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THOMAS DEWITT TALMAGE

BIG BLUNDERS

[Lecture by T. DeWitt Talmage, clergyman, editor, pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., for thirty years (born in Bound Brook, N. J., January 7, 1832; ———), delivered in many lyceum courses during Dr. Talmage's long career as a lecturer. This was the most popular of his various platform discourses.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—The man who never made a blunder has not yet been born. If he had been he would have died right away. The first blunder was born in Paradise, and it has had a large family of children. Agricultural blunders, commercial blunders, literary blunders, mechanical blunders, artistic blunders, ecclesiastical blunders, moral blunders, and blunders of all sorts; but an ordinary blunder will not attract my attention. It must be large at the girth and great in stature. In other words, it must be a big blunder.

Blunder the first: Multiplicity of occupations. I have a friend who is a very good painter, and a very good poet, and a very good speaker, and he can do a half dozen things well, but he is the exception. The general rule is that a man can do only one thing well. Perhaps there are two things to do. First, find your sphere; secondly, keep it. The general rule is, masons, stick to your trowel; carpenters, stick to your plane; lawyers, stick to your brief; ministers, stick to your pulpit, and don't go off lecturing. [Laughter.] Fireman, if you please, one locomotive at a time; navigator, one ship; professor, one department. The mighty men of all professions were men of one occupation. Thorwaldsen at sculpture, Irving at literature,

Rothschild at banking, Forrest at acting, Brunel at engineering, Ross at navigation, "Punch" at joking.

Sometimes a man is prepared by Providence through a variety of occupations for some great mission. Hugh Miller must climb up to his high work through the quarries of Cromarty. And sometimes a man gets prepared for his work through sheer trouble. He goes from misfortune to misfortune, and from disaster to disaster, and from persecution to persecution, until he is ready to graduate from the University of Hard Knocks. I know the old poets used to say that a man got inspiration by sleeping on Mount Parnassus. That is absurd. That is not the way men get inspiration. It is not the man on the mountain, but the mountain on the man, and the effort to throw it off that brings men to the position for which God intended them. But the general rule is that by the time thirty years of age is reached the occupation is thoroughly decided, and there will be success in that direction if it be thoroughly followed. It does not make much difference what you do, so far as the mere item of success is concerned, if you only do it. Brandreth can make a fortune at pills, Adams by expressage, Cooper by manufacturing glue, Genin by selling hats, contractors by manufacturing shoddy, merchants by putting sand in sugar, beet juice in vinegar, chicory in coffee, and lard in butter. One of the costliest dwellings in Philadelphia was built out of eggs. Palaces have been built out of spools, out of toothache drops, out of hides, out of pigs' feet, out of pickles, out of tooth-brushes, out of hose,—h-o-s-e and h-o-e-s,—out of fine-tooth combs, out of water, out of birds, out of bones, out of shells, out of steam, out of thunder and lightning.

The difference between conditions in life is not so much a difference in the fruitfulness of occupations as it is a difference in the endowment of men with that great and magnificent attribute of stick-to-itiveness. Mr. Plod-on was doing a flourishing business at selling banties, but he wanted to do all kinds of huckstering, and his nice little property took wing of ducks and turkeys and shanghais and flew away. Mr. Loomdriver had an excellent factory on the Merrimac, and made beautiful carpets, but he concluded to put up another kind of factory for the making

of shawls, and one day there was a nice little quarrel between the two factories, and the carpets ate up the shawls, and the shawls ate up the carpets, and having succeeded so well in swallowing each other, they turned around and gulped down Mr. Loomdriver.

Blackstone Large-Practice was the best lawyer in town. He could make the most plausible argument and had the largest retainers, and some of the young men of the profession were proud to wear their hair as he did, and to have just as big a shirt-collar. But he concluded to go into politics. He entered that paradise which men call a caucus. He was voted up and he was voted down. He got on the Chicago platform, but a plank broke and he slipped through. He got on the St. Louis platform, but it rocked like an earthquake, and a plank broke and he slipped through. Then, as a circus rider with one foot on each horse whirls round the ring, he puts one foot on the Chicago platform and another foot on the St. Louis platform, and he slipped between, and landing in a ditch of political obloquy, he concluded he had enough of politics. And he came back to his law office, and as he entered covered with the mire, all the briefs from the pigeon-hole rustled with gladness, and Kent's Commentaries and Livingston's Law Register broke forth in the exclamation: "Welcome home, Honorable Blackstone Large-Practice; Jack-of-all-trades is master of none." [Applause.]

Dr. Bone-Setter was a master in the healing profession. No man was more welcome in anybody's house than this same Dr. Bone-Setter, and the people loved to see him pass and thought there was in his old gig a kind of religious rattle. When he entered the drug store all the medicines knew him, and the pills would toss about like a rattle box, and the quinine would shake as though it had the chills, and the great strengthening plasters unroll, and the soda fountain fizz, as much as to say: "Will you take vanilla or strawberry?" Riding along in his gig one day he fell into a thoughtful mood, and concluded to enter the ministry. He mounted the pulpit and the pulpit mounted him, and it was a long while before it was known who was of the most importance. The young people said the preaching was dry, and the merchant could not keep from making financial calculations in the back part of the

psalm-book, and the church thinned out and everything went wrong. Well, one Monday morning Messrs. Plod-on, Loomdriver, Blackstone Large-Practice, and Dr. Bone-Setter met at one corner of the street, and all felt so low-spirited that one of them proposed to sing a song for the purpose of getting their spirits up. I have forgotten all but the chorus, but you would have been amused to hear how, at the end of all the verses the voices came in, "Jack-of-all-trades is master of none." [Applause.]

A man from the country districts came to be President of the United States, and some one asked a farmer from that region what sort of a President Mr. So-and-So would make. The reply was: "He's a good deal of a man in our little town, but I think if you spread him out over all the United States he will be mighty thin." So there are men admirable in one occupation or profession, but spread out their energies over a dozen things to do and they are dead failures. Young man, concentrate all your energies in one direction. Be not afraid to be called a man of one idea. Better have one great idea than five hundred little bits of ones. Are you merchants? You will find abundant sweep for your intellect in a business which absorbed the energy of a Lenox, a Stewart, and a Grinnell. Are you lawyers? You will in your grand profession find heights and depths of attainment which tasked a Marshall, and a McLean, and a Story, and a Kent. Are you physicians? You can afford to waste but little time outside of a profession which was the pride of a Rush, a Hervey, a Cooper, and a Sydenham.

Every man is made to fit into some occupation or profession, just as a tune is made to fit a metre. Make up your mind what you ought to be. Get your call straight from the throne of God. We talk about ministers getting a call to preach. So they must. But every man gets a call straight from the throne of God to do some one thing,—that call written in his physical or mental or spiritual constitution,—the call saying: "You be a merchant, you be a manufacturer, you be a mechanic, you be an artist, you be a reformer, you be this, you be that, you be the other thing." And all our success and happiness depend upon our being that which God commands us to be. Remember there is no other person in the world that can

do your work. Out of the sixteen hundred millions of the race, not one can do your work. You do your work, and it is done forever. You neglect your work, and it is neglected forever. The man who has the smallest mission has a magnificent mission. God sends no man on a fool's errand. Getting your call straight from the throne of God, and making up your mind what you ought to do, gather together all your opportunities (and you will be surprised how many there are of them), gather them into companies, into regiments, into brigades, a whole army of them, and then ride along the line and give the word of command, "Forward, march!" and no power on earth or in hell can stand before you. I care not what your education is, elaborate or nothing, what your mental calibre is, great or small, that man who concentrates all his energies of body, mind, and soul in one direction is a tremendous man. [Applause.]

Blunder the next: Indulgence in bad temper. Good humor will sell the most goods, plead the best argument, effect the best cure, preach the best sermon, build the best wall, weave the best carpet. [Applause.] The poorest business firm in town is "Growl, Spitfire & Brothers." They blow their clerks. They insult their customers. They quarrel with the draymen. They write impudent duns. They kick the beggars. The children shy off as they pass the street, and the dogs with wild yelp clear the path as they come. Acrid, waspish, fretful, explosive, saturnine, suddenly the money market will be astounded with the defalcation of Growl, Spitfire & Brothers. Merryman & Warmgrasp were poor boys when they came from the country. They brought all their possessions in one little pack slung over their shoulders. Two socks, two collars, one jack-knife, a paper of pins, and a hunk of gingerbread which their mother gave them when she kissed them goodby, and told them to be good boys and mind the boss. They smiled and laughed and bowed and worked themselves up higher and higher in the estimation of their employers. They soon had a store on the corner. They were obliging men, and people from the country left their carpet-bags in that store when they came to town. Henceforth when the farmers wanted hardware or clothing or books they went

to buy it at the place where their carpet-bags had been treated so kindly. The firm had a way of holding up a yard of cloth and "shining on" it so that plain cassimere would look almost as well as French broadcloth, and an earthen pitcher would glisten like porcelain. Not by the force of capital, but by having money drawer and counting desk and counter and shelves all full of good temper, they rose in society until to-day Merryman & Warmgrasp have one of the largest stores and the most elegant show windows and the finest carriages and the prettiest wives in all the town of Shuttleford.

A melancholy musician may compose a "Dead March," and make harp weep and organ wail; but he will not master a battle march, or with that grand instrument, the organ, storm the castles of the soul as with the flying artillery of light and love and joy until the organ pipes seem filled with a thousand clapping hosannas. A melancholy poet may write a Dante's "Inferno" until out of his hot brain there come steaming up barking Cerberus and wan sprite, but not the chime of Moore's melodies or the roll of Pope's "Dunciad," or the trumpet-call of Scott's "Don Roderick," or the archangelic blast of Milton's "Paradise Lost." A melancholy painter may with Salvator sketch death and gloom and monstrosity. But he cannot reach the tremor of silvery leaf, or the shining of sun through mountain pine, or the light of morning struck through a foam wreath, or the rising sun leaping on the sapphire battlements with banners of flame, or the gorgeous "Heart of the Andes," as though all the bright colors of earth and heaven had fought a great battle and left their blood on the leaves. [Applause.]

Blunder the next: Excessive amusement. I say nothing against amusement. Persons of your temperament and mine could hardly live without it. I have noticed that a child who has no vivacity of spirit, in after life produces no fruitfulness of moral character. A tree that has no blossoms in the spring will have no apples in the fall. A good game at ball is great sport. The sky is clear. The ground is just right for fast running. The club put off their coats and put on their caps. The ball is round and hard and stuffed with illimitable bounce. Get ready the bats and take your positions. Now, give us the ball.

Too low. Don't strike. Too high. Don't strike. There it comes like lightning. Strike! Away it soars, higher, higher. Run! Another base. Faster. Faster. Good! All around at one stroke. [Applause.] All hail to the man or the big boy who invented ball playing. After tea, open the checker-board. Now, look out, or your boy Bob will beat you. With what masterly skill he moves up his men. Look out now, or he will jump you. Sure enough, two of your men gone from the board and a king for Bob. With what cruel pleasure he sweeps the board. What! Only two more men left? Be careful now. Only one more move possible. Cornered sure as fate! and Bob bends over, and looks you in the face with a most provoking banter, and says, "Pop, why don't you move?" [Applause.]

Call up the dogs, Tray, Blanchard, and Sweetheart. A good day for hunting. Get down, Tray, with your dirty feet! Put on powder-flask and shoulder the gun. Over the hill and through the wood. Boys, don't make such a racket, you'll scare the game. There's a rabbit. Squat. Take good aim. Bang! Missed him. Yonder he goes. Sic'em, sic'em! See the fur fly. Got him at last. Here, Tray; here Tray!

John, get up the bays. All ready. See how the buckles glisten, and how the horses prance, and the spokes flash in the sun. Now, open the gate. Away we go. Let the gravel fly, and the tires rattle over the pavement, and the horses' hoofs clatter and ring. Good roads, and let them fly. Crack the whip. G'long! Nimble horses with smooth roads, in a pleasant day, and no toll-gates—clatter, clatter, clatter. [Applause.]

I never see a man go out with a fishing-rod to sport but I silently say: "May you have a good time, and the right kind of bait, and a basketful of catfish and flounders." I never see a party taking a pleasant ride but I wish them a joyous round, and say. "May the horse not cast a shoe, nor the trace break, and may the horse's thirst not compel them to stop at too many taverns." In a world where God lets His lambs frisk, and His trees toss, and His brooks leap, and His stars twinkle, and His flowers make love to each other, I know He intended men at times to laugh and sing and sport. The whole world

is full of music if we only had ears acute enough to hear it. Silence itself is only music asleep. Out upon the fashion that lets a man smile, but pronounces him vulgar if he makes great demonstration of hilarity. Out upon a style of Christianity that would make a man's face the counter upon which to measure religion by the yard. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is as true as preaching, and more true than some preaching. "Better wear out than rust out," is a poor maxim. They are both sins. You have no more right to do the one than the other. Recreation is re-creation. But while all this is so, every thinking man and woman will acknowledge that too much devotion to amusement is ruinous. Many of the clergy of the last century lost their theology in a fox chase. Many a splendid business has had its brains kicked out by fast horses. Many a man has smoked up his prospects in Havanas of the best brand. There are battles in life that cannot be fought with sportsman's gun. There are things to be caught that you cannot draw up with a fishing tackle. Even Christopher North, that magnificent Scotchman, dropped a great deal of usefulness out of his sporting jacket. Through excessive amusement many clergymen, farmers, lawyers, physicians, mechanics, and artists have committed the big blunder of their lives. I offer this as a principle: Those amusements are harmless which do not interfere with home duties and enjoyments. Those are ruinous which give one distaste for domestic pleasure and recreation.

When a man likes any place on earth better than his own home, look out! Yet how many men seem to have no appreciation of what a good home is. It is only a few years ago that the twain stood at the marriage altar and promised fidelity till death did them part. Now, at midnight, he is staggering on his way to the home, and as the door opens I see on the face inside the door the shadow of sorrows that are passed, and the shadow of sorrows that are to come. Or, I see her going along the road at midnight to the place where he was ruined, and opening the door and swinging out from under a faded shawl a shriveled arm, crying out in almost supernatural eloquence: "Give him back to me, him of the noble brow and the great heart. Give him back to me!" And

the miserable wretches seated around the table of the restaurant, one of them will come forward, and with bloated hand wiping the intoxicant from the lip, will say, "Put her out!" Then I see her going out on the abutment of the bridge, and looking off upon the river, glassy in the moonlight, and wondering if somewhere under the glassy surface of that river there is not a place of rest for a broken heart. Woe to the man that despoils his home! Better that he had never been born. I offer home as a preventive, as an inspiration, as a restraint. Floating off from that, beware!

Home! Upon that word there drop the sunshine of boyhood and the shadow of tender sorrows and the reflection of ten thousand fond memories. Home! When I see it in book or newspaper, that word seems to rise and sparkle and leap and thrill and whisper and chant and pray and weep. It glitters like a shield. It springs up like a fountain. It trills like a song. It twinkles like a star. It leaps like a flame. It glows like a sunset. It sings like an angel. And if some lexicographer, urged on by a spirit from beneath, should seek to cast forth that word from the language, the children would come forth and hide it under garlands of wild flowers, and the wealthy would come forth to cover it up with their diamonds and pearls; and kings would hide it under their crowns, and after Herod had hunted its life from Bethlehem to Egypt, and utterly given up the search, some bright, warm day it would flash from among the gems, and breathe from among the coronets, and the world would read it bright and fair, and beautiful, and resonant, as before,—Home! Home! Home!

Blunder the next: The formation of unwise domestic relation. And now I must be very careful. It is so with both sexes. Some of the loveliest women have been married to the meanest men. That is not poetry, that is prose. The queerest man in the Bible was Nabal, but he was the husband of beautiful Abigail. We are prodigal with our compassion when a noble woman is joined to a husband of besotted habits, but in thousands of the homes of our country, belonging to men too stingy to be dissipated, you may find female excellencies which have no opportunity for development. If a man be cross and

grudgeful and unobliging and censorious in his household, he is more of a pest than if he were dead drunk, for then he could be managed. [Applause.] It is a sober fact which every one has noticed that thousands of men of good business capabilities have been entirely defeated in life because their domestic relations were not of the right kind. This thought has its most practical bearing on the young who yet have the world before them and where to choose. There is probably no one in this house who has been unfortunate in the forming of the relation I have mentioned; but if you should happen to meet with any married man in such an unfortunate predicament as I have mentioned, tell him I have no advice to give him except to tell him to keep his courage up, and whistle most of the time, and put into practice what the old lady said. She said she had had a great deal of trouble in her time, but she had always been consoled by that beautiful passage of Scripture, the thirteenth verse of the fourteenth chapter of the book of Nicodemus: "Grin and bear it." [Laughter and applause.]

Socrates had remarkable philosophy in bearing the ills of an unfortunate alliance. Xantippe, having scolded him without any evident effect, threw upon him a pail of water. All he did was to exclaim: "I thought that after so much thunder we would be apt to have some rain." [Laughter.] It is hardly possible that a business man should be thriftless if he have a companion always ready to encourage and assist him—ready to make sacrifices until his affairs may allow more opportunity for luxuries. If during the day a man has been harassed and disappointed, hard chased by notes and defrauded, and he find in his home that evening a cheerful sympathy, he will go back next day to his place of business with his courage up, fearless of protests, and able from ten to three o'clock to look any bank full in the face. During the financial panic of 1857 there was many a man who went through unabashed because while down in the business marts he knew that although all around him they were thinking only of themselves, there was one sympathetic heart thinking of him all day long, and willing, if the worst should come, to go with him to a humble home on an unfashionable street, without murmuring, on a sewing-machine

to play "The Song of the Shirt." [Applause.] Hundreds of fortunes that have been ascribed to the industry of men bear upon them the mark of a wife's hand. Bergham, the artist, was as lazy as he was talented. His studio was over the room where his wife sat. Every few minutes, all day long, to keep her husband from idleness, Mrs. Bergham would take a stick and thump up against the ceiling, and her husband would answer by stamping on the floor, the signal that he was wideawake and busy. One-half of the industry and punctuality that you witness every day in places of business is merely the result of Mrs. Bergham's stick thumping against the ceiling. But woe to the man who has an experience anything like the afflicted man, who said that he had during his life three wives—the first was very rich, the second very handsome, and the third an outrageous temper. "So," says he, "I have had 'the world, the flesh, and the devil.'" [Laughter.]

Want of domestic economy has ruined many a fine business. I have known a delicate woman strong enough to carry off her husband's store on her back and not half try. I have known men running the gauntlet between angry creditors while the wife was declaring large and unprecedented dividends among milliners' and confectioners' shops. I have known men, as the phrase goes, "With their nose to the grindstone," and the wife most vigorously turning the crank. Solomon says: "A good wife is from the Lord," but took it for granted that we might easily guess where the other kind comes from. [Laughter.] There is no excuse for a man's picking up a rough flint like that and placing it so near his heart, when the world is so full of polished jewels. And let me say, there never was a time since the world stood when there were so many good and noble women as there are now. And I have come to estimate a man's character somewhat by his appreciation of womanly character. If a man have a depressed idea of womanly character he is a bad man, and there is no exception to the rule. But there have been men who at the marriage altar thought they were annexing something more valuable than Cuba, who have found out that after all they have got only an album, a fashion plate, and a medicine chest. [Laughter and applause.]

Many a man reeling under the blow of misfortune has

been held up by a wife's arm, a wife's prayer, a wife's decision, and has blessed God that one was sent from Heaven thus to strengthen him; while many a man in comfortable circumstances has had his life pestered out of him by a shrew, who met him at the door at night, with biscuit that the servant let fall in the fire, and dragging out the children to whom she had promised a flogging as soon as the "old man" came home, to the scene of domestic felicity. And what a case that was, where a husband and wife sat at the opposite ends of the tea-table, and a bitter controversy came up between them, and the wife picked up a teacup and hurled it at her husband's head, and it glanced past and broke all to pieces a beautiful motto on the wall entitled "God bless our happy home!" [Applause.]

There are thousands of women who are the joy and the adornment of our American homes, combining with elegant tastes in the arts and every accomplishment which our best seminaries and the highest style of literature can bestow upon them, an industry and practicality which always insure domestic happiness and prosperity. Mark you, I do not say they will insure a large number of dollars. A large number of dollars are not necessary for happiness. I have seen a house with thirty rooms in it and they were the vestibule of perdition, and I have seen a home with two rooms in it, and they were the vestibule of heaven. You cannot tell by the size of a man's house the size of his happiness. As Alexander the Great with pride showed the Persian princesses garments made by his own mother, so the women of whom I have been speaking can show you the triumphs of their adroit womanly fingers. They are as expert in the kitchen as they are graceful in the parlor, if need be they go there. And let me say that that is my idea of a lady, one who will accommodate herself to any circumstances in which she may be placed. If the wheel of fortune turn in the right direction, then she will be prepared for that position. If the wheel of fortune turn in the wrong direction (as it is almost sure to do at least once in every man's life), then she is just as happy, and though all the hired help should that morning make a strike for higher wages, they will have a good dinner, anyhow. They know without

asking the housekeeper the difference between a washtub and a filter. They never sew on to a coat a licorice-drop for a black button. [Laughter.] They never mistake a bread-tray for a cradle. They never administer Kelling-er's horse liniment for the baby's croup. Their accomplishments are not like honeysuckle at your door, hung onto a light frame easily swayed in the wind, but like unto the flowers planted in the solid earth which have rock under them. These are the women who make happy homes and compel a husband into thriftiness.

Boarding-schools are necessities of society. In very small villages and in regions entirely rural it is sometimes impossible to afford seminaries for the higher branches of learning. Hence, in our larger places we must have these institutions, and they are turning out upon the world tens of thousands of young women splendidly qualified for their positions. But there are, I am sorry to say, exceptional seminaries for young ladies which, instead of sending their students back to their homes with good sense as well as diplomas, despatch them with manners and behavior far from civilized. With the promptness of a police officer they arraign their old-fashioned grandfather for murdering the King's English. Staggering down late to breakfast they excuse themselves in French phrase. The young men who were the girl's friends when she left the farm-house for the city school, come to welcome her home, and they shock her with a hard hand that has been on the plow-handle, or with a broad English which does not properly sound the "r" or mince the "s."

"Things are so awkward, folks so impolite,
They're elegantly pained from morn 'till night."

Once she could run at her father's heel in the cool furrow on the summer day, or with bronzed cheek chase through the meadows gathering the wild flowers which fell at the stroke of the harvesters, while the strong men with their sleeves rolled up looked down at her, not knowing which most to admire, the daisies in her hair or the roses in her cheeks, and saying: "Bless me! Isn't that Ruth gleaning after the reapers?" Coming home with

health gone, her father paid the tuition bill, but Madame Nature sent in an account something like this:—

Miss Ophelia Angelina, to Madame Nature, Dr.

To one year's neglect of exercise	15 chills
To twenty nights of late retiring	75 twitches of the nerves
To several months of improper diet	A lifetime of dyspepsia

Added up, making in all an exhausted system, chronic neuralgia, and a couple of fits. [Applause.] Call in Dr. Pillsbury and uncork the camphor bottle; but it is too late. What an adornment such a one will be to the house of some young merchant, or lawyer, or mechanic, or farmer. That man will be a drudge while he lives, and he will be a drudge when he dies.

Blunder the next: Attempting life without a spirit of enthusiasm and enterprise. Over-caution on one side and reckless speculation on the other side must be avoided; but a determined and enthusiastic progress must always characterize the man of thrift. I think there is no such man in all the world as he who is descended from a New England Yankee on the one side and a New York Dutchman on the other. That is royal blood, and will almost invariably give a man prosperity, the Yankee in his nature saying: "Go ahead," and the Dutch in his blood saying: "Be prudent while you do go ahead." The main characteristics of the Yankee are invention and enterprise. The main characteristics of the Dutchman are prudence and firmness, for when he says "Yah" he means "Yah," and you cannot change him. It is sometimes said that Americans are short-lived and they run themselves to pieces. We deny this. An American lives a great deal in a little while—twenty-four hours in ten minutes. [Applause.]

In the Revolutionary War American enterprise was discovered by somebody who, describing the capture of Lord Cornwallis, put in his mouth these words:—

"I thought five thousand men or less
Through all these States might safely pass.
My error now I see too late,
Here I'm confined within this State.
Yes, in this little spot of ground,
Enclosed by Yankees all around,

In Europe ne'er let it be known,
 Nor publish it in Askelon,
 Lest the uncircumcised rejoice,
 And distant nations join their voice.
 What would my friends in Britain say?
 I wrote them I had gained the day.
 Some things now strike me with surprise,
 First, I believe the Tory lies.
 What also brought me to this plight
 I thought the Yankees would not fight.
 My error now I see too late,
 Here I'm confined within this State.
 Yes, in this little spot of ground,
 Enclosed by Yankees all around,
 Where I'm so cramped and hemmed about,
 The devil himself could not get out."

From that time American enterprise has continued developing, sometimes toward the right and sometimes toward the wrong. Men walk faster, think faster, drive faster, lie faster, and swear faster. New sciences have sprung up and carried off the hearts of the people. Phrenology, a science which I believe will yet be developed to a thorough consistency, in its incomplete stage puts its hand on your head, as a musician on a piano, and plays out the entire tune of your character, whether it be a grand march or a jig; sometimes by mistake announcing that there are in the head benevolence, music, and sublimity, when there is about the same amount of intellect under the hair of the subject's head as in an ordinary hair trunk; sometimes forgetting that wickedness and crime are chargeable, not so much to bumps on the head as to bumps on the heart. [Applause.] Mesmerism, an old science, has been revived in our day. This system was started from the fact that in ancient times the devotees of Æsculapius were put to sleep in his temple, a mesmeric feat sometimes performed on modern worshippers. Incurable diseases are said to slink away before the dawn of this science like ghosts at cock-crowing, and a man under its influence may have a tooth extracted or his head amputated without discovering the important fact until he comes to his senses. The operator will compel a sick person in clairvoyant state to tell whether his own liver or heart is dis-

eased, when if his subject were awake he would not be wise enough to know a heart from a liver. If you have had property stolen, on the payment of one dollar—mind that—they will tell you where it is, and who stole it, and even if they do not make the matter perfectly plain, they have bettered it; it does not all remain a mystery; you know where the dollar went.

There are aged men and women here who have lived through marvelous changes. The world is a very different place from what it was when you were boys and girls. The world's enterprise has accomplished wonders in your age. The broad-brimmed hat of olden times was an illustration of the broad-bottomed character of the father, and the modern hat, rising high up as the pipe of a steam engine, illustrates the locomotive in modern character. In those days of powdered hair and silver shoe buckles, the coat extended over an immense area and would have been unpardonably long had it not been for the fact that when the old gentleman doffed the garment it furnished the whole family of boys with a Sunday wardrobe. [Laughter.] Grandfather on rainy days shelled corn or broke flax in the barn, and in the evening with grandmother went round to visit a neighbor where the men sat smoking their pipes by the jambs of the broad fire-place, telling of a fox chase, or feats at mowing without once getting bushed, and gazing upon the flames as they sissed and simmered around the great back-log, and leaped up through the light wood to lick off the moss, and shrugging their shoulders satisfactorily as the wild night wind screamed round the gable, and clattered the shutters, and clicked the icicles from the eaves; and Tom brought in a blue-edged dish of great "Fall pippins," and "Dair-claushes," and "Henry Sweets," and "Grannywinkles," and the nuts all lost their hearts sooner than if the squirrels were there; and the grandmothers talking and knitting, talking and knitting, until John in tow pants, or Mary in linsey-woolsey, by shaking the old lady's arm for just one more "Grannywinkle," made her most provokingly drop a stitch, and forthwith the youngsters were despatched to bed by the starlight that dripped through the thatched garret chinks. [Applause.]

Where is now the old-fashioned fire-place where the

andirons in a trilling duet sang "Home, Sweet Home," while the hook and trammels beat time? In our country houses great solemn stoves have taken their place, where dim fires, like pale ghosts, look out of the isinglass, and from which comes the gassy breath of coal, instead of the breath of mountain oak and sassafras. One icicle frozen to each chair and sofa is called a sociable, and the milk of human kindness is congealed into society—that modern freezer warranted to do it in five minutes.

You have also witnessed a change in matters of religion. I think there is more religion now in the world than there ever was, but people sometimes have a queer way of showing it. For instance, in the matter of church music. The musical octave was once an eight-rung ladder, on which our old fathers could climb up to heaven from their church pew. Now, the minstrels are robbed every Sunday.

But, oh, what progress in the right direction. There goes the old stage-coach hung on leather suspenders. Swing and bounce. Swing and bounce. Old gray balky, and sorrel lame. Wheel fast in the rut, "All together, yo heave!" On the morning air you heard the stroke of the reaper's rifle on the scythe getting ready to fight its way through the swaths of thick set meadow grass. Now we do nearly all these things by machinery. A man went all the way from New York to Buffalo on an express train, and went so rapidly that he said in all the distance he saw but two objects: Two haystacks, and they were going the other way. The small particles of iron are taken from their bed and melted into liquid, and run out into bars, and spread into sheets, and turned into screws, and the boiler begins to groan, and the valves to open, and the shafts to fly, and the steamboat going "Tschoo! Tschoo! Tschoo!" shoots across the Atlantic, making it a ferry, and all the world one neighborhood. In olden times they put out a fire by buckets of water or rather did not put it out. Now, in nearly all our cities we put out a fire by steam. But where they haven't come to this, there still has been great improvement. Hark! There is a cry in the street: "Fire! Fire!" The firemen are coming, and they front the building, and they hoist the ladders, and they run up with the hose, and the orders are given, and the engines begin to work, and beat down the flames that

smote the heavens. And the hook and ladder company with long arms of wood and fingers of iron begin to feel on the top of the hot wall and begin to pull. She moves! She rocks! Stand from under! She falls! flat as the walls of Jericho at the blast of the ram's horns, and the excited populace clap their hands, and wave their caps, shouting "Hurrah, hurrah!" [Applause.]

Now, in an age like this, what will become of a man if in every nerve and muscle and bone he does not have the spirit of enthusiasm and enterprise? Why, he will drop down and be forgotten, as he ought to be. He who cannot swim in this current will drown. Young man, make up your mind what you ought to be, and then start out.

And let me say, there has never been so good a time to start as just now. I care not which way you look, the world seems brightening. Open the map of the world, close your eyes, swing your finger over the map of the world, let your finger drop accidentally, and I am almost sure it will drop on a part of the world that is brightening. You open the map of the world, close your eyes, swing your finger over the map, it drops accidentally. Spain! Quitting her cruelties and coming to a better form of government. What is that light breaking over the top of the Pyrenees? "The morning cometh!" You open the map of the world again, close your eyes, and swing your finger over the map. It drops accidentally. Italy! The truth going on from conquest to conquest. What is that light breaking over the top of the Alps? "The morning cometh!" You open the map of the world again, you close your eyes, and swing your finger over the map, and your finger drops accidentally. India! Juggernauts of cruelty broken to pieces by the chariot of the Gospel. What is that light breaking over the tops of the Himalayas? "The morning cometh!" The army of Civilization and Christianity is made up of two wings, the English wing and the American wing. The American wing of the army of Civilization and Christianity will march across this continent. On, over the Rocky Mountains, on over the Sierra Nevada, on to the beach of the Pacific, and then right through, dry shod, to the Asiatic shore. And on across Asia, and on, and on, until it comes to the Holy Land and halts. The English wing of the army of Civili-

zation and Christianity will move across Europe, and on, until it comes to the Holy Land and halts. And when these two wings of the army of Civilization and Christianity shall confront each other, having encircled the world, there will go up a shout as the world heard never: "Hallelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!" [Applause.]

People who have not seen the tides rise at the beach do not understand them. Some man who has never before visited the seashore comes down as the tide is rising. The wave comes to a certain point and then retreats, and he says: "The tide is going out, the sea is going down." No, the tide is rising, for the next wave comes to a higher point, and then recoils. He says: "Certainly, the tide is going out, and the sea is going down." No, the tide is rising, for the next wave comes to a higher point and then recoils, and to a higher and higher and higher point until it is full tide. So with the advance of civilization and Christianity in the world. In one decade the wave comes to a certain point and then recoils for ten or fifteen years, and people say the world is getting worse, and the tides of civilization and Christianity are going down. No, the tide is rising, for the next time the wave reaches to a still higher point and recoils, and to a still higher point and recoils, and to a higher and a higher and a higher point until it shall be full tide, and the "Earth shall be full of the knowledge of God as the waters fill the sea." At such a time you start out. There is some special work for you to do.

I was very much thrilled, as I suppose you were, with the story of the old engineer on his locomotive crossing the Western prairie day after day and month after month. A little child would come out in front of her father's cabin and wave to the old engineer and he would wave back again. It became one of the joys of the old engineer's life, this little child coming out and waving to him and he waving back. But one day the train was belated and night came on, and by the flash of the headlight of the locomotive the old engineer saw the child on the track. When the engineer saw the child on the track a great horror froze his soul, and he reversed the engine and leaped over on the cowcatcher, and though the train was

slowing up, and slowing up, it seemed to the old engineer as if it were gaining in velocity. But, standing there on the cowcatcher, he waited for his opportunity, and with almost supernatural clutch he seized her and fell back upon the cowcatcher. The train halted, the passengers came around to see what was the matter, and there lay the old engineer on the cowcatcher, fainted dead away, the little child in his arms all unhurt.

He saved her. Grand thing, you say, for the old engineer to do. Yes, just as grand a thing for you to do. There are long trains of disaster coming on toward that soul. Yonder are long trains of disaster coming on toward another soul. You go out in the strength of the Eternal God and with supernatural clutch save some one, some man, some woman, some child. You can do it.

“Courage, brother, do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There’s a star to guide the humble;
Trust in God and do the right.

“Some will love thee, some will hate thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee;
Trust in God and do the right.”