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## LIFE AMONG THE CRACKERS.

BY ZITELLA COCKE.

The origin of the Crackers is not unlike that of many heroes who have figured in the chronicles of the historian or the story of the bard—it is clouded in obscurity, with here and there a ray of information, which at best but serves to illumine the path of conjecture. From whatever source they have sprung, it is unquestionably true that they are "*sui generis*" in character, dress, habits of life and dialect, whether found among the sand-hills of Carolina or in the hills and mountains of Virginia, Georgia, and Alabama.

With man in his highest state of civilization they have and wish only that intercourse which subserves their purposes of petty barter and exchange. A closer association than is required by such necessities they seem to repel with something of the untamed persistency which characterizes the wild Indian. Their thoughts, manners, and vocabulary set at naught all legislation of custom, fashion, or grammar. Their conservatism is of the intensest school; and their religion, being that of their fathers, is, they declare, quite good enough for them. The same words and expressions and the same type of physical and facial conformation will run through a whole community of these strange people with a fidelity which is startling to one who beholds them for the first time. In a section of country where, if we accept the verdict of Dean Stanley and Lord John Russell, the educated classes speak purer English than elsewhere on the Continent, we find these in-

habitants of the hills and mountains speaking a dialect with a harsh and incisive accent—a reverberating Western *r*—and a prolonged nasal twang which might have been imported from "down-east." To ears polite such language might well suggest the lines of Shakespeare:

"What cracker is this same that deafs our ears  
With this abundance of superfluous breath"?

Why they bear the name Cracker remains an unanswered question. Some argue that as the Sand-hillers receive their name from the lank, ungainly sand-hill crane — *Grus Canadensis* — so the Cracker, a branch from the same stem, obtains his name from the corn crake, a bird of similarly ungraceful proportions. It is even claimed that they are descended from the Hessians of Revolutionary notoriety, and not unfrequently a patronymic found among them points strongly to such an origin.

They are not slow to perceive the vast difference which lies between themselves and their civilized countrymen, and anything in word or manner which betrays a consciousness of superiority on the part of the better class is sure to provoke the bitter resentment of the Cracker. "Them white-handed restercrats," as they dub ladies and gentlemen, he always eyes with the suspicion that to them he must necessarily be an object of contempt, and in the presence of such contempt he feels bound to assert his manhood.

"I'm jest about a leetle the best man in this settlement!"—strong accent on last syllable—

# TABERNACLE PULPIT

A MONTHLY REPORT OF THE SERMONS DELIVERED BY REV. T.  
DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., FROM THE PULPIT OF THE  
BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

*The reports of my sermons published in THE BROOKLYN MAGAZINE, made by my own stenographer and printed after my personal revision, are authorized and recommended by me to the public as accurate reports of the sermons delivered from the pulpit of the Brooklyn Tabernacle.*

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

Brooklyn, March 15, 1886.

## HARDSHIPS OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

DELIVERED IN BROOKLYN TABERNACLE, SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 30, 1886.

TEXT: "So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer him that smote the anvil."—ISAIAH xli. 7.

You have seen in factories a piece of mechanism passing from hand to hand and from room to room, and one mechanic will smite it, and another will flatten it, and another will chisel it, and another will polish it, until the work be done. And so the prophet describes the idols of olden times as being made, part of them by one hand, part of them by another hand. Carpentry comes in, gold-beating comes in, smithery comes in, and three or four styles of mechanism are employed. "So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer him that smote the anvil." When they met, they talked over their work and they helped each other on with it. It was a very bad kind of business; it was making idols which were an insult to the Lord of heaven. I have thought if men in bad work can encourage each other, ought not men engaged in honest artisanship and in honest mechanism speak words of good cheer?

The Bible comes down to the minutiae of everything. It tells us how many dollars Solomon paid for his horses. It tells us in Deuteronomy what kind of a roof we ought to have on our house. It applauds the industry

and ingenuity of the Israelitish spinsters. It gives us specimens of old-time needlework, leather-making, tanning establishment, pottery, brick kiln, city water-works, shipbuilding.

Men see in their own work hardships and trials, while they recognize no hardships or trials in anybody else's occupation. Every man's burden is the heaviest and every woman's task is the hardest. We find people wanting to get into other occupations and professions. I hear men in all kinds of toil wishing they were enabled to do something else, saying to me: "I have mistaken my path in life; I ought to have been a mechanic and I am a merchant;" or, "I ought to have been a merchant and I am a mechanic. I ought to have been a lawyer and I am an artist; if I had undertaken some other path in life I would have had an easier time and I would have had grander success." I suppose when the merchant comes home at night, his brain hot with the anxieties of commercial toil, disappointed and vexed, agitated about the excitements in the money market, he says: "Oh, I wish I were a mechanic! When his day's work is done the mechanic lies down; he is healthy in body, healthy in mind, and healthy in soul, but I can't sleep;" while at that very moment the mechanic is wishing he were a banker or a merchant. He says: "Then I could always have on beautiful apparel; then I could move in the choicest circles; then I could bring up

twenty families that had arrived at Castle Garden brought eighty-five thousand dollars with them. Mark you, families, not tramps—additions to the national wealth, not subtractions therefrom. I saw some of them reading their Bibles and their hymn-books, thanking God for His kindness in helping them cross the sea. They will turn your Territories into States, and your wildernesses into gardens, if you will build for them churches, and establish for them schools, and send Christian missionaries.

Are you afraid this continent is going to be overcrowded with this population? Ah! that shows you have not been to Oregon, that shows that you have not been to Texas. A fishing-smack to-day on Lake Ontario might as well be afraid of being crowded by other shipping before night as for any one of the next ten generations of Americans to be afraid of being overcrowded by foreign populations in this country. The one State of Texas is far larger than all the Austrian Empire, yet the Austrian Empire supports thirty-five million people. The one State of Texas is larger than all France, and France supports thirty-six million people. The one State of Texas far surpasses in size the Germanic Empire, yet the Germanic Empire supports forty-one million people. I tell you the great want of the Territories and of the Western States is more population.

While some may stand at the gates of the city, saying "Stand back!" to foreign populations, I press out as far beyond those gates as I can press out beyond them, and beckon

to foreign nations, saying: "Come, come!" "But," say you, "I am so afraid that they will bring their prejudices for foreign Governments, and plant them here." Absurd! They are sick of the Governments that have oppressed them, and they want free America. Give them the great gospel of welcome. Throw around them all Christian hospitalities. They will add their industry and hard-earned wages to this country, and then we will dedicate all to Christ, "and thy land shall be married."

But where shall the marriage altar be? Let it be the Rocky Mountains, when, through artificial and mighty irrigation, all their tops shall be covered, as they will be, with vineyards, and orchards, and grain fields. Then let the Bostons, and the New Yorks, and the Charlestons of the Pacific Coast come to the marriage altar on the one side, and then let the Bostons, and the New Yorks, and the Charlestons of the Atlantic Coast come to the marriage altar on the other side, and there between them let this bride of nations kneel; and then if the organ of the loudest thunders that ever shook the Sierra Nevadas on the one side, or moved the foundations of the Alleghanies on the other side, should open full diapason of wedding march, that organ of thunders could not drown the voice of Him who should take the hand of the bride of nations, saying: "As a bridegroom rejoiceth over a bride, so thy God rejoiceth over thee." "And so thy land shall be married."

## LABOR'S GREATEST ENEMY.

DELIVERED IN BROOKLYN TABERNACLE, SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 13, 1886.

TEXT: "He that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes."—HAGGAI i. 6.

In Persia under the reign of Darius Hystaspes, the people did not prosper. They made money, but did not keep it. They were like people who have a sack in which they put money, not knowing that the sack is torn, or eaten with moths, or in some way made incapable of holding valuables. As fast as the coin was put in one end of the sack it dropped out of the other. It made no difference how much wages they got, for they lost them. "He that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes."

What has become of the billions and billions

of dollars in this country paid to the working classes? Some of these moneys have gone for house rent, or the purchase of homesteads, or wardrobe, or family expenses, or the necessities of life, or to provide comforts in old age. What has become of other billions? Wasted in foolish outlay. Wasted at the gaming table. Wasted in intoxicants. Put into a bag with a hundred holes.

Gather up the money that the working classes have spent for rum during the last thirty years, and I will build for every workingman a house, and lay out for him a garden, and clothe his sons in broadcloth and his daughters in silks, and stand at his front door a prancing span of sorrel or bays, and secure him a policy of life insurance, so that the present home

may be well maintained after he is dead. The most persistent, most overpowering enemy of the working classes is intoxicating liquor. It is the anarchist of the centuries, and has boycotted and is now boycotting the body and mind and soul of American labor. It is to it a worse foe than monopoly and worse than associated capital.

It annually swindles industry out of a large percentage of its earnings. It holds out its blasting solicitations to the mechanic or operative on his way to work, and at the noon-spell, and on his way home at eventide; on Saturday, when the wages are paid, it snatches a large part of the money that might come to the family, and sacrifices it among the saloon-keepers. Within eight hundred yards of Sands Street Methodist Church, Brooklyn, it has fifty-four saloons, and is plotting now for another. Stand the saloons of this country side by side, and it is carefully estimated they would reach from New York to Chicago. Forward march, says the rum power, and take possession of the American nation!

The rum business is pouring its vitriolic and damnable liquids down the throats of hundreds of thousands of laborers, and while the ordinary strikes are ruinous both to employers and employees, I proclaim a strike universal against strong drink, which, if kept up, will be the relief of the working classes and the salvation of the nation. I will undertake to say that there is not a healthy laborer in the United States who, within the next ten years, if he will refuse all intoxicating beverage and be saving, may not become a capitalist on a small scale. Our country in a year spends one billion five hundred million and fifty thousand dollars for rum. Of course the working classes do a great deal of this expenditure. Careful statistics show that the wage-earning classes of Great Britain expend in liquors one hundred million pounds, or five hundred million dollars a year. Sit down and calculate, O workingman! how much you have expended in these directions. Add it all up. Add up what your neighbors have expended, and realize that instead of answering the beck of other people you might have been your own capitalist. When you deplete a workingman's physical energy you deplete his capital.

The stimulated workman gives out before the unstimulated workman. My father said: "I became a temperance man in early life, because I noticed in the harvest-field that, though I was physically weaker than other workmen, I could hold out longer than they. They took stimulants, I took none." A brick-maker in England gives his experience in regard

to this matter among men in his employ. He says, after investigation: "The beer-drinker who made the fewest bricks made six hundred and fifty-nine thousand; the abstainer who made the fewest bricks, seven hundred and forty-six thousand. The difference in behalf of the abstainer over the indulger, eighty-seven thousand." There came a very exhausting time in the British Parliament. The session was prolonged until nearly all the members got sick or worn out. Out of six hundred and fifty-two members only two went through undamaged; they were teetotallers.

When an army goes out to the battle the soldier who has water or coffee in his canteen marches easier and fights better than the soldier who has whiskey in his canteen. Rum helps a man to fight when he has only one contestant, and that at the street corner. But when he goes forth to maintain some great battle for God and his country, he wants no rum about him. When the Russians go to war a corporal passes along the line and smells the breath of every soldier. If there be in his breath a taint of intoxicating liquor, the man is sent back to the barracks. Why? He cannot endure fatigue. All our young men know this. When they are preparing for a regatta, or for a ball club, or for an athletic wrestling they abstain. Our working people will be wiser after awhile, and the money they fling away on hurtful indulgences they will put into co-operative association, and so become capitalists. If the workingman put down his wages and then take his expenses and spread them out, so they will just equal, he is not wise. I know workingmen who are in a perfect fidget until they get rid of their last dollar.

The following circumstances came under our observation: A young man worked hard to earn his six or seven hundred dollars yearly. Marriage day came. The bride had inherited five hundred dollars from her grandfather. She spent every dollar of it on the wedding-dress. Then they rented two rooms in a third story. Then the young man took extra evening employment; almost exhausted with the day's work, yet took evening employment. It almost extinguished his eyesight. Why did he add evening employment to the day employment? To get money. Why did he want to get money? To lay up something for a rainy day? No. To get his life insured, so that in case of his death his wife would not be a beggar? No. He put the extra evening work to the day work that he might get a hundred and fifty dollars to get his wife a sealskin coat. The sister of the bride heard of this achievement, and was not to be eclipsed. She was

very poor, and she sat up working nearly all the nights for a great while until she bought a sealskin coat. I have not heard of the result on that street. The street was full of those who are on small incomes, but I suppose the contagion spread, and that everybody had a sealskin coat, and that the people came out and cried, practically, not literally: "Though the heavens fall, we must have a sealskin coat!"

I was out West, and a minister of the Gospel told me, in Iowa, that his church and the neighborhood had been impoverished by the fact that they put mortgages on their farms in order to send their families to the Philadelphia Centennial. It was not respectable not to go to the Centennial. Between such evils and pauperism there is a very short step. The vast majority of children in your almshouses are there because their parents are drunken, or lazy, or recklessly improvident.

I have no sympathy for skinflint saving, but I plead for Christian prudence. You say it is impossible now to lay up anything for a rainy day. I know it, but we are at the daybreak of national prosperity. Some people think it is mean to turn the gas low when they go out of the parlor. They feel embarrassed if the doorbell rings before they have the hall lighted. They apologize for the plain meal, if you surprise them at the table. Well, it is mean if it is only to pile up a miserly hoard. But if it be to educate your children, if it be to give more help to your wife when she does not feel strong, if it be to keep your funeral day from being horrible beyond all endurance, because it is to be the disruption and annihilation of the domestic circle—if it be for that, then it is magnificent.

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 was 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 full to the chin with whiskey and beer. Wilkins Micawber said to David Copperfield, "Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, expenses twenty shillings and sixpence; result, misery. But, Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, expenses nineteen shillings and sixpence; result, happiness." But, O workingman of America, take your morning dram, and your noon dram, and your evening dram, and spend everything you have over for tobacco and excursions, and you insure poverty for yourself and your children forever!

If by some generous fiat of the capitalists of this country, or by a new law of the Government of the United States, twenty-five per cent, or fifty per cent, or one hundred per cent were added to the wages of the working classes of America, it would be no advantage to hundreds of thousands of them unless they stopped strong drink. Aye, until they quit that evil habit, the more money, the more ruin; the more wages, the more holes in the bag.

My plea this morning is to those working people who are in a discipleship to the whiskey-bottle, the beer-mug, and the wine-flask. And what I say to them will not be more appropriate to the working classes than to the business classes, and the literary classes, and the professional classes, and all classes, and not with the people of one age more than of all ages. Take one good square look at the suffering of the man whom strong drink has enthralled, and remember that toward that goal multitudes are running. The disciple of alcoholism suffers the loss of self-respect.

Just as soon as a man wakes up and finds that he is the captive of strong drink, he feels demeaned. I do not care how reckless he acts. He may say, "I don't care;" he does care. He cannot look a pure man in the eye unless it is with positive force of resolution. Three fourths of his nature is destroyed: his self-respect is gone; he says things he would not otherwise say; he does things he would not otherwise do. When a man is nine tenths gone with strong drink, the first thing he wants to do is to persuade you that he can stop any time he wants to. He cannot. The Philistines have bound him hand and foot, and shorn his locks, and put out his eyes, and are making him grind in the mill of a great horror. He cannot stop. I will prove it. He knows that his course is bringing ruin upon himself. He loves himself. If he could stop he would. He knows his course is bringing ruin upon his family. He loves them. He would stop if he could. He cannot. Perhaps he could three months or a year ago, not now. Just ask him to stop for a month. He cannot; he knows he cannot, so he does not try.

I had a friend who was for fifteen years going down under this evil habit. He had large means. He had given thousands of dollars to Bible societies and reformatory institutions of all sorts. He was very genial, very generous, and very lovable, and whenever he talked about this evil habit he would say, "I can stop any time." But he kept going on, going on, down, down, down. His family would say, "I wish you would stop." "Why," he would reply, "I can stop any

time if I want to." After awhile he had delirium tremens; he had it twice; and yet, after that, he said, "I could stop at any time if I wanted to." He is dead now. What killed him? Rum! Rum! And yet among his last utterances was, "I can stop at any time." He did not stop it because he could not stop it. Oh, there is a point in inebriation beyond which if a man goes, he cannot stop!

One of these victims said to a Christian man, "Sir, if I were told that I couldn't get a drink until to-morrow night unless I had all my fingers cut off, I would say, 'Bring the hatchet and cut them off now.'" "I have a dear friend in Philadelphia whose nephew came to him one day, and when he was exhorted about his evil habit, said, 'Uncle, I can't give it up. If there stood a cannon and it was loaded, and a glass of wine were set on the mouth of that cannon, and I knew that you would fire it off just as I came up and took the glass, I would start, for I must have it.'"

Oh, it is a sad thing for a man to wake up in this life and feel that he is a captive! He says, "I could have got rid of this once, but I can't now. I might have lived an honorable life and died a Christian death; but there is no hope for me now; there is no escape for me. Dead, but not buried. I am a walking corpse. I am an apparition of what I once was. I am a caged immortal beating against the wires of my cage in this direction; beating against the cage until there is blood on the wires and blood upon my soul, yet not able to get out. Destroyed without remedy!"

I go on and say that the disciple of rum suffers from the loss of health. The older men in the congregation may remember that some years ago Dr. Sewell went through this country and electrified the people by his lectures, in which he showed the effects of alcoholism on the human stomach. He had seven or eight diagrams by which he showed the devastation of strong drink upon the physical system. There were thousands of people that turned back from that ulcerous sketch, swearing eternal abstinence from everything that could intoxicate.

God only knows what the drunkard suffers. Pain files on every nerve, and travels every muscle, and gnaws every bone, and burns with every flame, and stings with every poison, and pulls at him with every torture. What reptiles crawl over his creeping limbs! What fiends stand by his midnight pillow! What groans tear his ear! What horrors shiver through his soul! Talk of the rack, talk of the Inquisition, talk of the funeral pyre, talk of the crushing Juggernaut—he feels them all at once.

Have you ever been in the ward of the hospital where these inebriates are dying, the stench of their wounds driving back the attendants, their voices sounding through the night? The keeper comes up and says, "Hush, now, be still! Stop making all this noise!" But it is effectual only for a moment. For as soon as the keeper is gone they begin again, "Oh, God! Oh, God! Help! Help! Rum! Give me rum! Help! Take them off me! Take them off me! Oh, God!" And then they shriek, and they rave, and they pluck out their hair by handfuls, and bite their nails into the quick, and then they groan, and they shriek, and they blaspheme, and they ask the keepers to kill them—"Stab me! Smother me! Strangle me! Take the devils off me!" Oh, it is no fancy sketch! That thing is going on now all up and down the land, and I tell you further that this is going to be the death that some of you will die. I know it. I see it coming.

Again, the inebriate suffers through the loss of home. I do not care how much he loves his wife and children, if this passion for strong drink has mastered him, he will do the most outrageous things; and if he could not get drink in any other way, he would sell his family into eternal bondage. How many homes have been broken up in that way no one but God knows. Oh, is there anything that will so destroy a man for this life and damn him for the life that is to come? I hate that strong drink. With all the concentrated energies of my soul I hate it. Do not tell me that a man can be happy when he knows that he is breaking his wife's heart and clothing his children with rags. Why, there are on the roads and streets of this land to-day little children, bare-footed, unwashed, and unkempt—want on every patch of their faded dress and on every wrinkle of their prematurely old countenances, who would have been in churches to day, and as well clad as you are, but for the fact that rum destroyed their parents and drove them into the grave. O rum, thou foe of God, thou despoiler of homes, thou recruiting officer of the pit, I hate thee!

But my subject takes a deeper tone, and that is, that the unfortunate of whom I speak suffers from the loss of the soul. The Bible intimates that in the future world, if we are unforgiven here, our bad passions and appetites, unrestrained, will go along with us and make our torment there. So that, I suppose, when an inebriate wakes up in the last world, he will feel an infinite thirst clawing on him. Now, down in the world, although he may have been very poor, he could beg or he could steal five

cents with which to get that which would slake his thirst for a little while ; but in eternity where is the rum to come from ?

Oh, the deep, exhausting, exasperating, everlasting thirst of the drunkard in hell ! Why, if a fiend came up to earth for some infernal work in a grog-shop, and should go back, taking on its wing just one drop of that for which the inebriate in the lost world longs, what excitement would it make there ! Put that one drop from off the fiend's wing on the tip of the tongue of the destroyed inebriate ; let the liquid brightness just touch it ; let the drop be very small, if it only have in it the smack of alcoholic drink ; let that drop just touch the lost inebriate in the lost world, and he would spring to his feet and cry, "That is rum, aha ! That is rum !" And it would wake up the echoes of the damned—"Give me rum ! Give me rum ! Give me rum !" In the future world I do not believe that it will be the absence of God that will make the drunkard's sorrow. I do not believe that it will be the absence of light. I do not believe that it will be the absence of holiness. I think it will be the absence of rum. Oh, "look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and it stingeth like an adder !"

It is about time that we have another woman's crusade like that which swept through Ohio ten or twelve years ago. With prayer and song the women went into the grogeries, and whole neighborhoods, towns, and cities were redeemed by their Christian heroics. Thirty women cleared out the rum traffic from a village of one thousand inhabitants. If thirty women, surcharged of the Holy Ghost, could renovate a town of a thousand, three thousand consecrated women, resolved to give themselves no peace until this crime was extirpated from this city, could in six months clear out three fourths of the grog-shops of Brooklyn. If there be three thousand women now in this city who will put their hands and their hearts to the work, I will take the contract for driving out all these moral nuisances from the city—at any rate, three fourths of them—in three months. If, when that host of three thousand consecrated women is marshalled, there be no one to lead them, then, as a minister of the Most High God, I will offer to take my position at the front of the host, and I will cry to them, "Come on, ye women of Christ, with your songs and your prayers ! Some of you take the enemy's right wing and some the left wing. Forward ! The Lord of Hosts is with us ; the God of Jacob is our refuge ! Down with the dram-shops !"

But not waiting for those mouths of hell to close, let me advise the working and the business classes, and all classes, to stop strong drink. While I declared some time ago that there was a point beyond which a man could not stop, I want to tell you that while a man cannot stop in his own strength, the Lord God by His grace can help him to stop at any time. I was in a room in New York where there were many men who had been reclaimed from drunkenness. I heard their testimony, and for the first time in my life there flashed out a truth I never understood. They said, "We were victims of strong drink. We tried to give it up, but always failed ; but somehow since we gave our hearts to Christ, He has taken care of us." I believe that the time will soon come when the grace of God will show its power not only to save man's soul, but his body, and reconstruct, purify, elevate, and redeem it.

I verily believe that, although you feel grappling at the roots of your tongues an almost omnipotent thirst, if you will give your heart to God, He will help you by His grace to conquer. Try it. It is your last chance.

I have looked off upon the desolation. Sitting in our religious assemblages there are a good many people in awful peril ; and judging from ordinary circumstances, there is not one chance in five thousand that they will get clear of it. There are men in my congregation from Sabbath to Sabbath of whom I must make the remark, that if they do not change their course, within ten years they will, as to their bodies, lie down in drunkards' graves ; and as to their souls, lie down in a drunkard's perdition. I know that is an awful thing to say, but I cannot help saying it.

Oh, beware ! You have not yet been captured. Beware ! Whether the beverage be poured in golden chalice or pewter mug, in the foam at the top, in white letters, let there be spelled out to your soul, "Beware !" When the books of Judgment are open, and ten million drunkards come up to get their doom, I want you to bear witness that I, this morning, in the fear of God and in the love for your soul, told you, with all affection and with all kindness, to beware of that which has already exerted its influence upon your family, blowing out some of its lights—a premonition of the blackness of darkness forever.

Oh, if you could only hear this morning Intemperance with drunkard's bones drumming on the head of the liquor cask the Dead March of immortal souls, methinks the very glance of a wine-cup would make you shudder, and the color of the liquor would make you

think of the blood of the soul, and the foam on the top of the cup would remind you of the froth on the maniac's lip ; and you would go home from this service and kneel down and pray God that, rather than your children should become captives of this evil habit, you would like to carry them out some bright spring day

to the cemetery, and put them away to the last sleep, until at the call of the south wind the flowers would come up all over the grave—sweet prophecies of the resurrection ! God has a balm for such a wound ; but what flower of comfort ever grew on the blasted heath of a drunkard's sepulchre ?

## THE BLACK SERVANTS OF THE SKY.

DELIVERED IN BROOKLYN TABERNACLE, SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 20, 1886.

**TEXT :** " And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening."—1 KINGS xvii. 6.

The ornithology of the Bible is a very interesting study. The stork, which knoweth her appointed time. The common sparrows teaching the lesson of God's providence. The ostriches of the desert, by careless incubation, illustrating the recklessness of parents who do not take enough pains with their children. The eagle, symbolizing riches which take wings and fly away. The pelican, emblemizing solitude. The bat, a flake of the darkness. The night hawk, the ossifrage, the cuckoo, the lapwing, the osprey, by the command of God in Leviticus, flung out of the world's bill of fare. I would like to have been with Audubon as he went through the woods with gun and pencil, bringing down and sketching the fowls of heaven, his unfolded portfolio thrilling all Christendom. What wonderful creatures of God the birds are ! Some of them, this morning, like the songs of heaven let loose, bursting through the gates of heaven. Consider their feathers, which are clothing and conveyance at the same time ; the nine vertebræ of the neck, the three eyelids to each eye, the third eyelid an extra curtain for graduating the light of the sun.

Some of these birds scavengers, and some of them orchestra. Thank God for quail's whistle and lark's carol and the twitter of the wren, called by the ancients the king of birds, because when the fowls of heaven went into a contest as to who could fly the highest, and the eagle swung nearest the sun, a wren on the back of the eagle, after the eagle was exhausted, sprang up much higher, and so was called by the ancients the king of birds. Consider those of them that have golden crowns and crests, showing them to be feathered imperials. And listen to the humming-bird's serenade in the ear of the honeysuckle. Look at the belted kingfisher, striking like a dart from sky to

water. Listen to the voice of the owl, giving the key-note to all croakers. And behold the condor among the Andes, battling with the reindeer. I do not know whether an aquarium or aviary is the best altar from which to worship God.

There is an incident in my text that baffles all the ornithological wonders of the world. The grain crop had been cut off. Famine was in the land. In a cave by the brook Cherith sat a minister of God, Elijah, waiting for something to eat. Why did he not go to the neighbors ? There were no neighbors ; it was a wilderness. Why did he not pick some of the berries ? There were none. If there had been, they would have been dried up. Seated one morning at the mouth of his cave, the prophet looks into the dry and pitiless heavens, and he sees a flock of birds approaching. Oh, if they were only partridges, or if he only had an arrow with which to bring them down ! But, as they come nearer, he finds they are not comestible, but unclean, and the eating of them would be spiritual death. The strength of their beak, the length of their wings, the blackness of their color, their loud, harsh " cruck ! cruck !" prove them to be ravens. They whirr around about the prophet's head, and then they come on fluttering wing and pause on the level of his lips ; and one of the ravens brings bread, and another raven brings meat, and after they have discharged their tiny cargo they wheel past, and others come, until after awhile the prophet has enough, and these black servants of the wilderness table are gone. For six months, and some say a whole year, morning and evening, the breakfast and supper bell sounded as these ravens rang out on the air their " cruck ! cruck !" Guess where they got the food from. The old rabbies say they got it from the kitchen of King Ahab. Others say that the ravens got their food from pious Obadiah, who was in the habit of feeding the persecuted. Some say that the ravens brought the food to their young in the trees, and that