and there is a man, and I know they are all good men, and prosperous business men, and they would not have anything to do with that which is dishonorable." When the bank goes over, then the small earnings and the for-

tunes of widows and orphans and the helplessly aged go with the bank, and the directors stand with idiotic stare, and when the inquiry is made by the frenzied depositors and stockholders, and when outraged community arraigns them, the directors say: "Oh, I thought it was all right; I didn't know there was anything wrong." They ought to have known. They stood in a position where they deluded the public with the idea that they did know, and that they were carefully observant of what was going on. Advertised as directors, they did not direct. They had all the account books open before them, and they could have audited the accounts for themselves, or they could have taken in some expert, and had the whole thing understood. There are, it seems, many business men who have a pride in being directors in a great many institutions, and they know nothing about some of those institutions, except whether they get their dividends or not, and their name is used as a decoy duck to get other people to come near enough to be made game of.

It is needed that five thousand directors of banks, and of insurance companies, and of moneyed institutions to-morrow resign or attend to their business. Just as long as fraud is so easy in business life there will be plenty of it. When you arrest the president of a bank and the cashier of a bank for embezzlement, you want plenty of sheriffs out that day to arrest all the directors. They are all guilty either of neglect or of complicity, if an embezzlement be going on three or four years.

"Oh," says some one, "you had better preach the Gospel and let business men go." My reply is, if your Gospel does not inspire common honesty in

dealings among men, the sooner you close up that Gospel and throw it into the depths of the Atlantic the better.

An orthodox swindler is worse than a heterodox swindler, and your recitation of creeds, and catechisms, and a sip out of every communion chalice that ever glittered in Christendom, will not save your soul unless your business life corresponds with your Christian profession. The purest institution on earth is the Church, and there are more men and women of elevated character in the Christian Church than in any fifty institutions the world has ever seen; but I declare what everybody knows when I say that some of the greatest scoundrels in the world have belonged to the Church. That time must cease when men practicing dishonesty all the week can sit in church and get fat on sermons about heaven, when the pulpit ought to preach that which would either bring them to repentance for their sin, or thunder them out of the Christian communion, where their presence is a sacrilege and an infamy.

We must especially deplore recent events in that they damage the banking institution, which is the great convenience of the centuries, indispensable to commerce, and the advance of nations. With one hand the bank blesses the lender, and with the other the borrower. It was born of the necessities of the ages, and is venerable with the marks of thousands of years. More than two hundred years before Christ the Bank of Ilium existed, and paid its depositors ten per cent. The Bible in more than one place regulates the rate of interest. The Bank of Venice was established in 1171, and had such high credit that its bills were at a premium above coins

which were frequently clipped. The Bank of Venice founded in 1345. The Bank of Barcelona founded in 1401. The Bank of Amsterdam founded in 1609. The Bank of Hamburg founded in 1619, its circulation based on great silver bars in the vaults. Bank of England started by William Patterson in 1694, and to this day managing the immense debt of England. The Bank of Scotland founded in 1695. The Bank of Ireland founded in 1783. The Bank of North America planned by Robert Morris in 1781, without whose financial help all the bravery of our grandfathers would not have achieved American independence. And now we have banks by the thousand. On their broad shoulders are the interest of private individual and great corporations. In them are the great arteries through which runs the current of a nation's life. They have been the rescuers of thousands of financiers in day of business exigency. They stand for accommodation, for facility, for individual, State, and national relief, and at their head and in their management there is as much integrity and moral worth as in any class of men, and probably more. How nefarious, then, the behavior of those who bring disrepute upon this venerable, benign, and God-honored institution.

Recent events are very much to be deplored, because they seem to fly into the face of that divine goodness which seems determined to bless this land. Here we are in the fourth great national harvest, the last greater than all. The sheaves have hardly got into the garner. The wheat gamblers get hold the wheat, the corn gamblers get hold the corn. The great ocean tide of God's mercy put back by these dykes of dishonest resistance. When God provides

enough food and clothing to feed and apparel this nation like princes, dishonest men scabble for more than their share, and run all hazards and keep everything rocking with uncertainty, and good people say, "What next?"

Every week has a new revelation of business crime. It is an epidemic. And how many more presidents of banks and cashiers of banks are gambling with other people's money, and how many bank directors are sitting in imbecile silence, letting the perfidy go on, a great and patient God only knows. My opinion is, that we have nearly touched bottom.

I think that the last summer was the most valuable summer we have had in ten years. The wind has been pricked out of the bubble of American speculation. People who thought that the Judgment Day was at least five thousand years off, found it in the summer of 1884. This nation has been taught, as never before, people had better keep their hands out of other people's pockets. Great businesses founded on borrowed capital have been obliterated, and men who had nothing, lost all they had.

If you want to take your own money, and put it into kites to fly on the commons, or into pipes to blow soap-bubbles, you may do so without wronging society especially, unless your helpless children are tumbled into the poorhouse to be taken care of by the public, and they probably will; but you have no right to take the property of others, and turn it into kites to fly, and soap-bubbles to blow.

There is one word that has dragged down more people into bankruptcy, and State prison, and perdition than any other word in the commercial world, and that is the word "borrow." The word is re-

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

Ah! my friends, it is high time that people learn that it is death to borrow for speculative purposes. We all sometimes borrow. We borrow legitimately,

and we borrow with the divine favor. Christ, in His Sermon on the Mount, enjoined, "From him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away." A young man borrows money to get his education; all right. A man purchases property and cannot pay all down in cash, and rightly borrows on mortgage. There are crises in business when it would be wrong not to borrow. Never speculate on borrowed money—not a dollar, not a cent, not a farthing. Young men, young men, I warn you by your worldly prospects and the value of your immortal souls, do not do it. There are breakers distinguished for their shipwrecks—the Hanways, the Needles, the Caskets, the Douvers, the Anderlos, the Skerries—and many a craft has gone to pieces on those rocks; but I have to tell you that all the Hanways, and the Needles, and the Caskets, and the Skerries are as nothing compared with the long line of breakers which bound the ocean of commercial life north, south, east, and west with the white foam of their despair, and the dirge of their damnation.

If I had only a worldly weapon to use on this subject I would give you the fact fresh from the highest authority that ninety per cent. of those who go into speculation in Wall Street lose all; but I have a better warning than a worldly warning. From the place where men have perished—body, mind, and soul—stand off, stand off! Abstract pulpit discussion must step aside on this question. Faith and repentance are absolutely necessary, but faith and repentance are no more doctrines of the Bible than commercial integrity. Render to all their dues. Owe no man anything. And while I mean to preach faith and repentance, more and more to preach them,

I do not mean to spend any time in chasing the Hittites, and Jebusites, and Gurgushites of Bible times, when there are so many evils right around us, destroying men and women for time and for eternity. The greatest evangelistic preacher the world ever saw, a man who died for his evangelism—peerless Paul—wrote to the Romans: "Provide things honest in the sight of all men;" wrote to the Corinthians, "Do that which is honest;" wrote to the Philippians, "Whatsoever things are honest;" wrote to the Hebrews, "Willing in all things to live honestly." The Bible says that faith without works is dead, which being liberally translated, means that if your business life does not correspond with your profession, your religion is a humbug.

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

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

Our religion ought to mean just as much on Saturday and Monday, as on the day between, and not be a mere periphrasis of sanctity. Our religion ought to first clean our hearts, and then it ought to clean our lives. Religion is not, as some seem to think, a sort of church delectation, a kind of confectionery, a

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

CHAPTER LVI.

WALL STREET DEFALCATION.

Across the island of New York in 1685 a wall of earth and stone was built—a wall cannon mounted to keep back the savages. Along this wall ran a street, and as the street kept the line of the wall, it was appropriately called Wall Street. Short, narrow, unarchitectural, and yet unique in its history, and, excepting Lombard Street, London, the mightiest street in the world.

There the United States government was born. There Washington held his levees. There Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Arnold and Mrs. Caldwell and Mrs. Knox and other brilliant women of the Revolution displayed their charms. There preached Wither-
spoon, Jonathan Edwards, and George Whitefield. There Dr. John Mason chided Alexander Hamilton for writing the Constitution without any God in it. There negroes were sold in the slave-mart. The criminals were harnessed to wheelbarrows and compelled to draw burdens. There they were lashed through the street behind carts to which they were fastened.

That street has seen the coronation and the burial of ten thousand fortunes. The abode of just the opposites—unswerving integrity and tip-top scoundrelism, Heaven-descended charity and bloodless Shylockism. The history of Wall street would be the

history of the commerce of America. There is no more absorbing question in America to-day than this: What caused "Black Wednesday?" What caused "Black Friday?" What has caused all the black days of financial disaster with which Wall street has been connected for the last forty years? Some say it is the credit system. Something back of that. Some say it is the spirit of gambling ever and anon becoming epidemic. Something back of that. Some say it is the sudden shrinkage in the value of securities, which even the most honest and intelligent men could not have foreseen. Something back of that. I will give you the primal cause of all these disturbances. It is the extravagance of modern society which impels a man to spend more money than he can honestly make, and he goes into Wall street in order to get the means for inordinate display; and sometimes the man is to blame, and sometimes his wife, and oftener both. Five thousand dollars income, ten thousand dollars, twenty thousand dollars income, are not enough for a man to keep up the style of living he proposes, and therefore he steers his bark toward the maelstrom. Other men have suddenly snatched up fifty or a hundred thousand dollars—why not he? The present income of the man not being large enough, he must move earth and hell to catch up with his neighbors. Others have a country seat—so must he. Others have an extravagant caterer—so must he. Others have a palatial residence—so must he.

Extravagance is the cause of all the defalcations of the last forty years, and if you will go through the history of all the great panics and the great financial disturbances, no sooner have you found the story than right back of it you find the story of how many

horses the man had, how many carriages the man had, how many residences in the country the man had, how many banquets the man gave,—always, and not one exception, for the last forty years, either directly or indirectly, extravagance the cause.

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

Look out of your window any morning after there has been a dew, and see whether God loves jewels. Put a crystal of snow under a microscope, and see what God thinks of architecture. God commanded the priest of olden time to have his robe adorned with a wreath of gold, and the hem of his garment to be embroidered in pomegranates. The earth sleeps, and God blankets it with the brilliants of the night sky. The world wakes, and God washes it from the burnished laver of the sunrise. So I have not much patience with a man who talks as though decoration and adornment and the elegances of life

are a sin when they are divinely recommended. But there is a line to be drawn between adornment and decorations that we can afford and those we cannot afford, and when a man crosses that line he becomes culpable. I cannot tell you what is extravagant for you. You cannot tell me what is extravagant for me. What is right for a queen may be squandering for a duchess. What may be economical for you, a man with a larger income, will be wicked waste for me, with smaller income. There is no iron rule on this subject. Every man before God and on his knees must judge what is extravagance, and when a man goes into expenditures beyond his means he is extravagant. When a man buys anything he cannot pay for, he is extravagant.

There are families in all our cities who can hardly pay their rent, and who owe all the merchants in the neighborhood, and yet have an apparel unfit for their circumstances, and are all the time sailing so near shore that business misfortune or an attack of sickness prepares them for pauperism. You know very well there are thousands of families in our great cities who stay in neighborhoods until they have exhausted all their capacity to get trusted. They stay in the neighborhoods until the druggist will let them have no more medicines, and the butcher will give them no more meat, and the bakers will give them no more bread, and the grocery-men will give them no more sugar. Then they find the region unhealthy, and they hire a carman, whom they never pay, to take them to some new quarters, where the merchants, the druggists, the butchers, the bakers, and the grocery-men come and give them the best rounds of beef and the best sugars and the best mer-

chandise of all sorts, until they find out that the only compensation they are going to get is the acquaintance of the patrons. There are at least five thousand such thieves as that in Brooklyn. You see I call them by the right name, for if a man buys anything that he does not mean to pay for, he is a thief.

Of course, sometimes men are flung of misfortunes and they cannot pay. I know men who are just as honest in having failed as other men are honest in succeeding. I suppose there is hardly a man who has gone through life but there have been some times when he has been so flung of misfortune he could not meet his obligations. But all that I put aside. There are a multitude of people who buy that which they never intend to pay for, for which there is no reasonable expectation they will ever be able to pay. Now, why not save the merchant as much as you can? Why not go some day to his store, and when nobody is looking, just shoulder the ham or the spare-rib, and in modest silence steal away? That would be less criminal, because in the other way you take not only the man's goods, but you take the time of the merchant, and the time of his accountant, and you take the time of the messenger who brought you the goods. Now, if you must steal, steal in a way to do as little damage to the trader as possible.

John Randolph arose in the American Senate when a question of national finance was being discussed, and stretching himself to his full height, in a shrill voice he cried out: "Mr. Chairman, I have discovered the philosopher's stone, which turns everything into gold: Pay as you go!" Society has got to be reconstructed on this subject, or these times of defalcation will never end. You have no right to ride in

a carriage for which you are hopelessly in debt to the wheelwright who furnished the landau, and to the horse dealer who provided the blooded span, and to the harness-maker who caparisoned the gay steeds, and to the livery-man who has provided the stabling, and to the driver who with rosetted hat sits on the coach-box.

Oh, I am so glad it is not the absolute necessities of life which send people out into dishonesties and fling them into misfortunes. It is almost always the superfluities. God has promised us a house, but not a palacé; raiment, but not chinchilla; food, but not canvas-back duck. I am yet to see one of these great panics, or one of these Wall Street defalcations, which is not connected in some way with extravagance.

Extravagance accounts for the disturbance of national finances. Aggregations are made up of units, and when one-half of the people of this country owe the other half, how can we expect financial prosperity? Every four years we get a great spasm of virtue, and when a President is to be elected we say, "Now, down with the old administration, and let us have another Secretary of the Treasury, and let us have a new deal of things, and then we will get over all our perturbation." I do not care who is President, or who is Secretary of the Treasury, or how much breadstuffs go out of the country, or how much gold is imported, until we learn to pay our debts, and it becomes a general theory in this country that men must buy no more than they can pay for—until that time comes there will be no permanent prosperity. Look at the pernicious extravagance: Take the one fact that New York every year pays two million dol-

lars for theatrical amusements. While once in a while a Henry Irving or an Edwin Booth or a Joseph Jefferson thrills a great audience with tragedy, you know as well as I do that the vast majority of the theaters of New York are as debased, as debased they can be, as unclean, as unclean they can be, and as damnable, as damnable they can be. Two million dollars—the vast majority of those dollars going up in a wrong direction.

Ninety-five millions paid in this country for cigars and tobacco a year. One thousand five hundred million dollars paid for strong drink in one year in this country. With such extravagance, pernicious extravagance, can there be any permanent prosperity? Business men, cool-headed business men, is such a thing a possibility? One thousand five hundred million dollars for rum. These extravagances also account, as I have already hinted, for the positive crimes, the forgeries, the absconding of the officers of the banks. The store on Broadway and the office on Wall Street swamped by the residence on Madison Square. The father's, the husband's craft capsize by carrying too much domestic sail. That is what springs the leak in the merchant's money till. That is what cracks the pistols of the suicides. That is what tears down Marine Bank. That is what stops insurance companies. That is what halts this nation again and again in its triumphal march of prosperity. In the presence of this audience to-day, and the American people so far as I can get their attention, I want to arraign this monster curse of extravagance, and I want you to pelt it with your scorn and hurl at it your anathema.

Look at the one fact that it is a matter of solid sta-

tistics, that in this country, in the cities of New York and Brooklyn—I will narrow it down—in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, it is estimated that there are now over five thousand women whose apparel costs them over two thousand dollars a year each. Things have got to such a pass that when we cry over our sins in church, we wipe the tears away with a hundred-and-fifty-dollar pocket-handkerchief!

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

I know it cuts close. Some of you make a great swash in life, and after awhile you will die, and ministers will be sent for to come and stand by your coffin and lie about your excellences; but they will not come. If you send for me, I will tell you what my text will be: "He that provideth not for his own, and especially for those of his own household, is worse than an infidel." And yet we find Christian men, men of large means, who sometimes talk elo-

quently about the Christian Church and about civilization, expending everything on themselves and nothing on the cause of God, and they crack the back of their Palais Royal glove in trying to hide the one cent they put in the Lord's treasury. What an apportionment! Twenty thousand dollars for ourselves, and one cent for God. Ah! my friends, this extravagance accounts for a great deal of what the cause of God suffers.

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

One would think that the last two obligations people would be particular about would be to the physician and the undertaker. Because they are the two last obligations, those two professions are almost always cheated. They send for the doctor in great haste, and he must come day and night. They send for the undertaker amid the great solemnities, and often these two men are the very last to be met with compensation. Merchants sell goods, and the goods are not paid for; they take back the goods, I am told. But there is no relief in this case. The man spent all he had in luxuries and extravagance while he lived, and then he goes out of the world, and has left nothing for his family, nothing for the obsequies, and as he goes out of the world he steals the doctor's pills and the undertaker's slippers.

And then look how the cause of God is impoverished. Men give so much sometimes for their indul-

gences they have nothing for the cause of God and religion. Twenty-two million dollars expended in this country a year for religious purposes; but what are the twenty-two millions expended for religion compared with the ninety-five millions expended on cigars and tobacco, and then one thousand, five hundred millions of dollars spent for rum, accursed rum? So a man who had a fortune of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or what amounted to that, in London, spent it all in indulgences, chiefly in gluttonies, and sent hither and yon for all the delicacies, and often had a meal that would cost one or two hundred dollars for himself. Then he was reduced to one guinea, with which he bought a rare bird, had it cooked in best style, ate it, took two hours for digestion, walked out on Westminster Bridge, and jumped into the Thames. On a large scale what men are doing on a small scale.

Oh, my friends, let us take our stand against the extravagances of society. Do not pay for things which are frivolous when you may lack the necessities. Do not put one month's wages or salary into a trinket, just one trinket.

Keep your credit good by seldom asking for any. Pay! Do not starve a whole year to afford one Belshazzar's carnival. Do not buy a coat of many colors, and then in six months be out at the elbows. Flourish not, as some people I have known, who took apartments at a fashionable hotel, and had elegant drawing rooms attached, and then vanished in the night, not even leaving their compliments for the landlord. I tell you, my friends, in the day of God's judgment, we will not only have to give an account for the way we made our money, but for the way we spent it.



PART IV.

Goals for the National Arena.



CHAPTER LVII.

NATIONAL RUIN.

On cisatlantic shores a company of American scientists are now landing, on their way to find the tomb of a dead empire holding in its arms a dead city, mother and child of the same name—Babylon. The ancient mounds will invite the spades and shovels and crowbars, while the unwashed natives look on in surprise. Our scientific friends will find yellow bricks still impressed with the name of Nebuchadnezzar, and they will go down into the sarcophagus of a monarchy buried more than two thousand years ago. May the explorations of Rawlinson and Layard and Chevalier and Opperto and Loftus and Chesney be eclipsed by the present archæological uncovering.

But is it possible this is all that remains of Babylon? a city once five times larger than London and twelve times larger than New York? Walls three hundred and seventy-three feet high and ninety-three feet thick. Twenty-five burnished gates on each side, with streets running clear through to corresponding gates on the other side. Six hundred and twenty-five squares. More pomp and wealth and splendor and sin than could be found in any five modern cities combined. A city of palaces and temples. A city having within it a garden on an artificial hill four hundred feet high, the sides of the mountain terraced.

All this built to keep the king's wife, Amyitis, from becoming homesick for the mountainous region in which she spent her girlhood. The waters of the Euphrates spouted up to irrigate this great altitude into fruits and flowers and arborescence unimaginable. A great river running from north to south clear through the city, bridges over it, tunnels under it, boats on it.

A city of bazars and of market-places, unrivaled for aromatics, and unguents, and high-mettled horses with grooms by their side, and thyme wood, and African evergreens, and Egyptian linen, and all styles of costly textile fabric, and rarest purples extracted from shell-fish on the Mediterranean coast, and rarest scarlets taken from brilliant insects in Spain, and ivories brought from successful elephantine hunts in India, and diamonds whose flash was a repartee to the sun. Fortress within fortress, embattlement rising above embattlement. Great capital of the ages. But one night, while honest citizens were asleep, but all the saloons of saturnalia were in full blast, and at the king's castle they had filled the tankards for the tenth time, and reeling, and guff-awing, and hiccoughing, around the state table were the rulers of the land, General Cyrus ordered his besieging army to take shovels and spades, and they diverted the river from its usual channel into another direction, so that the forsaken bed of the river became the path on which the besieging army entered. When the morning dawned the conquerors were inside the outside trenches. Babylon had fallen.

“Alas, alas, that great city Babylon, that mighty city, for in one hour is thy judgment come.” But do

nations die? Oh, yes, there is great mortality among monarchies and republics. They are like individuals in the fact that they are born, they have a middle life, they have a decease: they have a cradle, and a grave. Some of them are assassinated, some destroyed by their own hand. Let me call the roll of some of the dead civilizations, and some of the dead cities, and let some one answer for them.

Egyptian civilization, stand up. "Dead!" answer the ruins of Karnak and Luxor, and from seventy pyramids on the east side of the Nile there comes up a great chorus, crying: "Dead, dead!" Assyrian Empire, stand up and answer. "Dead!" cry the charred ruins of Nineveh. After six hundred years of magnificent opportunity, dead. Israelitish Kingdom, stand up. After two hundred and fifty years of divine interposition and of miraculous vicissitude, and of heroic behavior and of appalling depravity. Dead! Phœnicia, stand up and answer. After inventing the alphabet and giving it to the world, and sending out her merchant caravans in one direction to Central Asia, and sending out her navigators to the Atlantic Ocean in another direction. Dead! Pillars of Hercules and rocks on which the Tyrian fishermen dried their nets, all answer, "Dead Phœnicia." Athens, after Phidias, after Demosthenes, after Miltiades. Dead! Sparta, after Leonidas, after Eurybiades, after Salamis, after Thermopylæ. Dead! Roman Empire, stand up and answer. Empire once bounded by the British Channel on the north, by the Euphrates on the east, by the great Sahara Desert in Africa on the south, by the Atlantic Ocean on the west. Home of three great civilizations, owning all the then discovered world worth owning. Roman

Empire, answer. Gibbon, in his "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire," says "Dead!" and the forsaken seats of the ruined Coliseum, and the skeleton of the aqueducts, and the miasma of the Campagna, and the fragments of the marble baths, and the useless piers of the Bridge Triumphalis, and the Mamartine prison, holding no more apostolic prisoners, and the silent Forum, and Basilica of Constantine, and the arch of Titus, and the Pantheon, come in with great chorus, crying: "Dead, dead!" After Horace, after Virgil, after Tacitus, after Cicero, dead. After Horatius on the bridge, and Cincinnatus, the farmer oligarch, after Pompey, after Scipio, after Cassius, after Constantine, after Cæsar. Dead! The war eagle of Rome flew so high it was blinded by the sun and came whirling down through the heavens, and the owl of desolation and darkness built its nest in the forsaken eyrie. Mexican Empire. Dead! French Empire. Dead!

You see, my friends, it is no unusual thing for a government to perish, and in the same necrology of dead nations, and in the same graveyard of expired governments will go the United States of America unless there be some potent voice to call a halt, and unless God in His mercy interfere, and through a purified ballot-box and a widespread public Christian sentiment the catastrophe be averted. I propose to set before you the evils that threaten to destroy the American Government, and to annihilate American institutions.

The first evil that threatens the annihilation of our American institutions is the fact that political bribery, which once was considered a crime, has by many come to be considered a tolerable virtue.

There is a legitimate use of money in elections, in the printing of political tracts, and in the hiring of public halls, and in the obtaining of campaign oratory. Hundreds and thousands of men will have set before them so much money for a Republican vote, and so much money for a Democratic vote, and the superior financial inducement will decide the action.

Unless this purchase and sale of suffrage shall cease, the American Government will expire, and you might as well be getting ready the monument for another dead nation. My friends, if you have not noticed that political bribery is one of the ghastly crimes of this day, you have not kept your eyes open.

Another evil threatening the destruction of American institutions is the solidifying of the sections against each other. A solid North. A solid South. If this goes on we shall, after a while, have a solid East against a solid West, we shall have solid Middle States against solid Northern States, we shall have a solid New York against a solid Pennsylvania, and a solid Ohio against a solid Kentucky.

When Garfield died, and all the States gathered around his casket in sympathy and in tears, and as hearty telegrams of condolence came from New Orleans and from Charleston as from Boston and Chicago, I said to myself: "I think sectionalism is dead." But alas! no. The difficulty will never be ended until each State of the nation is split up into two or three great political parties. This country cannot exist, unless it exists as one body, the national capital, the heart, sending out through all the arteries of communication warmth and life to the very extremities. This nation cannot exist unless it exists as

one family, and you might as well have solid brothers against solid sisters, and a solid bread-tray against a solid cradle, and a solid nursery against a solid dining-room; and you might as well have solid ears against solid eyes, and solid head against solid foot. What is the interest of Georgia is the interest of Massachusetts; what is the interest of New York is the interest of South Carolina. Does the Ohio River change its politics when it gets below Louisville? It is not possible for these sectional antagonisms to continue for a great many years without permanent compound fracture.

Another evil threatening the destruction of our American institutions is the low state of public morals.

What killed Babylon? What killed Phoenicia? What killed Rome? Their own depravity; and the fraud and the drunkenness and the lechery which have destroyed other nations will destroy ours unless a merciful God prevent.

I have to tell you what you know already, that American politics have sunken to such a low depth that there is nothing beneath. What we see in some directions we see in nearly all directions. The speculation and the knavery hurled to the surface by the explosion of banks and business firms are only specimens of great Cotopaxis and Strombolis of wickedness that boil and roar and surge beneath, but have not yet regurgitated to the surface. When the heaven-descended Democratic party enacted the Tweed rascality it seemed to eclipse everything; but after awhile the heaven-descended Republican party outwitted Pandemonium with the Star Route infamy.

My friends, we have in this country, people who

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

And two of them sat right before me—Felix and Drusilla. And so it is in all the cities. I never swear, but when I see a man go unwhipt of justice, laughing over his shame, and calling his damnable deeds gallantry and peccadillo, I am tempted to hurl red-hot anathema, and to conclude that if, according to some people’s theology, there is no hell, there ought to be!

There is enough out-and-out licentiousness in American cities to-day to bring down upon them the wrath of that God who, on the 24th of August, 79, buried Herculaneum and Pompeii so deep in ashes that the eighteen hundred and five subsequent years have not been able to complete the exhumation. There are in

American cities to-day whole blocks of houses which the police know to be infamous, and yet by purchase they are silenced, by hush money, so that such places are as much under the defence of government as public libraries and asylums of mercy. These ulcers on the body politic bleed and gangrene away the life of the nation, and public authority in many of the cities looks the other way. You can not cure such wounds as these with a silken bandage. You will have to cure them by putting deep in the lancet of moral surgery and burning them out with the caustic of holy wrath, and with most decisive amputation cutting off the scabrous and putrefying abominations. As the Romans were after the Celts, and as the Normans were after the Britons, so there are evils after this nation which will attend its obsequies unless we first attend theirs.

Superstition tells of a marine reptile, the cephaloptera, which enfolded and crushed a ship of war; but it is no superstition when I tell you that the history of many of the dead nations proclaim to us the fact that our ship of state is in danger of being crushed by the cephaloptera of national depravity. Where is the Hercules to slay this hydra? Is it not time to speak by pen, by tongue, by ballot-box, by the rolling of the prison door, by hangman's halter, by earnest prayer, by Sinaitic detonation?

A son of King Cresus is said to have been dumb, and to have never uttered a word until he saw his father being put to death. Then he broke the shackles of silence, and cried out: "Kill not my father, Cresus!" When I see the cheater and the wantonness and the manifold crime of this country attempting to commit patricide—yea, matricide upon

our institutions, it seems to me that lips that heretofore have been dumb ought to break the silence with canerous tones of fiery protest.

I shall go on until I have shown you the way in which we may save the life of the nation.

I want to put all the matter before you, so that every honest man and woman will know just how matters stand, and what they ought to do if they vote, and what they ought to do if they pray. This Nation is not going to perish. Alexander, when he heard of the wealth of the Indies, divided Macedonia among his soldiers. Some one asked him what he had kept for himself, and he replied: "I am keeping hope. And that jewel I keep bright and shining in my soul, whatever else I shall surrender." Hope, then, in God. He will set back these oceanic tides of moral devastation. Do you know what is the prize for which contention is made to-day? It is the prize of this continent. Never since, according to John Milton, when "Satan was hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal skies in hideous ruin and combustion down," have the powers of darkness been so determined to win this continent as they are now.

What a jewel it is—a jewel carved in relief, the cameo of this planet! On one side of us the Atlantic Ocean, dividing us from the worn-out governments of Europe. On the other side the Pacific Ocean, dividing us from the superstitions of Asia. On the north of us the Arctic Sea, which is the gymnasium in which the explorers and navigators develop their courage. A continent 10,500 miles long, 17,000,000 square miles, and all of it but about one-seventh capable of rich cultivation. One hundred millions of population on this continent of North and South America

—one hundred millions, and room for many hundred millions more. All flora and all fauna, all metals and all precious woods, and all grains and all fruits. The Appalachian range the backbone and the rivers of the ganglia carrying life all through and out to the extremities. Isthmus of Darien the narrow waist of a giant continent, all to be under one government, and all free and all Christian, and the scene of Christ's personal reign on earth if, according to the expectation of many good people, He shall at last set up His throne in this world.

Who shall have this hemisphere? Christ or Satan? Who shall have the shore of her inland seas, the silver of her Nevadas, the gold of her Colorados, the telescopes of her observatories, the brain of her universities, the wheat of her prairies, the rice of her savannas, the two great ocean beaches—the one reaching from Baffin's Bay to Terra del Fuego, and the other from Behring Straits to Cape Horn—and all the moral, and temporal, and spiritual, and everlasting interests of a population vast beyond all computation save by Him, with whom a thousand years are as one day? Who shall have the hemisphere? You and I will decide that or help to decide it, by conscientious vote, by earnest prayer, by maintenance of Christian institutions, by support of great philanthropies, by putting body, mind, and soul on the right side of all moral, religious, and national movements.



THE RETURN FROM THE CHRISTENING.

[After L. Kaemmerer.]

CHAPTER LVIII.

EASY DIVORCE.

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

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

Some say that for the alleviation of all these domestic disorders of which we hear, easy divorce is a good prescription. God sometimes authorizes divorce as certainly as He authorizes marriage. I have just as much regard for one lawfully divorced as I have for one lawfully married. But you know, and I know, that wholesale divorce is one of our national scourges. I am not surprised at this when I think of the influences which have been abroad militating against the marriage relation.

For many years the platforms of the country rang with talk about a free-love millennium. There were meetings of this kind held in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn ; Cooper Institute, New York ; Tremont Temple, Boston, and all over the land. Some of the women who were most prominent in that movement

have since been distinguished for great promiscuity of affection. Popular themes for such occasions were the tyranny of man, the oppression of the marriage relation, women's rights, and the affinities. Prominent speakers were women with short curls, and short dress, and very long tongue, everlastingly at war with God because they were created women; while on the platform sat meek men with soft accent, and cowed demeanor, apologetic for masculinity, and holding the parasols while the termagant orators went on preaching the gospel of free-love.

• That campaign of about twenty years set more devils into the marriage relation than will be exorcised in the next fifty. Men and women went home from such meetings so permanently confused as to who were their wives and husbands, that they never got out of their perplexity, and the criminal and the civil courts tried to disentangle the Iliad of woes, and this one got alimony, and that one got a limited divorce, and this mother kept the children on condition that the father could sometimes come and look at them, and these went into the poorhouses, and those went into an insane asylum, and those went into dissolute public life, and all went to destruction. The mightiest war ever made against the marriage institution was that free-love campaign, sometimes under one name, and sometimes under another.

Another influence that has warred upon the marriage relation has been polygamy in Utah. That is a stereotyped caricature of the marriage relation, and has poisoned the whole land. You might as well think that you can have an arm in a state of mortification and yet the whole body not be sickened,

as to have those Territories polygamized and yet the body of the nation not feel the putrefaction. Hear it, good men and women of America, that so long ago as 1862 a law was passed by Congress forbidding polygamy in the Territories and in all the places where they had jurisdiction. Armed with all the power of government, and having an army at their disposal, and yet the first brick has not been knocked from that fortress of libertinism.

Every new President in his inaugural has tickled that monster with the straw of condemnation, and every Congress has stultified itself in proposing some plan that would not work. Polygamy stands in Utah and in other of the Territories to-day more entrenched, and more brazen, and more puissant, and more braggart, and more infernal, than at any time in its history. James Buchanan, a much-abused man of his day, did more for the extirpation of this villainy than all the subsequent administrations have dared to do. Mr. Buchanan sent out an army, and although it was halted in its work, still he accomplished more than the subsequent administrations, which have done nothing but talk, talk, talk.

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

Another influence that has warred against the marriage relation in this country has been a pustulous literature, with its millions of sheets every week choked with stories of domestic wrongs, and infidelities, and massacres, and outrages, until it is a wonder to me that there are any decencies or any common sense left on the subject of marriage. One-half of the news-stands of Brooklyn and New York and all our cities reeking with the filth.

“Now,” say some, “we admit all these evils, and the only way to clear them out or correct them is by easy divorce.” Well, before we yield to that cry, let us find out how easy it is now.

I have looked over the laws of all the States, and I find that while in some States it is easier than in others, in every State it is easy. The State of Illinois through its Legislature recites a long list of proper causes for divorce, and then closes up by giving to the courts the right to make a decree of divorce in any case where they deem it expedient. After that you are not surprised at the announcement that in one county of the State of Illinois, in one year, there were 833 divorces. If you want to know how easy it is you have only to look over the records of the States. In Massachusetts 600 divorces in one year; in Maine 478 in one year; in Connecticut 401 divorces in one year; in the city of San Francisco 333 divorces in 1880; in New England in one year 2113 divorces, and in twenty years in New England twenty thousand. Is that not easy enough?

I want you to notice that frequency of divorce always goes along with the dissoluteness of society. Rome for five hundred years had not one case of divorce. Those were her days of glory and virtue.

Then the reign of vice began, and divorce became epidemic. If you want to know how rapidly the Empire went down, ask Gibbon. Do you know how the Reign of Terror was introduced in France? By 20,000 cases of divorce in one year in Paris. What we want in this country, and in all lands, is that divorce be made more, and more, and more difficult. Then people before they enter that relation will be persuaded that there will probably be no escape from it, except through the door of the sepulchre. Then they will pause on the verge of that relation, until they are fully satisfied that it is best, and that it is right, and that it is happiest. Then we shall have no more marriage in fun. Then men and women will not enter the relation with the idea it is only a trial trip, and if they do not like it they can get out at the first landing. Then this whole question will be taken out of the frivolous into the tremendous, and there will be no more joking about the blossoms in a bride's hair than about the cypress on a coffin.

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

How is it now? If a party in the marriage relation gets dissatisfied, it is only necessary to move to another State to achieve liberation from the domestic tie, and divorce is effected so easy that the first one party knows of it is by seeing it in the newspaper that Rev. Dr. Somebody on April 14, 1884, introduced into a new marriage relation a member of the household who went off on a pleasure excursion to

Newport, or a business excursion to Chicago. Married at the bride's house. No cards. There are States of the Union which practically put a premium upon the disintegration of the marriage relation, while there are other States, like our own New York State, that has the pre-eminent idiocy of making marriage lawful at twelve and fourteen years of age.

The Congress of the United States needs to move for a change of the national Constitution, and then to appoint a committee—not made up of single gentlemen, but of men of families, and their families in Washington—who shall prepare a good, honest, righteous, comprehensive, uniform law that will control everything from Sandy Hook to Golden Horn. That will put an end to brokerages in marriage. That will send divorce lawyers into a decent business. That will set people agitated for many years on the question of how shall they get away from each other, to planning how they can adjust themselves to the more or less unfavorable circumstances.

More difficult divorce will put an estoppel to a great extent upon marriage as a financial speculation. There are men who go into the relation just as they go into Wall Street to purchase shares. The female to be invited into the partnership of wedlock is utterly unattractive, and in disposition a suppressed Vesuvius. Everybody knows it, but this masculine candidate for matrimonial orders, through the commercial agency or through the county records, finds out how much estate is to be inherited, and he calculates it. He thinks out how long it will be before the old man will die, and whether he can stand the refractory temper until he does die, and then he enters the relation; for he says, "If I cannot stand it,

then through the divorce law I'll back out." That process is going on all the time, and men enter the relation without any moral principle, without any affection, and it is as much a matter of stock speculation as anything that transpired yesterday in Union Pacific, Wabash and Delaware and Lackawanna.

Now, suppose a man understood, as he ought to understand, that if he goes into that relation there is no possibility of his getting out, or no probability, he would be more slow to put his neck in the yoke. He should say to himself, "Rather than a Caribbean whirlwind with a whole fleet of shipping in its arms, give me a zephyr off fields of sunshine and gardens of peace."

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

If she is unsuccessful in the experiment, why then the divorce law will emancipate her, because habitual drunkenness is a cause for divorce in Indiana, Kentucky, Florida, Connecticut, and nearly all the States. So the poor thing goes to the altar of sacrifice. If you will show me the poverty-struck streets in any city, I will show you the homes of the women who married men to reform them. In one case out of ten thousand it may be a successful experiment. I never saw the successful experiment. But have a rigorous divorce law, and that woman will say, "If I am affianced to that man, it is for life; and if now in the ardor of his young love, and I am the prize to be won, he will not give up his cups, when he has won the prize, surely he will not give up his cups." And so that woman will say to the man, "No, sir, you are already married to the club, and you are married to that evil habit, and so you are married twice, and you are a bigamist. Go!"

A rigorous divorce law will also do much to hinder hasty and inconsiderate marriages. Under the impression that one can be easily released people enter the relation without inquiry, and without reflection. Romance and impulse rule the day. Perhaps the only ground for the marriage compact is that she likes his looks, and he admires the graceful way she passes around the ice-cream at the picnic! It is all they know about each other. It is all the preparation for life. A man, not able to pay his own board bill, with not a dollar in his possession, will stand at the altar and take the loving hand, and say, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow!" A woman that could not make a loaf of bread to save her life, will swear to cherish and obey. A Christian will marry

an atheist, and that always makes conjoined wretchedness; for if a man does not believe there is a God he is neither to be trusted with a dollar, nor with your life-long happiness.

Having read much about love in a cottage people brought up in ease will go and starve in a hovel. Runaway matches and elopements, 999 out of 1000 of which mean death and hell, multiplying on all hands. You see them in every day's newspapers. Our ministers in this region have no defence such as they have in other cities where the banns must be previously published and an officer of the law must give a certificate that all is right; so clergymen are left defenceless, and unite those who ought never to be united. Perhaps they are too young or perhaps they are standing already in some domestic compact.

By the wreck of ten thousand homes, by the holocaust of ten thousand sacrificed men and women, by the hearthstone of the family which is the cornerstone of the State, and in the name of that God who hath set up the family institution and who hath made the breaking of the marital oath the most appalling of all perjuries, I implore the Congress of the United States to make some righteous, uniform law for all the States, and from ocean to ocean, on this subject of marriage and divorce.

And, fellow-citizens, as well as fellow-Christians, let us have a divine rage against anything that wars on the marriage state. Blessed institution! Instead of two arms to fight the battle of life, four. Instead of two eyes to scrutinize the path of life, four. Instead of two shoulders to lift the burden of life, four. Twice the energy, twice the courage, twice the holy ambition, twice the probability of worldly success,

twice the prospects of heaven. Into that matrimonial bower God fetches two souls. Outside the bower room for all contentions, and all bickerings, and all controversies, but inside that bower there is room for only one guest—the angel of love. Let that angel stand at the floral doorway of this Edenic bower with drawn sword to hew down the worst foe of that bower—easy divorce. And for every Paradise lost may there be a Paradise regained. And after we quit our home here may we have a brighter home in heaven, at the windows of which this moment are familiar faces watching for our arrival, and wondering why so long we tarry.



POVERTY.

[After A. Trentin.]

CHAPTER LIX.

THE ARCH-FIEND OF THE NATIONS.

Noah did the best and the worst thing for the world. He built an ark against the deluge of water, but introduced a deluge against which the human race has ever since been trying to build an ark—the deluge of drunkenness. In the opening chapters of the Bible we hear his staggering steps. Shem and Japhet tried to cover up the disgrace, but there he is, drunk on wine at a time in the history of the world when, to say the least, there was no lack of water.

Inebriation having entered the world, has not retreated. Abigail, the fair and heroic wife who saved the flocks of Nabal, her husband, from confiscation by invaders, goes home at night and finds him so intoxicated she can not tell him the story of his narrow escape. Uriah came to see David, and David got him drunk, and paved the way for the despoliation of a household. Even the church bishops needed to be charged to be sober and not given to too much wine; and so familiar were the people of Bible times with the staggering and falling motion of the inebriate, that Isaiah, when he comes to describe the final dislocation of worlds, says: "The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard."

Ever since apples and grapes and wheat grew the world has been tempted to unhealthful stimulants. But the intoxicants of the olden time were an inno-

cent beverage, a harmless orangeade, a quiet syrup, a peaceful soda water, as compared with the liquids of modern inebriation, into which a madness, and a fury, and a gloom, and a fire, and a suicide, and a retribution have mixed and mingled. Fermentation was always known, but it was not until a thousand years after Christ that distillation was invented.

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

put that shovel into this great cauldron and begin to stir, and the cauldron began to heave, and rock, and boil, and sputter, and hiss, and smoke, and the nations gathered around it with cups and tankards and demijohns and kegs, and there was enough for all, and the arch-fiend cried: "Aha! champion fiend am I. Who has done more than I have for coffins and graveyards and prisons and insane asylums, and the populating of the lost world? And when this cauldron is emptied, I'll fill it again, and I'll stir it again, and it will smoke again, and that smoke will join another smoke—the smoke of a torment that ascendeth forever and ever.

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

nauts, I have damned more souls than any other emissary of diabolism. Champion fiend am I!"

Drunkenness is the greatest evil of this nation, and it takes no logical process to prove that a drunken nation cannot long be a free nation. I call your attention to the fact that drunkenness is not subsiding, certainly that it is not at a standstill, but that it is on an onward march, and it is a double quick. Where there was one drunken home there are ten drunken homes. Where there was one drunkard's grave there are twenty drunkards' graves.

According to United States Government figures, in 1840 there were 23,000,000 gallons of beer sold. Last year there were 551,000,000 gallons. According to the governmental figures, in the year 1840 there were 5,000,000 gallons of wine sold. Last year there were 25,000,000 gallons of wine. It is on the increase. Talk about crooked whisky—by which men mean the whisky that does not pay the tax to government—I tell you all strong drink is crooked. Crooked otard, crooked cognac, crooked schnapps, crooked beer, crooked wine, crooked whisky, because it makes a man's path crooked, and his life crooked, and his death crooked, and his eternity crooked.

If I could gather all the armies of the dead drunkards and have them come to resurrection, and then add to that host all the armies of living drunkards, five and ten abreast, and then if I could have you mount a horse and ride along that line for review, you would ride that horse until he dropped from exhaustion, and you would mount another horse and ride until he fell from exhaustion, and you would take another and another, and you would ride along hour after hour, and day after day. Great host, in

regiments, in brigades. Great armies of them. And then if you had voice enough stentorian to make them all hear, and you could give the command, "Forward, march!" their first tramp would make the earth tremble. I do not care which way you look in the community to-day, the evil is increasing.

I call your attention to the fact that there are thousands of people born with a thirst for strong drink—a fact too often ignored. Along some ancestral lines there runs the river of temptation. There are children whose swaddling clothes are torn off the shroud of death.

Many a father has made a will of this sort: "In the name of God, amen. I bequeath to my children my houses and lands and estates, share and share shall they alike. Hereto I affix my hand and seal in the presence of witnesses." And yet, perhaps that very man has made another will that the people have never read, and that has not been proved in the courts. That will put in writing would read something like this: "In the name of disease and appetite and death, amen. I bequeath to my children my evil habits, my tankards shall be theirs, my wine-cup shall be theirs, my destroyed reputation shall be theirs. Share and share alike shall they in the infamy. Hereto I affix my hand and seal in the presence of all the applauding harpies of hell."

From the multitude of those who have the evil habit born with them, this army is being augmented. And I am sorry to say that a great many of the drug-stores are abetting this evil, and alcohol is sold under the name of bitters.

It is bitters for this, and bitters for that, and bitters for some other thing; and good men deceived, not

knowing there is any thralldom of alcoholism coming from that source, are going down, and some day a man sits with the bottle of black bitters on his table, and the cork flies out, and after it flies a fiend, and clutches the man by his throat, and says: "Aha! I have been after you for ten years. I have got you now. Down with you, down with you!" Bitters? Ah! yes. They make a man's family bitter, and his home bitter, and his disposition bitter, and his death bitter, and his hell bitter. Bitters: A vast army all the time increasing. And let me also say that it is as thoroughly organized as any army, with commander-in-chief, staff-officers, infantry, cavalry, batteries, sutlerships, and flaming ensigns, and that every candidate for office in America will yet have to pronounce himself the friend or foe of the liquor traffic.

I have in my possession the circular of a brewers association—a circular sent to all candidates for office; it has been sent, or will be sent—a form to be filled up, saying whether the candidate is a friend of the liquor traffic, or its enemy; and if he is an enemy of the business then the man is doomed; or if he declines to fill up the circular, and send it back, his silence is taken as a negative answer.

It seems to me it is about time for the 17,000,000 professors of religion in America to take sides. It is going to be an out-and-out battle between drunkenness and sobriety, between heaven and hell, between God and the devil. Take sides before there is any further national decadence; take sides before your sons are sacrificed, and the new home of your daughter goes down under the alcoholism of an embruted husband. Take sides while your voice, your pen, your prayer, your vote, may have any influence in

arresting the despoliation of this nation. If the 17,000,000 professors of religion should take sides on this subject, it would not be very long before the destiny of this nation would be decided in the right direction.

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

To prove that this is a national evil, I call up three States in opposite directions—Maine, Iowa, and Georgia. Let them testify in regard to this. State of Maine says: "It is so great an evil up here we have anathematized it as a State." State of Iowa says: "It is so great an evil out here we have prohibited it by constitutional amendment." State of Georgia says: "It is so great an evil down here that ninety counties of this State have made the sale of intoxicating drink a criminality." So the word comes up from all sources, and it is going to be a Waterloo, and I want you to know on what side I am going to be when that Waterloo is fully come, and I want you to be on the right side. Either drunkenness will be destroyed in this country, or the American Govern-

ment will be destroyed. Drunkenness and free institutions are coming into a death grapple.

Oh, how many are waiting to see if something can not be done! Thousands of drunkards waiting who cannot go ten minutes in any direction without having the temptation glaring before their eyes or appealing to their nostrils, they fighting against it with enfeebled will and diseased appetite, conquering, then surrendering, conquering again and surrendering again, and crying: "How long, O Lord, how long before these infamous solicitations shall be gone?"

And how many mothers there are waiting to see if this national curse cannot lift! Oh, is that the boy that had the honest breath who comes home with breath vitiated or disguised? What a change! How quickly those habits of early coming home have been exchanged for the rattling of the night-key in the door long after the last watchman has gone by and tried to see that everything was closed up for the night! Oh, what a change for that young man who we had hope would do something in merchandise, or in artisanship, or in a profession, that would do honor to the family name long after mother's wrinkled hands are folded from the last toil! All that exchanged for startled look when the door-bell rings, lest something has happened. And the wish that the scarlet fever twenty years ago had been fatal, for then he would have gone directly to the bosom of his Saviour. But alas! poor old soul, she has lived to experience what Solomon said: "A foolish son is a heaviness to his mother."

Oh, what a funeral it will be when that boy is brought home dead! And how mother will sit there

and say: "Is this my boy that I used to fondle, and that I walked the floor with in the night when he was sick? Is this the boy that I held to the baptismal font for baptism? Is this the boy for whom I toiled until the blood burst from the tips of my fingers that he might have a good start and a good home? Lord, why hast Thou let me live to see this? Can it be that these swollen hands are the ones that used to wander over my face when rocking him to sleep? Can it be that this is the swollen brow that I once so rapturously kissed? Poor boy! how tired he does look. I wonder who struck him that blow across the temples! I wonder if he uttered a dying prayer! Wake up, my son; don't you hear me? wake up! Oh, he can't hear me! Dead, dead, dead! 'Oh, Absalom, my son, my son, would God that I had died for thee, oh, Absalom, my son, my son!'"

I am not much of a mathematician, and I cannot estimate it; but is there any one here quick enough at figures to estimate how many mothers there are waiting for something to be done? Aye, there are many wives waiting for domestic rescue. He promised something different from that when, after the long acquaintance and the careful scrutiny of character, the hand and the heart were offered and accepted. What a hell on earth a woman lives in who has a drunken husband!

O Death, how lovely thou art to her, and how soft and warm thy skeleton hand! The sepulchre at midnight in winter is a king's drawing-room compared with that woman's home. It is not so much the blow on the head that hurts, as the blow on the heart. The rum fiend came to the door of that beautiful home and opened the door and stood there, and said: "I

curse this dwelling with an unrelenting curse. I curse that father into a maniac, I curse that mother into a pauper. I curse those sons into vagabonds. I curse those daughters into profligacy. Cursed be bread-tray and cradle. Cursed be couch and chair and family Bible with record of marriages and births and deaths. Curse upon curse." Oh, how many wives are there waiting to see if something cannot be done to shake these frosts of the second death off the orange blossoms! Yea, God is waiting, the God who works through human instrumentalities, waiting to see whether this nation is going to overthrow this evil; and if it refuse to do so God will wipe out the nation as He did Phœnicia, as He did Rome, as He did Thebes, as He did Babylon. Aye, He is waiting to see what the church of God will do. If the church does not do its work, then He will wipe it out as He did the church of Ephesus, church of Thyatira, church of Sardis. The Protestant and Roman Catholic churches to-day stand side by side with an impotent look, gazing on this evil, which costs this country more than a billion dollars a year to take care of the 800,000 paupers, and the 315,000 criminals, and the 30,000 idiots, and to bury the 75,000 drunkards.

Protagoras boasted that out of the sixty years of his life forty years he had spent in ruining youth; but the arch fiend of the nations may make the more infamous boast that all its life it has been ruining the bodies, minds, and souls of the human race.

Put on your spectacles and take a candle and examine the platforms of the two leading political parties of this country, and see what they are doing for the arrest of this evil, and for the overthrow of

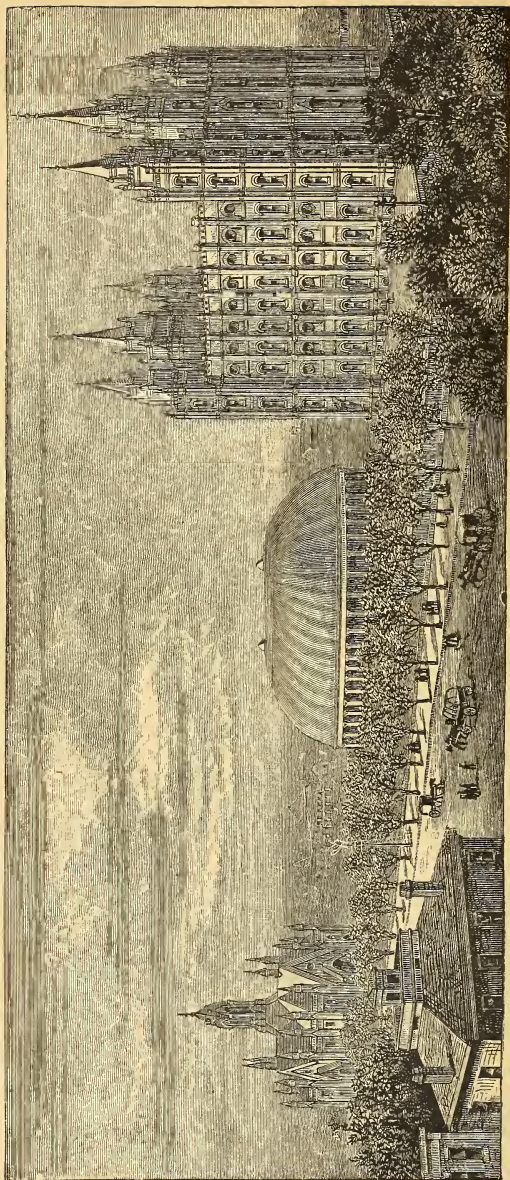
this abomination. Resolutions—oh yes, resolutions about Mormonism! It is safe to attack that organized nastiness 2,000 miles away. But not one resolution against drunkenness, which would turn this entire nation into one bestial Salt Lake City. Resolutions against political corruption, but not one word about drunkenness, which would rot this nation from scalp to heel. Resolutions about protection, against competition with foreign industries, but not one word about protection of family and church and nation against the scalding, blasting, all-consuming, damning tariff of strong drink put upon every financial, individual, spiritual, moral, national interest. The Democratic party—in power for the most of the time for forty years—what did that national party do for the extirpation of this evil? Nothing, absolutely nothing, appallingly nothing. The Republican party has been in power for about a quarter of a century—what has it done as a national party to extirpate this evil? Nothing, absolutely nothing, appallingly nothing. I look in another direction.

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

The church holds the balance of power in America; and if Christian people—the men and the women who profess to love the Lord Jesus Christ, and to love purity, and to be the sworn enemies of all uncleanness and debauchery and sin—if all such would march side by side and shoulder to shoulder, this evil would soon be overthrown. Think of 300,000 churches and Sunday-schools in Christendom, marching shoulder

to shoulder! How very short a time it would take them to put down this evil, if all the churches of God—trans-Atlantic and cis-Atlantic—were armed on this subject!

Young men of America, pass over into the army of teetotalism. Whisky, good to preserve corpses, ought never to turn you into a corpse. Tens of thousands of young men have been dragged out of respectability, and out of purity, and out of good character, and into darkness, by this infernal stuff called strong drink. Do not touch it! Do not touch it!



ASSEMBLY HALL, TABERNACLE AND TEMPLE, SALT LAKE.

CHAPTER LX.

THE DEMAND OF GOD AND CIVILIZATION.

There have been in the world hundreds of political parties. They did their work. They lost their prestige. They expired. Their names are forgotten. Enough for me to declare what I believe God and civilization demand of the two political parties of this day, or their extermination. God and civilization demand of the political parties of this day a plank anti-Mormonistic. It is high time that the nation stopped playing with this cancer. All the plasters of political quacks only aggravate it, and nothing but the surgery of the sword will cure it. All the congressional laws on this subject have been notorious failures. Meanwhile the great monster sits between the two mountains—the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevadas—sits in defiance and mockery, sometimes holding its sides with uncontrollable mirth at our national impotency. Shipload after shipload of Mormons are regurgitated at your Castle Garden, and hundreds and thousands of them are being sent on to the great moral lazaretto of the West. Others are on the way, and the Atlantic is heaving toward us the great surges of foreign libertinism. This moment the emissaries of that organized lust are busy in Norway and Sweden and England and Ireland and Scotland and Germany, breaking up homes, and with infernal cords drawing the population this way, a population which

will be dumped as carrion on the American territories. American crime, with its long rake stretched across other continents, is heaping up on this land great winrows of abomination. Worse and worse. Four hundred Mormons coming into our port in one day, six hundred in another day, eight hundred in another day.

Are we so cowardly and selfish in this generation that we are going to bequeath to the following generations this great evil? Letting it go on until our children come to the front and we are safely entrenched under the mound of our own sepulchres, leaving our children through all their active life to wonder why we postponed this evil for their extirpation when we might have destroyed it with a hundred-fold less exposure. What a legacy for this generation to leave the following generation! A vast acreage of sweltering putrefaction, of lowest beastliness, of suffocating stench, all the time becoming more and more mal-odorous and rotten and damnable. We want some great political party in some strong and unmistakable plank to declare that it will extirpate heroically and immediately this great harem of the American continent. We want some President of the United States to come in on such an anti-Mormonistic platform, and in his opening message to Congress ask for an appropriation for military expedition, and then put Phil Sheridan in his lightning stirrups, heading his horse westward, and in one year Mormonism will be extirpated and national decency vindicated. Compelling Mormonistic chiefs to take oath of allegiance will not do it, for they have declared in open assembly that perjury in their cause is commendable. Religious tracts on purity amount to nothing. They will not read

them. Anything shorter than bayonets and anything softer than bullets will never do that work.

Every day you open a paper and you see in the State of New York some bigamist arrested and punished. What you prohibit on a small scale for a State you allow on a large scale for a nation. Bigamy must be put down. Polygamy must go free. What has been the effect, my friends? It has demoralized this whole nation. That carbuncle on the back of the nation has sickened all the nerves, and muscles, and arteries, and veins, and limbs of the body politic. I account in that way for many of the loose ideas abroad on all sides on the subject of the marriage relation. Divorce by the wholesale. Concubinage in high circles. Libertinism, if gloved and patent leathered, admitted into high circle. The malaria of Salt Lake City has smitten the nation with moral typhoid. The bad influence has well-nigh spiked that gun of Sinai which needs to thunder over the New England hills, over the savannas of the South and over the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevadas clear to the Pacific coast, "Thou shalt not commit adultery!" In 1878, in the State of Maine, over 400 cases of divorce. In the State of Massachusetts, in the same year, over 600 divorces. In the little State of Connecticut in that year, over 400 divorces. In New England in that year 2,113 divorces. The County of Cook, in Illinois, over 800 divorces in one year. Advertisements in newspapers saying, "Divorce legally and quietly effected. Can pay in installments!" Some of the New York lawyers giving their entire time to domestic separations—suborning witnesses, giving advice as to how many months it is necessary to be out of the city, inducing

suspicious complications, sending detective sleuth hounds on the track of good citizens, until the honest lawyers of these cities were compelled a little while ago to make outcry against the bemeaning of their honorable profession. Looser and looser ideas on the subject of marriage, until sometimes the question of divorce is taken into consideration in the wedding solemnities, and people promise fidelity till death do them part, and say afterward softly, "perhaps," or "may be," "I rather think so." All over this land more and more marriage in fun.

We do not want divorce made more easy in this country; we want it made more hard, so that people will be more cautious in their affiancing, and you will understand that if you marry a brute of a husband or a fool of a wife, you will have to stand it. Ah! my friends, there will be no toning up on this subject, there will be no moral health in the United States on the subject of the marriage relation until this nation shall slough off this Mormonistic ulcer, and burn out with caustic of gunpowder this wound which has been so long feculent and ichorous and deathful. If you are under the delusion that by mild laws passed against Mormonism the evil will be extirpated, you are making an awful mistake. The sooner you get over it the better. God and civilization demand of both political parties now a plank anti-Mormonistic.

Again, there is demanded of the political parties in this day, a plank of intelligent helpfulness for the great foreign population which have come among us. It is too late now to discuss whether we had better let them come. They are here. They are coming this moment through the Narrows, they are coming

this moment through the gates of Castle Garden, they are this moment taking the first full inhalation of the free air of America, and they will continue to come as long as this country is the best place to live in. You might as well pass a law prohibiting summer bees from alighting on a field of blossoming buckwheat, you might as well prohibit the stags of the mountains from coming down to the deer lick, as to prohibit the hunger-bitten nations of Europe from coming to this land of bread, as to prohibit the people of England, Ireland, Scotland, Norway, Sweden, and Germany, working themselves to death on small wages on the other side the sea, from coming to this land, where there are the largest compensations under the sun. Why did God spread out the prairies of Dakota, and roll the precious ore into Colorado? It was that all the earth might come and plow, and come and dig. Just as long as the centrifugal force of foreign despotisms throw them off, just so long will the centripetal force of American institutions draw them here.

And that is what is going to make this the mightiest nation of the earth. Intermarriage of nationalities. Not circle intermarrying circle, and nation intermarrying nation, but it is going to be Italian and Norwegian, Russian and Celt, Scotch and French, English and American. The American of a hundred years from now is to be different from the American of to-day. German brain, Irish wit, French civility, Scotch firmness, English loyalty, Italian æsthetics packed into one man, and he an American. It is this intermarriage of nationalities that is going to make the American race the mightiest race of the ages. Now, I say, in God's name let them come.

But what are we doing for the moral and intellectual culture of the 500,000 foreigners who came in one year, and the 600,000 who came in another year, and the 800,000 who came in another year, and the 1,000,000 who came into our various American ports. What are we doing for them? Well, we are doing a great deal for them. We steal their baggage as soon as they get ashore! We send them up to a boarding-house where the least they lose is their money. We swindle them within ten minutes after they get ashore. We are doing a great deal for them! But what are we doing to introduce them into the duties of good citizenship? Many of them never saw a ballot-box, many of them never heard of the Constitution of the United States, many of them have no acquaintance with our laws. Now, I say, let the Government of the United States, so commanded by some political party, give to every immigrant who lands here a volume in good type and well bound for long usage—a volume containing the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and a chapter on the spirit of our Government. Let there be such a book on every shelf of every free library in America. While the American Bible Society puts into the right hand of every immigrant a copy of the Holy Scriptures, let the Government of the United States, so commanded by some political party, put into the left hand of every immigrant a volume instructing him in the duties of good citizenship. There are thousands of foreigners in this land who need to learn that the ballot-box is not a footstool but a throne; not something to put your foot on, but something to bow before.

Again, it is demanded of the political parties of this

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

For the lack of recognition of God in your political platforms they amount to nothing. They both make loud declaration about civil service reform, and it has been a failure. If you can take now in your cool moments the declaration made by the Democratic party in Cincinnati in 1880, and the declaration made by the Republican party in Chicago in 1880, and read

those two declarations on the subject of civil service reform, and then think of what has transpired, and control your mirth, you have more self-control than I have. My child asks me what is civil service reform, and I tell him, as near as I can understand, it is that when the Republican party get the government of a State they are to turn out the Democrats, and when the Democrats get the supremacy in the State they are to turn out the Republicans.

Your platforms cry out for reform, and promise reform, if they are only kept in power, or may obtain power. How much do they mean by reform? See what the Republican party did in 1876 in Louisiana and what the Democratic party did three or four years after in the gubernatorial election in Maine! Credit Mobilier of eleven years ago, River and Harbor Bill, by which last year the taxpayers of the United States were swindled out of fifty millions of dollars—in both infamies the two parties shoulder to shoulder, and side to side. What you want is more of God in your pronouncements. Without Him reform is retrogression, and gain is loss, and victory is defeat.

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

Carolinas in the name of God; William Penn settled Philadelphia in the name of God; the Hollanders took possession of New York in the name of God; the Pilgrim Fathers settled New England in the name of God. Preceding the first gun of Bunker Hill, at the voice of prayer all heads uncovered. In the war of 1812 an officer came to General Andrew Jackson and said: "There is an unusual noise in the camp; it ought to be stopped." General Jackson said: "What is the noise?" The officer said: "It is the voices of prayer and praise." And the General said; "God forbid that prayer and praise should be an unusual noise in the encampment; you had better go and join them." Prayer at Valley Forge, prayer at Monmouth, prayer at Atlanta, prayer at South Mountain, prayer at Gettysburg.

"Oh," says some infidel, "the Northern people prayed on one side, and the Southern people prayed on the other side, and so it didn't amount to anything." And I have heard good Christian people confounded with the infidel statement, when it is as plain to me as my right hand. Yes, the Northern people prayed in one way, and the Southern people prayed in another way, and God answered in His own way, giving to the North the re-establishment of the Government, and giving to the South larger opportunities, larger than she had ever anticipated, the harnessing of her rivers in great manufacturing interests, until the Mobile, and the Tallapoosa, and the Chattahoochee, are Southern Merrimacs, and the unrolling of great mines of coal and iron, of which the world knew nothing, and opening before her opportunities of wealth which will give ninety-nine per cent. more of affluence than she ever possessed. And, in-

stead of the black hands of American slaves emancipated, there are the more industrious and black hands of the coal and iron industries of the South which will achieve for her fabulous and unimagined wealth.

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

Oh, you are a stupid man if you do not understand how God answered Abraham Lincoln’s prayer in the White House, and Stonewall Jackson’s prayer in the saddle, and answered all the prayers of all the cathedrals on both sides of Mason and Dixon’s Line. God’s country all the way past. God’s country now.

Put His name in your pronouncements, put His name on your ensigns, put His name on your city and State and national enterprises, put His name in your hearts. To most of us this country was the cradle, and to most of us it will be the grave. We want the same glorious privileges which we enjoy to go down to our children. We can not sleep well the last sleep, nor will the pillow of dust be easy to our heads until we are assured that the God of our American institutions in the past will be the God of our American institutions in the days that are to come. Oh, when all the rivers which empty into the Atlantic and Pacific seas shall pull on factory bands, when all the great mines of gold, and silver, and iron, and coal shall be laid bare for the nation, when the last swamp shall be reclaimed, and the last jungle cleared, and the last American desert Edenized, and from sea to sea the continent shall be occupied by more than twelve hundred million souls, may it be found that moral and religious influences

were multiplied in more rapid ratio than the population. And then there shall be four doxologies coming from north, and south, and east, and west—four doxologies rolling toward each other and meeting mid-continent with such dash of holy joy that they shall mount to the throne.

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

CHAPTER LXI.

BOSSISM.

Each village and town has what is called in old-fashioned parlance its "boss," and every city has its "boss," and every State its "boss," and all these "bosses" will come together and elect a great national "boss." Against this slavery of American politics I protest, and demand that in convention and in ballot-box every man, without hindrance or male-diction, vote as he thinks best, God his only judge.

In the first place, if we would break this slavery of American politics, we must decline every four years to believe that everything is in peril. If our American institutions every four years are in danger of smash-up, the sooner they go to pieces the better, and we have substituted a government which shall have in it some style, some element of durability. I remember eleven Presidential elections, and in each one we were told that everything was in peril. As near as I could tell, we were within a quarter of an inch of the eternal precipice. Voters went to the ballot-box tremulous with omens. Wagons and carriages were sent for the aged and the invalid. At party expense these persons were brought forth, and patriots who by strange coincidence at the same time were candidates for office—these patriots lifted the invalids from the bed and the wagon, where there were pillows and mattresses, and the unfortunates

were carefully supported on both sides to the polls, where they deposited for the very life of the country their precious votes.

Now, while there have been pivotal elections, in the majority of cases there is nothing at stake but official patronage. This magnifying of national peril and this working before the public mind, on wires the skeleton of national dangers every four years, halts business and demoralizes everything. What do Western merchants want to come here and buy goods for if next autumn everything is to be a howling wilderness? What do Eastern men want to buy Western lands for when everything is to be paralyzed? All business men will tell you that every four years is an idle year. Why? Because everything is stagnated by this cry of peril when there is no peril, there is no crisis.

I remember that at eight years of age I stood in the blistering sun and barefoot, at Somerville, New Jersey, hearing a Western orator, who persuaded me in that Presidential election that if William Henry Harrison was elected instead of Martin Van Buren, there would be no use of my growing up, because there would be no country to grow in! Not long ago, in Music Hall, Boston, I was lecturing, and just before the lecture there I was told a Western orator would that night speak at Faneuil Hall; so I hastened through my work and got down to the Cradle of Liberty, and found it that night rocked by the same Western orator and the same Western speech, and the only difference between the speech I heard forty years ago and that speech was, in one case it was William Henry Harrison, and in the other it was Benjamin F. Butler.

Many of us remember the Presidential election when Henry Clay and James K. Polk were the candidates for the Presidency. My father sat down pale and exhausted and sick at the defeat of Henry Clay, and said that all was lost. He had felt the magnetism of that splendid Kentuckian, whose name I can not pronounce without feeling an enthusiasm tingling from scalp to heel. But was everything lost? Through that election we got the Texan domain, and door after door of annexation has been opened until when the wind blows from the west the national flag dips into the Atlantic, and when it blows from the east the national flag dips into the Pacific. We were positively told that the existence of this nation depended upon Mr. Lincoln's second election to the Presidency; but immediately after his inauguration he died, and Andrew Johnson put the government in just the opposite direction, and we still live.

During the sixteen years in which I have lived in the State of New York, at every gubernatorial election we have been told that everything was at stake. Officers have changed, but there has been no change in our prosperity except from good to better, and I have noticed that the sun rises at about the same time in the same month of the year, and the tides come in with about the same strength, and it is high time in this country we stop this crisis business and understand that the Lord God has capacity to keep this nation on in its high march of prosperity without the help of Chicago conventions.

The old lion of national strength is covered all over with greenbottle flies, sucking the life-blood from neck and flanks.

The old lion of our national strength may shake it-

self terrifically, and another set of greenbottle flies, but more hungry, will take their place. Do not stand agape as to what will happen next. Go about your honest everyday business. Do not believe the political bureaus that declare that everything is in peril. There is no more danger that this Government is going to pieces, than that the moon is going to pieces.

Again, if we want to break this tyranny of American politics, we must understand that neither party is immaculate.

Do not vote for a man merely because your party nominates him. If you want to know how much better one party is than the other, I put the Louisiana Returning Board of one party beside the gubernatorial conflict of 1879, in Maine, and I put the Belknap frauds of one party against the Tweed larcenies of the other. There is a difference in men, but the only difference between the parties as to moral character to-day, in my estimation, is the difference between fifty and half a hundred. Both parties are in need of radical reformation, and by the time they are reformed they may be reformed out of existence.

But is there no difference? are there no preferences? Ah! so far from saying that, a man who does not intelligently, and in the fear and love of God, exercise the right of suffrage, is not worthy of American citizenship. There are preferences, and while every intelligent man and woman in America is to-day asking the question, "Who shall be the next President of the United States?" I want to say two or three things. In the first place, the next President of the United States, and every President, ought to have an established moral character, There have been times

when we have had candidates for Governors, and candidates for the Presidential chair, who were libertines and gamblers and drunkards. In the House of Representatives and in the United States Senate we have had men who could not walk straight because of intoxication, representing Illinois and Pennsylvania and New York. I am glad to know that the question of good morals is coming into every political canvass. I do not care how talented a man is, if he is bad.

Genius is worse than stupidity, if it move in the wrong direction. In a nation where there are so many homes, we must have at the head of it a man who honors the sanctity of the domestic circle. In a nation where there are so many young men looking for an example of good character, we must have at the head only one characterized by integrity. A man who cannot govern himself cannot govern fifty millions of people. Our schools, our colleges, our universities, our churches, and our homesteads must fight for good morals.

But do not listen to the hue and cry of partisanship. You can get no idea from what newspapers have to say of men, what their real character is. The best man that God ever made, nominated on either side, must wade through obloquy chin-deep. Defamation elected James A. Garfield. Defamation elected Abraham Lincoln. Defamation, I am told by one who remembers the time, elected Andrew Jackson, and that is the testimony of one who is far from liking Andrew Jackson. You have to take the scales and put on one side all the scurrility about the Republican candidate, and put on the other side the scale all the scurrility about the Democratic candi-

date, weighing scurrility against scurrility, and the man who is most abused and has the most scurrility hurled upon him, will be the President. There is a philosophy in it, my brethren. There are many bad things about human nature, but there are many good things about human nature, and one of the best things about human nature is that it sympathizes with one who is traduced.

• Have nothing to do, by pen, or type, or voice, in the malediction of public men. In the characterization of men in private life we exercise Christian principle, and we are, if we are good men, disposed to put the best phase and the best interpretation on conduct, and it is only a bad man who chooses always to think bad of his fellows. Charity thinketh well, if it is possible to think well.

Now, my brethren, let us in public life do as well as we do in private life, and the same charity we extend toward those in private life extend toward those who are in public life. Remember, my friends, when you come to judge in regard to the character of men who shall be before this nation, you are Christian patriots and not scavengers. I abhor this defamation of public men. Just as soon as a man comes to the front and achieves anything by his eloquence, or by his brilliancy, or by his public services, all the hounds of earth and hell get after him. Calmly and deliberately judge of men in the fear and love of God, as you yourself would like to be judged. You yourself perhaps may not come to highest political position, but your sons may be on the way to the honors of this government. Treat men now in public life with the same fairness and generosity that you would have your sons treated when they come to high position in life.

Then, in order to be qualified for the chief office of this nation, a man must also be a respecter of the Christian religion. I apply no religious test. But this country, discovered by Christian men and settled by Hollanders and Huguenots and the descendants of men from other lands who were persecuted for their religious faith, and who took possession of this land in the name of God and heaven—such a country as this must have over it one who respects the Christian religion. Never, my Christian friends, under any circumstances vote for any man who does not believe in the existence of God and the divinity of the Bible. A man who does not believe in the existence of God and the divinity of the Bible I would not trust him with a ten-cent piece, much less elevate him to the Presidency. This is the only foundation of common honesty, the Bible. I often hear it said that the Constitution of the United States is the foundation of our institutions. It is not. The Bible is the foundation. Republican institutions are an everlasting impossibility without it. Our first President was a Christian. Let our next President be at any rate a respecter of the Christian religion.

Then he must have heart large enough to take in all the States and Territories. If a Western man, he must not despise the sea-coast or want an immediate change of the center of commercial life. If an Eastern man, he must not despise the West. If a Southern man, he must not think all men of the North of ignoble generation. If a Northern man, he must not want to keep up the old grudge which we settled twenty-one years ago. He must have a heart large enough to take in all the nation. There can never be any more conflict in this country. The sword has

given place to the wheat cradle. The time of darkness and contention has all gone by, and there is to be no more use in this country for the musket except for holiday turnout. Our navy-yards are going to become museums containing ships used in barbaric ages for settling by slaughter national differences. The eagle has got to get off our coin and the dove take its place, the bird of blood giving way for the bird of the olive branch. I prescribe for the cure of all national evils, and I prescribe for a defence against all national peril the Christianization of the people. Let Christianity take possession of the ballot-box, there will be no illegal voting. Let Christianity take charge of the primaries and the caucuses, and we will have righteous nominees. Do not expect that the politicians of this country will ever save the land. What have they ever done for this country but get office and make trouble? They got us into the four years' war. Did they get us out of it? No. The great masses of the people rose up, fought out the fight and then commanded peace. Politicians again and again have ruined American commerce. Did they restore it? No. The great masses of the people, with hard-fisted and besweated industry, conquered those financial calamities. So much depending upon the great masses of the people, let us have them evangelized.

We want the Gospel of Jesus Christ dominant—that Gospel which William E. Gladstone demonstrated when he sent an apology a few years ago to the Austrian Government. He found he was wrong, and apologized for it. Some said, "Oh, what imbecility!" I say it was the grandest specimen of Christian character, possible. We settle individual differences by explanation and apology. Why not national

differences? Why by the sword? "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

Oh, this is the brightest day in all our history. Our land is coming to greater and greater prosperity.

Agriculture is going to bring all its harvests, and manufacturing is going to bring all its adroit fabrics, and literature is going to bring all its printing-presses, and art is going to bring all its pencils and chisels, and commerce is going to bring all its masts, and religion is going to bring all its altars and towers, and put them down at the feet of Him on whose vesture and on whose thigh are written, "King of kings, Lord of lords." Italy for pictures, France for manners, Germany for scholarship, the United States for God.

CHAPTER LXII.

THE CHRISTIANIZED VOTE.

Look at it—the sacred chest of the ancients. It was about five feet long, three feet wide and three feet high. It was within and without of pure gold. On the top of it stood two angels facing each other with outspread wings. In that sacred box was the law, and there were in it a great many precious stones. With that box went the fate of the nation. Carried in front of the host, the waters of the Jordan parted. Divinely charged, costly, precious, momentous box. No unholy hands might lay hold of it. It was called the ark of the covenant. But you will understand it was a box, the most precious box of the ages. Where is it now? Gone forever. Not a crypt of church or museum of the world has a fragment of it.

But is not this nation God's chosen people? Have we not passed through the Red Sea? Have we not been led with a pillow of fire by night? Has this nation no ark of the covenant? Yes. The ballot-box, the sacred chest of the nation, the ark of the American covenant.

In it is the law, in it is the divine and the human will, in it is the fate of the nation. Carried in front of our host again and again, the waters of national trouble have parted. Mighty ark of the covenant, the American ballot-box! It is a very old box.

In Athens, long before the art of printing, the .

people' dropped pebbles into it to give expression to their sentiments. After that, beans were dropped into it—a white bean for the affirmative, a black bean for the negative. After that when they wished to vote a man out of citizenship they would write his name upon a shell and drop that into the box.

O'Connell and Grote and Cobden and Macaulay and Gladstone fought great battles in the introduction of the ballot-boxes in England, and to-day it is one of the fastnesses of that nation. It is one of the corner-stones of our government. It is older than the constitution. In it is our national safety. Tell me what will be the fate of the American ballot-box, the ark of the American covenant, and I will tell you what will be the fate of this nation. Give the people once a year or once in four years an opportunity to express their political sentiments, and you practically avoid insurrection and revolution.

Either give them the ballot, or they will take the sword. Without the ballot-box there can be no free republican institutions. Milton visiting in Italy noticed that on the sides of Vesuvius gardeners and farmers were at work while the volcano was in eruption, and he asked them if they were safe. "Yes," said the farmers and the gardeners, "it is safe; all the danger is before the eruption; then come earthquake and terror, but just as soon as the volcano begins to pour forth lava we all feel at rest." It is the suppression of political sentiment, the suppression of public opinion, that makes moral earthquake and national earthquake. Let public opinion pour forth, and that gives satisfaction, and that gives peace, and that gives permanency to good government. And yet, though the ballot-box^s is the sacred chest

and the ark of the American covenant, you know as well as I know, it has its sworn antagonists.

Ignorance is a mighty foe. Other things being equal, the more intelligence a man has the better he is qualified to exercise the right of suffrage. You have been ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty years studying American institutions, you have canvassed all the great questions about tariff and home rule and all the educational questions, and everything in American politics you are well acquainted with. You consider yourself competent to cast a vote in November, and you are competent. You will take your position in the line of electors, you will wait for your term to come, the judge of election will announce your name, you will cast your vote, and pass out. Well done.

But right behind you there will come a man who cannot spell the name of controller, or attorney, or mayor. He cannot write, or if he can write he uses a small "I" for the personal pronoun. He could not tell on which side of the Alleghany Mountains Ohio is. Educated canary birds, educated horses know more than he. He will cast his vote, and it will balance your vote. His ignorance is as mighty as your intelligence. That is not right. All men of fair mind will acknowledge that that is not right. Until a man can read the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, and calculate the interest on the American debt, and know the difference between a republican form of government and a monarchy or a despotism, he is unfit to exercise the right of suffrage at any ballot-box between Key West and Alaska.

In 1872, in England, there were 2,600,000 children

who ought to have been in school. There were only 1,333,000, in other words, about fifty per cent., and of the fifty per cent. not more than five per cent. got anything worthy the name of an education. Now, take that foreign ignorance, and add it to our American ignorance, and there will be thousands and thousands of people, who are no more qualified to exercise the right of suffrage than to lecture on astronomy. How are these things to be corrected? By laws of compulsory education well executed. I go in for a law which, after giving fair warning for a few years, shall make ignorance a crime.

There is no excuse for ignorance on these subjects in this land, where the common schools make knowledge as free as the fresh air of heaven. I would have a board of examination seated beside the officers of registration, and let them decide whether the men who come up to vote have any capacity to be monarchs in a land where we are all monarchs. One of the most awful foes of the American ballot-box to-day is popular ignorance. Educate the people, give them an opportunity to know and understand what they do. If they will not take the education, deny them the vote.

Another powerful enemy of this sacred chest, the ark of the American covenant, the ballot-box, is spurious voting.

In 1880, in Brooklyn, there were a thousand names recorded of persons who had no residence here, and if there were a thousand attempted fraudulent votes in the best city on the continent, what may we expect in cities not so fortunate? What a grand thing is the law of registration! Without it elections in this country would be a farce. There must be a scrutiny

on this subject. The law must have keenest twist for the neck of repeaters. Something more than slight fine and short imprisonment. It is an attempt at the assassination of the republic, when a man attempts to put in a spurious vote. In olden times, when men laid unholy hands on the ark of the covenant they dropped down dead. Witness Uzzah. And when men attempt to put unholy hands on the American ballot-box, the ark of the American covenant, they deserve extermination.

Another powerful foe of this sacred chest is intimidation.

Corporations sometimes demand that their employes vote in this and that way. It is skillfully done. It is not positively in so many words demanded, but the employe understands he will be frozen out of the establishment unless he votes as the firm do. So you can go into factory villages, and having found out the politics of the head men in the factory, you can tell which way the election is going. Now, that is damnable. If, in any precinct in the United States, a man cannot vote as he pleases, there is something awfully wrong.

How do you treat that employe who votes differently from what you do? Oh, you say you do not interfere with his right of suffrage. But you call him into your private office, and you find fault with his work, and after a while you tell him there is an uncle, or an aunt, or a niece, or a nephew that must have that position. You do not say it is because he voted this or that way, but he knows, and God knows it is. If that man has given to you in hard work an equivalent for the wages you pay him, you have no right to ask anything else of him. He sold you his

work; he did not sell you his political or religious principles. But you know as well as I do there is sometimes on that sacred chest, the ark of the American covenant, a shadow corporate or monopolistic.

I do not wonder at the vehemence of Lord Chief-Justice Holt, of England, when he said: "Let the people vote fairly. Interference with a man's vote is in behalf of this or that party. I give you notice that if an offender against the law comes before me, I will charge the jury to make him pay well for it." No shadow plutocratic, or mobocratic, or capitalistic. Every man voting in his own way—God and his own conscience the only dictator.

Another powerful foe of that sacred chest, the ark of the American covenant, the ballot-box, is bribery.

You know something of the hundreds of thousands of dollars that were expended to carry Indiana in 1880. You know something of the vast sums of money expended in Brooklyn and New York in other years to carry elections. Bribery is one of the disgraces of this country. It is often the case that a man is nominated for office with reference to his capacity to provide money for the elections or with reference to his capacity to command money from others. You know the names of men who have at different times gone into the Gubernatorial chair or Congressional office buying their way all through. I tell you no news. Your patriotic heart has been pained again and again with it.

Very often it is not money that bribes, but it is office. "You make me President and I'll make you Secretary of State, or Attorney-General, or something else; you make me Governor and I'll make you Surveyor-General; you make me Mayor and I'll

put you on the Water Board ; you give me position and I'll give you position." That is the form of the bribe often and often in these great cities. So it is often the case that by the time a man comes to an office to which he has been elected, he is from the crown of head to the sole of foot mortgaged with pledges, and the man who goes to Albany or to Washington to get an office is applying for some position which was given away three months before the election. Two long lines of worm fence, one worm fence reaching to Albany, and the other to Washington, and there a great many citizens astride the fence, and they are equally poised, and they are waiting to see on which side there is most emolument, and on this side they get down. But bribery kicks both ways. It kicks the man that offers it, and the man that takes it. Bribery to-day you will admit to be one of the mightiest foes of the American ballot-box.

Another great enemy of that sacred chest is defamation of character.

Can you find out from the newspapers when two men are in office, which is the best? How often in the autumnal elections the good man is denounced and the bad man applauded, so that you can come sometimes to no just opinion as to who is the best man, and there are hundreds and thousands of electors who go up to vote so utterly befogged they know not what they do. Is not that a fearful influence to be brought upon the ballot-box of this country? It has been so ever since the foundation of this government. Defamation of character.

Thomas Paine writes Washington a letter, and publishes it, saying: "Treacherous in all private friend-

ship and a hypocrite in public morals, the world will be puzzled to know whether we had better call you an apostate or an impostor, and whether you abandoned good morals, or never had any." That is Thomas Paine's opinion of George Washington.

John Quincy Adams declared that he was solaced in regard to the scandals and anathemas inflicted upon him by the fact that his father, John Adams, had to go through the same process, and John Quincy Adams declared he really thought in that present election there were men who gave their entire time to manufacturing falsehood in regard to him. Martin Van Buren was always pictorialized as a rat. Thomas H. Benton and Amos Kendall were always pictorialized as robbers with battering-rams breaking in the door of the United States Bank.

On the day on which Thomas Jefferson was inaugurated President of the United States, March 4th, 1801, the following appeared in the *Sentinel*, of Boston: "Monumental inscription. Yesterday expired, deeply regretted by millions of grateful Americans, and by all good men, the Federal Administration of the Government of the United States, animated by Washington, Adams, Hamilton, Knox, Pickering, McHenry, Marshall and Stoddard; aged twelve years. Its death was occasioned by the secret arts and open violence of foreign and domestic demagogues. As one tribute of gratitude in these times, this monument to the talents and services of the deceased is raised by the *Sentinel*." Under such defamation as that Thomas Jefferson went into office.

My father told me that when Andrew Jackson was running for President of the United States, the whole land was flooded with coffin handbills—pic-

tures of six dead men, in allusion to the six deserters whom Andrew Jackson had had shot, and all the pictorials of those times represented Jackson as taking his office from the hand of the devil.

I saw a few summers ago at Put-in-Bay, Ohio, in a museum, a prominent paper of 1844, which spoke of Henry Clay as a gambler, a libertine, and a murderer; and the manner in which he was defamed and the outrages which were heaped upon him may be well guessed from Mr. Clay's eulogy of his native State, Kentucky. He said: "When I seemed to be assailed by all the rest of the world, she interposed her broad and impenetrable shield, repelled the poisoned shafts that were aimed for my destruction, and vindicated my good name from every malignant and unfounded aspersion."

Defamation! It is the curse of the American ballot-box. Just as soon as in the great cities a man is put up for office he is made the target. The fact that he is up is *prima facie* evidence that he must be brought down. His public life, and his private life, are scrutinized, and all the electric lights are turned on. How often it is that men have gone down under such things. In every autumnal election the air is filled with carrion crows scenting carcasses. Caw! Caw! Caw! There are newspapers in the United States that in the great autumnal elections take wild license for liberty. They are filled with calumny. The editorial columns of such papers reek with it; their columns are stuffed with it. There are newspapers in the United States which, in the great popular elections, breakfast, and dine, and sup on indecency, They wallow in it. Swine in the mire. They give more for one quill of filth than a whole

hogshead of decent product. There are in these great autumnal elections men sitting in editorial chairs who write with a quill, not plucked from the stupid goose, or the sublime eagle, but from a turkey buzzard! Ghouls! Ghouls! They tip the city sewer into their editorial inkstands. Defamation of character is one of the curses of the American ballot-box to-day. In your great presidential elections who can tell from what he reads who is the man he ought to vote for? Bad men sometimes applauded, good men denounced.

Another powerful foe of the sacred chest, the ark of the American covenant, the ballot-box, is the rowdy and drunken caucus.

The ballot-box does not give any choice to a man when the nominations are made in the back part of a groggery. When the elector comes up he has to choose between two evils. In some of the cities men have come to the ballot-box to vote, and have found both names such a scaly, greasy, and stenchful crew they had no choice. You say vote for somebody outside. Then they throw away their vote. Christian men of New York and Brooklyn, honorable men, patriotic men, go and take possession of the caucuses. First having saturated your pocket handkerchief with cologne or some other disinfectant, go down to the caucus and take possession of it in the name of the Lord God Almighty and the American people, though after you come back you should have to hang your hat and coat on a line in the back yard for ventilation.

In some of the States politics have got so low that the nominees no more need good morals than they do a bath-tub. Snatch the ballot-box from such

men. Where is the David who will go forth and bring the ark of the covenant back from Kirjath-jearim? Do you not think politics have got to a pretty low ebb in our day when a Tweed could be sent to the Legislature of New York, and a John Morrissey, the prince of gamblers, could be sent to the American Congress?

Now, how are these things to be remedied? Some say by a property qualification. They say that after a man gets a certain amount of property—a certain amount of real estate—he is financially interested in good government, and he becomes cautious and conservative. I reply, a property qualification would shut off from the ballot-box a great many of the best men in this land. Literary men are almost always poor. A pen is a good implement to make the world better, but it is a very poor implement to get a livelihood ordinarily. I have known scores of literary men who never owned a foot of ground, and never will own a foot of ground until they get under it. Professors of colleges, teachers of schools, editors of newspapers, ministers of religion, qualified in every possible way to vote, yet no worldly success. There has been many a man who has not had a house on earth who will have a mansion in heaven.

There are many who, through accidents of fortune, have come to great success while they are profound in their stupidity, as profound in their stupidity as a man of large fortune with whom I was crossing the ocean, who told me he was going to see the dykes of Scotland! When a member of my family asked a lady, on her return from Europe, if she had seen Mont Blanc, she replied: "Well, really, I don't know; is that in Europe?" Ignorance by the square

foot. Property qualification will not do. The only way these evils will be eradicated, will be by more thorough legal defence of the ballot-box and a more thorough moralization and Christianization of the people. That ark of the covenant was carried into captivity to Kirjath-jearim, but one day the people hooked oxen to a cart, and they put this ark on the cart, and the cart was taken to Jersuaem—the ark of the covenant coming with the shouting and thanksgiving of the people. And though the American ballot-box, the ark of the American covenant, our sacred chest, has been carried again and again into captivity by fraud and iniquity and spurious voting, I believe it will be brought back yet by prayer and by Christian consecration, and will be set down in the midst of the temple of Christian patriotism. Whose responsibility? Yours and mine.

CHAPTER LXIII.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

“Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.”—MATT. 7: 12.

The greatest war the world has ever seen is between capital and labor. The strife is not like that which in history is called the Thirty Years' War, for it is a war of centuries, it is a war of five continents, it is a war hemispheric. The middle classes in this country, upon whom the nation has depended for holding the balance of power and for acting as mediators between the two extremes, are diminishing, and if things go on at the same ratio as they are now going, it will not be very long before there will be no middle class in this country, but all will be very rich or very poor, princes or paupers, and the country will be given up to palaces and hovels. The antagonistic forces are closing in upon each other. The telegraphic operators' strikes, the railroad employes' strikes, the Pennsylvania miners' strikes, the movements of the boycotters and the dynamiters are only skirmishes before a general engagement, or, if you prefer it, escapes through the safety-valves of an imprisoned force which promises the explosion of society. You may pooh-pooh it; you may say that this trouble, like an angry child, will cry itself to sleep; you may belittle it by calling it Fourierism, or Socialism, or St. Simonism, or Nihilism, or Com-

munism ; but that will not hinder the fact that it is the mightiest, the darkest, the most terrific threat of this century.

All attempts at pacification have been dead failures, and monopoly is more arrogant, and the trades-unions more bitter. "Give us more wages," cry the employes. "You shall have less," say the capitalists. "Compel us to do fewer hours of toil in a day." "You shall toil more hours," say the others. "Then, under certain conditions, we will not work at all," say these. "Then you shall starve," say those, and the workmen gradually using up that which they accumulated in better times, unless there be some radical change, we shall have soon in this country three million hungry men and women. Now three million hungry people cannot be kept quiet. All the enactments of legislatures and all the constabularies of the cities, and all the army and navy of the United States, cannot keep three million hungry people quiet. What then? Will this war between capital and labor be settled by human wisdom? Never! The brow of the one becomes more rigid, the fist of the other more clenched.

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

I shall first show you how this quarrel between monopoly and hard work cannot be stopped, and

then I will show you how this controversy will be settled.

In the first place, there will come no pacification to this trouble through an outcry against rich men merely because they are rich. There is no member of a trades-union on earth that would not be rich if he could be. Sometimes through a fortunate invention, or through some accident of prosperity, a man who had nothing comes to large estate, and we see him arrogant and supercilious, and taking people by the throat just as other people took him by the throat. There is something very mean about human nature when it comes to the top. But it is no more a sin to be rich than it is a sin to be poor. There are those who have gathered great estate through fraud, and then there are millionaires who have gathered their fortune through foresight in regard to changes in the markets, and through brilliant business faculty, and every dollar of their estate is as honest as the dollar which the plumber gets for mending a pipe, or the mason gets for building a wall. There are those who are kept in poverty because of their own fault. They might have been well off, but they smoked or chewed up their earnings, or they lived beyond their means, while others on the same wages and on the same salaries went on to competency. I know a man who is all the time complaining of his poverty and crying out against rich men, while he himself keeps two dogs, and chews and smokes, and is filled to the chin with whisky and beer!

Micawber said to David Copperfield: "Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, twenty shillings and sixpence expenses; result, misery. But, Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, expenses nineteen

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

Neither will the contest be settled by cynical and unsympathetic treatment of the laboring classes. There are those who speak of them as though they were only cattle or draught horses. Their nerves are nothing, their domestic comfort is nothing, their happiness is nothing. They have no more sympathy for them than a hound has for a hare, or a hawk for a hen, or a tiger for a calf. When Jean Valjean, the greatest hero of Victor Hugo's writings, after a life of suffering and brave endurance, goes into incarceration and death, they clap the book shut, and say: "Good for him!" They stamp their feet with indignation and say just the opposite of "Save the working classes." They have all their sympathies with Shylock, and not with Antonio and Portia. They are plutocrats, and their feelings are infernal. They are filled with irritation and irascibility on this subject. To stop this awful embroglio between capital and labor they will lift not so much as the tip end of the little finger.

Neither will there be any pacification of this angry controversy through violence. God never blessed murder. The poorest use you can put a man to is to kill him. Blow up to-morrow all the country-seats on the banks of the Hudson, and all the fine houses on

Madison Square, and Brooklyn Heights, and Bunker Hill, and Rittenhouse Square, and Beacon Street, and all the bricks and timber and stone will just fall back on the bare head of American labor. The worst enemies of the working classes in the United States and Ireland are their demented coadjutors. Assassination—the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in Phoenix Park, Dublin, Ireland, in the attempt to avenge the wrongs of Ireland, only turned away from that afflicted people millions of sympathizers. The recent attempt to blow up the House of Commons, in London, had only this effect: to throw out of employment tens of thousands of innocent Irish people in England.

In this country the torch put to factories that have discharged hands for good or bad reason; obstructions on the rail-track in front of midnight express trains because the offenders do not like the president of the company; strikes on shipboard the hour they were going to sail, or in printing-offices the hour the paper was to go to press, or in mines the day the coal was to be delivered, or on house scaffoldings so the builder fails in keeping his contract—all these are only a hard blow on the head of American labor, and cripple its arms, and lame its feet, and pierce its heart. Take the last great strike in America—the telegraph operators' strike—and you have to find that the operators lost four hundred thousand dollars' worth of wages, and have had poorer wages ever since. Traps sprung suddenly upon employers, and violence, never took one knot out of the knuckle of toil, or put one farthing of wages into a callous palm. Barbarism will never cure the wrongs of civilization. Mark that!

The most imperious outrage against the poor and against the working classes will yet cower before the law. Violence and contrary to the law will never accomplish anything, but righteousness and according to law, will accomplish it.

Well, if this controversy between Capital and Labor cannot be settled by human wisdom, if to-day Capital and Labor stand with their thumbs on each other's throat—as they do—it is time for us to look somewhere else for relief, and it points from my text roseate and jubilant, and puts one hand on the broad-cloth shoulder of Capital, and puts the other hand on the homespun-covered shoulder of Toil, and says, with a voice that will grandly and gloriously settle this, and settle everything, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." That is, the lady of the household will say: "I must treat the maid in the kitchen just as I would like to be treated if I were downstairs and it were my work to wash, and cook, and sweep, and it were the duty of the maid in the kitchen to preside in this parlor." The maid in the kitchen must say: "If my employer seems to be more prosperous than I, that is no fault of hers; I shall not treat her as an enemy. I will have the same industry and fidelity downstairs as I would expect from my subordinates if I happened to be the wife of a silk importer."

The owner of an iron mill, having taken a dose of my text before leaving home in the morning, will go into his foundry and, passing into what is called the puddling-room, he will see a man there stripped to the waist, and besweated and exhausted with the labor and the toil, and he will say to him: "Why, it seems to be very hot in here. You look very much

exhausted. I hear your child is very sick with scarlet fever. If you want your wages a little earlier this week, so as to pay the nurse and get the medicines, just come into my office any time."

After awhile, crash goes the money-market, and there is no more demand for the articles manufactured in that iron-mill, and the owner does not know what to do. He says, "Shall I stop the mill, or shall I run it on half-time, or shall I cut down the men's wages?" He walks the floor of his counting-room all day, hardly knowing what to do. Toward evening he calls all the laborers together. They stand all around, some with arms akimbo, some with folded arms, wondering what the boss is going to do now. The manufacturer says, "Men, times are very hard; I don't make twenty dollars where I used to make one hundred. Somehow, there is no demand now for what we manufacture, or but very little demand. You see I am at vast expense, and I have called you together this afternoon to see what you would advise. I don't want to shut up the mill, because that would force you out of work, and you have always been very faithful, and I like you, and you seem to like me, and the bairns must be looked after, and your wife will after a while want a new dress. I don't know what to do."

There is a dead halt for a minute or two, and then one of the workmen steps out from the ranks of his fellows, and says: "Boss, you have been very good to us, and when you prospered we prospered, and now you are in a tight place and I am sorry, and we have got to sympathize with you. I don't know how the others feel, but I propose that we take off twenty per cent. from our wages, and then when the

times get good you will remember us and raise them again." The workman looks around to his comrades, and says: "Boys, what do you say to this? All in favor of my proposition will say aye." "Aye! aye! aye!" shout two hundred voices.

But the mill owner, getting in some new machinery, exposes himself very much, and takes cold, and it settles into pneumonia, and he dies. In the procession to the tomb are all the workmen, tears rolling down their cheeks, and off upon the ground; but an hour before the procession gets to the cemetery the wives and the children of these workmen are at the grave waiting for the arrival of the funeral pageant. The minister of religion may have delivered an eloquent eulogium before they started from the house, but the most impressive things are said that day by the working-classes standing around the tomb.

That night in all the cabins of the working-people where they have family prayers the widowhood and the orphanage in the mansion are remembered. No glaring populations look over the iron fence of the cemetery; but, hovering over the scene, the benediction of God and man is coming from the fulfilment of the Christlike injunction, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

"Oh," says some man here, "that is all Utopian, that is apocryphal, that is impossible." No. Yesterday I cut out of a paper this: "One of the pleasantest incidents recorded in a long time is reported from Sheffield, England. The wages of the men in the iron works at Sheffield are regulated by a board of arbitration, by whose decision both masters and men are bound. For some time past the iron and steel

trade has been extremely unprofitable, and the employers can not, without much loss, pay the wages fixed by the board, which neither employers nor employed have the power to change. To avoid this difficulty, the workmen in one of the largest steel works in Sheffield hit upon a device as rare as it was generous. They offered to work for their employers one week without any pay whatever. How much better that plan is than a strike would be."

But you go with me and I will show you—not so far off as Sheffield, England—factories, banking-houses, storehouses, and costly enterprises where this Christ-like injunction of my text is fully kept, and you could no more get the employer to practice an injustice upon his men, or the men to conspire against the employer, than you could get your right hand and your left hand, your right eye and your left eye, your right ear and your left ear, into physiological antagonism. Now, where is this to begin? In our homes, in our stores, on our farms—not waiting for other people to do their duty. Is there a divergence now between the parlor and the kitchen? Then there is something wrong, either in the parlor or the kitchen, perhaps in both. Are the clerks in your store irate against the firm? Then there is something wrong, either behind the counter, or in the private office, or perhaps in both.

The great want of the world to-day is the fulfilment of this Christ-like injunction, that which He promulgated in His sermon Olivetic. All the political economists under the arch or vault of the heavens in convention for a thousand years cannot settle this controversy between monopoly and hard work, between capital and labor.

During the Revolutionary war there was a heavy piece of timber to be lifted, perhaps for some fortress, and a corporal was overseeing the work, and he was giving commands to some soldiers as they lifted: "Heave away there! yo heave!" Well, the timber was too heavy; they could not get it up. There was a gentleman riding by on a horse, and he stopped, and said to this corporal, "Why don't you help them lift? That timber is too heavy for them to lift." "No," he said, "I won't; I am a corporal." The gentleman got off his horse, and came up to the place. "Now," he said to the soldiers, "all together—yo heave!" and the timber went to its place. "Now," said the gentleman to the corporal, "when you have a piece of timber too heavy for the men to lift, and you want help, you send to your commander-in-chief." It was Washington. Now, that is about all the Gospel I know—the Gospel of giving somebody a lift, a lift out of darkness, a lift out of earth into heaven.

"Oh," says some wiseacre; "talk as you will, the law of demand and supply will regulate these things until the end of time." No, they will not, unless God dies and the batteries of the Judgment Day are spiked, and Pluto and Proserpine, king and queen of the infernal regions, take full possession of this world. Do you know who Supply and Demand are? They have gone into partnership, and they propose to swindle this earth, and are swindling it. You are drowning. Supply and Demand stand on the shore, one on one side, the other on the other side of the life-boat, and they cry out to you: "Now, you pay us what we ask you for getting you to shore, or go to the bottom!" If you can borrow \$5,000 you can

keep from failing in business. Supply and Demand say: "Now, you pay us exorbitant usury, or you go into bankruptcy." This robber firm of Supply and Demand say to you: "The crops are short. We bought up all the wheat and it is in our bin. Now, you pay our price or starve." That is your magnificent law of supply and demand.

Supply and Demand own the largest mill on earth, and all the rivers roll over their wheel, and into their hopper they put all the men, women and children they can shovel out of the centuries, and the blood and the bones redden the valley while the mill grinds. That diabolic law of supply and demand will yet have to stand aside, and instead thereof will come the law of love, the law of co-operation, the law of kindness, the law of sympathy, the law of Christ.

Have you no idea of the coming of such a time? Then you do not believe the Bible. All the Bible is full of promises on this subject, and as the ages roll on the time will come when men of fortune will be giving larger sums to humanitarian and evangelistic purposes, and there will be more James Lenoxes and Peter Coopers, and William E. Dodges, and George Peabodys. As that time comes there will be more parks, more picture-galleries, more gardens thrown open for the holiday people and the working-classes.

I was reading only this morning, in regard to a charge that had been made in England against Lambeth Palace that it was exclusive, and that charge demonstrated the sublime fact that to the grounds of that wealthy estate eight hundred poor families have free passes, and forty croquet companies and on the half-day-holidays four thousand poor people recline on the grass, walk through the paths, and sit under the

trees. That is Gospel—Gospel on the wing, Gospel out of doors worth just as much as indoors. That time is going to come.

That is only a hint of what is going to be. The time is going to come when, if you have anything in your house worth looking at—pictures, pieces of sculpture—you are going to invite me to come and see it, you are going to invite my friends to come and see it, and you will say, “See what I have been blessed with. God has given me this, and so far as enjoying it, it is yours also.” That is Gospel.

In crossing the Alleghany Mountains many years ago the stage halted, and Henry Clay dismounted from the stage, and went out on a rock at the very verge of the cliff, and he stood there with his cloak wrapped around him, and he seemed to be listening for something. Some one said to him, “What are you listening for?” Standing there on the top of the mountain, he said: “I am listening to the tramp of the footsteps of the coming millions of this continent.”

A sublime posture for an American statesman. You and I to-day stand on the mountain top of privilege, and on the Rock of Ages, and we look off, and we hear coming from the future the happy industries, and the smiling populations, and the consecrated fortunes, and the innumerable prosperities of the closing nineteenth and the opening twentieth centuries.

The greatest friend of capitalist and toiler, and the one who will yet bring them together in complete accord, was born one Christmas night while the curtains of heaven swung, stirred by the wings angelic. Owner of all things—all the continents, all worlds,

and all the islands of light. Capitalist of immensity, crossing over to our condition. Coming into our world, not by gate of palace, but by door of barn. Spending His first night amid the shepherds. Gathering after around Him the fishermen to be His chief attendants. With adze, and saw, and chisel, and axe, and in a carpenter-shop showing himself brother with the tradesmen. Owner of all things, and yet on a hillock back of Jerusalem one day resigning everything for others, keeping not so much as a shekel to pay for His obsequies, by charity buried in the suburbs of a city that had cast Him out. Before the cross of such a capitalist, and such a carpenter, all men can afford to shake hands, and worship. Here is the every man's Christ. None so high but He was higher. None so poor but He was poorer. At His feet the hostile extremes will yet renounce their animosities, and countenances which have glowered with the prejudices and revenge of centuries shall brighten with the smile of heaven as He commands: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

CHAPTER LXIV.

MORAL CHARACTER OF CANDIDATES.

The lightnings and earthquakes united their forces to wreck a mountain of Arabia Petræa in olden time, and travelers to-day find heaps of porphyry and greenstone rocks, boulder against boulder, the remains of the first law library, written, not on parchment or papyrus, but on shattered slabs of granite. The corner-stones of all morality, of all wise law, of all righteous jurisprudence, of all good government, are the two tablets of stone on which were written the Ten Commandments. All Roman law, all French law, all English law, all American law that is worth anything, all common law, civil law, criminal law, martial law, law of nations, were rocked in the cradle of the twentieth chapter of Exodus. And it would be well in these times of great political agitation if the newspapers would print the Decalogue some day in place of the able editorial.

These laws are the pillars of society, and if you remove one pillar you damage the whole structure. I have noticed that men are particularly vehement against sins to which they are not particularly tempted, and find no especial wrath against sins in which they themselves indulge. They take out one gun from this battery of ten guns, and load that, and unlimber that, and fire that. They say, "This is an Armstrong gun, and this is a Krupp gun, and this is

a Nordensfeld five-barreled gun, and this is a Gatling ten-barreled gun, and this is a Martigny thirty-seven barreled gun." But I have to tell them that they are all of the same calibre, and that they shoot from eternity to eternity.

The Decalogue forbids idolatry, image making, profanity, maltreatment of parents, Sabbath desecration, murder, theft, incontinence, lying, and covetousness. This is the Decalogue by which you and I will have to be tried, and by that same Decalogue you and I must try candidates for office.

Of course we shall not find anything like perfection. If we do not vote until we find an immaculate nominee we will never vote at all. We have so many faults of our own we ought not to be censorious or maledictory or hypercritical in regard to the faults of others.

The Christly rule is as appropriate for November as any other month in the year, and for the fourth year as for the three preceding years: "Judge not that ye be not judged, for with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

Most certainly are we not to take the statement of red-hot partisanship as the real character of any man. From nearly all of the great cities of this land I receive daily or weekly newspapers, sent to me regularly and in compliment, so I see both sides—I see all sides—and it is most entertaining, and my regular amusement, to read the opposite statements. The one statement says the man is an angel, and the other says he is a devll; and I split the difference, and I find him half way between. There has never been an honest or respectable man running for the United States Presidency since the foundation of the Amer-

ican government, if we may believe the old files of newspapers in the museums. What a mercy it is that they were not all hung before inauguration day.

I warn you also against the mistake which many are making, and always do make, of applying a different standard of character for those in high place and of large means, from the standard they apply for ordinary persons. However much a man may have, and however high the position he gets, he has no especial liberty given him in the interpretation of the Ten Commandments. A great sinner is no more to be excused than a small sinner. Do not charge illustrious defection to eccentricity, or chop off the Ten Commandments to suit especial cases. The right is everlastingly right, and the wrong is everlastingly wrong. If any man nominated for any office in this city, State or nation differs from the Decalogue, do not fix up the Decalogue, but fix him up. This law must stand, whatever else may fall.

I call your attention also to the fact that you are all aware of, that the breaking of one commandment makes it the more easy to break all of them, and the philosophy is plain. Any kind of sin weakens the conscience, and if the conscience is weakened, that opens the door for all kinds of transgression. If, for instance, a man go into this political campaign wielding scurrility as his chief weapon, and he believes everything bad about a man, and believes nothing good, how long before that man himself will get over the moral depression? Neither in time nor eternity. If I utter a falsehood in regard to a man I may damage him, but I get for myself tenfold more damage. That is a gun that kicks.

If, for instance, a man be profane, under provo-

cation he will commit any crime. I say under provocation. For if a man will maltreat the Lord Almighty, would he not maltreat his fellow-man? If a man be guilty of malfeasance in office, he will, under provocation, commit any sin. He who will steal, will lie, and he who will lie, will steal.

If, for instance, a man be unchaste, it opens the door for all other iniquity, for in that one iniquity he commits theft of the worst kind, and covetousness of the worst kind, and falsehood—pretending to be decent when he is not—and maltreats his parents by disgracing their name, if they were good. Be careful, therefore, how you charge that sin against any man either in high or low place, either in office or out of office, because when you make that charge against a man you charge him with all villainies, with all disgusting propensities, with all rottenness.

A libertine is a beast, lower than the vermin that crawl over a summer carcass—lower than the swine, for the swine has no intelligence to sin against. Be careful, then, how you charge that against any man. You must be so certain that a mathematical demonstration is doubtful as compared with it.

And, then, when you investigate a man on such subjects, you must go the whole length of investigation, and find out whether or not he has repented. He may have been down on his knees before God and implored the divine forgiveness, and he may have implored the forgiveness of society and the forgiveness of the world; although if a man commit that sin at thirty or thirty-five years of age there is not one case out of a thousand where he ever repents. You must in your investigation see if it is possible that the one case investigated may not have been the

glorious exception. But do not chop off the seventh commandment to suit the case. Do not change Fairbanks' scale to suit what you are weighing with it. Do not cut off a yardstick to suit the dry goods you are measuring. Let the law stand and never tamper with it.

Above all, I charge you do not join in the cry that I have heard—for fifteen, twenty years I have heard it—that there is no such thing as purity. If you make that charge you are a foul-mouthed scandalizer of the human race. You are a leper. Make room for that leper! When a man, by pen, or type or tongue, utters such a slander on the human race that there is no such thing as purity, I know right away that that man himself is a walking lazaretto, a reeking ulcer, and is fit for no society better than that of devils damned. We may enlarge our charities in such a case, but in no such case let us shave off the Ten Commandments. Let them stand as the everlasting defence of society and of the Church of God.

The committing of one sin opens the door for the commission of other sins. You see it every day. Those Wall Street embezzlers, those bank cashiers absconding as soon as they are brought to justice, develop the fact that they were in all kinds of sin. No exception to the rule. They all kept bad company, they nearly all gamble, they all went to places where they ought not. Why? The commission of the one sin opened the gate for all the other sins. Sins go in flocks, in droves, and in herds. You open the door for one sin, that invites in all the miserable segregation. The campaign orators, some of them, bombarding the suffering candidates all the week, think no wrong in riding all Sunday, and they are

at this moment, many of them, in the political headquarters calculating the chances. All the week hurling the eighth commandment at Mr. Blaine, the seventh commandment at Mr. Cleveland, and the ninth commandment at Mr. St. John—what are they doing with the fourth commandment? “Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.” Breaking it. Is not the fourth commandment as important as the eighth, as the seventh, as the ninth? Some of these political campaign orators, as I have seen them reported, and as I have heard in regard to them, bombarding the suffering candidates all the week, yet tossing the name of God from their lips recklessly, guilty of profanity. What are they doing with the third commandment? Is not the third commandment, which says: “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”—is not the third commandment as important as the other seven? Oh yes, we find in all departments men are hurling their indignation against sins perhaps to which they are not especially tempted—hurling it against iniquity toward which they are not particularly drawn.

I have this book for my authority when I say that the man who swears, or the man who breaks the Sabbath is as culpable before God as either of those candidates is culpable if the things charged on him are true. What right have you and I to select which commandment we will keep, and which we will break? Better not try to measure the thunderbolts of the Almighty, saying this has less blaze, this has less momentum. Better not handle the guns, better not experiment much with the divine ammunition.

Cicero said he saw the Iliad written on a nut-shell, and you and I have seen the Lord's Prayer written on a five-cent piece ; but the whole tendency of these times is to write the Ten Commandments so small nobody can see them. I protest this day against the attempt to revise the Decalogue which was given on Mount Sinai, amid the blast of trumpets, and the cracking of the rocks, and the paroxysm of the mountain of Arabia Petræa.

I bring up the candidates for city, State, and national power—I bring them up, and I try them by this Decalogue. Of course they are imperfect. We are all imperfect.

We say things we ought not to say, we do things we ought not to do. We have all been wrong, we have all done wrong. But I shall find out one of the candidates who comes, in my estimation, nearest to obedience of the Ten Commandments, and I will vote for him, and you will vote for him unless you love God less than your party ; then you will not.

CHAPTER LXV.

RULERS.

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

There is not a land on earth which has so many moral men in authority as this land. There is not a session of legislature, or Congress, or cabinet, but in it are thoroughly Christian men, men whose hands would consume a bribe, whose cheek has never been flushed with intoxication, whose tongue has never been smitten of blasphemy, or stung of a lie; men whose speeches in behalf of the right and against the wrong remind us of the old Scotch Covenanters, and the defiant challenge of Martin Luther, and the red lightning of Micah and Habakkuk. These times are

not half as bad as the times that are gone. I judge so from the fact that Aaron Burr, a man stuffed with iniquity until he could hold no more, the debaucher of the debauched, was a member of the Legislature, then Attorney-General, then a Senator of the United States, then Vice-President, and then at last coming within one vote of the highest position in this nation. I judge it from the fact that more than a half century ago the Governor of this State disbanded the Legislature of New York because it was too corrupt to sit in council.

There is a tendency in our time to extol the past to the disadvantage of the present, and I suppose that sixty years from now there may be persons who will represent some of us as angels, although now things are so unpromising. But the iniquity of the past is no excuse for the public wickedness of to-day, and so I unroll the scroll in the presence of this assemblage. Those who are in editorial chairs and in pulpits may not hold back the truth. King David must be made to feel the reproof of Nathan, and Felix must tremble before Paul, and we may not walk with muffled feet lest we wake up some big sinner. If we keep back the truth, what will we do in the day when the Lord rises up in judgment, and we are tried not only for what we have said, but for what we have declined to say?

In unrolling the scroll of public wickedness, I first find incompetency for office.

If a man struggle for an official position for which he has no qualification, and win that position, he commits a crime against God and against society. It is no sin for me to be ignorant of medical science; but if ignorant of medical science I set myself up among

professional men, and trifle with the lives of people, then the charlatanism becomes positive knavery. It is no sin for me to be ignorant of machinery; but if, knowing nothing about it I attempt to take a steamer across to Southampton and through darkness and storm I hold the lives of hundreds of passengers, then all who are slain by that shipwreck may hold me accountable. But what shall I say of those who attempt to doctor our institutions without qualification, and who attempt to engineer our political affairs across the rough and stormy sea, having no qualification?

We had at one time in the Congress of the United States men who put one tariff upon linseed oil, and another tariff upon flaxseed oil, not knowing that they were the same thing. We have had men in our legislatures who knew not whether to vote aye or no until they had seen the wink of the leader. Polished civilians acquainted with all our institutions run over in a stampede for office by men who have not the first qualification. And so there have been school commissioners sometimes nominated in grog-shops, and hurraed for by the rabble, the men elected not able to read their own commissions. And judges of courts who have given sentence to criminals in such inaccuracy of phraseology, that the criminal at the bar has been more amused at the stupidity of the bench than alarmed at the prospect of his own punishment. I arraign incompetency for office as one of the great crimes of this day in public places.

I unroll still further the scroll of public wickedness, and I come to intemperance.

There has been a great improvement in this direction. The senators who were more celebrated for

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

The temptation to intemperance in public places is simply terrific. How often there have been men in public places who have disgraced the nation. Of the men who were prominent in political circles twenty-five or thirty years ago, how few died respectable deaths. Those who died of delirium tremens or kindred diseases were in the majority. The doctor fixed up the case very well, and in his report of it said it was gout, or it was rheumatism, or it was obstruction of the liver, or it was exhaustion from patriotic services; but God knew and we all knew, it was whiskey! That which smote the villain in the dark alley smote down the great orator and the great legislator. The one you wrapped in

a rough cloth, and pushed into a rough coffin, and carried out in a box wagon, and let him down into a pauper's grave without a prayer or a benediction. Around the other gathered the pomp of the land; and lordly men walked with uncovered heads beside the hearse tossing with plumes on the way to a grave to be adorned with a white marble shaft, all four sides covered with eulogium. The one man was killed by logwood rum at two cents a glass, the other by a beverage three dollars a bottle. I write both their epitaphs. I write the one epitaph with my lead-pencil on the shingle over the pauper's grave; I write the other epitaph with chisel, cutting on the white marble of the senator: "Slain by strong drink."

You know as well as I that again and again dissipation has been no hindrance to office in this country. Did we not at one time have a Secretary of the United States carried home dead drunk? Did we not have a Vice-President sworn in so intoxicated the whole land hid its head in shame? Have we not in other times had men in the Congress of the nation by day making pleas in behalf of the interests of the country, and by night illustrating what Solomon said "He goeth after her straightway as an ox to the slaughter, and as a fool to the correction of the stocks, until a dart strikes through his liver." Judges and jurors and attorneys sometimes trying important causes by day, and by night carousing together in iniquity.

What was it that defeated the armies sometimes in the last war? Drunkenness in the saddle. What mean those graves on the heights of Fredericksburg? As you go to Richmond you see them. Drunken-

ness in the saddle. So again and again in the courts we have had demonstration of the fact that impurity walks under the chandeliers of the mansion and drowns on damask upholstery. Iniquity permitted to run unchallenged if it only be affluent. Stand back and let this libertine ride past in his five-thousand-dollar equipage, but clutch by the neck that poor sinner who transgresses on a small scale, and fetch him up to the police court, and give him a ride in the city van. Down with small villainy! Hurrah for grand iniquity!

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

I unroll the scroll of public iniquity, and I come to bribery—bribery by money, bribery by proffered office. Do not charge it upon American institutions. It is a sin we got from the other side the water. Francis Bacon, the thinker of his century, Francis Bacon, of whom it was said when men heard him speak they were only fearful that he would stop,

Francis Bacon, with all his castles, and all his emoluments, destroyed by bribery, fined \$200,000, or what is equal to our \$200,000, and hurled into London Tower, and his only excuse was, he said all his predecessors had done the same thing. Lord Chancellor Macclesfield destroyed by bribery. Lord Chancellor Waterbury destroyed by bribery. Benedict Arnold, selling the fort in the Highlands for \$31,575. For this sin Georgy betrayed Hungary, and Ahithophel forsook David, and Judas kissed Christ. And it is abroad in our land.

You know in many of the legislatures of this country it has been impossible to get a bill through unless it had financial consideration. The question has been asked softly, sometimes very softly asked in regard to a bill, "Is there any money in it?" and the lobbies of the legislatures and the National Capitol have been crowded with railroad men and manufacturers and contractors, and the iniquity has become so great that sometimes reformers and philanthropists have been laughed out of Harrisburg and Albany and Trenton and Washington, because they came empty-handed. "You vote for this bill, and I'll vote for that bill." "You favor that monopoly of a moneyed institution, and I'll favor the other monopoly for another institution." And here is a bill that it is going to be very hard to get through the legislature, and you will call some friends together at a midnight banquet, and while they are intoxicated you will have them promise to vote your way.

Here are \$5,000 for prudent distribution in this direction and here are \$1,000 for prudent distribution in that direction. Now, we are within four votes of having enough. You give \$5,000 to that intelligent

member from Westchester and you give \$2,000 to that stupid member from Ulster, and now we are within two votes of having it. Give \$500 to this member who will be sick and stay at home and \$300 to this member who will go to see his great-aunt languishing in her last sickness. Now the day has come for the passing of the bill. The Speaker's gavel strikes. "Senators, are you ready for the question? All in favor of voting away these thousands or millions of dollars will say 'aye.'" "Aye, aye, aye, aye!" "The ayes have it."

Some of the finest houses on Brooklyn Heights, and Brooklyn Hill, and on Beacon Street, and on Madison Square, and on Rittenhouse Square were built out of money paid for votes in legislatures. Five hundred small wheels in political machinery with cogs reaching into one great center wheel, and that wheel has a tire of railroad iron and a crank to it on which Satan puts his hand and turns the center wheel, and that turns the five hundred other wheels of political machinery. While in this country it is becoming harder and harder for the great mass of the people to get a living, there are too many men in this country who have their two millions and their ten millions and their twenty millions, and carry the legislators in one pocket and the Congress of the United States in the other.

And there is trouble ahead. Revolution. I pray God it may be peaceful revolution and at the ballot-box. The time must come in this country when men shall be sent into public position who cannot be purchased. I do not want the union of Church and State, but I declare that if the Church of God does not show itself in favor of the great mass of the

people as well as in favor of the Lord, the time will come when the Church as an institution will be extinct, and Christ will go down again to the beach, and choose twelve plain, honest fishermen to come up into the apostleship of a new dispensation of righteousness, manward and Godward.

You know that bribery is cursing this land. The evil started with its greatest power during the last war, when men said, "Now you give me this contract above every other applicant, and you shall have ten per cent. of all I make by it. You pass these broken-down cavalry horses as good, and you shall have \$5,000 as a bonus." "Bonus" is the word. And so they sent down to your fathers and brothers and sons rice that was worm-eaten, and bread that was moldy, and meat that was rank, and blankets that were shoddy, and cavalry horses that stumbled in the charge, and tents that sifted the rain into exhausted faces. But it was all right. They got the bonus.

I never so much belived in a Republican form of government as I do to-day, for the simple reason that any other style of government would have been consumed long ago. There have been swindles enacted in this nation within the last thirty years enough to swamp three monarchies. The Democratic party filled its cup of iniquity before it went out of power before the war. Then the Republican party came along, and its opportunities through the contracts were greater, and so it filled its cup of iniquity a little sooner, and there they lie to-day, the Democratic party and the Republican party, side by side, great loathsome carcasses of iniquity, each one worse than the other. Tens of thousands of good citizens in all the parties; but you know as well as I

do that party organization in this country is utterly, utterly corrupt.

Now, if there were nothing for you and for me to do in this matter, I would not present this subject. There are several things for us to do.

First, stand aloof from all political office unless you have your moral principles thoroughly settled. Do not go into this blaze of temptation unless you are fireproof. Hundreds of respectable men have been destroyed for this life, and the life to come, because they had not moral principle to stand office. You go into some office of authority without moral principle, and before you get through you will lie, and you will swear, and you will gamble, and you will steal. You say that is not complimentary. Well, I always was clumsy at compliments.

Another thing for you to do is to be faithful at the ballot-box. Do not stand on your dignity and say, "I'll not go where the rabble are." If need be put on your old clothes and just push yourself through amid the unwashed and vote. Vote for men who love God and hate rum. You cannot say, you ought not to say, "I have nothing to do with this matter." Then you will insult the graves of your fathers who died for the establishment of the government and you will insult the graves of your children who may live to feel the results of your negligence.

Another thing for you to do: Evangelize the people. Get the hearts of the people right, and they will vote right. That woman who this afternoon in Sunday-school teaches six boys how to be Christians will do more for the future of the country than the man who writes the finest essay about the Federal Constitution. I know there are a great many good people who think

that God ought to be recognized in the Constitution, and they are making a move in that direction. I am most anxious that God shall be in the hearts of the people. Get their hearts right, and then they will vote right.

If there be fifty million people in this country, then at least the fifty-millionth part of the responsibility rests on you. What we want is a great revival of religion reaching from sea to sea, and it is going to come. A newspaper gentleman asked me in St. Louis a few weeks ago what I thought of revivals. I said I thought so much of them I never put my faith in anything else. We want thousands in a day, hundreds of thousands in a day, nations in a day. Get all the people evangelized, brought under Christianized influences. These great evils that we now so much deplore will be banished from the land.

And remember, my friends, that we are at last to be judged, not as nations, but as individuals—in that day when empires and republics shall alike go down and we shall have to give account for ourselves, for what we have done and for what we have neglected to do—in that day when the earth itself will be a heap of ashes scattered in the blast of the nostrils of the Lord God Almighty. God save the commonwealth of New York! God save the United States of America!

CHAPTER LXVI.

DEDICATORY PRAYER AT THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION, DECEMBER 16, 1884.

“Lord God of nations, hear our opening prayer. Gathered from all parts of this land, and from both sides of the sea, and from under all skies, we ask for thy blessing. Let it come upon the officers, and the directors, and the managers of this World’s Exposition. May this day be the beginning of a new dispensation of national prosperity and brotherhood. May a potent influence go forth from these palaces of industry which shall result in the world’s having more complete apparel, and better food, more comfortable shelter, and more thorough education. We pray Thee that this Exposition may result in spreading out the folded sails of our paralyzed shipping, in putting bands on all the silent factory wheels, and in starting the plow in longer, and deeper, and richer furrow; in opening the door to all the hidden treasures of coal, and iron, and precious metal, and in making more demand for printer’s type, and painter’s pencil, and sculptor’s chisel, and carpenter’s rule, and mason’s trowel, and author’s pen, and in commencing for all the land a process of Edenization. By this great gathering, day after day, and month after month, may the last feeling of sectional discord be gone, and North and South, East and West, carry the four parts of one great national harmony. May it be the unification of North and South America!

“Gracious God! we pray Thee, by means of this Exposition, solve for us the agonizing question of supply and demand. Alas! that there should be so many hungry in a land of so much wheat, so many cold in a land of so much cotton, wool, and flax. We ask of Thee, O God, to come to the rescue of this nation. Rouse and accelerate all our financial, commercial, political, and educational interests, and as Thou hast made of one blood all the nations of the earth, we pray that this gathering of all nationalities may impress upon us a true sense of our consanguinity. ‘Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will toward men.’ May the clock strike ‘one’ upon a new day of prosperity and righteousness and plenty. Quicken all our slumbering industries, and let the hammers sound ‘the anvil chorus’ from sea to sea. Under thy guidance may capital and labor be crowned side by side under these arches. Give one clear command from the heavens to this nation, and say unto the agricultural and manufacturing, educational and religious interests of this country, ‘Go forward!’

“Lord God of Joshua! we do not ask that the sun may stand still for a few hours in order to give our best interests an opportunity of winning the day; but we do ask that the sun may never go down on the prosperity of this people. God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and make thy face to shine upon us, so that thy name may be known upon earth, and thy saving help among all nations, and as we have heard that the wealth and prosperity of nations have sometimes hastened their overthrow, and as we know that while the banqueting went on the finger of doom came out of the black sleeve of the darkness and wrote

upon the wall, 'Weighed in the balance and found wanting,' we pray Thee that as our prosperity goes onward, our schools and our colleges, and our churches, and our reformatory organizations may prosper and triumph. And may our institutions thus perfected and exalted, remain unmolested from internal strife and from foreign attack, until that day when the angel, with one foot on the land, and the other on the sea, shall swear by Him that liveth forever and ever that time shall be no longer. And so may the world's doom and the nation's overthrow be simultaneous, and to God the only wise, the only good, the only great, be glory now and forever, Amen."



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