

Yours  
T. de Witt Taft

# ONE THOUSAND GEMS.

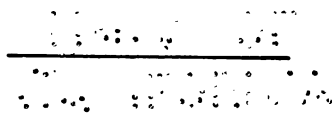
Striking Passages, Incidents  
and Illustrations.

BY

*T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D. D.*

EDITED BY

WILLIAM H. LARRABEE, A. M.



NEW YORK:  
N. TIBBALS & SON,  
37 PARK ROW, & 145 NASSAU STREET.  
1873.

---

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by

N. TIBBALS & SON,

in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

---

---

Wm. McCREA & Co., Stereotypers,  
Newburgh, N. Y.



BJ 1227

T30

1873

MAIN

## INTRODUCTION.

---

WE cannot give a more fitting introduction to this work than by presenting a brief account of Dr. Talmage's life, and of the two enterprises with which he is most closely associated.

THOMAS DE WITT TALMAGE was born at Boundbrook, New Jersey, January 7, 1832. He was the youngest of twelve children, five of whom were girls and seven boys. Three of his brothers preceded him in the ministry. His parents were persons of exalted Christian character. An eloquent tribute to the memory of his father is paid in the sermon on "The Almond Tree in Blossom," which is printed in one of the volumes of his sermons published by Harper & Brothers. Numerous references to his father and mother, and illustrations drawn from their experiences, will be found in the selections of this work. Dr. Talmage was educated at, and graduated from, the New York University and the Theological Seminary of New Brunswick, N. J. He became a Christian when eighteen years old. He entered the ministry at Belleville, N. J. After three years he was called to Syracuse, N. Y. Here also he labored three years, then went to Philadelphia, where he enjoyed an unusually successful ministry of seven years. His congregations were among the largest in the city, and his preaching was fruitful in spiritual results. During this period he acquired an extensive fame as a lecturer, and was often called abroad to aid by his peculiar and pleasing talent enterprises less prosperous

239213

than the one of which he had the immediate charge. From Philadelphia he was called to Brooklyn.

The pulpit of the Central Presbyterian Church in this city was vacant. From various causes the society had declined until its strength was measured by a list of only nineteen voting members. These nineteen united in signing a call to Mr. Talmage to become their pastor. Almost simultaneously with this call, invitations reached him from churches in Chicago and San Francisco. Mr. Talmage had already set his heart upon endeavoring to build up a free church. On inquiry, he found that vested interests existed in the churches at Chicago and San Francisco which would probably impose permanent obstacles to the introduction of the free-seat system into them, while no such obstruction existed in the Brooklyn church. He therefore accepted the call of the latter. For fifteen months after coming to Brooklyn he preached in the original edifice of the Central Presbyterian Church. It was a capacious building, but the congregation grew steadily till it could no longer find accommodation within the house, and overflowed to the sidewalk and the other side of the street. When it became evident that it would be necessary to make better provisions for the people, Mr. Talmage laid before his trustees his plan for free seats, and offered to make his salary dependent upon its success. After discussion, his proposition was accepted, and the plans for the Tabernacle were prepared. The object sought was to arrange the seats in the order of a semicircle around the pulpit, so that all should have an equal opportunity to see and hear the speaker, and be brought in the closest possible relationship with him. The ideal was that of a great family gathering around a fire-place. The choice of seats was allotted to heads of families and members of the congregation in the order of their applying for them, without reference to the amount of their subscriptions. The Tabernacle was dedicated in September, 1870. The success of the free plan was assured from the

start, and was as evident in a spiritual as in a financial aspect. The building at first accommodated three thousand persons. In less than a year after it was opened it had to be enlarged so as to seat five hundred more. The general plan of the building has been adopted by several other churches with satisfactory results.

The Tabernacle was burned on the morning of December 22, 1872, just before the hour of service. Dr. Talmage and his family had started for church, and first perceived the fire while on their way. As he got out of his carriage he remarked, "Well, the building never was large enough ; now the people throughout the country will help us build a more roomy structure." While the fire was still burning, the officers of the church were gathered together, and arrangements for the future were discussed. On the same day several churches were offered to the people of the Tabernacle for occupancy until their own house could be restored. The Academy of Music was engaged.

Next to a free church, from which a free gospel should be preached, Dr. Talmage has at heart the enlistment of laymen in Christian work. He had long been impressed that there was an amount of lay energy lying dormant, which, if aroused and properly directed, might be made a power in evangelizing the world. Gradually the scheme for calling it out and training it was unfolded in his mind. He secured the coöperation of eminent ministers and laymen of various denominations. Thus grew up the Tabernacle Free College for training Christian workers. Its classes are thoroughly organized, and are regularly drilled under competent instructors. Lectures are given at stated periods by some of the ablest men in the Christian churches, laymen as well as ministers, who present those departments of Christian or moral activity in which they are best versed. A large force of workers has already been sent out from this institution, the fruits of whose labors are seen in

numerous new preaching places, and in congregations organized in places not before provided with church facilities. This institution is in fact, as well as in name, undenominational.

A great variety of opinion, and much misapprehension, respecting the character of Dr. Talmage and his preaching exist among those who do not know him. The opinion of those who know him is uniform. A more erroneous judgment could not be made than to characterize his preaching as "sensational" in the sense in which that term is commonly used. It is true that he speaks plainly, points his addresses directly, and makes sinners feel exceedingly uncomfortable; but the force of his preaching is only that legitimate force which earnestness of conviction and straightforward aim always give. It depends upon nothing extraneous or artificial. His preaching is almost exactly of the style of that of the old-fashioned Methodist preachers who did so much to win the new settlements of our country to Christ. In fact, one who hears him for the first time might well imagine him to be one of the greatest of these men come to life again. His manner is wholly natural, and is as of one who not only believes, but knows, that the doctrines he is advancing are the truth, and that he is irresistibly impelled to proclaim them. He preaches the gospel literally as he finds it, with a simplicity and thoroughness that withhold nothing; he defers to no prejudice, interest, or ism; he feels the closest sympathy with nature and humanity; he possesses descriptive powers of the highest character, and great fertility in illustration; for words he prefers the honest old Anglo-Saxon. His gifts he uses unselfishly, with no more than the legitimate desire for worldly honors and riches, but first and chiefly to the glory of God and the elevation of humanity. Candid critics of the evangelical school do justice to the fervid Christian spirit of his preaching; those find fault with him whose religion is mixed with formality, or who believe in softening down the expression of unpleasant truths. The practical test of the

value of his preaching was given in the Tabernacle, where, in an unfavorable location and with a broken-down society to start with, there gathered around him a congregation of more than three thousand regular attendants: men with families; persons who from diffidence or other causes had fallen off from the habit of attending church; young people; and people who would never have become attached to a church, or thought religion worthy of serious consideration, had they not fallen under the influence of such a man as Mr. Talmage.

Personally, Mr. Talmage is one of the most unassuming of men. He is of vivacious temperament, of pleasant address, easy to approach, is jovial with his associates, and is one of the last men whom a stranger accosting him would take to be the world-renowned preacher.

His published works are extensively read. His sermons, essays, and "Friday Evening Talks" are printed regularly in the *Methodist* of New York, the *Interior* of Chicago, and in the *Christian World* and *Christian Age* of London. His sermons are probably more extensively read in Great Britain than those of any other American preacher. An English reviewer says of them: "We believe that for originality, power, and splendor, these sermons will bear comparison with the greatest pulpit productions of any age or country; but 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 their truth, we know not his equal." Mr. Spurgeon, the great Baptist preacher of London, says: "Dr. Talmage's sermons lay hold of my inmost soul."

Four volumes have thus far been published of Dr. Talmage's works. The first in order of time is *Crumbs Swept Up*, a collection of essays distinguished by delicate humor and a high moral purpose, published by William B. Evans & Co., of Philadelphia; next is *The Abominations of Modern Society*, a series of pointed discourses on prominent social evils, published

by Adams, Victor, & Co., of New York. Two volumes of his sermons have been published by Harper & Brothers, of New York.

We are indebted to all of these works for extracts in this volume. Another large part of the selections have never been published in any book. Although this book is made with the permission of Dr. Talmage, it has not been seen by him. He is not responsible for the choice of the articles, or for the manner in which they are presented.

# INDEX.

	PAGE		PAGE
<b>A.</b>		Desetting sins . . . . .	78
Adaptation, there must be . . . . .	284	Be steadfast in duty . . . . .	45
After the Tabernacle was burned . . . . .	263	Be thankful . . . . .	58
"Again, I say, rejoice" . . . . .	126	Bethlehem, the story of, teaches . . . . .	358
Agent, the foremost . . . . .	257	us . . . . .	326
Alas for the rationalist . . . . .	55	Be thorough . . . . .	142
Alas, for those who refuse the . . . . .	44	Better stop now . . . . .	103
rescue . . . . .	251	Better too early than too late . . . . .	58
All hands lay hold . . . . .	168	Beware . . . . .	151
All of this world's riches . . . . .	329	Be ye also ready . . . . .	104
All the invitations . . . . .	915	Bible illustration . . . . .	43
Almond-tree, the . . . . .	272	Bible, the, above all nature's joys . . . . .	89
Ambition, a worthy . . . . .	46	Bible, the, in the last hour . . . . .	164
Ammunition train, the . . . . .	301	Bible, the, the best book . . . . .	84
Anchor, the . . . . .	306	Bible, the, the only standard of . . . . .	140
Animals . . . . .	35	right . . . . .	209
Anticipation of the end of evil . . . . .	374	Bible, the, the true rule . . . . .	909
Antiquity . . . . .	334	Bird, a caged, suggestive . . . . .	49
Appeal, the horse's . . . . .	220	Black frost, the . . . . .	297
Appetite, the, as a barrier . . . . .	57	Blasphemy . . . . .	327
Are you ready to accept him? . . . . .	359	Blessing in pain . . . . .	280
Around the temple of grace . . . . .	76	Blessings on the kind man . . . . .	132
Arrayed against thy sins . . . . .	358	Blood that will wash them out . . . . .	14
As his pictures . . . . .	225	Boasting . . . . .	166
"As little children" . . . . .	233	Boat, the capsized . . . . .	173
Association, the wrong kind of . . . . .	254	Body, the human . . . . .	144
"Atonement" . . . . .	284	Boots . . . . .	51
Avalanche, the, of sin . . . . .	69	Borrowing trouble is unbelief . . . . .	58
Away, all of you drones . . . . .	22	Borrowing trouble, the sin of . . . . .	252
Axle, the hot . . . . .		Bows of promise . . . . .	220
<b>B.</b>		Boyhood Sabbaths . . . . .	55
Babe, a, in the house . . . . .	815	Bread . . . . .	77
Backbone for ministers . . . . .	240	Bright side, the . . . . .	89
Bad air and dull ministers . . . . .	137	Bring the children too . . . . .	321
Bad books . . . . .	349	Broker, the, guilty of cornering . . . . .	96
Banquet, the Divine . . . . .	86	Bullets, not raisins . . . . .	190
Banquet, the, of sin . . . . .	92	Business, the story . . . . .	97
Beauty, the, of God's care for us . . . . .	41	By storm . . . . .	150
Be cheerful . . . . .	158	By the skin of the teeth . . . . .	
Before the sermon . . . . .	190	<b>C.</b>	
Beggar, a, in this life . . . . .	251	Call up that child . . . . .	325
Beginnings, the, of distinguished . . . . .	158	Camel, the intruding . . . . .	114
men . . . . .	145	Capital, a working . . . . .	148
Bell, the Gospel . . . . .	84	Carelessness is ruin . . . . .	177
Belshazzar . . . . .	181	Carlo's adventure . . . . .	190
Be not swift to judge . . . . .	14	Carry good cheer . . . . .	111
Be positive in a religious way . . . . .	184	Cathedral must not . . . . .	106
		Changes . . . . .	123
		Change, the, of heart . . . . .	123

	PAGE		PAGE
Character and destiny . . . . .	182	Crystallized tears . . . . .	85
Check, a blank . . . . .	72	"Cutting behind" in politics . . . . .	144
Cheerfulness . . . . .	59		
Cheerful nights . . . . .	261	<b>D.</b>	
Children gone . . . . .	164	Dancing, Dr. T. on . . . . .	318
Children in a picture . . . . .	293	Dangerous temptations . . . . .	76
Children in the morning . . . . .	312	Day, a good . . . . .	184
Chimes, the Gospel . . . . .	63	Day, a good, ends with God . . . . .	186
Chips . . . . .	242	Day, the last business . . . . .	201
Choose . . . . .	75	Day, the, must be in harmony	
Christ and your friend . . . . .	24	with the prayer . . . . .	281
Christian, a . . . . .	218	Death, a beautiful figure of . . . . .	36
Christian character . . . . .	64	Deathbed, a father's . . . . .	231
Christian heroes . . . . .	167	Deathbed, a sister's . . . . .	218
Christian heroism . . . . .	118	Death in nightwork . . . . .	164
Christianity and its inconsistent		Death is the roughest of all con-	
professors . . . . .	163	stables . . . . .	236
Christians, the happiest . . . . .	97	Dead, the, of the year . . . . .	232
Christian stratagem . . . . .	178	Death—the precipice . . . . .	267
Christian, the aged . . . . .	214	Death to Christians . . . . .	109
Christ in sympathy with us . . . . .	15	Death unexpected . . . . .	229
Christ in the house . . . . .	246	Deeper and deeper . . . . .	232
Christ's strength . . . . .	84	Deliverance in the last hour . . . . .	79
Christ is the A and the Z . . . . .	248	Desires vs. Ability . . . . .	348
Christ nearest the weak . . . . .	15	Devil, the, is a poor financier . . . . .	262
Christ our deliverer . . . . .	210	Dew-drop, the smallest . . . . .	178
Christ's army and navy . . . . .	101	Different temptations . . . . .	14
Christ's call to preach . . . . .	263	Disciple, the, of fashion . . . . .	820
Christ's crown jewels . . . . .	38	Dishonesty, the doom of . . . . .	33
Christ stands ready . . . . .	285	Divine care for each person . . . . .	63
Christ's treaty of peace . . . . .	190	Doing is learning . . . . .	180
Christ's wonderful magnetism . . . . .	50	Donkey, the . . . . .	288
Christ the Light . . . . .	244	Do not let Satan . . . . .	108
Christ the only shelter . . . . .	250	Do not sail coastwise . . . . .	31
Christ, the picture of . . . . .	66	Do not worship your fine reputa-	
Christ the Saviour . . . . .	235	tion . . . . .	128
Christ the stay of the aged . . . . .	38	Don't watch for evil . . . . .	52
Christ was wonderful in his teach-		Don't worry . . . . .	39
ing . . . . .	47	Door, the, into the mercy of God . . . . .	86
Chronic complainings . . . . .	310	Door, the, of the ancient ark . . . . .	86
Church, a free . . . . .	288	Down, a Christian, is up . . . . .	106
Church, a whole, at prayer . . . . .	127	Down and up . . . . .	348
Church a, for the needy . . . . .	28	Draw your children to Christ . . . . .	87
Church music . . . . .	356	Dr. Talmage's life-purpose and	
Church, the . . . . .	99	work . . . . .	175
Circumstances aggravate sins . . . . .	132	Drunkenness . . . . .	352
Clothing, the, God provides for us . . . . .	193	Duty, the post of . . . . .	358
Colors . . . . .	308	Dying girl, the . . . . .	37
Come and get your sins pardoned . . . . .	142	Dying of great sermons . . . . .	97
Come back . . . . .	164		
Come! come! . . . . .	53	<b>E.</b>	
Communion, the, of Saints . . . . .	79	Early proclivities . . . . .	262
Compass, the . . . . .	302	Earnestness and work . . . . .	17
Confession, the heart's . . . . .	115	Easy in, but not out, of trouble . . . . .	347
Consanguinity, the feeling of . . . . .	109	Easy to go when the time comes,	
Consecration of women . . . . .	277	it is . . . . .	30
Consequences of delay . . . . .	103	Edinburgh, a bed in . . . . .	337
Consider . . . . .	231	Edinburgh and Boston . . . . .	337
Contract, the . . . . .	101	Editor, the . . . . .	270
Converts, the best . . . . .	81	Encouragement for children . . . . .	309
Conviction . . . . .	193		
Country life for ministers . . . . .	161		
Courage, my brother . . . . .	52		
Criticisms of others . . . . .	15		
"Cross Prayers" . . . . .	93		
Cry come! . . . . .	99		





	PAGE		PAGE
Heart, a gambler's . . . . .	308	I have two all-absorbing desires . . . . .	118
Heartfelt writing . . . . .	500	Ill-tempered Christians, and why, . . . . .	22
Heart, the, idolatrous . . . . .	114	Imminence of death . . . . .	239
Heaven prepared for its people . . . . .	192	In a moment . . . . .	62
Heaven, the path to . . . . .	226	Inconsistent Christians . . . . .	163
He came to call sinners . . . . .	137	Inebriate, the . . . . .	355
"He died for me" . . . . .	201	Influence of family prayers . . . . .	280
He is the Lord God Almighty . . . . .	121	Injustice to woman . . . . .	324
Hell felt on earth . . . . .	121	Instinct, the, of prayer . . . . .	70
Helm, the . . . . .	301	Intellect and fashion . . . . .	286
Heroic treatment . . . . .	296	In the right place . . . . .	277
"High life" no pattern . . . . .	233	Invitation, a real . . . . .	278
Hobbies . . . . .	321	Irreligious social influences . . . . .	43
Hoe, the, healthy . . . . .	160	I shall take all the Bible or none . . . . .	89
Home . . . . .	272	Is there one son . . . . .	89
Home and absent . . . . .	263	It is a mighty Gospel . . . . .	134
Homeliness, the, of Christ's preach- ing . . . . .	47	It is a ruinous policy . . . . .	316
Homely earnestness . . . . .	246	It is not hardship . . . . .	84
Honesty rewarded . . . . .	125	It is the simple fact . . . . .	332
Honorable for women to toil . . . . .	318	It was a good day . . . . .	185
Horse Greeley's chance . . . . .	147	I will tell you who I am . . . . .	137
Horse, the, at brook . . . . .	241		
Hour, the happiest . . . . .	108	J.	
How David and other shepherd boys became poets . . . . .	176	Jesus and his cohorts . . . . .	119
How easy . . . . .	33	Jesus and perpetual mirth . . . . .	28
However many children . . . . .	80	Jesus does not shadow . . . . .	124
How God helps . . . . .	98	Jesus in old age . . . . .	107
How impudent Death is . . . . .	239	Jesus never flattered . . . . .	91
How many will you take in . . . . .	233	Jesus suffered . . . . .	46
"How much owest thou unto my Lord?" . . . . .	205	Jesus the sympathizer . . . . .	28
How poorly prepared . . . . .	52	Jewels of God's grace . . . . .	39
How shall you learn to preach? . . . . .	79	Jewels, the lesser, around the greater . . . . .	83
How the farmer disposed of the mystery . . . . .	42	Join some church . . . . .	200
How to get them in . . . . .	89	Judgment and mercy . . . . .	15
How to spoil a child . . . . .	322		
Hurried prayers . . . . .	262	K.	
Husband and wife . . . . .	88	Keep your place . . . . .	261
Husband's slippers and news- paper . . . . .	274	Kilkenny cats at law . . . . .	162
Hymns, the, history of . . . . .	81	Kilkenny cats in the church . . . . .	162
Hypochondria . . . . .	166	King, a rich . . . . .	100
		Knife, the sharp . . . . .	147
I.			
I am in no haste to be gone . . . . .	82	L.	
I am just setting forth a fact . . . . .	88	Landseer's bloodhound . . . . .	289
I am no alarmist . . . . .	86	Lay hold of that Almighty arm . . . . .	211
Icebergs . . . . .	308	Lay hold of the work . . . . .	96
Icy conventionalities . . . . .	68	Learn something new of the Bible . . . . .	184
If God sometimes hides his face . . . . .	326	Legend, a, in Iceland . . . . .	213
If I do my best . . . . .	123	Let children know something . . . . .	310
If our own piety be thin . . . . .	198	Let every man . . . . .	110
If we had had the planning . . . . .	179	Let God be praised for such a Gos- pel . . . . .	69
If we had had the writing of the Bible . . . . .	179	Let Jesus come into your house . . . . .	246
If you are a parent . . . . .	282	Let us all go to preaching . . . . .	327
If you have a microscope . . . . .	124	Lies in trade . . . . .	355
If you would shun an impure life . . . . .	180		
I have seen . . . . .	180		

	PAGE		PAGE
Life a game of ball . . . . .	28	Nature's indications . . . . .	271
Life and a masquerade ball . . . . .	317	Never put upon any one . . . . .	187
Life, a pure . . . . .	354	New York Croton water . . . . .	314
Life-boat, the mission . . . . .	27	Night, the glories of . . . . .	269
Light in the evening . . . . .	42	No condemnation . . . . .	131
Life in "waste places" . . . . .	171	No escape . . . . .	122
Life is too short . . . . .	327	No exceptions . . . . .	56
Life, the . . . . .	281	No ghosts . . . . .	265
Life, the last moment of . . . . .	206	No lie insignificant . . . . .	356
Light, the, of nature not suffi- cient . . . . .	40	None beyond hope . . . . .	211
Light, the, will come . . . . .	125	No right to be gloomy . . . . .	59
"Like the great mountains" . . . . .	205	No shore to God's mercy . . . . .	31
Lion, the . . . . .	342	No sorrows . . . . .	258
Listen to two or three questions . . . . .	162	No summer vacation in religion . . . . .	189
Lively boys . . . . .	283	Not by fretting . . . . .	88
Love to Jesus . . . . .	56	"Nothing to me now" . . . . .	204
Logbook, the . . . . .	303	Not the lazy men . . . . .	206
Long not for the last words . . . . .	189	Now! . . . . .	77
Look, a finite . . . . .	106	Now or never . . . . .	104
Look beyond this world . . . . .	249	Nuisances at the prayer meet- ing . . . . .	247
Loss, the, and gain . . . . .	314		
<b>M.</b>		<b>O.</b>	
Madonna, the . . . . .	294	Object of Sunday-schools . . . . .	187
Make no adjournment . . . . .	191	Object, the one . . . . .	183
Make some one happy . . . . .	187	Of one idea . . . . .	323
Man, a, in the ditch . . . . .	96	Oh, how sin . . . . .	114
Man in the minority . . . . .	169	Oh! it is hard to be without relig- ion . . . . .	38
Man's capacity for enjoyment . . . . .	223	Oh! sing . . . . .	195
Man's measures tested . . . . .	66	Oh! what a Gospel . . . . .	47
Man's wicked discontent . . . . .	52	Oh! what a grand old door! . . . . .	84
Man, the moral . . . . .	133	Oh! what withering . . . . .	59
Many of you are not so well dressed . . . . .	230	Oil villains repenting . . . . .	319
Mare, the, shod . . . . .	290	Old age, the grandeur of . . . . .	35
Mark, the, of the conflict . . . . .	94	Old and new times . . . . .	21
Measuring the grace of God, on . . . . .	30	Old Ashbel Green . . . . .	286
Men are aroused by unexpected means . . . . .	244	Old man, the Christian . . . . .	83
Men, the, and women . . . . .	312	Old paintings, . . . . .	294
Mercy! mercy! mercy! . . . . .	47	One falling leaf . . . . .	48
Mercy, the door of, unlocked . . . . .	232	One reason why I like the Bi- ble . . . . .	224
Message, the . . . . .	90	Ordination, the people's . . . . .	225
Minister, an aged, sold . . . . .	218	Oriental wells . . . . .	254
Ministers human . . . . .	17	Others to take their places . . . . .	47
Ministers' sunshine . . . . .	153	Our birthplace . . . . .	276
Ministry, the, of Christ . . . . .	77	Our children's troubles . . . . .	124
Missionary, a . . . . .	106	Our churches need to unlim- ber . . . . .	95
Mission chapels . . . . .	26	Our Church principles . . . . .	100
Model exhortation . . . . .	176	Our every life is a sermon . . . . .	311
More lost than born . . . . .	99	Our first horse . . . . .	195
More than a universe . . . . .	133	Our King and theirs . . . . .	117
More troops for the battle . . . . .	253	Our King encouraging us . . . . .	78
Morning in the country . . . . .	153	Our life . . . . .	351
Mount Washington . . . . .	154	Our measures to be adjudged . . . . .	66
Mrs. Cunard's prayers . . . . .	53	Our peril . . . . .	61
Multitudes, the, of the saved "My theology" . . . . .	95	Our religion . . . . .	57
		Our tabernacle . . . . .	263
		Our vintage . . . . .	197
		Our wondrous physical organiza- tion . . . . .	174
		Overwork, the sin of . . . . .	146
<b>N.</b>			
Napoleon's tomb . . . . .	338		
Nature, Christ's servant . . . . .	67		

P.		PAGE
Palsae, a, for Christ . . . . .	188	244
Panorama, the heavenly . . . . .	68	182
Parion of God, the . . . . .	31	160
Parisian splendors . . . . .	341	
Parting, the last . . . . .	199	
Pastor and parishioner . . . . .	344	
Password at the gate of heaven, there will be a . . . . .	37	
Pearls from great depths . . . . .	39	
People who have had it their own way . . . . .	94	
People who ought not to be there, . . . . .	81	
Personal experience . . . . .	71	
Personal preaching . . . . .	141	
Physical and moral evil . . . . .	305	
Pictures, on certain . . . . .	287	
Pigs . . . . .	196	
Pilot, the . . . . .	303	
Place, in the wrong . . . . .	256	
Plague, a . . . . .	75	
Post-mortem justice . . . . .	288	
Power of deep religious experi- ence . . . . .	198	
Power of example . . . . .	219	
Power of forgiveness . . . . .	216	
Power, O the, of an iniquitous pen . . . . .	350	
Power, the world's deadly . . . . .	142	
Prayer, and God's power . . . . .	228	
Prayer for our children will be an- swered . . . . .	282	
Prayer impotent . . . . .	72	
Prayer is not . . . . .	138	
Prayer is the chalice . . . . .	128	
Prayer must be accompanied by means . . . . .	70	
Prayer, the, that is mockery . . . . .	70	
Pray for patience . . . . .	185	
Praying and working . . . . .	16	
Fresh Christ . . . . .	256	
Preaching in the abstract . . . . .	263	
Preaching which told . . . . .	250	
Preaching with gloves on . . . . .	113	
Preparation for the journey . . . . .	238	
Preparing for the voyage to heaven . . . . .	301	
Pride of the church, the . . . . .	37	
Prize, a . . . . .	123	
Protest, a . . . . .	236	
Providence, or Fate . . . . .	161	
Provide plenty of fresh air . . . . .	131	
Frow, the . . . . .	301	
Prudent, the worldly . . . . .	141	
Pulpit, the, a barrier . . . . .	53	
Put your bible down on your coun- ters . . . . .	44	
Pythagoras . . . . .	168	
Q.		
Question, a . . . . .	231	
Question, a momentous . . . . .	60	
Question, the great . . . . .	226	
Question, the scoffer's . . . . .	244	
Quickly we fly toward eternity . . . . .	182	
Quiet, the, country air . . . . .	160	
R.		
Ragamuffins, the . . . . .	311	
Raphael, a . . . . .	292	
Read it as it is . . . . .	90	
Read your bible in the sunshine . . . . .	60	
Rebuke, Dr. Ludlow's . . . . .	277	
Reckless drivers . . . . .	140	
Recovery, a wonderful . . . . .	71	
Redemption of the outcast . . . . .	226	
Reed, the bruised . . . . .	147	
" Rejoice evermore . . . . .	267	
Religion and joy . . . . .	25	
Religion, a robust . . . . .	99	
Religion as a force . . . . .	25	
Religion brightens the world . . . . .	126	
Religion in business . . . . .	143	
Religion in summer . . . . .	191	
Religious influences of spring . . . . .	192	
Religious spooks . . . . .	279	
Religious suggestions of autumn . . . . .	189	
Remarkable awakenings . . . . .	278	
Responsibilities for children . . . . .	82	
Responsibilities of newspaper men . . . . .	146	
Restitution . . . . .	239	
Rich, the, hard workers . . . . .	228	
Rigging, the running . . . . .	302	
Righteous indignation . . . . .	165	
Righteous, the, who have been scorned . . . . .	45	
Right, the, and the wrong side . . . . .	155	
Rights, the, of animals . . . . .	172	
Rivalry . . . . .	309	
Rock of ages, the, turns the bal- ance . . . . .	62	
Room, a bright . . . . .	189	
Rosa Bonheur's hay scene . . . . .	291	
Roughing it . . . . .	239	
Ruin, the way to, is cheap . . . . .	350	
Rum on New Years . . . . .	307	
S.		
Sabbath hour, this . . . . .	77	
Sabbath, your last . . . . .	22	
Sabbath Breakers . . . . .	260	
Sabbath, Lord's work on . . . . .	360	
Safeguard, the children's . . . . .	227	
Sails, the . . . . .	301	
Salvation and work . . . . .	13	
Salvation by truth . . . . .	21	
Santiago, the fire at Satan . . . . .	110	
Satan has got thousands of men into trouble . . . . .	353	
" Saved as by fire" . . . . .	78	
School, the, of work . . . . .	149	
Scientific preaching . . . . .	235	
	67	



U.		PAGE	PAGE	
Uncleanness in high life . . . . .		352	White lies . . . . . 299	
Undertaking, the most stupen- dous . . . . .	118		Who! . . . . . 107	
Unending rest . . . . .	199		Who blasted that home? . . . . . 305	
Unexplained mysteries . . . . .	41		Who is that man . . . . . 304	
Unforgiven, the . . . . .	82		“Whomsoever” . . . . . 56	
University, the best . . . . .	145		Whoever slanders the world slanders God . . . . . 188	
Ups and downs of life . . . . .	181		Why more men are not saved . . . . . 112	
Upsetal, an . . . . .	325		Wife, a good . . . . . 203	
Use of trials . . . . .	94		William Pennington . . . . . 226	
Use your power for good . . . . .	151		William the Conqueror . . . . . 101	
V.			Wings, the, of God are broad wings . . . . . 46	
Village, the . . . . .	157		Winter in great cities . . . . . 304	
Villainy to women . . . . .	324		Wise for time—foolish for eternity 229	
Voice, the echoing . . . . .	32		Witnesses to prayer . . . . . 72	
Vulture, the, in the soul . . . . .	60		With bridled passions . . . . . 165	
W.			Woe for the unregenerate . . . . . 54	
Waiting for the last train, on . . . . .	26		Women among heathen and among Christians . . . . . 257	
Want, the, is Jesus . . . . .	239		Women among the soldiers . . . . . 270	
Warning . . . . .	20		Woman, a poor old . . . . . 98	
Waste, a, of strength . . . . .	61		Woman, a queenly . . . . . 270	
Water an emblem . . . . .	108		Woman at home . . . . . 275	
Weakness, the, of human help . . . . .	166		Woman in the camp . . . . . 277	
We are indicted . . . . .	115		Womanly activity . . . . . 262	
We cannot dragoon men into hea- ven . . . . .	68		Woman on the battle-field . . . . . 259	
We die in concert . . . . .	48		Woman's sphere . . . . . 258	
Wedding, a . . . . .	123		Wood, the, of the cross . . . . . 127	
Wedding, the great . . . . .	120		Workers educated and not edu- cated . . . . . 251	
Weep not for the Christian dead . . . . .	191		Work for each denomination . . . . . 83	
We fall to rise . . . . .	49		Work for women . . . . . 279	
We find what we look for . . . . .	155		Work of comfort . . . . . 101	
We'll, the, of Christian comfort . . . . .	192		Work, the . . . . . 68	
We pluck some of our best com- forts . . . . .	188		Work, the best . . . . . 68	
We treat our sins too politely . . . . .	353		World, an entertaining . . . . . 243	
What a blessed thing . . . . .	40		Worldly honors hollow . . . . . 209	
What are you doing, O Christian men? . . . . .	136		World, the, is off the track . . . . . 214	
What does God do with our pray- ers? . . . . .	136		World, the, to be tested . . . . . 74	
What do we know about happi- ness? . . . . .	83		Work of a child-soul . . . . . 192	
What is not burned up . . . . .	264		Would not it be pleasant . . . . . 89	
What is prayer? . . . . .	127		Wrestling with the giant habit . . . . . 92	
What ministers know . . . . .	74		Y.	
What without Christ? . . . . .	246		Year, the last . . . . . 222	
When a leper . . . . .	217		Ye who have taught your children how to live . . . . . 88	
When Elizabeth Fry . . . . .	119		Yonder is a man . . . . . 80	
When Garibaldi . . . . .	180		You cannot get away from the care of God . . . . . 46	
When Jesus left heaven . . . . .	119		You may hang . . . . . 108	
When Satan goes a fishing . . . . .	64		You may have had a letter . . . . . 299	
Where the Nile overflows . . . . .	127		Young men, O . . . . . 77	
When we go others take our spheres . . . . .	48		Young men who are prayed for . . . . . 70	
When you can die for me . . . . .	135		Young souls the most valuable . . . . . 185	
Where will you spend eternity? . . . . .	250		Young, the, to take our places . . . . . 48	
Which road? . . . . .	141		Your heart taken for Christ . . . . . 211	
Whispering gallery, a . . . . .	90		Your mother's religion . . . . . 275	
			Your orthodox wont save you . . . . . 65	
			Yours is a sinning heart . . . . . 211	
			You shall not rob me of a single word . . . . . 49	
			You will not turn your back on suffering . . . . . 129	

## TALMAGE'S GEMS.

---

**SALVATION AND WORK.**—If we want the Lord Jesus mightily to enter this church, we must cast aside our spirit of indolence. Oh, there is a great work to do—never so much as now. Look all around you! Was the field ever so white with the harvest as now? Were they ever so many men waiting just to be invited into the kingdom of God, ready to come at the first calling? The tendency is for us to come in on board the ship Zion, wrap ourselves in a rug and sit down by the smoke-stack, expecting to be voyaged across without any effort on our part. We have got to work our passage. We must lay hold of a rope, or turn a wheel, or scour a deck. While I recognize the truth that nothing but the almighty grace of God can save our souls, I remember there is something for us to do, just as certainly as the Bible declares: “Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.”

“A FIELD FOR EVERY ONE.”—Are we ready? I don't say what your field is, but there is some one field for you to cultivate—a field which no one else can take. Helmet on head, girdle on waist, hand on sword, strike for your Lord.

**TAKE JESUS AT HIS WORD.**—In order to have Jesus come in, bid away your spirit of unbelief.

There is nothing that makes you so angry as, when you state a thing, to have a man disbelieve you. Whether he says anything or not, if by his action he shows you that he does not believe what you say, you are very greatly displeased. How do you suppose the Lord Jesus feels when he promises us everything for our own souls and the souls of this people, and we, as a church, sit as though we do not believe him ?

**BE NOT SWIFT TO JUDGE.**—When you hear evil of any one, suspend judgment. Do not decide till you have heard the man's defence. Do not run out to meet every heated whelp of malice that runs with its head down and its tongue out. The probability is that it is mad, and will only bite those who attempt to entertain it.

**DIFFERENT TEMPTATIONS.**—Be lenient with the fallen. You see a brother fall, and say, "I never could have done that!" Perhaps you could not, because your temptation does not happen to be in that direction, but you have done things in the course of your life that these fallen men could never have done, because their temptation was not in that direction.

**BOASTING.**—Do not say in boasting, "I never could have done such a thing as that!" You don't know what you would do if sufficiently tempted. You have an infinite soul-force. If grace direct it, a force for the right; if evil influences seize upon it, a terrific force for the wrong. There are passions within your soul that have never been unchained. Look out if once they slip their cables.



**CRITICISMS OF OTHERS.**—In our criticisms of others, let us remember that we have faults which our friends have excused. How much would be left of us if all those who see inconsistencies in us should clip away from our character and reputation! It is an invariable rule that those who make the roughest work with the names of others are those who have themselves the most imperfections.

**JUDGMENT AND MERCY.**—We ought to be induced away from all harshness by the fact that we ourselves are to be brought into high tribunal at the last, and that he shall have judgment without mercy that has shown no mercy. You are accustomed with rough grip violently to shake men for their misdeeds, waiting for no palliations, and listening to no appeals. What will become of you when, at last, with all your imperfections you appear at the bar of your Maker?

**CHRIST IN SYMPATHY WITH US.**—The Divine nature is so vast, and the human so small, that we are apt to think that they do not touch each other at any point. We might have never so many mishaps, the government at Washington would not hear of them; and there are multitudes in Britain whose troubles Victoria never knows, but there is a throne against which strike our most insignificant perplexities. What touches us, touches Christ. What annoys us, annoys Christ. What robs us, robs Christ. He is the great nerve centre to which thrill all sensations which touch us who are his members.

**CHRIST NEAREST THE WEAK.**—It is comforting to know that it is not the great and the learned and the eloquent that Christ seems to stand closest by.

PRAYING AND WORKING.—I had a man in my congregation once who used to pray for me by the half-hour that I might be blest in my basket and store, and in my store and basket, and he never gave a cent of salary. I knew a man twenty-five years ago who gave three cents to the Foreign Missionary Society, and he has sat in blank astonishment ever since that the world has not been converted.

THOUGHTS WANDERING IN PRAYER.—Nothing bothers the Christian more than the imperfections of his prayers. His getting down on his knees seems to be the signal for his thoughts to fly every whither. While praying about one thing he is thinking about another. Could you ever keep your mind ten minutes on one supplication? I never could. While you are praying, your store comes in, your kitchen comes, your losses and gains come in. The minister spreads his hands for prayer, and you put your head on the back of the pew in front, and travel around the world in five minutes. A brother rises in prayer-meeting to lead in supplication. After he has begun the door slams, and you peep through your fingers to see who is coming in. You say to yourself, "What a finely expressed prayer," or "What a blundering specimen! But how long he keeps on! Wish he would stop! He prays for the world's conversion. I wonder how much he gives for it? There! I don't think I turned the gas down in the parlor. Wonder if Bridget has got home yet. Wonder if they have thought to take the cake out of the oven!" or, "What a fool I was to put my name on the back of that note! Ought to have sold those

goods for cash, and not on credit!" And so you go on thinking over one thing after another until the gentleman says "Amen!" and you lift up your head saying, "There! I haven't prayed a bit. I am not a Christian." Yes you are, if you have resisted the tendency. Christ knows how much you have resisted, and how thoroughly we are descended of sin, and he will pick out the one earnest petition from the rubbish and answer it. To the very depth of his nature he sympathizes with the infirmity of our prayers.

**EARNESTNESS AND WORK**—Our work does not amount to much. We teach a class, or distribute a bundle of tracts, or preach a sermon, and say, "Oh, if I had done it some other way!" Christ will make no record of our bungling way if we did the best we could. He will make record of our intention and the earnestness of our attempt. We cannot get the attention of our class, or we break down in our exhortation, or our sermon falls dead, and we go home disgusted and sorry; we try to speak, and feel Christ is afar off. Why he is nearer than if we had succeeded, for he knows that we need sympathy, and is touched with our infirmity.

**MINISTERS HUMAN**.—Congregations sometimes mourn over dull preaching when themselves are to blame. Give your minister more beef-steak, and he will have more fire. Next to the divine unction, the minister needs blood, and he cannot make that out of tough leather. One reason why the apostles preached so powerfully was that they had healthy food. Fish was cheap along Galilee, and this, with unbolted bread, gave them plenty of phosphorus for

brain food. These early ministers were not invited out to late suppers, with chicken salad and dough-nuts. Nobody ever embroidered slippers for the big foot of Simon Peter, the fisherman preacher. Tea parties, with hot waffles, at ten o'clock at night, make namby-pamby ministers; but good hours and substantial diet, that furnish nitrates for the muscle, and phosphates for the brain, and carbonates for the whole frame, prepare a man for effective work. When the water is low the mill-wheel goes slow; but a full race, and how fast the grists are ground. In a man the arteries are the mill-race, and the brain the wheel; and the practical work of life is the grist ground. The reason our soldiers failed in some of the battles was because their stomachs had been innocent for several days of everything but "hard tack." See that your minister has a full haversack. Feed him on gruel during the week, and on Sunday he will give you gruel. What is called the "parson's nose" in a turkey or fowl is an allegory setting forth that in many communities the minister comes out behind.

God's SHADOW.—It is our misfortune that we mistake God's shadow for the night. If a man come and stand between you and the sun, his shadow falls upon you. So God sometimes comes in and stands between us and worldly successes, and his shadow falls upon us, and we wrongly think that it is night. As a father in a garden stoops down to kiss a child, the shadow of his body falls upon it, and so many of the dark misfortunes of our life are not God going away from us, but our heavenly Father stooping

down to give us the kiss of his infinite and everlasting love.

**GOD NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS.**—Thank God there is mercy for the poor! The great Dr. John Mason preached over a hundred times the same sermon, and the text was, "To the poor the gospel is preached." Lazarus went up while Dives went down; and there are candidates for imperial splendors in the back alley and by the peat fire of the Irish shanty. King Jesus set up his throne in a manger and made a resurrection day for the poor widow of Nain, and sprang the gate of heaven wide open, so that all the beggars and thieves and scoundrels of the universe may come in if they only repent.

**THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.**—Christ is the only refuge. If you were very sick, and there was only one medicine that would cure you, how anxious you would be to get that medicine. If you were in a storm at sea, and you found that the ship could not weather it, and there was only one harbor, how anxious you would be to get into that harbor. O, sin-sick soul, Christ is the only medicine; O, storm-tossed soul, Christ is the only harbor.

**WRONG TO CHEAT.**—A young man goes into a store where there are sharpers. He is told by the head man in the store that it is very wrong to cheat unless you can do it well; that a lie is very wicked unless it is smart; that all you want to make goods French is to put on a French label. Well, the honest young man from the country stands at the counter and points out all the good qualities of the goods

and becomes an excellent salesman. He says: "There is nothing like those goods in the city;" but he has better on the next shelf. "Those goods," he continues, "we are now selling less than cost, although we do not like to do it, and they will wash." Yes, they will wash out. The customer takes the goods and thinks he has got a good bargain; while the clerk goes into the counting-room and says: "We have got rid of those goods at last; I really thought we never should sell them." The managing man says, "Splendid! Splendid! Go up and be first clerk." One day the members of the firm come to the store, and find that the safe is robbed, and ask, "Where is the head clerk?" The reply is, "He has not been here this morning." And he never will be there. It is a poor rule that won't work both ways. He has fleeced customers five years, and he has now turned his hand upon his employer. "It is always wrong to cheat, unless you can do it well!" was the motto of that firm.

**WARNING.**—I stand before a company of imperilled men. No flock of sheep was ever so threatened, or endangered of a pack of wolves; no ship was ever so beaten of a storm; no company of men was ever so environed of a band of savages. A refuge you must have, or fall before an all-devouring destruction. There are not so many serpents in Africa; there are not so many hyenas in Asia; there are not so many panthers in the forest, as there are transgressions attacking thy soul.

**GRACE.**—Christ is on a throne of grace. Our case is brought before him. The question is asked:

Is there any good about this man?" The law says, "None." Justice says, "None." Nevertheless Christ hands over our pardon, and asks us to take it. Oh! the height and depth, the length and breadth, of his mercy.

SALVATION BY TRUTH.—Why be riddled and shelled and consumed, under the rattling bombardment of perdition, when one moment's faith would plant you in the glorious refuge?

OLD AND NEW TUNES.—The old tunes ought to be ashamed of themselves when compared with our modern beauties. Let Dundee and Portuguese Hymn and Silver Street hide their heads beside what we heard not long ago in a church—just where I shall not tell. The minister read the hymn beautifully. The organ began, and the choir sang, as near as I could understand, as follows:—

Oo—aw—gee—bah  
 Ah—me—la—he  
 O—pah—sah—dah  
 Wo—haw—gee—e—e.

My wife, seated beside me, did not like the music. But I said, "What beautiful sentiment! My dear, it is a pastoral. You might have known that from 'Wo—haw—gee!' You have had your taste ruined by attending the Brooklyn tabernacle." The choir repeated the last line of the hymn four times. Then the prima donna leaped on to the first line, and slipped, and fell on to the second, and that broke and let her through into the third. The other voices came in to pick her up and got into a grand wrangle, and the bass and the soprano had it for about ten seconds, but the soprano beat (women

always do), and the bass rolled down into the cellar, and the soprano went up into the garret, but the latter kept on squalling as though the bass, in leaving her, had wickedly torn out all her back hair. I felt anxious about the soprano, and looked back to see if she had fainted, but found her reeling in the arms of a young man who looked strong enough to take care of her.

**THE HOT AXLE.**—Men make the mistake of working according to their opportunities, and not according to their capacity of endurance. "Can I run this train from Springfield to Boston at the rate of fifty miles an hour?" says an engineer. Yes! "Then I will run it, reckless of consequences." Can I be a merchant, and the president of a bank, and a director in a life insurance company, and a school commissioner, and help edit a paper, and supervise the politics of our ward, and run for Congress? "I can!" the man says to himself. The store drives him. He takes all the scoldings and frets and exasperations of each position. Some day, at the height of the business season, he does not come to the store; from the most important meeting of the bank directors he is absent. In the excitement of the political canvass he fails to be at the place appointed. What is the matter? His health has broken down. The train halts long before it gets to the station. A hot axle!

**ILL-TEMPERED CHRISTIANS, AND WHY.**—Some of the worst-tempered people of the day are religious people, from the fact that they have no rest. Added to the necessary work of the world they superintend



two Sunday-schools, listen to two sermons, and every night have meetings of charitable and Christian institutions. They look after the beggars, hold conventions, speak at meetings, wait on ministers, serve as committee-men, take all the hypercriticisms that inevitably come to earnest workers, rush up and down the world, and develop their hearts at the expense of all their other functions. They are the best men on earth, and Satan knows it, and is trying to kill them as fast as possible. They know not that it is as much a duty to take care of their health as to go to the sacrament. It is as much a sin to commit suicide with the sword of truth as with the pistol.

**FIVE INSTEAD OF THIRTY.**—Our earthly life is a treasure to be guarded. It is an outrageous thing to die when we ought to live. There is no use in firing up a Cunarder to such a speed that the boiler bursts mid-Atlantic, when at more moderate rate it might have reached the docks of Liverpool. It is a sin to try to do the work of thirty years in five.

**TRYING TO DO TOO MUCH.**—Some of our young people have read till they are crazed of learned blacksmiths who, at the forge, conquered thirty languages, and of shoemakers who, pounding sole-leather, got to be philosophers; and milliners who, while their customers were at the glass trying on their spring hats, wrote a volume of first-rate poems. The fact is, no blacksmith ought to be troubled with more than five languages; and instead of shoemakers becoming philosophers, we would like to turn our surplus of philosophers into shoemakers; and the supply of poetry is so much greater than the demand,

that we wish milliners would stick to their business. Extraordinary examples of work and endurance may do as much harm as good. Because Napoleon slept only three hours a night, hundreds 'of students have tried the experiment ; but instead of Austerlitz and Saragossa, there came of it only a sick headache and a botch of recitation. We are told of how many books a man can read in the five spare minutes before breakfast, and the ten minutes at noon ; but I wish some one could tell us how much rest a man can get in fifteen minutes after dinner, or how much health in an hour's horseback ride, or how much fun in a Saturday afternoon of cricket. He who has such an idea of the value of time that he takes none of it for rest, wastes all his time.

CHRIST AND YOUR FRIEND.—If we want Christ to come mightily in our presence, we need clear away all our preconceived notions as to how he shall come. If we invite a friend to our house we don't criticize the way he opens the door. We don't care how he bows when he enters the room. We are glad to welcome him in whatever door he may come and in whatever way he may come. I don't know, my brothers and sisters in Christ, in what way Jesus wants to come to us. I don't know whether it is through the praying circle, or through the Sabbath-school class, or through the exhortation of some brother in Christ who has never been here before, or through some song of Zion, or through the heart of some man of the world who may be in this room for the first time, anxious about his soul's salvation. I don't care how he comes, but, Lord Jesus, come quickly!

RELIGION A FORCE.—Our religion has often been misrepresented as a principle of tears, and mildness and fastidiousness; afraid of crossing people's prejudices; afraid of making somebody mad; with silken gloves lifting the people up from the church-pew into glory, as though they were Bohemian glass, so very delicate that with one touch it may be demolished forever! Men speak of religion as though it were a refined imbecility; as though it were a spiritual chloroform that the people were to take until the sharp cutting of life were over. The Bible, so far from this, represents the religion of Christ as robust and brawny—ransacking and upsetting ten thousand things that now seem to be settled on firm foundations. I hear some man in the house say, "I thought Religion was *Peace*." That is the final result. A man's arm is out of place. Two men come, and with great effort put it back to the socket. It goes back with great pain. Then it gets well. Our world is horribly disordered and out of joint. It must come under an omnipotent surgery, beneath which there will be pain and anguish before there can come perfect health and quiet.

RELIGION AND JOY.—As religion comes in at the front door, mirth and laughter will not go out of the back door. It will not hobble the children's feet. John will laugh just as loud; and George will jump higher than he ever did before. It will steal from the little ones neither ball nor bat, nor hoop, nor kite. It will establish a family altar. Angels will hover over it. Ladders of light will reach down to it. The glory of heaven will stream upon it. The

books of remembrance will record it; and tides of everlasting blessedness will pour from it.

ON WAITING FOR THE LAST TRAIN.—*Never take the last train when you can help it.* Much of the trouble in life is caused by the fact that people, in their engagements, wait till the last minute. The seven-o'clock train will take them to the right place if everything goes straight, but in this world things are very apt to go crooked. So you had better take the train that starts an hour earlier. In everything we undertake let us leave a little margin. Do not calculate too closely on possibilities. Better have room and time to spare. Do not take the last train. Not heeding this counsel makes bad work for this world and the next. There are many lines of communication between earth and heaven. Men say they can start any time. After a while, in great excitement, they rush into the depot of mercy, and find that the final opportunity has left, and behold! it is the last train!

MISSION CHAPELS.—Says some one: "We are establishing a great many missions, and I think they will save the masses." No; they will not! Five hundred thousand of them will not do it! They are doing a magnificent work; but every mission chapel is a confession of the disease and weakness of the Church. It is making a dividing line between the classes. It is saying to the rich and to the well-conditioned, "If you can pay your pew rents, come to the main audience-room." It is saying to the poor man, "Your coat is too bad, and your shoes are not good enough. If you want to get to heaven, you

will have to go by the way of the mission chapel." The mission chapel has become the kitchen, where the Church does its sloppy work. There are hundreds and thousands of churches in this country—gorgeously built and supported—that, even on bright and sunshiny days, are not half full of worshippers; and yet they are building mission chapels, because, by some expressed or implied regulation, the great masses of the people are kept out of the main audience-room. Mission chapels are a necessity, the way churches are now conducted; but may God speed the time when they shall cease to be a necessity!

THE PRIDE OF THE CHURCH.—The pride of the Church must come down! The exclusiveness of the Church must come down! The financial boastings of the Church must come down! If monetary success were the chief idea in the Church, then I say that the present modes of conducting finances were the best. If it is to see how many dollars you can gain, then the present mode is the best. But if it is the saving of souls from sin and death, and bringing the mighty populations of our cities to the knowledge of God, then I cry, *Revolution!*

THE MISSION LIFE-BOAT.—The sea is covered with wrecks, and multitudes are drowning. We come out with the Church life-boat, and the people begin to clamber in, and we shout, "Stop! stop! You must think it costs nothing to keep a life-boat. Those seats at the prow are one dollar apiece, these in the middle fifty cents, and those seats in the stern two shillings. Please to pay up, or else flounder on a little longer till the mission-boat whose work it is

to save you penniless wretches shall come along and pick you up. We save only first-class sinners in this boat."

**A CHURCH FOR THE NEEDEY.**—Rather than be priding myself on a church in front of which there shall halt fifty splendid equipages on the Sabbath-day, I would have a church up to whose gates there should come a long procession of the suffering, and the stricken, and the dying, begging for admittance.

**JESUS THE SYMPATHETIC.**—JESUS of the white locks is sympathetic with all those who have white locks. If you get weary in life, here is an arm to lean upon. If your eyes get dim, he will pick out the way for you. He will never leave you. He will never forsake those who put their trust in him.

**JESUS AND PERPETUAL YOUTH.**—Mythology tells us of one who got aged, and they tried to make him young again. And so they took herbs, and they took fragments of owls and wolves, and put them in a caldron and stirred them up, and gave some to the man, and instantly his hair was blackened, his eyes brightened, his forehead smoothed, and his foot bounded like the roe. But the Gospel intimates that if a man knows Jesus Christ in his soul, he shall never get old, or having got old before he came to Jesus, he shall be made young again.

**LIFE A GAME OF BALL.**—In one sense, life is a great "game of ball." We all choose sides, and gather into denominational and political parties. We take our places on the ball-ground. Some are to pitch: they are the radicals. Some are to catch:

they are the conservatives. Some are to strike: they are those fond of polemics and battle. Some are to run: they are the candidates. There are four hunks: youth, manhood, old age, and death. Some one takes the bat, lifts it, and strike for the prize, and misses it; while the man who was behind catches it and goes in. This man takes his turn at the bat, sees the flying ball of success, takes good aim, and strikes it high, amid the clapping of all the spectators. We all have a chance at the ball. Some of us run to all the four hunks, from youth to manhood, from manhood to old age, from old age to death. At the first hunk, we bound with uncontrollable mirth; coming to the second, we run with a slower but stronger tread; coming to the third, our step is feeble; coming to the fourth, our breath entirely gives out. We throw down the bat on the black hunk of death, and in the evening, catchers and pitchers go home to find the family gathered and the food prepared. So may we all find the candles lighted, and the table set, and the old folks at home!

GO WHERE THE FISH ARE.—The Church of God has been fishing along the shore. We set our net in a good, calm place, and in sight of a fine chapel, and we go down every Sunday to see if the fish have been wise enough to come into our net. We might learn something from that boy with his hook and line. He throws his line from the bridge: no fish. He sits down on a log: no fish. He stands in the sunlight and casts the line; but no fish. He goes up by the mill-dam, and stands behind the bank,

where the fish cannot see him, and he has hardly dropped the hook before the cork goes under. The fish come to him as fast as he can throw them ashore. In other words, in our Christian work, why do we not go where *the fish are*? It is not so easy to catch souls in church, for they know that we are trying to take them. If you can throw your line out into the world where they are not expecting you, they will be captured.

TELL GOD WHAT YOU WANT, with the feeling that he is ready to give it, and believe that you will receive, and you shall have it. Shed that old prayer you have been making these ten years. It is high time that you outgrew it. Throw it aside with your old ledgers, and your old hats, and your old shoes. Take a review of your present wants, of your present sins, and of your present blessings.

ON MEASURING THE GRACE OF GOD.—Men talk of the grace of God as though it were so many yards long and so many yards deep. People point to the dying thief as an encouragement to the sinner. How much better it would be to point to our own case and say, "If God saved us, he can save anybody."

IT IS EASY TO GO WHEN THE TIME COMES. There are no ropes thrown out to pull us ashore; there are no ladders let down to pull us up. Christ comes, and takes us by the hand, and says, "You have had enough of this; come up higher." Do you hurt a lily when you pluck it? Is there any rudeness when Jesus touches the cheek, and the red rose of health whitens into the lily of immortal purity and gladness?



THE PARDON OF GOD.—People talk as though the pardon of God was a narrow river, like the Kennebec or the Thames, and that their sin draws too much water to enter it. No; it is not a river, nor a bay, but a sea.

GOD'S TABLE.—The round table of King Arthur and his knights had room for only thirteen banqueters; but the round table of God's supply is large enough for all the present inhabitants of earth and heaven to sit at, and for the still mightier populations that are yet to be.

NO SHORE TO GOD'S MERCY.—O this mercy of God! I am told it is an ocean. Then I place on it four swift-sailing craft, with compass, and charts, and choice rigging, and skillful navigators, and I tell them to launch away, and discover for me the extent of this ocean. That craft puts out in one direction, and sails to the north; this to the south; this to the east; this to the west. They crowd on all their canvases, and sail ten thousand years, and one day come up the harbor of heaven, and I shout to them from the beach, "Have you found the shore?" and they answer, "No shore to God's mercy!" Swift angels attempt to go across it. For a million years they fly and fly, and then come back and fold their wings at the foot of the throne, and cry, "No shore! no shore to God's mercy!"

DO NOT SAIL COAST-WISE along your old habits and old sins. Keep clear of the shore. Go out where the water is deepest. "Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you forgiveness of sins." I preach it with as

much confidence to that eighty-year-old transgressor as to this maiden. Though your sins were blood-red, they shall be snow-white. The more ragged the prodigal, the more compassionate the father. Do you say that you are too bad? The high-water mark of God's pardon is higher than all your transgressions. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sins." Do you say that your heart is hard? Suppose it were ten times harder. Do you say that your iniquity is long-continued? Suppose it were ten times longer. Do you say that your crimes are black? Suppose that they were ten times blacker. Is there any lion that this Samson cannot slay? Is there any fortress that this Conqueror cannot take? Is there any sin this Redeemer cannot pardon?

THE ECHOING VOICE.—Dr. Prime, in his book entitled "Around the World," describes a tomb in India of marvellous architecture. Twenty thousand men were twenty-two years in erecting that and the buildings around it. Standing in that tomb, if you speak or sing, after you have ceased you hear the echo coming from the height of one hundred and fifty feet. It is not like other echoes. The sound is drawn out in sweet prolongation, as though the angels of God were chanting on the wing. How many souls here to-day, in the tomb of sin, will lift up the voice of penitence and prayer? If now they would cry unto God, the echo would drop from afar—not struck from the marble cupola of an earthly mausoleum, but sounding back from the warm heart of angels, flying with the news; for there is joy among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth!

**THE CHRISTIAN OLD MAN.**—I think the most beautiful object on earth is an old Christian—the hair white, not with the frosts of winter, but with the blossoms of the tree of life. I never feel sorry for a Christian old man. Why feel sorry for those upon whom the glories of the eternal world are about to burst?

**HOW EASY.**—It is astonishing how easy it is for a good soul to enter heaven. A prominent business man in Philadelphia went home one afternoon, lay down on the lounge, and said, “It is time for me to go.” He was very aged. His daughter said to him, “Are you sick?” He said, “No; but it is time for me to go. Have John put it in two of the morning papers, that my friends may know that I am gone. Good-by;” and as quick as that, God had taken him.

**THE DOOM OF DISHONESTY.**—You have an old photograph of the signs on your street. Why have those signs nearly all changed within the last twenty years? Does the passing away of a generation account for it? Oh! no. Does the fact that there are hundreds of honest men who go down every year account for it? Oh! no. This is the secret: The Lord God has been walking through Wall Street, Broadway, Water Street, Fulton Street, Atlantic Street; and he has been adjusting things according to the principles of eternal rectitude. The time will come when, through the revolutionary power of this Gospel, a falsehood, instead of being called exaggeration, equivocation, or evasion, will be branded a lie! And stealings, that now sometimes go under the head of percentages, and commissions, and bonuses,

will be put into the catalogue of State-prison offences. Society will be turned inside-out and upside-down, and ransacked of God's truth, until business dishonesties shall come to an end, and all double-dealing; and God will overturn, and overturn, and overturn; and commercial men in all circles will throw up their hands, crying out, "These that have turned the world upside-down are come hither."

THE BIBLE THE ONLY STANDARD OF RIGHT.— Find me fifty merchants, and you find that they have fifty standards of what is right and wrong. You say to some one about a merchant, "Is he honest?" "Oh! yes," the man says, "he is honest; but he grinds the faces of his clerks. He is honest; but he exaggerates the value of his goods. He is honest; but he loans money on bond and mortgage with the understanding that the mortgage can lie quiet for ten years, but as soon as he gets the mortgage, he records it and begins a foreclosure suit, and the sheriff's writ comes down, and the day of sale arrives, and away goes the homestead, and the creditor buys it in at half-price." Honest? when he loaned the money he knew that he would get the homestead at half-price. Honest; but he goes to the insurance office to get a policy on his life, and tells the doctor that he is well, when he knows that for ten years he has had but one lung. Honest; though he sells property by the map, forgetting to tell the purchaser that the ground is all under water; but it is generous in him to do that, for he throws the water into the bargain. Ah! my friends, there is but one standard of the everlastingly right and of the ever-

lastingly wrong, and that is the Bible; and when that principle shall get its pry under our commercial houses, I believe that one half of them will go over.

THE GRANDEUR OF OLD AGE—Blessed old age, if you let it come naturally. The grandest things in all the universe are old. Old mountains; old rivers; old seas; old stars, and an old eternity. Then do not be ashamed to be old, unless you are older than the mountains, and older than the stars.

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

ANTICIPATION OF THE END OF EVIL.—I want to see John Howard when the last prisoner is reformed; I want to see Florence Nightingale when the last sabre-wound has stopped hurting; I want to see William Penn when the last Indian has been civilized; I want to see John Huss when the last flame of persecution has been extinguished; I want to see John Bunyan after the last pilgrim has come to the gate of the celestial city; above all, I want to see Jesus after the last saint has his throne, and has begun to sing *Hallelujah!*

THE EVENING OF THE WORLD.—You have watched the calmness and the glory of the evening hour.

The laborers have come from the field. The heavens are glowing with an indescribable effulgence, as though the sun in departing had forgotten to shut the gate after it. All the beauty of cloud and leaf swim in the lake. For a star in the sky, a star in the water; heaven above, and heaven beneath. Not a leaf rustling, or a bee humming, or a grasshopper chirping. Silence in the meadow; silence in the orchard; silence among the hills. Thus bright and beautiful shall be the evening of the world. The heats of earthly conflict are cooled. The glory of heaven fills all the scene with love, and joy, and peace. I have seen many Christians die. I never saw any of them die in darkness.

A BEAUTIFUL FIGURE OF DEATH.—I saw a beautiful being wandering up and down the earth. She touched the aged, and they became young. She touched the poor, and they became rich. I said, "Who is this beautiful being, wandering up and down the earth?" They told me that her name was Death. What a strange thrill of joy when the palsied Christian begins to use his arm again! When the blind Christian begins to see again! When the deaf Christian begins to hear again! When the poor pilgrim puts his feet on such pavement, and joins in such company, and has a free seat in such a great temple! Hungry men no more to hunger; thirsty men no more to thirst; weeping men no more to weep; dying men no more to die. Gather up all sweet words, all jubilant expressions, all rapturous exclamations: bring them to me, and I will pour them upon this stupendous theme of the soul's

disenthralment! Oh! the joy of the spirit as it shall mount up toward the throne of God, shouting *Free! FREE!*

THERE WILL BE A PASSWORD AT THE GATE OF HEAVEN. A great multitude come up and knock at the gate. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They say, "We have no password. We were great on earth, and now we come up to be great in heaven." A voice from within answers, "I never knew you." Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They say, "We have no password. We did a great many noble things on earth. We endowed colleges, and took care of the poor." The voice from within says, "I never knew you." Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They answer, "We were wanderers from God, and deserve to die; but we heard the voice of JESUS—" "Ay! ay!" says the gatekeeper, "that is the password!"

SOWING WILD OATS.—It is said that the young must be allowed to sow their "wild oats." I have noticed that those who sow their wild oats seldom try to raise any other kind of crop.

THE DYING GIRL.—I went through the heaviest snow-storm I have ever known to see a dying girl. Her cheek on the pillow was white as the snow on the casement. Her large, round eye had not lost any of its lustre. Loved ones stood all around the bed trying to hold her back. Her mother could not give her up; her father could not give her up; and one nearer to her than either father or mother was

frantic with grief. I said, "Fanny, how do you feel?" "Oh!" she says, "happy! happy! Mr. Talmage, tell all the young folks that religion will make them happy." As I came out of the room, louder than all the sobs and wailings of grief I heard the clear, sweet, glad voice of the dying girl: "Good night; we shall meet again on the other side of the river." The next Sabbath we buried her. We brought white flowers and laid them on the coffin. There was in all that crowded church but *one* really happy and delighted face, and that was the face of Fanny.

OH! IT IS HARD TO BE OLD WITHOUT RELIGION—to feel this world going away, and nothing better coming.

CHRIST THE STAY OF THE AGED.—You have found this a tough world for old people. Alas! to have aches and pains, and no Christ to soothe them! I want to give you a cane better than that you lean on. It is the cane that the Bible speaks of when it says, "Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me." I want to give you better spectacles than those you now look through. It is the spiritual eyesight of divine grace. Does your head tremble with the palsy of old age? Lay it on Christ's bosom. Do you feel lonely now that your companions and children are gone? I think that Christ has them. They are safe in his keeping. Very soon he will take you where they are.

CHRIST'S CROWN JEWELS.—The Lord Jesus Christ, our King, has been gathering up his treasures for a good while, and on the great coronation day of the



judgment he will, in the presence of the assembled universe, show that the good of all ages are his crown jewels.

PEARLS FROM GREAT DEPTHS.—I have been told that the deeper the water the larger the pearl. I don't know how that is, but I do know that from the greatest depths of sin the Lord Jesus Christ sometimes gathers up his brightest jewels. Paul was a persecutor, Bunyan was a blasphemer, John Newton was a libertine, the Earl of Rocheslit was an infidel; and yet the grace of God went plunging down through the fathoms of their abomination, until it found them and brought them up to the light.

JEWELS OF GOD'S GRACE.—The geologist tells you that the brightest diamond is only crystallized carbon, or, as I might call it, charcoal glorified; and so it is with souls that were coal black in the defilements of sin—by the power of God's grace they are made God's jewels forever.

DON'T WORRY.—Don't worry because God made you different from others. Don't worry because you don't have the faith of that man, or the praying qualities of this, or the singing qualities of another. It were as unwise as for a carnelian to blush deeper because it is not a diamond, or a japonica to fret all the color out of its cheek because it is not a rose. God intended you to be different.

THE BIBLE IN THE LAST HOUR.—In that last hour take from me my pillow, take away all soothing draughts, take away the faces of family and kindred, take away every helping hand and every consoling voice; alone let me die on the mountain on a bed of

rock, covered only by a sheet of embroidered frost, under the slap of the night-wind, and breathing out my life on the bosom of the wild, wintry blast, rather in that last hour take from me my Bible.

THE TWO BROTHERS AND THEIR BIBLE.—I can think of only one right way in which the Bible may be divided. A minister went into a house, and saw a Bible on the stand, and said, "What a pity that this Bible should be so torn! You do not seem to take much care of it: half the leaves are gone." Said the man, "This was my mother's Bible, and my brother John wanted it, and I wanted it, and we could not agree about the matter, and so we each took a half. My half has been blessed to my soul, and his half has been blessed to his soul." That is the only way that I can think of in which the Word of God may be rightfully cut.

WHAT A BLESSED THING it is to be defended by the strong wing of the Almighty!

THE LIGHT OF NATURE NOT SUFFICIENT.—Men strike their knife through this Book because they say that *the light of nature is sufficient*. Indeed! Have the fire-worshippers of India, cutting themselves with lancets until the blood spurts at every pore, found the light of nature sufficient? Has the Borneesian cannibal, gnawing the roasted flesh from human bones, found the light of nature sufficient? Has the Chinese woman, with her foot cramped and deformed into a cow's hoof, found the light of nature sufficient? Could the ancients see heaven from the heights of Ida or Olympus? No! I call upon the pagodas of superstition, the Brahminic tortures, the

infanticide of the Ganges, the bloody wheels of the Juggernaut, to prove that the light of nature is *not* sufficient.

HE IS THE LORD GOD ALMIGHTY—a truth that is sad or glad, just according to the position you occupy—just as the castle is grand or terrible, according as you are inside or outside of it. If you are inside of it, it is your defence. If you are outside of it, it is your destruction.

OUR ENEMIES MAY BE STRONG. Our sorrows may be violent. Our sins may be great. But quicker than an eagle ever hurled down from the crags a hawk or a raven, will the Lord God strike back our sins and our temptations, if they assault us when we are once seated on the eternal rock of his salvation.

THE BEAUTY OF GOD'S CARE FOR US.—More beautiful than any flower I ever saw are the hues of a bird's plumage. Did you ever examine it? The blackbird, floating like a flake of darkness through the sunlight; the meadow-lark, with head of fawn, and throat of velvet, and breast of gold; the red flamingo flying over the Southern swamps, like sparks from the forge of the setting sun: the pelican white and black—morning and night tangled in its wings—give but a very faint idea of the beauty that comes down over the soul when on it drop the feathers of the Almighty.

UNEXPLAINED MYSTERIES.—What! will you not believe anything you cannot explain? Have you finger-nails? You say, "Yes." Explain why, on the tip of your finger, there comes a nail. You cannot

tell me. You believe in the law of gravitation; explain it, if you can. I can ask you a hundred questions about your eyes, about your ears, about your face, about your feet, that you cannot answer, and yet you find fault that I cannot answer all the questions you may ask about this Bible. I would not give a farthing for the Bible if I could understand everything in it. I would know that the heights and depths of God's truth were not very great if, with my poor, finite mind, I could reach everything.

LIGHT IN THE EVENING.—Ah! do you wonder that the last hours of the Christian on earth are illuminated by thoughts of the coming glory?

HOW THE FARMER DISPOSED OF THE MYSTERY.—A plain farmer said to a skeptic, "The mysteries of the Bible do not bother me. I read the Bible as I eat fish. In eating fish, when I come across a bone, I do not try to swallow it, but I lay it one side. When, in reading the prophecies, I come across that which is inexplicable, I say, 'There is a bone,' and I lay it one side. When I find something in a doctrine that staggers my reason, I say, 'That is a bone,' and I lay it one side." Alas! that men should choke themselves to death with bones of mystery, when there is so much meat in this Bible on which the soul may get strong for eternity.

THIS BOOK TO-DAY IS FOREMOST. In philosophy, it is honored above the works of Descartes, Bacon, Aristotle, and Socrates. In history, it wins more respect than Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon. In poetry, it outshines the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, the *Inferno*, the *Divina Commedia*, and *Paradise Lost*.

YOU SHALL NOT ROB ME OF A SINGLE WORD, of a single verse, of a single chapter of a single book of my Bible. When life, like an ocean, billows up with trouble, and death comes, and our bark is sea-smitten, with halyards cracked and white sails flying in shreds, like a maniac's gray locks in the wind, then we will want God's Word to steer us off the rocks, and shine like light-houses through the dark channels of death, and with hands of light beckon our storm-tossed souls into the harbor.

THE BIBLE ABOVE ALL NATURE'S JOYS.—A star is beautiful, but it pours no light into the midnight of a sinful soul. The flower is sweet, but it exudes no balm for the heart's wound. All the odors that every floated from royal conservatory, or princely hanging-gardens, give not so much sweetness as is found in one waft from this Scripture mountain of myrrh and frankincense. All the waters that ever leaped in torrent, or foamed in cascade, or fell in summer shower, or hung in morning dew, gave no such coolness to the fevered soul as the smallest drop that ever flashed out from the showering fountains of this divine Book.

I SHALL TAKE ALL OF THE BIBLE OR NONE. A man dies, having made a will. The people who expect a part of the inheritance assemble to hear the will read. The attorney reads it until he comes to a certain passage of the will, when one of the heirs cries out, "I reject that passage." The attorney reads on, and some one else says, "I reject that passage, while I accept all of the rest of the will." The heirs go before the surrogate, and the judge decides:

“You must take this will as a whole, or not at all. You cannot break a part of it, and leave the rest intact.” Now I say in regard to this Will of my Father, in respect to this last Will and Testament of our Lord Jesus Christ, that if we break any part of the Will we break it all, and we lose our inheritance and go beggared through eternity.

**GOD'S INVITATION.**—Why will the prodigal craunch the husks of the swine when the father's robe and ring and banquet are all ready? Why wander along the great Sahara of sin when all the gardens of God invite you to the trees of life and the fountains of living water? Why be orphan, houseless and homeless forever, when the Lord Almighty asks you to come into His family and be His sons and His daughters forever?

**ALAS, FOR THOSE WHO REFUSE THE RESCUE!** They will wither away and fail and die. They will be trodden underfoot of life's calamities. Hugest burdens will overtake them. But to those who receive this grace, fountains will break out in the desert; brightest joy will spring up out of blackest misfortune, and the joy of the world to come will surge upon them long before they reach the portals of glory. From strength to strength, they shall pass up one burden after another; falling off until disen-thralled from the last infirmity, they shall mount upward forever free.

**PUT YOUR BIBLE DOWN ON YOUR COUNTERS!** When you seem to be losing ground, and loss treads upon the heels of loss, turn over the good book and read what unfading riches God has in reserve for the

righteous. When your business friends fail you and you are betrayed, turn over and read about the friendship of Him who sticketh closer than a brother. When looking over your ledger and your bank account and your list of uncanceled mortgages, do the best you can, and then turn to your Bible again and read the full-hearted promises in the text, "Cast thy burden on the Lord and He will sustain thee."

**GOD IS IN SYMPATHY WITH YOU.** Don't you think He knows how heavy the load of bricks is that the workman carried up the ladder on the wall? Don't you think He hears the ring of the pickaxe of the miner down in the gold shaft? Don't you think He knows how hard the tempest strikes the sailor at masthead? Don't you think He sees the factory girl amid flying spindles, and knows how her arms ache? Don't you think He sees the sewing-woman in the fourth story, and knows how few pence she gets for making one garment? Aye, aye; I tell you that louder than the roar of the wheels and the din of the great cities, the sigh of the over-tasked workmen rises into the ear of God.

**THE RIGHTEOUS WHO HAVE BEEN SCORNED.**—You are in good company, if you have been scorned and caricatured—in the company of Christ, and Oberlin, and John Jay, and Josiah Quincy.

**BE STEADFAST IN DUTY.**—Budge not in the discharge of your duty though all hell wreak upon you its vengeance, and you become the target for devils to shoot at. Don't think you will have to bear the burden of scorn alone. Was not Christ called a wine-bibber? Was he not called a blasphemer?

**JESUS SUFFERED.**—You cannot tell Jesus anything new about suffering. He felt it all—felt it in his feet, in his brow and in his heart.

**YOU CANNOT GET AWAY FROM THE CARE OF GOD.** If you take the steamship, or the swift rail-train, he is all the time along with you.

**THE AMMUNITION TRAIN.**—I had a friend who stood by the rail-track at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, when the ammunition had given out at Antietam; and he saw the train from Harrisburgh, freighted with shot and shell, as it went thundering down toward the battle-field. He said that it stopped not for any crossing. They put down the brakes for no grade. They held up for no peril. The wheels were on fire with the speed as they dashed past. If the train did not come up in time with the ammunition, it might as well not come at all! So, my friends, there are times in our lives when we must have help immediately, or perish. The grace that comes too late is no grace at all. What you and I want is a God—*now*. Oh! is it not blessed to think that God is always in such quick pursuit of his dear children?

**THE WINGS OF GOD ARE BROAD WINGS.** They cover up all our wants, all our sorrows, all our sufferings. He puts one wing over our cradle, and he puts the other over our grave. Yes, my dear friends, it is not a desert in which we are placed; it is a nest.

**SWIFT ARE THE WINGS OF THE ALMIGHTY.**—When a sinner seeks pardon, or a baffled soul needs help, swifter than thrush's wing, swifter than swallow's wing, swifter than ptarmigan's wing, swifter than



flamingoe's wing, swifter than eagle's wing, are *the wings of the Almighty*.

OH, WHAT A GOSPEL! So glorious, so magnificent in its provisions! I love to preach it. It is my life to preach it. It is my heaven to preach it.

MERCY! MERCY! MERCY! There is no depth it cannot fathom; there is no height it cannot scale; there is no infinity it cannot compass.

CHRIST WAS WONDERFUL IN HIS TEACHING. The people had been used to formalities and technicalities; Christ upset all their notions as to how preaching ought to be done. There was this peculiarity about his preaching: the people knew what he meant. His illustrations were taken from the hen calling her chickens together; from salt; from candles; from fishing-tackle; from a hard creditor collaring a debtor. How few pulpits of this day would have allowed him entrance? He would have been called undignified and familiar in his style of preaching. And yet the people went to hear him. Those old Jewish rabbis might have preached on the side of Olivet fifty years and never got an audience.

THE HOMELINESS OF CHRIST'S PREACHING.—Suppose you that any woman who ever mixed bread was ignorant of what he meant when he compared the kingdom of heaven with leaven or yeast? Suppose you that the sunburned fishermen, with the fish-scales upon their hands, were listless when he spoke of the kingdom of heaven as a net?

OTHERS TO TAKE THEIR PLACES.—Do not be disturbed as you see good and great men die. Peo-

ple worry when some important personage passes off the stage, and say, "His place will never be taken." But neither the Church nor the State will suffer for it. There will be others to take their places. When God takes one man away, he has another right back of him.

**ONE FALLING LEAF.**—However prominent the place we fill, our death will not jar the world. One falling leaf does not shake the Adirondacks.

**WE DIE IN CONCERT.** The clock that strikes the hour of our going will sound the going of many thousands. Keeping step with the feet of those who carry us out will be the tramp of hundreds doing the same errand.

**WHEN WE GO OTHERS TAKE OUR SPHERES.** We do not grudge the future generations their places. After a lifetime of preaching, doctoring, selling, sewing, or digging, let us cheerfully give way for those who come on to do the preaching, doctoring, selling, sewing, and digging.

**THE YOUNG TO TAKE OUR PLACES.**—As we get older, do not let us be affronted if young men and women crowd us a little. We will have had our day, and we must let them have theirs. When our voices get cracked, let us not snarl at those who can warble. When our knees are stiffened, let us have patience with those who go fleet as the deer. Because our leaf is fading, do not let us despise the unfrosted.

**THE BLITHEST AND GAYEST.**—I look back to my childhood days, and remember when, in winter

nights, in the sitting-room, the children played, the blithest and the gayest of all the company were father and mother. Although reaching fourscore years of age, they never got old.

THE GRAVE THE GREAT CITY.—London and Pekin are not the great cities of the world. The grave is the great city. It hath mightier population, longer streets, brighter lights, thicker darknesses. City of kings and paupers! It has swallowed up in its immigrations—Thebes and Tyre and Babylon, and will swallow all our cities. Yet, City of *Silence*. No voice. No hoof. No wheel. No clash. No smiting of hammer. No clack of flying loom. No jar. No whisper. Great City of Silence! Of all its million million hands, not one of them is lifted. Of all its million million eyes, not one of them sparkles. Of all its million million hearts, not one pulsates.

WE FALL TO RISE.—As the leaves fade and fall *only to rise, so do we*. All this golden shower of the woods is making the ground richer, and in the juice and sap and life of the tree the leaves will come up again. Next May the south wind will blow the resurrection trumpet, and they will rise. So we fall in the dust only to rise again.

THE BLACK FROST.—In early autumn the frosts come, but do not seem to damage vegetation. They are light frosts. But some morning you look out of the window and say, "There was a *black* frost last night," and you know that from that day everything will wither. So men seem to get along without religion, amid the annoyances and vexations of life that

nip them slightly here and nip them there. But after a while, death comes. It is a *black* frost, and all is ended.

OH! WHAT WITHERING and scattering death makes among those not prepared to meet it! They leave everything pleasant behind them, and step out of the sunshine into the shadow. They hang their harps on the willow, and trudge away into everlasting captivity. They quit the presence of bird and bloom and wave, to go unbeckoned and unwelcomed. No funeral bell can toll one-half the dolefulness of their condition.

CHRIST'S WONDERFUL MAGNETISM.—Hear me while I tell you of a poor young man who came up from Nazareth to produce a thrill such as has never been excited by any other. Napoleon had around him the memories of Austerlitz, and Jena, and Badajos; but here was a man who had fought no battles, who wore no epaulettes, who brandished no sword. He is no titled man of the schools, for he never went to school. He had probably never seen a prince, or shaken hands with a nobleman. The only extraordinary person we know of as being in his company was his own mother, and she was so poor that in the most delicate and solemn hour that ever comes to a woman's soul she was obliged to lie down amid camel-drivers grooming the beasts of burden. I imagine Christ one day standing in the streets of Jerusalem. A man descended from high lineage is standing beside him and says, "My father was a merchant prince; he had a castle on the beach at Galilee. Who was your father?"

Christ answers, "Joseph, the carpenter." A man from Athens is standing there unrolling his parchment of graduation, and says to Christ, "Where did you go to school?" Christ answers, "I never graduated." Aha! the idea of such an unheralded young man attempting to command the attention of the world! Yet no sooner does he set his foot in the towns or cities of Judea than everything is in commotion.

**TAKE CARE OF YOUR HEALTH NOW**, and trust God for the future. Be not guilty of the blasphemy of asking him to take care of you while you sleep with your windows tight down, or eat chicken-salad at eleven o'clock at night, or sit down on a cake of ice to cool off. Some of the sickest people have been the most useful. It was so with Payson, who died deaths daily, and Robert Hall, who used to stop in the midst of his sermon and lie down on the pulpit-sofa to rest, and then go on again. Theodore Frelinghuysen had a great horror of dying till the time came, and then went peacefully. Take care of the present, and let the future look out for itself. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

**A WASTE OF STRENGTH.**—The habit of borrowing misfortune is wrong, because it unfits us for it when it actually does come. They who fight imaginary woes will come out of breath into conflict with the armed disasters of the future. Their ammunition will have been wasted long before they come under the guns of real misfortune.

**BORROWING TROUBLE IS UNBELIEF.**—The habit of borrowing trouble is wrong, because it is *un-*

*belief.* God has promised to take care of us. The Bible blooms with assurances.

**MAN'S WICKED DISCONTENT.**—To slake man's thirst, the rock is cleft, and cool waters leap into his brimming cup. To feed his hunger, the fields bow down with bending wheat, and the cattle come down with full udders from the clover pastures to give him milk, and the orchards yellow and ripen, casting their juicy fruits into his lap. Alas! that amid such exuberance of blessing, man should growl as though he were a soldier on half rations, or a sailor on short allowance.

How **POORLY PREPARED** for religious duty is a man who sits down under the gloom of expected misfortune. If he pray, he says, "I do not think I shall be answered." If he give, he says, "I expect they will steal the money." Helen Chalmers told me that her father, Thomas Chalmers, in the darkest hour of the history of the Free Church of Scotland, and when the woes of the land seemed to weigh upon his heart, said to his children, "Come, let us go out and play ball or fly kite," and the only difficulty in the play was that the children could not keep up with their father.

**DON'T WATCH FOR EVIL.**—You will have nothing but misfortune in the future if you sedulously watch for it. How shall a man catch the right kind of fish if he arranges his line and hook and bait to catch lizards and water-serpents?

**COURAGE, MY BROTHER!** The father does not give to his son at school enough money to last him

several years, but, as the bills of tuition and board and clothing and books come in, pays them. So God will not give you grace all at once for the future, but will meet all your exigencies as they come

MRS. CUNARD'S PRAYERS.—People ascribe the success of the Cunard line of steamers to business skill, and know not the fact that when that line of steamers first started, Mrs. Cunard, the wife of the proprietor, passed the whole of each day when a steamer sailed in prayer to God for its safety and the success of the line.

THE PULPIT A BARRIER.—There has been too great a distance between pulpit and pew—a great gulf fixed. The heart of the preacher and the heart of the hearer have not struck each other in pulsation. The distance has been so great that our arms are not long enough. Nothing could be more preposterous than for a preacher to stand at an elevation of five or six feet, and behind a barricade four feet through, crying, "*Give me thy hand!*" Daniel Webster said that one of the best evidences of the divinity of our holy religion was the fact that it had lived, notwithstanding the clumsy architecture of the pulpit.

"COME!" "COME!" Ay, that is the most familiar word in the Bible! It seems to be a favorite word. The word "come" occurs six hundred and forty-two times in the Bible. It is—"Come to the supper;" "Come to the waters;" "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;" through all sorrows, through all trials, through all nights of darkness, through

all calamities, through all temptations, it rings out—  
“Come! *Come!* Come!”

THE GOSPEL BELL.—I remember, when I was a boy in the country, of being envious of the old sexton, who used to lay hold of the bell-rope and start the bell that shook the meeting-house, calling the people for miles around to prayer. The poorest man trudging along the turnpike-road knew that the bell called him, just as much as it called the rich farmer riding behind his prancing, capering span. And so this Gospel bell calls to palaces and to huts, to robes and to rags, saying, “Whosoever will, let him come!”

WOE FOR THE UNREGENERATE!—I account it as infinite cowardice and hypocrisy for a man who believes in the Bible to hide from the people that there are appalling disasters coming to those who finally reject God. We can plaster the matter over; we can philosophize about it; we can explain it away; but the Bible states it, reiterates it, makes as plain as that two and two make four, that there is utter discomfiture for the finally unregenerate.

THE FALSE FLAG.—You know that a white flag along a rail track means safety, and that a red flag means danger. Now here is coming the Chicago express. Here is a bridge swept down by the freshet. A man goes out with a red flag to stop the approaching train. I go out with a white flag and wave it. The engineer takes my signal, and not that of the other man. The engine rushes on. In another moment a hundred and fifty souls are in eternity. Who is responsible? A man standing by my side says,



"*You are.* What did you wave that white flag for?" In the great day of eternity it will be found who of us, standing in the pulpits, were the kindest and wisest flag-men. He will be responsible who lets men go on down toward death without giving the warning, waving the white flag of safety when he ought to have shaken the red flag of peril.

ALAS FOR THE RATIONALIST!—My object is not to argue the truthfulness of the Bible, but to make you, who believe in it, willing to be laughed at. Surrender nothing! Compromise nothing! Trim off nothing to please the skeptics. If you cannot stand the jeer of your business friends, you are not worthy to be one of Christ's disciples. You can afford to wait. The tide will turn; God's word will be vindicated; and though it may seem to be against the laws of nature and the rules of reason, to-morrow a measure of fine flour will be sold for a shekel; and then, as the people rush out of the gates to get the bread, alas for the rationalist!

BREAD.—Effort has been made to feed those spiritually dying with the poesies of rhetoric, and the sugar-plums of ritualism, and the confectionary of sentimentalism. Our theology has been sweetened and sweetened and sweetened, until it is as sweet as ipecacuanha, and as nauseating to the regenerated soul. What the people need is *Bread*—just as God mixes it—unsweetened, plain, homely, unpretending, yet life-sustaining bread. That you must have, oh dying soul. Better the smallest crumb of this than ever fell from the master's table than everything the world can give you.

NO EXCEPTIONS.—God makes no special regulation for the graduates of Harvard or Princeton. Rejecting the Bible, they will go down to be companions with the most abandoned wretches of the universe, and more miserable than they, because of the superior intelligence given. One rule for all—for great brain and little brain,—for high-foreheaded Greek professor, and for flat-skulled Esquimaux: “He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned.” By this announcement of God’s Word I stand or fall.

“WHOMSOEVER.”—Word came to the superintendent of a Sabbath-school in New York that he was wanted in a garret, in one of the lowest streets. He went there, and found a boy dying in the straw. He said, “Why have you sent for me?” The boy said, “I attended your Sunday-school.” The superintendent asked, “Why do you look so happy?” The boy answered, “I heard you, one Sunday, say that *whomsoever* a fellow cometh to God, he will in no wise cast him out; and I believed it, and Christ has pardoned my sins; and I am on the way to heaven, and I want to bid you good-bye.”

LOVE TO JESUS.—What fine flour was in that day to Samaria, Jesus Christ is to all who will take him in. Dear Jesus! Loving Jesus! Faithful Jesus! No wonder the little child, having been told that her playmate was dying, asked to be lifted up to see her. They lifted her up, and she kissed her dying playmate, and said, “Clara, *give my love to Jesus.*” If Christ were fully known, the whole world would throw its arm around his neck.

THREE WISHES.—One of the old writers wished he could have seen three things: Rome in its prosperity; Paul preaching; Christ in the body. I have three wishes: First, to see Christ in glory, surrounded by his redeemed; Second, to see Christ in glory, surrounded by his redeemed; Third, to see Christ in glory, surrounded by his redeemed.

ARE YOU READY TO-DAY TO ACCEPT HIM? Instead of floundering about in darkness, trying this, that, and the other thing, now taking the gospel of Theodore Parker, and now the gospel of Darwin, and now the gospel of Herbert Spencer, and now the gospel of Comte, and now the gospel of Huxley, take the gospel of the two old people who had more religious peace and happiness in one hour than all these scientists have in a lifetime—the two old people who sat at either end of the table in your childhood: I mean the old people by whose side you would like to be buried when your work is done. I place the religion of your father's house against the dreaming of all the universities in the world.

OUR RELIGION.—No elaborate thinking is necessary to understand our religion. You have only to put two ideas together—the one is the saddest idea in the universe, and the other the gladdest: *I am a sinner*, but *Jesus died to save me*.

HAS GOD BEEN HARD WITH THEE, that thou shouldst be foreboding? Has he stinted thy board? Has he covered thee with rags? Has he spread traps for thy feet, and galled thy cup, and rasped thy soul, and wrecked thee with storm, and thundered upon thee with a lifeful of calamity?

BEWARE lest because there are some things about this religion you cannot understand, therefore you disbelieve, and the fate of the Samaritan rationalist be yours! "Behold, thou shalt see it with thine eyes, but shall not eat thereof; and so it fell-out unto him, for the people trode upon him in the gate, *and he died.*"

THE SIN OF BORROWING TROUBLE.—The habit of borrowing trouble is wrong, because the present is sufficiently taxed with trial. God sees that we all need a certain amount of trouble, and so he apportioned it for all the days and years of our life. Alas for the policy of gathering it all up for one day or year! Cruel thing to put upon the back of one camel all the cargo intended for the entire caravan. I never look at my memorandum-book to see what engagements and duties are far ahead. Let every week bear its own burdens.

GLOOMY CHRISTIANS.—Many Christians think it a bad sign to be jubilant, and their work of self-examination is a hewing down of their brighter experiences. Like a boy with a new jack-knife, hacking everything he comes across, so their self-examination is a religious cutting to pieces of the greenest things they can lay their hands on. They imagine they are doing God's service when they are going about borrowing trouble.

BE THANKFUL.—It is high time you began to thank God for present blessing. Thank him for your children, happy, bouyant, and bounding. Praise him for your home, with its fountain of song and laughter. Adore him for morning light and even-

ing shadow. Praise him for fresh, cool water, bubbling from the rock, leaping in the cascade, soaring in the mist, falling in the shower, dashing against the rock, and clapping its hands in the tempest. Love him for the grass that cushions the earth, and the clouds that curtain the sky, and the foliage that waves in the forest. Thank him for a Bible to read and a cross to gaze upon, and a Saviour to deliver.

**SUFFICIENT FOR THE DAY.**—Go to-morrow and write on your day-book, on your ledger, on your money-safe, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Do not worry about notes that are far from due. Do not pile up on your counting-desk the financial anxieties of the next twenty years.

**NO RIGHT TO BE GLOOMY.**—*Melancholy* is the owl that is perched in many a Christian soul. It is an unclean bird, and needs to be driven away. A man whose sins are pardoned, and who is on the road to heaven, has no right to be gloomy. He says: "I have so many doubts." That is because "you are lazy." Go actively to work in Christ's cause, and your doubts will vanish. You say, "I have lost my property;" but I reply, "You have infinite treasures laid up in heaven." You say, "I am weak and sickly, and going to die." Then be congratulated that you are so near eternal health and perpetual gladness.

**CHEERFULNESS.**—As a little girl was eating, the sun dashed upon her spoon; and she cried, "O, mamma, I have swallowed a spoonful of sunshine!" Would God that we might all indulge in the same beverage! Cheerfulness: it makes the homeliest

face handsome; it makes the hardest mattress soft; it runs the loom that weaves buttercups and rainbows and auroras. God made the grass black? No; that would be too sombre. God made the grass red? No; that would be too gaudy. God made the grass *green*, that by this parable all the world might be led to a subdued cheerfulness.

**TREATING GOD WITH SUSPICION.**—Some men treat God, not as a father, but a stranger, and act suspiciously toward him, as though they were afraid he would steal something.

**READ YOUR BIBLE IN THE SUNSHINE.** Remember that your physical health is closely allied to your spiritual. The heart and the liver are only a few inches apart, and what affects the one affects the other. A historian records that by the sound of great laughter in Rome, Hannibal's assaulting army was frightened away in retreat. And there is in the great outbursting joy of a Christian's soul that which can drive back any infernal besiegement. Rats love dark closets, and Satan loves to burrow in a gloomy soul.

**THE VULTURE IN THE SOUL.**—There are many professed Christians who have a vulture in their soul. They prey upon the character and feelings of others. A doubtful reputation is a banquet for them. Some rival in trade or profession falls, and the vulture puts out its head. These people revel in the details of a man's ruin.

**A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.**—An infidel was called to the bedside of his daughter. The daughter said: "Father, which shall I believe, you or mother?"

Mother took the religion of Christ, and died in its embrace. You say that religion is a humbug. Now I am going to die, and I am very much perplexed; shall I believe you, or take the belief of my mother?" The father said, "Choose for yourself." She said, "No; I am too weak to choose for myself; I want you to choose for me." "Well," said the father, after much hesitation and embarrassment, "Mary, I think you had better take the religion of your mother."

FALSE PRUDENCE.—We have apotheosized Prudence and Caution long enough. Prudence is a beautiful grace, but of all the family of Christian graces I like her the least, for she has been married so often to Laziness, Sloth, and Stupidity. We have a million idlers in the Lord's vineyard who pride themselves on their prudence. "Be prudent," said the disciples to Christ, "and stay away from Jerusalem;" but he went. "Be prudent," said Paul's friends, and look out for what you say to Felix," but he thundered away until the ruler's knees knocked together. In the eyes of the world, the most imprudent men that ever lived were Martin Luther, and John Oldcastle, and Bunyan, and Wesley, and Knox. My opinion is that the most imprudent and reckless thing is to stand still.

OUR PERIL.—We are passing on, heedless of the most astounding considerations. In a moment the ground may break through and let you fall into the grave. The pulses of life, now so regularly drumming in the march, any moment may cry *Halt!* On a hair-hung bridge we walk over bottomless chasms.

**THE UNFORGIVEN.**—All the unforgiven souls of earth must get into the scales. They may struggle to keep out, but God will put them in. The world may have weighed them and pronounced them moral. They may have weighed themselves, and given a self-gratulatory decision; but now God weighs them in unmistakable balances.

**IN A MOMENT** the door of eternity may swing open, and invisible ushers conduct you in for reward or for retribution. A crown of glory is being burished for your brow, or bolts are being forged for your prison. Angels of light are making ready to shout over your deliverance, or fiends of darkness reaching up their skeleton hands to pull you down into ruin consummate.

**THE ROCK OF AGES TURNS THE BALANCE.**—Get in, ye righteous! “What, with all my sin?” No time to discuss that matter. The bell of judgment is tolling. The balances are adjusted—get in you must. All your opportunities of being better and doing more good are placed on one side of the scales, and you get in on the other. You are too light to budge the balances in your favor. On your side are spread all the kind words you ever spoke, and all the Christian deeds you ever did. *Too light yet!* On your side are put all your prayers, all your repentance, all your faith. *Too light yet!* Come and get on this side—Paul, Luther, Baxter, Payson, and Doddridge—and help the Christian bear down the scale. *Too light yet!* Get on this side, all ye martyrs who went through fire and flood—Wickliffe, Ridley, and Latimer. *Too light yet!* Come, angels of God, and get



on the scales, and see if ye cannot turn the balances in favor of the saints; for the judgment is ending, and let not the righteous be banished with the wicked. *Too light yet!* Place on this side all the sceptres of light, and all the palm-branches of triumph, and all the thrones of glory. *Too light yet!* But at this point Jesus, the Son of God, steps up to the balances. He puts one scarred foot on the Christian's side of the scales, and they tremble and quiver from top to bottom. He puts both feet on, and down go the scales on the Christian's side with a stroke that sets all the bells of heaven a-chiming! This Rock of Ages is heavier than any other weight. But, oh Christian! you may not get off so easily. I place on the opposite scale all the sins that you ever committed, and all the envies, and hates, and inconsistencies of a lifetime, but altogether they do not budge the scales. Christ, on your side, has settled the balances forever. There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. Go free! go free! Sins all pardoned, shackles all broken, prison-doors all opened. Go free! go free! Weighed in the balance, and *nothing* wanting!

**DIVINE CARE FOR EACH PERSON.**—The life of every man, woman, and child is as closely under the divine care as though such person were the only man, woman, or child.

**THE GOSPEL CHIMES.**—I tarried two or three days near the tower of Antwerp. Every fifteen minutes the bells of that tower chime—so sweetly that it seems as if the angels of God flying past have alighted in the tower. But when the full hour comes,

then the clock, with heavy tongue, strikes the hour, adding impressiveness and solemnity to the chime of bells. So this great Gospel tower chimes every fifteen minutes—nay, every moment. Tones of mercy. Tones of love. Tones of compassion. Tones of pardon. And occasionally, to let you know that the weights are running down, and that the time is going past, the heavy tongue of this bell comes down with an emphasis, saying, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" "Now is the accepted time—now is the day of salvation."

WHEN SATAN GOES A-FISHING, he does not care what school the fish belongs to, whether it is a Presbyterian mackerel or an Episcopalian salmon.

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER is never so attractive as in the dying hour.

THE GLOEY OF THE LEAF.—There is to-day more glory in one branch of sumach than a painter could put on a whole forest of maples. God hath struck into the autumnal leaf a glance that none see but those who come face to face—the mountain looking upon the man, and the man looking upon the mountain.

GRADUALLY WE PASS AWAY. From day to day we hardly see the change. But the frosts have touched us. The work of decay is going on. Now a slight cold. Now a season of over-fatigue. Now a fever. Now a stitch in the side. Now a neuralgic thrust. Now a rheumatic twinge. Now a fall. Little by little. Pain by pain. Less steady of limb. Sight not so clear. Ear not so alert. After a while

we take a staff. Then, after much resistance we come to spectacles. Instead of bounding into the vehicle, we are willing to be helped in. At last the octogenarian falls. Forty years of decaying. No sudden change. No fierce cannonading of the batteries of life; but a *fading away—slowly—gradually—as the leaf!*

“TO MAKE ROOM FOR OTHERS.”—Like the leaf we fade, *to make room for others*. Next year's forests will be as grandly foliaged as this. There are other generations of oak leaves to take the place of those which this autumn perish.

THE PICTURE OF CHRIST.—In most houses there is a picture of Christ. Sometimes it represents him with face effeminate; sometimes with a face ~~despotic~~. I have seen West's grand sketch of the rejection of Christ; I have seen the face of Christ as cut on an emerald, said to be by command of Julius Cæsar; and yet I am convinced that I shall never know how Jesus looked until, on that sweet Sabbath morning, I shall wash the last sleep from my eyes in the cool river of heaven.

YOUR ORTHODOXY WON'T SAVE YOU. Men have gone to hell with a Catechism in each pocket. The forms of religion are only the scaffolding for putting up the spiritual house. Alas! if you have mistaken the scaffolding for the temple itself.

GOD'S BALANCES.—There is only one pair of balances absolutely perfect, and that is suspended from the throne of God Almighty. Other balances get out of order. The chain breaks, or the metal is

clipped, or the equipoise in some other way is broken ; and a pound does not always mean a pound ; and you pay for one thing and get another. But the balances of God never lose their adjustment. With them, a pound is a pound, and right is right, and wrong is wrong, and a soul is a soul, and eternity is eternity.

MAN'S MEASURES TESTED.—God has a bushel measure, a peck measure, and a gallon measure. Whenever a merchant measures a bushel of wheat, or salt, or corn, God weighs it immediately after him. The merchant's measure may be wrong, but God's measure is just right. If a merchant measures a gallon of oil and does not give the proper quantity, God measures it and says, "So many drops too few!"

OUR MEASURES TO BE ADJUDGED.—We may cheat ourselves and we may cheat our neighbors ; but in the last day we shall find that what we learned at school, in our boyhood, is true ; and that twelve ounces make a pound, and twenty hundredweight make one ton, and one hundred and twenty-eight solid feet make one cord of wood. No more, no less.

THE FORM OF GODLINESS.—"But I cross myself ever so many times," you say. That will not save you. "But I give liberally to the poor." That will not save you. "But I read a chapter every night before I go to bed." That will not save you. "But I sit at the communion table." That will not save you. "But my name is down on the Church book." That will not save you. "But I have been a professor of religion for thirty years." That will not save you. I place on your side of the balances all the edicts, all the religious counsels, all the communion-

tables that were ever built, and on the opposite side of the balance I put this hundred-pound weight: "*Having the FORM of godliness, but denying the power thereof. From such turn away.*"

SCIENTIFIC PREACHING.—We spend three years in college studying ancient mythology, and three years in the theological seminary learning how to make a sermon, and then we go out to save the world; and if we cannot do it according to Claude's *Sermonizing*, or Blair's *Rhetoric*, or Kames's *Criticism*, we will let the world go to perdition. If we save nothing else, we will save Claude and Blair. We see a wreck in sight. We must go out and save the crew and passengers. We wait until we get on our fine cap and coat, and find our shining oars, and then we push out methodically and scientifically, while some plain shoresman, in rough fishing-smack, and with broken oar-lock, goes out and gets the crew and passengers, and brings them ashore in safety. We throw down our delicate oars and say, "What a ridiculous thing to save men in that way! You ought to have done it scientifically and beautifully." "Ah!" says the shoresman, "if those sufferers had waited until you got out your fine boat, they would have gone to the bottom."

NATURE, CHRIST'S SERVANT.—Nature is his servant. The flowers—he twisted them into his sermons; the winds—they were his lullaby when he slept in the boat; the rain—it hung glittering on the thick foliage of the parables; the star of Bethlehem—it sang a Christmas carol over his birth; the rocks—they beat a dirge at his death.

**THE WORK.**—The work of a religious teacher is to save men ; and though every law of grammar should be snapped in the undertaking, and there be nothing but awkwardness and blundering in the mode, all hail to the man who saves a soul from death !

**WE CANNOT DRAGOON MEN INTO HEAVEN.** We cannot drive them in with the butt-end of a catechism.

**THE BEST WORK.**—In your last hours there will be no work that will yield you such high satisfaction as that which you do for God.

**EXPECTANCY OF REPULSE** is the cause of many secular and religious failures. Fear of bankruptcy has upturned many a fine business, and sent the man dodging among the note-shavers. Fear of slander and abuse has often invited all the long-beaked vultures of scorn and backbiting. Many of the misfortunes of life, like hyenas, flee if you courageously meet them.

**ICY CONVENTIONALITIES.**—Oh ! the conventionalities of the Church are imposing and beautiful, but it is the magnificence of ice. The world, in its want and agony, hangs on to them and cries out for help, but no rescue comes, and they drop off and die while this ceremonial frigidity stands between the mountain of the law and the mountain of the cross—*an ecclesiastical Mer de Glace.*

**THE HEAVENLY PANORAMA.**—When a panorama is to pass before an audience, the artist darkens the room in which they sit, so that the picture may be more fully seen ; so God darkens our place on earth,

puts out this light and that light and the other light, that then he may pass before our souls the splendors and glories of the better land. The darkness here augments the light there.

AWAY, ALL OF YOU DRONES! One half of our churches are stuck in the mud because of three or four professors of religion who are dead, and whose carcasses are laid in the way of all good enterprises. My way is every once in a while to preach a sermon so hot and heavy that they cannot stand it, and then they go out to bore somebody else.

LET GOD BE PRAISED FOR SUCH A GOSPEL.—Weary of sin, the World said to me—"You are not as bad as you might be:" but it was no comfort! Standing with both my feet in the wet gravel of the grave, Human Philosophy took my arm, and mumbled in my ear its inanities. But Religion spoke to me, and my sins perished like tow in the flame, and the grave became only the ploughed ground for an eternal harvest. World without end, let God be praised for such a Gospel! It is fit to live for; and if days of persecution should ever again come, shall we not be willing to die for it?

GOD DOES ANSWER PRAYER. You say, "I don't believe the Bible; I think that those things were merely coincidences which are often brought as answers to prayer." Do you say that? Was it mere happen-so that Elijah prayed for rain just as the rain was going to come anyhow? Did Daniel pray in the wild beasts' den just at the time when all the lions happened to have the lockjaw? Did Jesus pray at the grave of Lazarus just at the time when

Lazarus was going to dress himself and come out anyhow? Did Jesus lose his place in his sermon, and make a mistake when he said, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you?" And, "For every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened."

**PRAYER MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY MEANS.** It is an outrage to ask God to do a thing while we sit indolent. The prayer, to be acceptable, must come not only from the heart, but from the hands. Luther came to Melancthon's bedside and prayed for his recovery, and insisted, at the same time, that he should take some warm soup, the soup being just as important as the prayer.

**THE PRAYER THAT IS MOCKERY.**—If a man has "evening prayers," asking for health, and then sits down to a full supper of indigestibles at eleven o'clock at night, his prayer is a mockery. A man has no right to pray for the safety of his family when he knows there is no cover on the cistern.

**THE INSTINCT OF PRAYER.**—Prayer in certain circumstances is as natural to man as the throbbing in the pulse, as the respiration of the lungs. Put a company of men—I don't care how bad they are—in some imminent peril, and they will cry out, "God, have mercy on us!"

**YOUNG MEN WHO WERE PRAYED FOR.**—In my parish, in Philadelphia, one night, at a meeting, I asked a young man to go into a room at the side of the church, and talk upon the theme of religion.



He grew violently angry, and shook his fists at me. We resolved to pray for that young man, and we prayed that he might yield his soul to God. And when, next night, at the meeting, the side-door was flung open, he was the first to step in. Prayer captured him. I had a classmate in college whose uncle, Dr. John Scudder, of India, wrote to him, saying, "I will pray for you every day until such a day, and then I will give my attention to some other subject." The last day of these prayers, when they had all gathered up before the throne of God, my classmate surrendered his soul to Jesus. This is no second-hand story. I saw the letter, and I knew the young man.

**PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.**—I have had, in my own experience, and I have had, in the history of my own family, the evidence that God answers prayer. My mother, with three Christian women, assembled week after week, and prayed for their children; they kept up that prayer-meeting of four persons year after year. The world knew nothing of it. God answered all those prayers. All the group came in; the eleven sons and daughters of my mother came in, myself the last.

**A WONDERFUL RECOVERY.**—Sickness came to my household—hopeless sickness, as it seemed to many. At three o'clock on Saturday afternoon the invalid was carried to the steamer for Savannah. At eleven o'clock the next day, being Sunday, standing in this very place, a man of God prayed for the recovery of the sick one. At that time, eleven o'clock, she who had been prostrated three weeks,

with some help, walked up on deck. The occurrence is as near to being miraculous as I can imagine.

**PRAYER IMPOTENT!** If I dared to think there was no force in prayer, methinks God, after all He has done for me and mine, would strike me dead. Prayer impotent! Why, it is the mightiest force in the universe! Lightning has no speed, the Alpine avalanche has no power, compared with it!

**WITNESSES TO PRAYER.**—Will you let the abstractions and the vagaries of a few skeptics, or a good many skeptics, stand beside the experience of General Havelock, who came out in front of the English army, lifted his hat, and called upon the Lord Almighty? or of George Washington, who at Valley Forge was found upon his knees in prayer? or of William Wilberforce, who went from the British Parliament to the closet of devotion? or of Latimer, who stood with his hands on fire, in martyrdom, praying for his persecutors? Was Washington weak? Was Havelock weak? Was Wilberforce weak? Was Latimer weak? Bring all the affairs of your store, of your soul, of your body, of your friends, of your church, before Him, and the great day of eternity will show you that the best investments you ever made were your prayers, and though you may have broken promises you made to God, God never broke his promises to you.

**A BLANK CHECK.**—I have to present you some checks, blank checks, on the bank of heaven, written in blood, and signed by the hand wounded on the cross. It is not safe for you to give a blank

check with your name to it. You do not know what might be written above. But here is a blank check which God says I can give to you ; it is signed by the handwriting of the Lord Jesus Christ, and you can fill it up with anything you want to. "Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find." I do not say that your prayer will be answered in just the way that you expect, but I do say that it will be answered in the best way.

**PREACHING IN THE ABSTRACT.**—I have heard persons say that ministers ought to deal with things in the abstract, and not be personal. What success would a hunter have if he went out to shoot deer in the abstract? What if a physician, called into your house, should treat your ailments in the abstract? How long before the inflammation would heal, or the pain be assuaged? What folly to talk about sin in the abstract, when you and I have in our souls a malady that must be cured, or it will kill us, miserably and forever!

**EVERY DAY IS A DAY OF JUDGMENT.** We are this moment being canvassed, inspected, weighed.

**THE WEIGHT OF SIN.**—Many suppose that sin is imponderable ; but it is heavy enough to crush a world.

**GOD IS EVERY DAY ESTIMATING CHURCHES.** He puts a great church into the scales. He puts the minister, and the choir, and the grand structure that cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, on the same side. On the other side of the scales he puts the idea of spiritual life that the Church ought to

possess, or brotherly love, or faith, or sympathy for the poor. Up goes the grand meeting-house, with its minister and choir.

THE WORLD TO BE TESTED.—God will at last see what opportunities the world had, and what opportunities it neglected; and he will sit down on the white throne to see the old world weighed, and will see it rise in the balance lighter than a feather.

THE TEST OF THE CHURCH.—God says that a Church is of much worth only as it saves souls; and if, with all your magnificent machinery, you save but a handful of men when you might save a multitude, he will spew you out of his mouth.

WHAT MINISTERS KNOW.—There are a great many people who now say of ministers, "They know nothing about the world. They cannot talk to us!" Ah! my friends, it is *not* necessary to have the Asiatic cholera before you can give it medical treatment in others. It is not necessary to have your own arm broken before you can know how to splinter a fracture. And we who stand in the pulpit, and in the office of a Christian teacher, know that there are certain styles of belief and certain kinds of behavior that will lead to destruction as certainly as Paul knew that if that ship went out of Fair Havens it would go to destruction.

THREE LETTERS.—Ingenious little children sometimes tell you how, with a few letters, they can spell a very large word. With three letters I can spell *bereavement*. With three letters I can spell *disappointment*. With three letters I can spell *suffering*.

With three letters I can spell *death*. With three letters I can spell *perdition*. S-i-n—Sin. That is the cause of all our trouble now. That is the cause of our trouble for the future.

A PLAGUE.—To-night I mark the circle of a plague. The circle begins back of this pulpit, goes along the wall to the right, along the wall in front, along the wall at the left, coming back to the same point behind the pulpit, thus including all within this house. That circle is marked with these words: "*All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God. There is none that doeth good—no not one. By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin.*"

"MY THEOLOGY."—Some theologians take four or five volumes in which to state their religious belief; I tell you all of my theology in one sentence: *Jesus Christ—take him, and live; refuse him, and die.*

CHOOSE!—Sometimes a regiment will get in between the two opposing hosts and be cut to pieces by both sides. Will you stand half-way between the right side and the wrong side, and take the shot of both hosts, or will you come under our standard? You will finally wish you had, for we shall gain this war. As a recruiting officer of the great army of banners, I blow this blast, Choose this day whom ye will serve.

THE GOSPEL TRUMPET.—This Gospel trumpet is great in its power. On a still night you may hear the call of a brazen trumpet two or three miles, but this is so mighty that it is not only heard from heaven to

earth, but it is to arrest the attention of all nations. Men, with physical hearing all gone, catch the first strain of it. Men buried half a century in crimes have heard it. It is the power of God unto salvation. Amidst the rush of a cavalry troop Saul heard it, braced himself in the stirrups, and reined in his charger on the road to Damascus. In a custom-house, amidst the chink of coin, and the shuffle of feet, and the dispute of merchants at the high tariffs, Matthew answered its mighty call. Men have put their fingers in their ears to keep out the sound, but have been compelled to hear it. At its blast, walls fall, and thrones upset, and nations leap from barbarism to civilization. There is no force in the shock of musketry, or in the boom of cannonade, as compared with the pealing forth of this great Gospel trumpet.

ARRAYED AGAINST THY SINS, art thou ready to storm and trample them down? Fall into line! Sins of the heart, sins of the life, sins of the tongue, sins of thy youth, sins of maturity, sins of old age—one black, infernal army of transgression: they must go down under thee, or thou shalt go down under them.

DANGEROUS TEMPTATIONS.—There is no need of your trying to face certain temptations. You are foolhardy to try it. Your only safety is in flight. It is as fifty against five thousand. If you be given to appetite, escape the presence of decanter and demi-john. If you are given to pride, go not amidst things that flatter it. If your proclivity be toward uncleanness, like Job make a covenant with your eyes, that you look not upon a maid.

THIS SABBATH HOUR seems to you like all other Sabbath hours; but to some of you it may be the most stupendous hour in all your life of twenty, forty, or sixty years, because now you may refuse your last call of mercy.

Now!—There may be some soul in this house to-night that will fatally refuse Christ; and it will be known in heaven that the hour of their shipwreck was ten minutes of nine o'clock—the moment at which I speak.

THE MINISTRY OF CHRIST has fewer trials, larger spiritual emoluments and rewards, brighter inducements, higher development, grander joys, than any other occupation in all the earth.

YOUNG MEN who hear me, if you enter the holy office with the right spirit, loving God and desiring usefulness, you will find this Christian work of the ministry always a satisfaction, often a joy, and sometimes a rapture.

THE BRIGHT SIDE—To stand before a company of immortal men and women importuning them to such belief and behavior as shall lead them to high happiness on earth and open for them the grandeurs of eternity; *that* is life for the body, *that* is inspiration for the mind, *that* is rapture for the soul.

SLEEP.—Many think that sleep is lost time. But the style of your work will be mightily affected by the style of your slumber. Sound Asleep is sister of Wide Awake. Adam was the only man who ever lost a rib by napping too soundly; but when he woke up he found that, instead of the twelve ribs

with which he started, he really had nigh two dozen. By this I prove that sleep is not subtraction, but addition.

**BESSETTING SINS.**—Every man and woman has a lion to fight. If you have not fought the lion, it is because you have let the lion eat you up. This very moment the contest goes on. The Trajan celebration, where ten thousand gladiators fought, and eleven thousand wild beasts were slain, was not so terrific a struggle as that which at this moment goes on in many a soul. That combat was for the life of the body; this is for the life of the soul.

**OUR KING ENCOURAGING US.**—On the first elevation of the ancient amphitheatre, on the day of a celebration, sat Tiberius, or Augustus, or the reigning king. So, in the great arena of spectators that watch our struggles, and in the first **DIVINE GALLERY**, as I shall call it, sits *our King, one Jesus*. The Roman emperor sat, with folded arms, indifferent as to whether the swordsman or the lion beat; but our King's sympathies are all with us. Nay, unheard-of condescension! I see him come down from the gallery into the arena to help us in the fight, shouting, until all up and down his voice is heard: "Fear not! I will help thee!"

**SATAN HAS GOT THOUSANDS OF MEN INTO TROUBLE**, but he never got one out. He led them into theft, but he would not hide the goods, or bail out the defendant. The spider shows the fly the way over the gossamer bridge into the cobweb; but it never shows the fly the way out of the cobweb over the gossamer bridge. I think that there were plenty of fast young



men to help the prodigal spend his money; but when he had wasted his substance in riotous living, they let him go to the swine-pastures, while they betook themselves to some other new-comer.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.—During my vacation, one summer, I was in a Presbyterian audience, and it was sacramental day; and with grateful heart I received the holy communion. On the next Sabbath I was in a Methodist church, and sat at a love-feast. On the following Sabbath I was in an Episcopalian church, and knelt at the altar and received the consecrated bread. I do not know which service I enjoyed the most. "*I believe in the communion of saints, and in the life ever lasting.*"

DELIVERANCE IN THE LAST HOUR.—Death to many—nay, to all—is a struggle and a wrestle. We have many friends that it will be hard to leave. I care not how bright our future hope is, it is a bitter thing to look upon this fair world and know that we shall never again see its blossoming spring, its falling fruits, its sparkling streams, and to say farewell to those with whom we played in childhood or counselled in manhood. In that night, like Jacob, we may have to wrestle; but God will not leave us unblest. It shall not be told in heaven that a dying soul cried unto God for help, but was not delivered.

HOW SHALL YOU LEARN TO PREACH? Just as the carpenter learns how to be a carpenter. Does he sit down and study books about tools, about hammers and axes? Oh no! He goes to boring

with the bit, and smoothing with the plane, and smiting with the hammer, and striking with the adze; and in this way he gets to be a carpenter. So, the way to learn how to preach the Gospel is to preach it.

YONDER IS A MAN who ought to be preaching the Gospel. He has not been ordained, and never will be. He could not be, perhaps. It may be that he has not brains enough, or time enough, or money enough. But he is ordained of God. Let him preach. Here is another. He may not, perhaps, be able to round his sentences, or make elegant allusions or fine quotations; and yet he may be able to save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARIES.—I believe in theological seminaries; but they are to the Church just what West Point is to the State. What would you have done in the last war if you had had no soldiers except those who had been at West Point? The men who came from that institution controlled and marshalled the troops all over the land. The use of a theological seminary in this or in any other country is to send out men more thoroughly drilled, who are able to organize and marshal the great mass of Christian soldiery. Have you been so long under the delusion, and are you now under the delusion, that the few men who are ministers of the Gospel are going to take this world for Christ? That the ten or fifteen men who every year come out of New Brunswick Seminary, or the twenty or thirty that every year come out of

Princeton, or Andover, or Yale, will do all the work? No! No! You might as well have expected a few quartermasters in the Northern army to conquer the Southern Confederacy.

PEOPLE WHO OUGHT NOT TO BE THERE.—“Oh!” but some say, “they get some people in that ought not to be there.” I suppose that they do. I know that they do. But suppose that you went out to fish, and you swung the net around, and, when pulling it into the boat, you found that there were a few lamper-eels and a few snapping-turtles, while the great bulk of the draught that you had made were first-rate shad, would you throw everything overboard? No, you would not. You would throw the bad away, and you would keep the good. And yet I hear men talking as though, because there were some coming into the Church of God during revivals who are not fit to be members, they would for this reason throw over the million of souls that have come in, who have been faithful to the last, and hundreds of thousands of whom are already before the throne of God shouting the praises of Jesus Christ.

THE BEST CONVERTS.—I have more faith in men who are brought to God during revivals than during a frigid state of the Church.

THE HISTORY OF HYMNS.—People have been trying to write the histories of the tunes and of the hymns. They cannot do it. The history of “Ariel,” of “Colchester,” of “Dundee,” of “Duke Street,” of “Coronation”—why it would be the history of the Church of God, with all its joys,

and sorrows, and triumphs! They have been the rounds of the ladder on which souls have mounted into heaven. They have been the chariots that halted not until they stopped at the gate of the eternal King!

**THE WELCOME SONG.**—Among the mountains of Switzerland they have a very beautiful custom. At eventide, when the fathers and the brothers and the sons are coming home from the fields, having completed the day's work, the wives and mothers and daughters come out upon the opposite hill, and hail them with song; and the women sing on one hill-top, and the men sing on the other hill-top, responding to each other. Oh! may God grant that when the eventime of our life has come, we may hear such a song greeting us into the better country.

**RESPONSIBILITY FOR CHILDREN.**—Responsible as you are for their temporal existence, you are also responsible for their eternity. Which way will you take them?

**I AM IN NO HASTE TO BE GONE.** I have no grudge against this world. The only fault I have to find with this world is that it treats me too well. But when the time comes to go, I want to be ready—my worldly affairs all settled. If I have wronged others, I want then to be sure of their forgiveness. In that last wrestling, my arm enfeebled with sickness and my head faint, I want Jesus beside me. If there be hands on this side of the flood stretched out to hold me back, I want heavenly hands stretched out to draw me forward.

WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT HAPPINESS?—We are told that heaven is a place of happiness; but what do we know about happiness? Happiness in this world is only a half-fledged thing; a flowery path, with a serpent hissing across it; a broken pitcher, from which the water has dropped before we could drink it; a thrill of exhilaration, followed by disastrous reactions.

WORK FOR EACH DENOMINATION.—The reconstruction of this world for Christ is to be at the hand of all denominations of Christians, each one doing its particular work. It is the business of the Arminians to stir the blaze. It is the business of the Calvinists to hammer the rivets. It is the business of the Episcopalians to make the exquisite case. It is the business of the Baptists to wash off the works—until, after awhile, this world, which was disordered, will become a perfect time-piece, ticking away the minutes and hours of one long day of millennial brightness and joy.

THE LESSER JEWELS AROUND THE GREATER.—If a lapidary has an especial gem whose color he wishes especially to set forth, he takes the minor gems—those of less value and beauty—garnets, rubies, and so on—and sets them around the great central wealth of beauty. And so it will be on the last day: Christ surrounded by the redeemed—the lesser jewels of earth surrounding the pearl, the Pearl of great price.

SIN MAY OPEN bright as the morning. It ends dark as the night!

I AM JUST SETTING FORTH A FACT, which you have noticed as well as I. Ananias comes to the apostle.

The apostle says: "Did you sell the land for so much?" He says, "Yes." It was a lie. Dead! as quick as that! Sapphira, his wife, comes in. "Did you sell the land for so much?" "Yes." It was a lie; and quick as that she was dead! God's judgments are upon those who despise him and defy him. They come suddenly.

**AN OLD SPORTSMAN.**—Skilled sportsmen do not like to shoot a bird standing on a sprig near by. If they are skilled, they pride themselves on taking it on the wing; and they wait till it starts. Death is an old sportsman; and he loves to take men flying under the very sun. He loves to take them on the wing.

**THE FULCRUM AND THE LEVER.**—Archimedes wanted a fulcrum on which to place his lever, and then he said that he could move the world. Calvary is the fulcrum, and the cross of Christ is the lever; and by that power all nations shall yet be lifted.

**OH, WHAT A GRAND OLD DOOR!** so wide, so easily swung both ways, and with such sure fastenings! No burglar's key can pick that lock. No swarthy arm of hell can shove back that bolt. I rejoice that I do not ask you to come aboard a crazy craft with leaking hulk and broken helm and unfastened door, but an ark fifty cubits wide, and three hundred cubits long, and a door so large that the round earth, without grazing the posts, might be bowled in!

**CHRIST IS STRENGTH.**—The dark cloud may hover over us, but the cross of Christ will be the lightning-rod that will take the bolt out of it. You have seen people invalids, and after awhile, under some tre-

mendous stroke of disease, their entire temperament seemed to be changed, and they came out of that sudden sickness strong men. So it is with many of those who are going along invalids in the Christian life—very weak in the service of God. After they have passed through some great disaster, that disaster having been sanctified to their souls, they become strong men in Christ Jesus.

**SWARTHY CHRISTIANS.**—These Christians, who are swarthy now—do you know how they got their swarthyness? It was by sweltering at the forge of affliction.

**CRYSTALLIZED TEARS.**—Nearly all of God's jewels are crystallized tears. You ask me, "Why is it that yonder man does not have trouble—he gets along without any misfortunes." For the same reason that the lapidary does not put the delicate instrument upon a common pebble. It does seem as if God thought some men were not worth a process of tribulation. The Dutch call diamonds that are not fit to be cloven, *divel-steene*—that is, devil stones.

**THE TEST OF GOD'S JEWEL.**—There is a way in which the lapidary tells whether a diamond is genuine or not. He breathes on it, and if the breath linger there, it is a false diamond; if the breath immediately vanish, it is a real diamond. Then he has the grinding process afterward, if the first fail. So you can tell God's jewel. If the breath of temptation comes on it, and soon vanishes, it is a real diamond; if that breath lingers, and continues to blur it, it is a false diamond. But better than all is the

grinding machine of affliction. If a soul can go through that and keep bright, it is one of God's jewels.

**ENDURING BRIGHTNESS.**—Egyptian topaz, brought up from the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, shows the same inextinguishable color to-day, after it has been buried hundreds and hundreds of years. And so God's children come up out of the ruins of misfortune and disaster as bright as when they went down.

**I AM NO ALARMIST.** When, on the twentieth of September, after the wind has for three days been blowing from the north-east, you prophesy that the equinoctial storm is coming, you simply state a fact not to be disputed. Neither am I an alarmist when I say that a storm is coming, compared with which Noah's deluge was but an April shower; and that it is wisest and safest for you and for me to get safely housed for eternity.

**THE DOOR INTO THE MERCY OF GOD** is a large door. We go in, not two and two, but by hundreds, and by thousands, and by millions. Yea, all the nations of the earth may go in, ten millions abreast.

**THE DOOR OF THE ANCIENT ARK** was in the side. So now it is through the side of Christ—the pierced side, the wide-open side, the heart side—that we enter.

**THE DIVINE BANQUET.**—If a man is about to give an entertainment, he issues one or two hundred invitations, carefully put up and directed to the particular persons whom he wishes to entertain. But



God our Father makes a banquet, and goes out to the front door of heaven, and stretches out his hands over land and sea, and, with a voice that penetrates the Hindoo jungle, and the Greenland ice-castle, and Brazilian grove, and English factory, and American home, cries out, "Come! for all things are now ready!"

**THE FEAR OF DERISION.**—There are hundreds kept out by the fear of derision. The young man asks himself, "What would they say at the store tomorrow morning if I should become a Christian?" Is it not the fear of being laughed at that keeps you out of the kingdom of God? Which of these scorers will help you at the last? When you lie down on a dying pillow, which of them will be there? In the day of eternity will they bail you out? Ah! they can keep you out of heaven; but can they keep you out of hell?

**DRAW YOUR CHILDREN TO CHRIST.**—"Come thou and all thy house." That means your wife and your children. You cannot drive them in. If Noah had tried to drive the pigeons and the doves into the ark, he would only have scattered them. Some parents are not wise about these things. They make iron rules about Sabbaths, and they force the catechism down the throat, as they would hold the child's nose and force down a dose of rhubarb and calomel. You cannot drive your children into the ark. You can draw your children to Christ, but you cannot coerce them. The Cross was lifted, not to drive, but to draw. "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me." As the sun draws up the

drops of morning dew, so the Sun of Righteousness exhales the tears of repentance.

**HUSBAND AND WIFE.**—Be sure that you bring your husband and wife with you. How would Noah have felt if, when he heard the rain pattering on the roof of the ark, he knew that his wife was outside in the storm? No; she went with him. And yet some of you are on the ship “outward-bound” for heaven; but your companion is unsheltered!

**SEE TO IT.**—Pray God that you who have been married on earth may be together in heaven. Oh! by the quiet bliss of your earthly home; by the babe's cradle; by all the vows of that day when you started life together, I beg you to see to it that you both get into the ark.

**NOT BY FRETTING.**—Come in, and bring your wife or your husband with you—not by fretting about religion, or ding-donging them about religion, but by a consistent life, and by a compelling prayer that shall bring the throne of God down into your bedroom.

**YE WHO HAVE TAUGHT YOUR CHILDREN HOW TO LIVE,** have you also taught them how to die? Life here is not so important as the great hereafter. It is not so much the few furlongs this side the grave as it is the unending leagues beyond.

**GO HOME TO-NIGHT** and erect a family altar. You may break down in your prayer. But never mind, God will take what you mean, whether you express it intelligibly or not. Bring all your house into the ark.

BRING THE CHILDREN TOO.—You are expecting your children to grow up in this world. Is it not a question, then, that rings through all the corridors and windings and heights and depths of your soul, what is to become of your sons and daughters for time and for eternity? “Oh!” you say, “I mean to see that they have good manners.” Very well. “I mean to dress them well, if I have myself to go shabby.” Very good. “I shall give them an education, and I shall leave them a fortune.” Very well. But is that all? Don’t you mean to take them into the ark?

HOW TO GET THEM IN? *Go in yourself!* If Noah had stayed out, do you not suppose that his sons—Shem, Ham, and Japhet—would have stayed out? Your sons and daughters will be apt to do just as you do. Reject Christ yourself, and the probability is that your children will reject him.

IS THERE ONE SON whom you have given up? Is he so dissipated that you have stopped counseling and praying? Give him up? How dare you give him up? Did God ever give thee up? While thou hast a single articulation of speech left, cease not to pray for the return of that prodigal. Give him up? Never give him up! Has God promised to hear thy prayer only to mock thee? It is not too late.

WOULD NOT IT BE PLEASANT to spend eternity with our families! Gladder than Christmas or Thanksgiving festival will be the reunion, if we get all our family into the ark. Which of them can we spare out of heaven?

A WHISPERING-GALLERY.—In St. Paul's, London, there is a whispering-gallery. A voice uttered most feebly at one side of the gallery is heard distinctly at the opposite side, a great distance off. So, every word of earnest prayer goes all around the earth, and makes heaven a whispering-gallery.

HOWEVER MANY CHILDREN we may have, we have none to give up. Which of our families can we afford to spare out of heaven? Will it be the oldest? Will it be the youngest? Will it be that one that was sick some time ago? Will it be the husband? Will it be the wife? No! No! We must have them all in. Let us take the children's hands, and start now. Leave not one behind! Come, father! Come, mother! Come, son! Come, daughter! Come, brother! Come, sister! Only one step, and we are in. Christ, the door, swings out to admit us; and it is not the hoarseness of a stormy blast that you hear, but the voice of a loving and patient God that addresses you, saying, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark."

READ IT AS IT IS.—When God writes anything on the wall, a man had better read it as it is. Daniel did not misinterpret or modify the handwriting on the wall. It is all foolishness to expect a minister of the Gospel to preach always things that the people like, or the people choose.

THE MESSAGE.—If there is any handwriting on the wall, it is this lesson: "*Repent! Accept of Christ and be saved!*" I might talk of a great many other things; but that is the message, and so I declare it.

JESUS NEVER FLATTERED those to whom he preached. He said to those who did wrong, and who were offensive in his sight, "Ye generation of vipers! ye whited sepulchres! how can ye escape the damnation of hell!" Paul the apostle preached before a man who was not ready to hear him preach. What subject did he take? Did he say, "Oh! you are a good man, a very fine man, a very noble man?" No; he preached of righteousness to a man who was unrighteous; of temperance to a man who was the victim of bad appetites; of the judgment to come to a man who was unfit for it. So we must always declare the message that happens to come to us.

THERE IS A GREAT DIFFERENCE between the opening of the banquet of sin and its close. Young man, if you had looked in upon the banquet in the first few hours, you would have wished you had been invited there, and could sit at the feast. "Oh! the grandeur of Belshazzar's feast!" you would have said; but you look in at the close of the banquet, and your blood curdles with horror.

THE STRUGGLES OF GOOD MEN.—God allows good people sometimes to get into terrible struggle. Jacob was a good man; but he is left alone in the midnight to wrestle with a tremendous influence by the brook Jabbok. For Joseph, a pit; for Daniel, a wild-beast den; for David, dethronement and exile; for John the Baptist, a wilderness diet and the executioner's axe; for Peter, a prison; for Paul, shipwreck; for John, desolate Patmos; for Vashti, most insulting cruelty; for Josephine, banishment; for Mrs. Sigourney, the agony of a drunkard's wife; for John

Wesley, stones hurled by an infuriated mob; for Catharine, the Scotch girl, the drowning surges of the sea; for Mr. Burns, the buffeting of the Montreal populace; for John Brown, of Edinburgh, the pistol-shot of Lord Claverhouse; for Hugh M'Kail, the scaffold; for Latimer, the stake; for CHRIST, the cross. For whom the racks, the gibbets, the guillotines, the thumb-screws? For the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Some one said to a Christian Reformer, "The world is against you." "Then," he replied, "*I am against the world.*"

THE BANQUET OF SIN.—Sin has made itself a king in the earth. It has crowned itself. It has spread a banquet. It invites all the world to come to it. It has hung in its banqueting-hall the spoils of all kingdoms, and the banners of all nations. It has gathered from all music. It has strewn, from its wealth, the tables, and floors, and arches. And yet how often is that banquet broken up; and how horrible is its end! Ever and anon there is a handwriting on the wall. A king falls. A great culprit is arrested. The knees of wickedness knock together. God's judgment, like an armed host, breaks in upon the banquet.

WRESTLING WITH THE GIANT HABIT.—From a wrestle with habit I have seen men fall back defeated. Calling for no help, but relying on their own resolution, they have come into the struggle; and for a time it seemed as if they were getting the upper hand of their habit. But that habit rallied again its infernal power, and lifted the soul from its standing, and, with a force borrowed from the pit, hurled it

into outer darkness. But thank God, I have often seen a better termination than that. I have seen men prepare themselves for such a wrestling. They laid hold of God's help as they went into the combat. There were the writhings and distortions of a fearful struggle. But at last, in the midnight, alone, with none but God to witness, by the brook Jabbok, the giant fell, and the triumphant wrestler broke the darkness with the cry, "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

"**CROSS-PRAYERS.**"—Some one said to a very poor woman, "How is it that in such distress you keep cheerful?" She said, "I do it by what I call 'cross-prayers.' When I had my rent to pay, and nothing to pay it with, and bread to buy, and nothing to buy it with, I used to sit down and cry. But now I do not get discouraged. If I go along the street, when I come to the corner of the street, I say, 'The Lord help me.' I then go on until I come to another crossing of the street, and again I say, 'The Lord help me.' And so I utter a prayer at every crossing; and since I have got into the habit of saying these 'cross-prayers,' I have been able to keep up my courage."

**TRIALS FOR PREPARATION.**—When David was fleeing through the wilderness, pursued by his own son, he was being prepared to become the sweet singer of Israel. The pit and the dungeon were the best schools at which Joseph ever graduated. The hurricane that upset the tent and killed Job's children prepared the man of Uz to write the magnificent

poem that has astounded the ages. There is no way to get the wheat out of the straw, but to thresh it. There is no way to purify the gold, but to burn it.

USE OF TRIALS.—Many a man, at the close of his trial, has found out that he has been trying to throw down his own blessing. If you are a Christian man, I will go back in your history, and find that the grandest things that have ever happened to you have been your trials. Nothing short of scourging, imprisonment and shipwreck could have made Paul what he was.

PEOPLE WHO HAVE HAD IT THEIR OWN WAY.—Look at the people who have always had it their own way. They are proud, discontented, useless, and unhappy. If you want to find cheerful folks, go among those who have been purified by the fire.

THE MARK OF THE CONFLICT.—You need not be surprised that those who have passed through the fire do not feel as gay as once they did. Do not be out of patience with those who come not out of their despondency. They may triumph over their loss, and yet their gait shall tell you that they have been trouble-touched. We may have found the comfort of the cross, and yet ever after show that in the dark night, and by the brook Jabbok, we were trouble-touched.

IT IS NOT HARDSHIP, or trial, or starvation that injures the soul, but abundant supply.

GOD WILL CLEAR IT ALL UP. In the light that pours from the throne, no dark mystery can live.



Things now utterly inscrutable will be illumined as plainly as though the answer were written on the jasper wall, or sounded in the temple anthem.

**THE HALLELUJAH OF HEAVEN.**—You know that in a song different voices carry different parts. The sweet and overwhelming part of the hallelujah of heaven will not be carried by those who rode in high places, and gave sumptuous entertainments; but pauper children will sing it, beggars will sing it, redeemed hod-carriers will sing it, those who were once the off-scouring of earth will sing it. The hallelujah will be all the grander for earth's weeping eyes, and aching heads, and exhausted hands, and scourged backs, and martyred agonies.

**THE MULTITUDES OF THE SAVED.**—Infidels say, "Your heaven will be a very small place compared with the world of the lost; for, according to your teaching, the majority of men will be destroyed." I deny the charge. I suppose that the multitude of the finally lost, as compared with the multitude of the finally saved, will be a handful. For we are to remember that we are living in only the beginning of the Christian dispensation, and that this whole world is to be populated and redeemed, and that ages of light and love are to flow on. If this be so, the multitudes of the saved will be in vast majority.

**OUR CHURCHES NEED TO UNLIMBER.** We are putting too much stress upon questions of taste. We are depending too much upon non-essentials. In some churches we act as though we had rather hear a Pharisee pray than a publican, because his grammar is better. Now, my friends, the saving of this

world is rough work, and men cannot do it in a splendid way.

**A MAN IN THE DITCH.**—Here is a man fallen down into the ditch of sin and crime. How are we going to get him out? We come up elegantly apparelled, and we look at him, and we say, "What a pity it is to see a man so deep in the mud! We wish we could get him out. Is it not awful to see that man suffering there? Get a pry, somebody, and help now! I wish I had on my other clothes!" While we stand there, looking at the poor man, the Methodist comes along, and says, "Brother, give me your hand;" pulls him up, and sets him on the Rock of Ages.

**LAY HOLD OF THE WORK.**—It is high time that we stopped trying to be so poetic about our religion. There is no poetry in saving this world. Sin is filth; Satan is an arch-villain; death is rottenness; and if you are going to try to help save this world, you had better lay hold of the work, forgetting every thing but the judgment-day. Ah! my friends, it is high time that we stopped putting so much stress on little things, and standing on the proprieties. If we cannot save the world in one way, then let us save it in another.

**BULLETS, NOT RAISINS.**—When the Scotch Covenanters were at one time in battle, their ammunition gave out, and they were waiting for bullets. They expected a barrel of bullets. A barrel came down, but it was the wrong one, sent by mistake. It was a barrel of raisins. They knocked out the head of the barrel, and sat down in defeat. Oh! sirs, in the

Church of God at this day, we want less confectionery, and more of the strength and the thrust and the power of the omnipotent Gospel.

BY STORM.—Now, my friends, if this world is ever to be saved for God, it will not be taken by siege. It will be taken by storm. All the time that we have been delaying in this matter the forces of darkness have been strengthening.

DYING OF GREAT SERMONS.—I think that our churches are dying of great sermons and splendid rhetoric.

THE GLADDEST, BRIGHTEST, HAPPIEST thing in all the universe is the Christian religion. There is so much trouble in the world; business men have so many anxieties; toiling men have so many fatigues; orphans have so many desolations—for God's sake if there be any bright place on earth, show it to them. Let the Church of Jesus Christ be the most cheerful spot on earth.

THE HAPPIEST CHRISTIANS are persons from sixty to eighty years of age. By that time people get over the shams and pretenses of society. O Christian! how dare you be gloomy? Is not God your Father? and Jesus Christ your Saviour? and life strewn with mercies? Do not glories await you?—doxologies of celestial worship, eternal chorals, tearless eyes, songs, and hosannas that clap their hands at the foot of the throne? Is it nothing to you that all the hills of heaven are radiant with faces who are waiting to keep with you eternal holiday? Is there nothing in hearts that never ache, in splendors that never die?

How GOD HELPS.—A man, on Saturday, in New York, stands in his store, and says, "How shall I meet these obligations? How can I endure this new disaster?" He goes home. Sabbath finds him in the house of God. Through the song, the sermon, and prayer, Jesus says to that man, "O man! I have watched thee; seen all thy struggles. It is enough: I will see thee through; I will stand between thee and thy creditors. I will make up in heavenly treasures what you have lost in earthly treasures. Courage, man! courage! Angels of God, I command you to clear the track for that man; put your wings over his head; with your golden sceptres strike for his defence; throw around him all the defences of eternity!"

A POOR OLD WOMAN is in the church hearing the Gospel. Oh! how shrunken she is! She wears the same dress she wore five years ago. How faded and out of date! Her eyes are so dim; her ear so imperfect! Some one sitting next to her gives her a book and finds the place for her. She says, "Thank you, Miss, thank you!" She holds the book close up to her eyes, and with a voice all full of tremors, sings. Jesus says, "Mother, are you weary?" And she says, "Yes, I am very tired." Jesus says, "Mother, are you poor?" And she says, "Yes, I am very poor. I cannot sew or knit any more." Jesus says, "Would you like to rest?" She says, "Yes, Lord, that is what I want—*rest*." "Courage, mother," says Jesus, "I will see thee through." The next morning, some one dwelling on another floor comes to her room and knocks. No answer.

The door is opened. She is dead! The night before, the chariots of God halted at that pillow of straw, and took her to rest.

A SINGING, JOYFUL, JUBILANT, COMFORTING church, will be a triumphant church.

THE CHURCH ought to be the leader, the interpreter, the inspirer of the age. It is all folly for us to be discussing old issues—arraigning Nero, hanging Absalom, striking the Philistines with Shamgar's ox-goad—when all around about us are iniquities to be slain—a corrupt Legislature, a rotten judiciary, and a whiskey ring!

A ROBUST RELIGION.—We keep our religion too much indoors; it ought to be climbing rocks, or hewing forests—a stalwart religion, a robust religion, a religion able to digest the strong meat of the word, instead of being kept on the pap and gruel of spiritual invalidism. It is high time that we threw off the Sunday clothes of sickly sentimentality, and put on the work-day dress of an active, earnest Christianity.

MORE LOST THAN BORN.—More people are born every year into the world than are born into the kingdom of God. At that rate, this world will never be brought to Jesus.

CRY, COME!—A boy sees a fine house beautifully lighted up, and hears music, and he says, "I wish I was in there, but I have not been invited." Here is the Church lighted up with festivity and holy mirth, and the world passes outside, hears the music, and sometimes wishes it was inside, but says that it is

not invited. Oh! invite the world to come in! Send a ticket of invitation, "Come, for all things are now ready."

TWO HUNDRED MEN were buried in the Hartley colliery of England. The Queen of England, from her throne, telegraphed, "Is there any hope for the men?" Answer: "*No hope.*" Here is a whole race buried in sin, and darkness, and woe. The question that thrills up to the throne of God to-day is, "*Is there any hope?*" Answer comes back from the throne of God, thrilling through the world's darkness and woe: "*Yes; hope for all!*"

OUR CHURCH PRINCIPLES.—The father and the mother dies (a case occurs to my mind); where shall the children go? No money to pay. The trustees have said, as they have said in all other similar cases, "Keep the seat just as though father and mother were living. It is yours; it is yours always." A man largely prospered in business gave largely to this Tabernacle. Fortunes failed. Gives nothing. No ban put upon him. Just as welcome now as when he gave largely. We like the principle. We mean to stand by it.

A RICH KING.—France thought itself rich in palaces—"St. Cloud," "Tuileries," "Versailles," "Palais Royal," and the "Luxembourg;" our King has the *Universe* for his palace—the mountains its picture-gallery; the ocean its fountain; the sun its chandelier; the heavens its candelabra; illimitable forests its park; the glories of the sunrise and sunset, the tapestry about the windows; the storms, the lightning-hoofed coursers dashing up and down the

heavens ; all the glories of the land and sea and sky his wardrobe ; all the flowers his conservatory ; all the fish his aquarium ; all the birds his orchestra. But better than all the hearts of his people on earth, and in heaven, are the palaces in which he delights to reign.

PROVIDENCE, OR FATE.—At the door of the grave lies a whole sheaf of sceptres. Death sits in the palace of the sepulchre, and the potentates of earth are his cup-bearers ; and, as the old blind monarch staggers around his palace, ever and anon he trips on some new fallen coronet. They set up Charlemagne in his grave, and put a crown on his pulseless temples, and a sceptre in his lifeless hand ; yet that could not bring back his kingdom. *Our King is Immortal !*

CHRIST'S ARMY AND NAVY.—Fighting on his side are the hurricanes—as in the breaking up of the Spanish armada ; the volcanoes—as in the burial of infamous Herculaneum ; the fire—as when Sodom was burned ; the rocks—as when they crashed their terrors about the crucifixion. The Psalmist counted his flaming artillery, as it came rushing down the sky, “The chariots of God are twenty thousand.” Elijah's servant saw in the mountains a cavalcade of flame : the horses had necks of fire, and flaunting manes of fire, and eyes of fire, and nostrils of fire, and feet of fire ; and were driven by reins of fire, and horsemen of fire. The cherubim, the seraphim, and the archangels are his.

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY had a rule that, when riding out on horseback, any of his subjects might

approach him, and state their wrongs and sufferings; and the people pressed so close up to the stirrups that it was sometimes impossible for the Sultan to proceed. Going before other kings we must have a court dress, but we can go to our King at any time, in any dress, and all at once. He is a pardoning King! A condescending King! A merciful King!

**THE CONTRAST.**—If a man go into some financial operation by which he loses a hundred thousand dollars, and his estate drops out of his possession, and his failure upset the next man, and his the next and the next, until the whole land quails under the panic, the disaster is insignificant compared with the ruin of that man who loses his own soul, and by example takes down another and another, until heaven and earth and hell feel the effects of the eternal defalcation.

**WILLIAM THE CONQUERER** pulled down forty-six of the churches of God in order that he might enlarge his park for game. So men sweep away spiritual things, that they may advance their amusements and worldly gains.

**WORK OF COMFORT.**—If it is not done speedily, it never will be done. Yonder is a heart breaking. Now is the time to say the healing word. Go next week with your balsam, and it will not touch the case. A man yonder came under your influence, and you might have captured him for God. You will never have another chance at him. To-morrow another man will be under your influence. You will have but one opportunity of saving him. He will be lost, unless you save him.



**BETTER TOO EARLY THAN TOO LATE.**—In the city of Basle, Switzerland, it was the custom to have all the clocks of the city an hour ahead of time, for the following reason: Once an enemy was moving upon the city, and their stratagem was to take the city at twelve o'clock; but the cathedral clock, by mistake, struck one instead of twelve; and so the enemy thought that they were too late to carry out the stratagem, and gave up the assault, and the city was saved; and therefore it was arranged that for many years the clock struck one when it was twelve.

Now!—We meditate about how to save the world. Meanwhile, six millions of people will die this year. You might start the Millennium next year; but it would do them no good. What you do for them you will have to do within a twelve-month—this month—this week!—this day!

**CONSEQUENCES OF DELAY.**—Causes in court are adjourned, sometimes because the witnesses are not ready, or because the plaintiff is not ready, or because the defendant is not ready, and sometimes because the judge is not ready, until the bill of costs is ruinous—so there are men and women who have adjourned the cause of the soul's salvation from youth to middle life, from health to sickness, from prosperity to adversity, until *death eternal will be the bill of costs to pay.*

**PYTHAGORAS**, studying philosophy, was so anxious to keep awake and improve all his time, that with a string he tied the hair of his head to a beam above, so that the very moment he nodded in sleep, the pain would awake him.

NOW OR NEVER.—There is a sea-flower called the “opelet,” which spreads abroad its petals beautifully; but it is very poisonous; and the little fish that touches it struggles but a moment and then dies, and other petals of the same flower, floating in the water, wrap around the fish and pull it down into the deadly bosom of the flower. That is what is the matter with some of you. Sin is an attractive flower, and it glows and waves beautifully before the soul; but no sooner do you touch it than you are poisoned and must be swallowed up, unless we may sweep you away and sweep you up in this net of the Gospel.

BIBLE ILLUSTRATIONS.—There is hardly a beast, or bird, or insect, which has not been called to illustrate divine truth: The ox's patience, the ant's industry, the spider's skill, the hind's sure-footedness, the eagle's speed, the dove's gentleness, and even the sparrow's meanness and insignificance.

GOD IN LITTLE AS WELL AS GREAT THINGS.—We see a divine purpose in the discovery of America, in the art of printing, in the exposure of the Gunpowder Plot, in the contrivance of the needle-gun, in the ruin of an Austrian or Napoleonic despotism; but how hard it is to see God in the minute personal affairs of our lives. We think of God as making a record of the starry host, but cannot realize the Bible truth that he knows how many hairs are on our head. It seems a grand thing that God provided food for thousands of Israelites in the desert, but not how he feeds hungry sparrows. We cannot understand how he

encamps in the crystal palace of a dew-drop, or finds room to stand, without being crowded, between the alabaster pillars of a pond-lily. Cromwell, Alexander, Washington, or an archangel, is not more under divine inspection than your life or mine. Pompey thought that there must be a mist over the eyes of God because he favored Cæsar. But there is no such mist.

**GOD APPOINTS.**—Hugh Miller says, "I will be a stone-mason;" God says, "You will be a geologist." David goes out to tend his father's sheep; God calls him to govern a nation. Saul goes out to hunt his father's asses, and before he gets back finds the crown of mighty dominion.

**THREE CIRCLES OF FRIENDS:** Those on the outer circle wishing him well; those in the next circle willing to help him; while close up to his heart are a few who would die for him.

**TWO THINGS** you ought not to fret about: first, things which you *can* help; and second, things which you *cannot* help. If you can help them, why do you not apply the remedy? If you cannot help them, you might as well surrender first as last.

**GOOD IN WITHHOLDING.**—Your little child says, "Papa, I wish you would let me have that knife." "No; it is a sharp knife, and you will cut yourself." He says, "I must have it." "But you cannot have it," you reply. He gets angry and says he *will* have it; but you say he shall *not* have it. Are you not kind in keeping it from him? So God treats his children.

A **FINITE LOOK** is like a boy at school with a long sum. He has been working at it for hours, making figures here and rubbing out figures there, until it is all mixed up, and the teacher, looking over the boy's shoulder, knows that he cannot get out of it, and, cleaning the slate, says, "Begin again." Just so God does when our affairs get entangled.

A **CHRISTIAN DOWN IS UP**.—In eternity, when you come to reckon up your mercies, you will point to that affliction as one of your greatest blessings. God has a strange way with us. Joseph found his way to the prime minister's chair by being pushed into a pit. The wheat must be flailed; the quarry must be blasted; the diamond must be ground; the Christian must be afflicted; and that single event, which you supposed stood alone, was a connecting link between two great chains, one chain reaching through eternity past, the other through eternity future—so small an event fastening two eternities together.

A **MISSIONARY**, coming from India, stopped at St. Helena. He had his little child with him. They walked along by an embankment, and a rock at that moment falling, instantly killed the child. Was it an accident? Was it a surprise to God? Had he allowed his servant, after a life of consecration, to come to such a trial without any divine meaning? No.

**TALMAGE**.—This summer I started for the Adirondacks, but landed in Liverpool. I studied law, and I got into the ministry. I resolved to go as a missionary to China, and I stayed in the United States. I

thought I would like to be in the East, and I went to the West. All the circumstances of my life, all my work, different from that which I expected.

**JESUS IN OLD AGE.**—It is dismal to get 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. When the sight loses its power, we need the faith that can illumine. When we feel the failure of the ear, we need the *clear tones* of the divine voice. 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 to sing in our branches.

**WHO!**—Jesus can beat back the monster. He can unhorse the sin that would ride you down. He 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 when one word of recantation would have unfastened the withes, and put out the fire? When the night of the soul came on, and all the denizens of darkness came riding up on the wings of perdition—who gave strength to the soul and calmness to the heart? Who broke the spell of infernal enchantment?

**THE WAY OF ESCAPE.**—A fort of France was attacked, and the outworks were taken. The besieging army lay down, thinking that there was but little to do in the morning, and that the fort would 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 may get off.

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 heavy packs, and you must carry some 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.

YOU MAY HANG the couch with gorgeous tapestry; what does Death care for bed-curtains? You may hang the room with the finest works of art; what does Death care for pictures? You may fill the house with the wailings of widowhood and orphanage; does Death mind weeping?

THE HAPPIEST HOUR.—With many, the evening is the happiest part of the day. You gather about the stand. You talk, and laugh, and sing. You recount the day. You plan for the morrow. Amidst all the toil of the day, that is the goal for which you run; and as you look at the descending sun, you thrill with the thought that it is *toward evening*. So death comes to the disciple.

WATER AN EMBLEM.—A gentleman walked over one of the battle-fields on a hot summer night after a day of carnage. The cry of the wounded was abso-

lutely unbearable. After giving all supply that he could, he put his fingers to his ears, for the cry all over the plain was from hundreds of dying men: "For God's sake give us water!" The Bible is all a-sparkle with fountains and wells, and rivers and oceans. They toss up their brightness from almost every chapter.

DEATH TO CHRISTIANS.—Broken hearts bound up. Wounds healed. Tears wiped away. Sorrows terminated. No more sounding of the dead-march! Sweet as slumber to the eyelids of the babe, as full rations to a starving soldier, as evening hour to the exhausted workman.

HUMBLE ORIGINS.—They who have been the deliverers of literatures and nations have come from homes without affluence, and by the discipline of their own privations have learned how to speak and fight for the ignorant and oppressed. Poetry and science and laws and constitutions and commerce were born, like Jesus, in a manger. Most of the great thoughts, which have seemed the axletrees on which the centuries turned, had their start in obscure corners, and had Herods who tried to slay them, and Iscariots who betrayed them, and unjust prelates who condemned them, and rabbles that crucified them, till they burst out again in glorious resurrection.

THE FEELING OF CONSANGUINITY is constantly illustrated. A mine in England falls upon the work men, and all nations feel the suffocation. Prince Albert dies, and Victoria has the sympathy of all Christendom. A plague falls upon London, and all

the cities of the world weep at her agonies. An earthquake rocks down a Mexican city, and both hemispheres feel the shock. Famine stalks through Ireland, and distant nations send their cargoes of bread.

**THE FIRE AT SANTIAGO.**—In 1863 a fire occurred in Santiago, Chili, that wrought worse damages than the Chicago fire, so far as the destruction of human life is considered. The Conception of the Virgin Mary was being celebrated in the Roman Catholic church at Santiago. Great preparations had been made for the occasion, and perhaps the most wonderful scene ever witnessed in any church was about to be evoked. The wealth, and pomp, and intellect of that Chilian capital poured into the cathedral, and knelt beside the poorest devotee with cross and beads. Images, statues, transparencies, swaying festoons, and twenty thousand lamps, among which swung costly gauze and delicate draperies, like mists staggering, sunstruck, up the mountain. A camphene lamp explodes, and the flame leaps from point to point, and in fifteen minutes twenty-five hundred souls have passed up through the fire to meet their God. What of that? Why need we care about it? They were of a different nation and of a different religion. Ah! the groan of that dying multitude mounted the Cordilleras, and the sorrow came sobbing across the Caribbean, and all civilized nations felt a thrill of sympathy and an impulse to prayer.

**LET EVERY MAN** have just what he achieves. There ought to be an aristocracy—not one built upon the accidents of wealth or celebrated ancestry, but an



aristocracy of industry and of large-hearted deeds. Meanwhile, let it be understood that sceptre and shovel are brothers.

CATHEDRAL MUST NOT look down upon sailors' Bethel. The whole Gospel tendency is to bring together what are called the higher and lower classes. Christ came from a throne to a manger to bridge the distance between the two; and this idea of the nineteenth century, which would put the rich in churches by themselves, and the poor in churches by themselves, is an erroneous, unevangelical, heathenish, God-defying, and damning plan, which I shall war against to my dying-day.

THEY STEP BACK TOO FAR, AND FALL.—A painter, busy in making the fresco of a building, standing high up on the scaffolding, was entranced with his own work, and stepped back to admire it, and in his excitement forgot that he stood upon a high scaffolding, stepped back too far, and fell—his life dashed out, far beneath, on the marble. So men admire their worldly achievements, and in their enchantment step back to look, and step back too far, and fall—ruined for life and lost for eternity!

SELF-DENYING HEROISM.—How grand it is, amid the selfishness of the world, to find such generous deeds! The Moravian missionaries were told that they could not enter the lazaretto where the lepers were dying unless they stayed there. "Then," they said, "we will go and stay there." They went in to nurse the sick, and perished. You have read the life of pure-hearted Elizabeth Fry, toiling among the degraded. But the full biographies of the world's

martyrs will never be written. The firemen in all our cities who have rescued people from blazing buildings; the sailors who have helped the passengers off the wreck, themselves perishing; the nurses who have waited upon the sick in yellow-fever and cholera hospitals, and sunk down to death from exhaustion; the Christian men who, on the battle-field, have administered to the fallen amid rattling canister and bursting shell; the Christian women who have gone down through haunts of shame on errands of mercy, defended by no human arm, but looked after by that God who, with his lightnings, would have struck to hell any who dared to do them harm!

CHRISTIAN HEROISM has ever been ready to face the fire, and swim the flood, and dare the storm, if good might be done. And in that day when men who sat in places of power shall go down to shame and contempt, these humble ones shall have their names written high on the pillars of heaven. Better than to have been commemorated in poetry or song will it be for them who hear the good cheer from Christ, "I was hungry, and ye fed me; I was sick, and ye visited me. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

WHY MORE MEN ARE NOT SAVED.—It is infamous to try with human quackery to cure the cancer of the soul. The reason that more men are not saved is because we do not show their infinite need, their ruin—yea, *the rottenness of the human heart*. If I am very sick, and I call in a doctor, I do not want him to begin telling me that there is nothing special the matter with me, and that all that I need is a little

panada, or gruel, or catnip tea, when I want the most radical and thorough treatment, or in a week I am a dead man.

THERE IS A DEARTH in all denominations. Millions of dollars for ministers' salary; millions of dollars for choirs; millions of dollars for church buildings. Where is the return for the investment? You say that one soul saved is worth more than all that money. True enough; but be frank, and confess that, considering the great outlay, the religious advantage reaped has been insignificant. What is the matter? I think, *in trying to adapt the Gospel to the age, men have crippled the Gospel.* Starting with the idea that the people will not come to church if the old-fashioned doctrines of grace are presented, they have not sufficiently insisted upon the first theory of the Gospel, namely, *the utter ruin and pollution of the natural heart.*

PREACHING WITH GLOVES ON.—The inference in many of our churches is, "Now, you are a very good set of fellows; not as good as you might be, and in some respects, indeed—if we must say it—quite wrong; but, then, we are hoping everything from education, refinement, the influence of the nineteenth century, and a genteel religion;" and so we have gone to tinkering the human heart with soft solder, and putting a few patches on the coat of morality, when it is all worn out.

SIN IS NO HALF-AND-HALF THING. The human heart is not in a tolerable condition. The Bible in the most uncomplimentary manner says that we are poor and wretched, and blind and naked; and if God

should send his Spirit upon us to-night, making revelation of our true state, how many quick-beating hearts! how many blanched cheeks!

**SIN'S FESTERING MARK.**—Sin is not like wine, that gets better by being kept; it gets worse and worse. All the impure thoughts of your life have left their mark on your soul. Though a bad thought passed through your mind thirty years ago, its villainess is there yet.

**THE INTRUDING CAMEL.**—The Arabs have a fable that once a camel came to the door of a tent and thrust in his nose; not being resisted, he thrust in his feet; there being no hindrance, he came half way in; after awhile he got all the way in. The Arab said to the camel, "This tent is too small for two." Then the camel said to the Arab, "If that be so, you had better leave." So sin comes into the heart farther and farther, until it takes full possession.

OH, HOW SIN has trampled and scarred your soul! It is a black, a horrible, a damning thing. It is not satisfied until it has pushed the soul into an eternal prison-house, and slammed shut the door, and shoved the bolts, and turned the locks of an everlasting incarceration. A heart under such unclean sorcery, how it must appear to God's all-searching eye! He sees it through and through. The darkness cannot hide it. Years cannot erase it.

**THE HEART IDOLATROUS.**—Because we have here no Juggernauts, or Molochs, or Joss-houses, or heathen temples, do not conclude that there are no idols. From our very nature we must worship something.

If we do not worship the God in heaven, we worship something on earth. This man worships pleasure; this one, applause; this one, money; this one, his family. That to which a man gives his supreme thought and affections is his idol. Like Dagon, how often it falls down, crushing its worshipper!

**WE ARE INDIOTED.**—If we had any appreciation of our unclean and idolatrous nature, could we be as unmoved as we are? Would that young man be whispering to his comrade? Would that woman be examining the style of her neighbor's hat, and criticising how poorly the color of the ribbon suits the color of her shawl? Would this merchant be thinking of how much he lost last week, and how much he probably will gain next week? No; this place would be like a court-house when a man is on trial for his life, and the jury rises to render the verdict. That is our position.

**THE HEART'S CONFESSION.**—A company of persons suspected of crime were brought before a judge. Only one of them was guilty, but how to find out which one was the question. The judge put his ear against the heart of each one and listened. When he came to the guilty one, he heard, in every thump of his heart, the acknowledgment of the crime. And so, although to-night all may seem fair in our case, if we could listen at the door of our own hearts, every pulsation would confess, Guilty! Guilty!

**TRIUMPHANT MARTYRS** endured all things for Christ. They were sawn asunder, and hurled out of life. The eighteen thousand Scotch Covenanters who perished in one persecution. The great battal-

ion of Scotch martyrs: Hugh M'Kail, and James Renwick, and John Knox, and others whose words are a battle-shout for the Church militant. They went on weary feet through the glens of Scotland in times of persecution, and crawled up the crags on their hands and knees. Queen Mary thought that by sword and fire she had driven Protestants down, but she only drove them up. Here they pass: Hooper, and Rogers, and Archbishop Cranmer, who got his courage back in time to save his soul; and Anne Askew, who, at twenty-five years of age, rather than forsake her God, submitted first to the rack without a groan, and then went with bones so dislocated she must be carried on a chair to the stake, her last words, rising through flames, being a prayer for her murderers; and a cavalcade of men and women, whom God snatched up from the iron fingers of torture into eternal life! Those who fell on St. Bartholomew's Day in Paris, in Lyons, in Orleans, in Bordeaux, while the king looked out of the window and cried, "Kill! kill!" Tossed out of windows, manacled, torn, dragged and slain, until it seemed that the cause of God had perished, and the cannon of St. Angelo thundered the triumph of hell!—their gashed and bespattered bodies were thrown into the Seine, but their souls went up out of a nation's shriek into the light of God; and now they pass along the boulevards of heaven.

**TRIUMPHANT PHILANTHROPISTS.**—They went down into the battle-fields to take care of the wounded; they plunged into the damp and moulded prisons, and pleaded before God and human governors in behalf

of the incarcerated ; they preached Christ among the besotted populations of the city ; they carried Bibles and bread into the garrets of pain ; but in the sweet river of death they washed off the filth and the loathsomeness of those to whom they had administered. There is John Howard, who circumnavigated the globe in visiting dungeons of darkness and lazarettos of pain ! Moravian missionaries, who were told that they could not go on a Christian errand to a hospital where the plague was raging unless they would consent to never come out, yet deliberately making all arrangements, and going in to take care of the sick, and then lying down beside the dying themselves to die. Eliot, among savages, travelling on foot through the wilds, saying, " My feet are always wet, but I pull off my boots and wring my stockings, and put them on again and go forward, trying to endure hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," defying the savages who bade him stop preaching, or die, by saying to them, " I am about the work of the great God. Touch me if you dare ! " The Maid of Saragossa, the angel of the Spanish battle-fields. Elizabeth Fry, followed by those whom she showed the way from Newgate Prison to heaven. Grace Darling, of the strong oar and the sea-bird's wing, with which she once swooped to the drowning from Alnwick Castle. The good Samaritan, and a whole army of Christian workers and sufferers !

OUR KING AND THEM.—Henry VIII. brought Anne Boleyn to his palace. The River Thames was the scene of her triumphal entry. Fifty barges followed the Lord Mayor. Officials dressed in scarlet.

Choirs chanting along the banks of the river. Flags adorned with bells that rang as the breeze stirred them. Anne Boleyn, in cloth of gold, and wearing a circlet of precious stones, stepped into the barge amidst the sound of trumpets and the shout of a kingdom. Then entering the street seated on a richly caparisoned palfry, that sometimes walked on cloth of gold and velvet, led between houses adorned with scarlet and crimson, and defended by guards in coats of beaten gold, and along by fountains that were made on that day to pour out Rhenish wine for the people, until she at last, kneeling in Westminster Abbey, took the crown. But alas for the career of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn! They lived in worldliness, and their splendid career went out in darkness. Not so with those whom our King shall call to the honors of heaven.

I HAVE TWO ALL-ABSORBING DESIRES—one, to get to heaven; the other, to take these people with me. It is no time for argument. It is no time for philosophy. It is no time for poetry. While I stand here the audience vanishes from my vision, and it is the world's great trial-day, and the books are opened. O my Saviour! if I do not speak as I ought, what will become of me? If these people do not hear as they ought, what will become of them?

THE MOST STUPENDOUS UNDERTAKING, since God existed, was the hoisting of this world out of ruin. It had made shipwreck—going down with all hands on board. From none of the surrounding worlds did a life-boat push out. The Lord God Almighty rose up, and bringing into action all the omniscience and



omnipotence and majesty and loving kindness of his nature, he set about the redemption of the world—the pounding off of an iron chain from the neck of a captive world.

GREET THE CONQUEROR—Of earth, and heaven, and hell. Strew flowers along the shining way! Wave all the banners of light! Ring all the bells of heaven! “Hosanna! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!”

WHEN ELIZABETH FREY went into Newgate Prison to redeem the abandoned, she was told to lay off her purse and watch lest they be stolen, but refused, saying that confidence in the criminals would be one way of touching them. When Christ came to this world's sin he brought all the jewels of heavenly affection upon him.

WHEN JESUS LEFT HEAVEN.—It is an exciting time around an old homestead the morning the son leaves home. They know not whether he will ever return. What a morning it must have been in heaven when Jesus left! some speaking of the perils; some standing in silent grief; and when the cavalcade for Bethlehem dashed up to the golden gate, and the cry was, “All ready!” there was a warm *good-bye*, and a rain of tears and last words, and a scene that the oldest inhabitants of heaven will never forget.

JESUS AND HIS COHORTS were, one Christmas night, seen off the shores of earth, and word got back to glory that the crusading fleet were landing amidst storms of persecution. If the expedition had steered

into the sun, that would have been a more brilliant landing-place; or if it had sailed into Jupiter, that would have been a mightier world. But no; they chose a little world, a proud world, an unclean world, a defiant world, a cruel world, a dying world, a dead world. Was not this salvation great in its humiliation.

THAT LAST HOUR OF CHRIST was the focus to which the woes of time and of eternity converged. Heaven frowned from above. Hell rode up from beneath. I hear the click of the hoofs of the cavalry troop as they ride out toward the fatal hill. I hear the buzz, and hum, and roar, and blasphemy of a great mob. They have cornered him at last! Put those women out of the way! It is no place for women! Do not let his mother see this! Take her away! This spectacle would kill her! Put out all the candles of the sky. The spears are sharp, and they plunge them. The heavens are burdened with woe, and they thunder. Unlifted darkness—save as a flash of lightning reveals the eye of God peering through the gloom to see what they are doing with his well beloved Son. Methinks the thrones of heaven shiver at the deed. He has been hanging there five hours and fifty minutes. What next? Whom will the Omnipotent Sufferer first consume with his curse? Will he not take his right hand from the nail and hurl everlasting fury upon his crucifiers? Wait a moment. Listen! I am sure he will speak! Yes, he speaks: "*Father, forgive them.*"

TAKE THE WHOLE BIBLE. I believe it as I do in my own existence. "Well, then, you cannot have read the arguments on the other side." Yes, I have;

read them by the year; read every word that Tom Paine, or Parker, or Renan ever wrote on the subject; all to the last page of the last book; read them until it is only through the mercy of God that I did not kill my soul; read them until I found out that the land of skepticism is a desert, where the sands are red-hot coals, swept by the smothering simoom of all-consuming wretchedness; read them until I have found that there are *two* hells instead of *one*—the hell of skepticism and the hell spoken of in the Bible.

**THERE IS A HELL.**—Fifty-four passages in the Bible all positively assert that there is such a place, and as many more imply it. Suppose it probable—suppose there is some slight possibility that there may be such a place? If there should be, and you have no preparation to escape it, what then?

**HELL FELT ON EARTH.**—A young woman, dying, said to her father: "Father, why did you not tell me there was a hell?" "Jenny, there is no such place. God is merciful. There will be no future suffering." She said: "I know better! I feel it now! I know there is such a place! My feet are slipping into it this moment! I am lost! Why did you not tell me there was such a place?" It is the awful, stupendous, consuming, incontrovertible fact of the universe.

**GOD NEVER PUTS A MAN IN PERDITION.** He puts himself there. If you have a great fire on your farm in which you are consuming rubbish, and I deliberately rush into it and get burned, who is to blame? Myself. God has told us there is a place of burning.

He makes for us every possibility of escaping it. If we deliberately dash in, who is responsible?

GREAT SALVATION.—Great in its Author, great in its humiliations, great in its sacrifices, great in its pardon, great in its final deliverance, great in its consummations—the question bursts, crackles, and thunders upon our ears: “*How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?*”

NO ESCAPE.—For the man who neglects salvation, there is no rescue. Everything will plead against him. The waters will hiss from the fountains, and say, “We told him of the living stream where he might wash all his sins away, but he would not come.” The rocks will say, “We told him of a shelter and defence to which he might run.” The sun in the sky will say, “We told him of the dayspring from on high; but he shut his eyes.” The star will say, “I pointed to his only hope—the Jesus of Bethlehem.” The Bible will say, “I called him by a thousand invitations, and warned him with a thousand alarms.” Calvary will say, “On my bloody branch I bore the fruit that might have fed his starving soul, but he would not pluck it.” The angels will say, “We flew to him on errands of mercy, and would have charmed him into life; but he beat us back in our ministry. *Escape he must not.*” The throne of judgment will say, “I have but two sentences—that to the friends of God, and that to his rejecters. *Escape he must not.*” All the destroyed will say, “We neglected it no more than he. Why should he go free when we are banished?” Jesus will say, “I called to him for many years, but he turned his back on my

tears, and blood." Then God will speak, and with a voice that shall ring through the heights and depths and lengths and breadths of his universe, say, "ESCAPE HE SHALL NOT!" May the Lord God Almighty, for Jesus' sake, avert such a catastrophe. *Come to Jesus! Come now!*

A WEDDING.—If the hard brow ever relaxes, it is at the wedding. The nature cold and unsympathetic thaws out under the glow, and the tears start as we hear the bride's dress rustling down the stairs and the company stands back, and we hear in the timid "I will" of the twain the sound of a lifetime's hopes and joys and sorrows. We look steadily at them, but thrice at her to once at him, and say, "God bless her, how well she looks!" We cry at weddings, but not bitter tears; for when the heart is stirred, and smiles are insipid, and laughter is tame, the heart writes out its joy on the cheek in letters of crystal. Put on the ring! Let it ever be bright, and the round finger it incloses never be shrunken by sorrow.

A PRIZE was offered to the person who should write the best essay about the miracle in Cana. Long manuscripts were presented in the competition, but a poet won the prize by just this one line descriptive of the miracle:

"The unconscious water saw its God, and blushed."

IF I DO MY BEST.—A boy asked if he might sweep the snow from the steps of a house. The lady of the household said, "Yes; you seem very poor." He says, "I am very poor." She says, "Don't you sometimes get discouraged, and feel that God is

going to let you starve?" The lad looked up in the woman's face, and said, "Do you think God will let me starve when I trust him, and then do the best I can?"

IF YOU HAVE A MICROSCOPE, put under it one drop of water, and see the insects floating about; and when you see that God makes them, and cares for them, and feeds them, come to the conclusion that he will take care of you and feed you, oh ye of little faith.

JESUS DOES NOT SHADOW OUR joys with his griefs. He might have said at the wedding of Cana, "I have so much trouble, so much poverty, so much persecution, and the cross is coming; I shall not rejoice, and the gloom of my face and of my sorrows shall be cast over all this group." So said not Jesus. He said to himself, "Here are two persons starting out in married life. Let it be a joyful occasion. I will hide my own griefs. I will kindle their joy."

OUR CHILDREN'S TROUBLES.—Those children will have trouble enough of their own after a while. Keep back the cup of bitterness from your daughter's lips. When your head is down in the grass of Greenwood, poverty may come to her, betrayal to her, bereavement to her. Keep back the sorrows as long as you can. Do you not know that son may, after a while, have his heart broken? Stand between him and all harm. You may not fight his battles long; fight them while you may. Throw not the chill of your own despondency over his soul; rather be like Jesus, who came to

the wedding hiding his own grief and kindling the joys of others.

**THE LIGHT WILL COME.**—I have seen the sun, on a dark day, struggling amidst clouds, black, ragged, and portentous, but after a while the sun, with golden pry, heaved back the blackness; and the sun laughed to the lake, and the lake laughed to the sun, and from horizon to horizon, under the saffron sky, the water was all turned into wine.

**RELIGION BRIGHTENS THE WORLD.**—When Christ shall have vanquished all the world, I suppose every house will be a mansion, and every garment a robe, and every horse an arch-necked courser, and every carriage a glittering vehicle, and every man a king, and every woman a queen, and the whole earth a paradise; the glories of the natural world harmonizing with the glories of the material world, until the very bells of the horses shall jingle the praises of the Lord.

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

man in bringing it back he had a house given to him, and a garden, and a farm.

“AGAIN I SAY, REJOICE.”—There is not a joy denied God’s children that is given to any people. Christianity does not clip the wings of the soul. Religion does not frost the flowers. It is a proclamation from God of emancipation for the enslaved; and if a man accepts the terms, and becomes free, has he not a right to be merry? Suppose a father has an elegant mansion and large grounds. To whom will he give the first privilege of these grounds? Will he say, “My children, you must not walk through these paths, or sit down under these trees, or pluck this fruit. These are for outsiders.” No father would say that.

THE GREAT WEDDING.—There will be gleaming of torches in the sky, and the trumpets of God will ravish the air with their music; and Jesus will stretch out his hand, and the Church, robed in white, will put aside her veil, and look up into the face of her Lord the king, and the bridegroom will say to the bride, “Thou hast been faithful through all these years! The mansion is ready! Come home!” And then He shall put upon her brow the crown of dominion, and the table will be spread, and it will reach across the skies, and the mighty ones of heaven will come in, garlanded with beauty and striking their cymbals; and the bridegroom and bride will stand at the head of the table, and the banqueters, looking up, will wonder and admire, and say, “That is Jesus the bridegroom! But the scar on



his brow is covered with the coronet, and the stab in his side is covered with a robe!" and "That is the bride! the weariness of her earthly woe lost in the flush of this wedding triumph!"

WHEN THE NILE OVERFLOWS its banks, the people throw the seed on the water. As the water subsides, the seed strikes into the ground and comes up. Hence the allusion, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it will come back after many days."

WHAT IS PRAYER? A rolling over on the tongue of a few cold formalities? No; it is a flinging of all our sins, wants, sorrows, and expectations right down at the feet of an all-sympathetic God.

THE WOOD OF THE CROSS was not a thin pole that you could clasp with one hand or two hands, but a beam. The only way that we can clasp the cross is by throwing both our arms around it in one imploration for mercy.

A WHOLE CHURCH AT PRAYER! Tell me what they cannot get. The lightnings are snails when compared with the feet of Christ as he comes to the cry of his children.

HAVELOCK went from victory to victory. If his army was to march at six o'clock, he would rise at four and spend two hours in prayer. Get out of that man's way who has been on his knees before God! He is a thunder-bolt swung by the arm of the Lord omnipotent. The figure 0 stands for nothing; but put 1 beside it, and it becomes considerable. We are nothing. But when Christ stands beside us, it gives us infinite advantage. Whatever you want, ask for.

Is it for the salvation of your son—or daughter? Implore it. Put their very name into your prayer; and that son or that daughter will begin to feel a shaking at the gates of the soul. Is it husband or wife that you want saved? Cry to God, and you will kneel together at the same altar.

PRAYER IS THE CHALICE in which we fetch the water from the rock. It is the ladder on which we climb up to pick the grapes hanging over the wall of heaven. It is the fire that warms the frigid soul. It is the ship that carries away our wants, and comes back with a return cargo of Divine help. Archimedes said, if he could only find a fulcrum for his lever, he could move the world. Ah! we have found it! Prayer is the lever. The divine promise is the fulcrum. Pushing down on such a lever, we move not only earth, but also heaven.

THE CHANGE OF HEART.—It is no insignificant process, this change of heart. It is a change from black to white, from down to up, from the highway to hell to the highway to heaven—the whole nature made over again.

DO NOT WORSHIP YOUR FINE REPUTATION, or your wealthy store, or your large house, or your swift ship, but build up in your soul a temple of Christian character. Disasters cannot crush it, nor fire consume it, nor iconoclast deface its altars, nor time chisel down its walls. Yet politicians have worshipped their office, and merchants their business, and painters their pictures, and musicians their attainments, and architects their buildings, and historians their books; and how often have they seen their works perish!

**EXTINCTION OF WORLDLY GLORIES.**—Audubon, after fifteen years of working in making sketches of birds, leaves the sketches in a trunk, goes off, comes back, and finds that the rats have devoured them. Isaac Newton's dog, "Spot," tore to pieces a manuscript that represented the work of a quarter of a lifetime. A worm has sunk the ship that was the pride of its builder. A child's hand has spoiled a painting intended to be immortal. A horse's hoof dashed out the brain of a most accomplished philosopher. The marble statue that came out, under the stroke of an ingenious sculptor, drops on the sidewalk and is broken by a careless drayman. Time will break down grandest arch, and stanchest pyramid, and mightiest city.

**YOU WILL NOT TURN YOUR BACK ON SUFFERING.** Your bed to-night will be softer if you feel that you have provided some sufferer with a mattress to lie on. Your own food will be sweeter if you make provision for the hunger-struck. Your own children will seem brighter-faced if you provide stockings for the little bare feet.

**TWO NEEDS.**—A church, in order to peace and success, needs the right kind of man at the prow, and the right kind at the stern—that is, a good minister and a good sexton. It requires more talent in some respects to be sexton than to be king.

**THE GOOD SEXTON.**—He is the minister's blessing, the church's joy, a harbinger of the millennium. He does not regulate the heat by a broken thermometer, minus the mercury. He has the window-blinds arranged just right—the light not too glaring

so as to show the freckles, nor too dark so as to cast a gloom, but a subdued light that makes the plainest face attractive. He rings the bell merrily for Christmas festival, and tolls it sadly for the departed. He has real pity for the bereaved in whose house he goes for the purpose of burying their dead. He forgets not his own soul, and, though his place is to stand at the door of the ark, it is surely *inside* of it.

SIX DAYS OF PURIFICATION.—One reason why the Sabbaths are so wide apart is that every church-building may have six days of atmospheric purification. The best man's breath once ejected is not worth keeping. Our congregations are dying of asphyxia.

BEFORE THE SERMON.—If windows are to be lowered, or blinds closed, or register to be shut off, let it be before the sermon.

THE LAZY SEXTON does not lead the stranger to the pew, but goes a little way on the aisle, and points, saying, "Out yonder!" You leave the photograph of your back in the dust of the seat you occupy; the air is an atmospheric hash of what was left over last Sunday.

THE FIDGETY SEXTON.—Give my love to the sexton, and tell him never to chase a dog in religious service. Better let it alone, though it should, like my friend's poll-parrot, during praying-time, break out with a song, "I would not live away!" But the fidgety sexton is ever on the chase; his boots are apt to be noisy, and say as he goes up the aisle, Creakety-crack! Here I come. Creakety-crack!" Why should he come in to call the doctor out of his pew when the case is not urgent? Cannot the patient

wait twenty minutes, or is this the cheap way the doctor has of advertising? Dr. Camomile had but three cases in three months, and, strange coincidence, they all came to him at half-past eleven o'clock Sunday morning, while he was in church.

**PROVIDE PLENTY OF FRESH AIR.**—Lack of oxygen will dull the best sermon, and clip the wings of gladdest song, and stupefy an audience. People go out from the poisoned air of our churches to die of pneumonia. What a sin, when there is so much fresh air, to let people perish for lack of it! The churches are the worst ventilated buildings on the continent. No amount of grace can make stale air sacred. "The prince of the power of the air" wants nothing but poisoned air for the churches. After audiences have assembled, and their cheeks are flushed, and their respiration has become painful, it is too late to change it. Open a window or door now, and you ventilate only the top of that man's bald head, and the back of the neck of that delicate woman, and you send off hundreds of people coughing and sneezing.

**NO CONDEMNATION.**—Does that old sin present its dun at the door of your soul! Can you not pay it? Does it threaten to carry you off to jail? Does it propose to sell you out? Better get together all your bonds and mortgages, and certificates of stocks, and United States securities. Come, let me count them?—not enough. Bring all the clever things you have ever done. Let me count them!—not enough. Bring all that you possess. You say, "I have brought everything!" Alas! that you cannot meet the obligation. **YOU MUST DIE!** "No! no!

no!" says a voice from heaven. The blood of Jesus Christ, the royal blood, the human blood, the expiatory blood, cleanseth from all sin. "What! is that old sin gone?" Yes, I heard it topple over and splash into the depths of the sea. It sinks like lead. There is no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus.

**CIRCUMSTANCES AGGRAVATE SINS.** If a child does wrong, not wittingly, you excuse it; but when we do wrong, we know it. Every time a sin is committed, conscience tolls a funeral bell. We may laugh, and pretend not to hear it, but hear it we must. Our sins are against warnings and reproofs, and doubly aggravated.

**A NEST OF SCORPIONS.**—There is no such nest of scorpions this side of hell as the heart of the backslider. He is the last man that ever returns. The publicans and the harlots come in before him.

**THE SINS OF THE BEST MAN.**—If I could marshal before you all the sins of the best man in this house to-night, this whole audience would shriek out with horror.

**BLOOD THAT WILL WASH THEM OUT.**—Your common sense teaches you that the man who came to Christ, and heard the full expression of God's love, and then went away to betray the Lord, must drink the bitterest gall, and the thunders that at last drive him away will roll and crash with all the accumulated wrath of God omnipotent; and yet to-night my text sweeps a circle of pardon around all these accumulated sins. Fire may not be able to burn them

out; hoofs may not be able to trample them out; hammers may not be able to pound them out; but here is blood that will wash them out.

**THE MORAL MAN.**—You say, “These things are not appropriate to me, for I am a moral man.” How about your thoughts? You see my right hand, and you see my left hand, and one just as plainly as the other. So with the sin of the heart and the sin of the life—one is just as plain in God’s sight as the other. You have not been guilty of murder, you say. Are you sure about that? Have you ever hated anybody? You say you have never been guilty of theft. Are you sure about that? I acknowledge you have never taken anything from your fellow-man; but have you not taken days and hours that belonged to God for your own purposes? If it is wrong to steal from a man, it is more wicked to rob God.

**A VAST ESTATE.**—Fold your arms, and you have with those folded arms covered an estate vaster than everything that can be represented of material treasure, for the reason that you cover the soul.

**“MORE THAN A UNIVERSE.”**—How do you suppose I feel standing here, when I know that I am surrounded by thousands of souls, each one of which is worth more than a universe?

**THE GOSPEL SICKLE.**—A sermon on “Consider the Lilies” may be very beautiful, but it must have more than flowers in it to save the people. We might preach the natural sciences from our pulpits, but Agassiz could beat us at that. We might, Sab-

bath by Sabbath, present some philosophic essays, but Ralph Waldo Emerson could beat us at that. But he who by faith and prayer takes hold of the Gospel sickle, however weak his natural arm, shall see deep swaths of golden grain all ready for the angel sheaf-binders.

EVERYTHING DEPENDS upon our going down on our knees. The husbandman in the grain-field swinging the scythe does not stand upright, but stoops to his work, and in order to readily bind the sheaf, puts his knee upon it. So in this Gospel harvest we cannot stand straight up in the pride of our rhetoric, and metaphysics, and erudition. We must stoop to our work. We must put *our knee* upon it, or the harvest will never be tossed into the garner of the Lord.

IT IS A MIGHTY GOSPEL! Men may clench their fists and gnash their teeth against it, but it goes on from conquest unto conquest. It takes John the lamb, and Paul the lion. It is the power of God, and the wisdom of God, unto salvation.

“GO INTO ALL THE WORLD.”—We stand here two hours each Sabbath, and plead for the world's redemption. But there are one hundred and sixty-eight hours in every week. Can we expect the two hours we spend here on Sunday to overcome the one hundred and sixty-six remaining hours of the week? No! You need all to go to preaching in your stores, and in your offices, and in your shops. The command comes to all these business-men, as it came of old: “Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.”



SING IT.—We have to learn that one of the most powerful ways of preaching the Gospel is to sing it. No power can stand before Christian song. The time was when “Mear” and “Antioch,” and “Windham” and “Dundee” stood with the strength of an archangel to marshal the troops of God; but for the last thirty years our churches have been going back in sacred music. We have been under a servitude to the artistic tastes of the world. In most of our churches, four persons are delegated to do this service. With a whip of scorpions let the nuisance be scourged from the house of God; and, since no one can repent for us, and no one can die for us, let us sing out our sorrow over sin, and our triumphs over the last enemy, and our anticipation of glory.

WHEN YOU CAN DIE FOR ME, and open the gate of heaven to my departing soul, then I will let you do my singing.

OH! SING, ye who are bought by love divine, and who are on the way to grandeur immortal—sing! While I stand here and argue about the things of eternity, you may argue back; and you may be more skilful in your argument *against* religion than I am skilful in my argument *for* religion; but who could resist the holy influence when this audience, like the voice of many waters, lifted its unanimous song:

“Show pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive;  
Let a repenting rebel live.  
Are not thy mercies large and free?  
May not a sinner trust in thee?”

WHAT DOES GOD DO WITH OUR PRAYERS? Take them up on the battlements of heaven and throw

them away! No. What do you do with the presents given you by your friends? You keep them sacred. Will God be less regardful of that which we present to him in prayer?

“THERE WAS SOME ONE PRAYING FOR US.”—On the coast of Scotland, one stormy night, a woman came to the house of her pastor, and said to the minister, “Rise, and pray for my husband, for he is on the sea in a storm.” The Christian wife and her pastor knelt down and prayed for the salvation of the sea-captain. Sure enough, at that very hour the vessel was tossed upon the angry seas. The ship plunged into the wave, and it seemed as if it would never come up again; but it righted and came to the top of the wave. It plunged again, and for a long while the captain thought it would never rise; but it began to shake itself from the wave, and again bounded the sea. The third time it went down, and all hands on board gave up the last hope. But again it mounted. As it came out of the foaming billows, the captain said to his crew, “*Lads, surely there was some God’s soul on the land praying for us to-night, or we would never have come up out of that.*”

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, O CHRISTIAN MEN? What are you waiting for? You will be dead very soon. I see Christian men and women going into glory. This soul goes up to the gate of heaven surrounded by a dozen souls whom he has brought with him. Yonder comes a tract-distributor, followed by fifty souls. Yonder comes a Sabbath-school teacher, with ten souls following him into the kingdom. I see your soul coming up alone. Why do you come up

alone? Have you not brought one soul to Christ? Have you lived thirty or forty years and done nothing? What will God say? What will the angels say? You had better crouch down in one corner of heaven and never show yourself.

I WILL TELL YOU WHO I AM. I am a sinner: saved, as I hope, by the infinite grace of God. For eighteen years of my life I offered up no believing prayer. From a Christian family altar I flew toward perdition. With my back toward the cross, and my face toward death, I bounded away toward darkness and woe, and said, "Who is the Lord that I should serve him?"

"Against the God that rules the sky  
I fought, with hands uplifted high;  
Despised the offers of his grace;  
Too proud to seek a hiding-place."

But there came a memorable Sabbath night. I retired, thoughtless as ever. About one o'clock in the morning, I awoke. Something said: "Are you prepared for eternity? You had better fly." I raised up in bed. I tried to strike a light. I could not get a light. I went down stairs, and asked of one who knew well how to tell me, "What must I do to be saved?" For days, and weeks, and months I wandered in the darkness—too stubborn to submit, too hard-hearted to repent; but at last the day dawned, and at the torn and bleeding feet of the Son of God I put down the awful burden of my guilt.

HE CAME TO CALL SINNERS.—"But," says a man out yonder, "I am too bad to come. I am all astray. For thirty years I have been going down hill. I am

scalded and blistered with sin. I have gone through the whole catalogue. I cannot come as I am. I must first get things fixed up!" Ah! my friends, you will never get things fixed up until you come to the cross. You will get worse and worse. Not the righteous: *sinners* Jesus came to call.

THOUGH YOU BE WOUNDED in the head, and wounded in the heart, and wounded in the hands, and wounded in the feet, and have the gangrene of eternal death upon you, the Great Physician, with one drop of this elixir of eternal life, shall cure your soul. Though you be soaked with sinful indulgences, and your feet have gone in evil places, and you have companioned with harlots, one touch of God's almighty grace shall cleanse and deliver your soul.

GOD WITH YOU.—I do not say you will have no more struggles; but your struggles will be different. Now, when you fight against your evil habits, all the powers of darkness are against you, and you are alone, and you fight weaker and weaker until you fall, and they trample upon your soul; but in the other case you go into the battle with God on your side, and you shall fight stronger and stronger against your evil propensities, until you get the final victory. All hail to the man who fights with God on his side!

PRAYER IS NOT a certain number of "ohs" and "ahs," and "forever and forever, amens." God directs us to ask for what we want. Away with all the meaningless rigmaroles that people sometimes call prayer.

SCOFFERS CONVERTED. — In Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, a revival-meeting was being held, and many souls were being saved; and among them a member of one of the worst club-houses in the city. The leader of the club-room went to the prayer-meeting to make a disturbance, and to get his old comrade to come out. Stopping at the door of the prayer-meeting, a song arrested his attention, and he went in, and before the meeting closed knelt at the altar, asking for prayers; and he became a captive of heavenly grace. Another member of the same club, on another night, started with the same idea of disturbing and breaking up the meeting, and decoying away his old comrades who had been converted. But the grace of God also seized him at the door, and his soul was saved.

FAITH.—There is only one door into heaven: that door is *faith*. There is only one ship that sails for the skies: her name is *Faith*. There is only one weapon with which to contend with opposition: that is *faith*. Faith is the first step; faith the second step; faith the third step; faith the fourth step; faith the last step. We enter the road by faith; we contend against adversities by faith; we die by faith. Heaven is the reward of faith.

A WARNING.—With some here the voice of God has been ineffective. Sermons innumerable; hymns and psalms innumerable; solemn providences innumerable; and yet they have trampled on all these influences, and are no nearer the kingdom now than they would have been had they lived in Ethiopia, and never seen a missionary. I fear

they will be lost. They will appear at the last day with none to defend them. All the sermons will plead against them; all the Bibles will plead against them; all their religious advantages will plead against them. God will say, "Because I called, and ye refused, and stretched out my hand, and no man regarded me, therefore I will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh." The door of mercy will not always stand open. It has begun to close. It moves faster and faster upon its hinges. It swings closer, and soon the announcement will be made that *the door is shut!*

RECKLESS DRIVERS.—When I see in the community men with large incomes but larger outgoes, rushing into wildest undertakings, their pockets filled with circulars about gold in Canada, and lead in Missouri, and fortunes everywhere, launching out in expenditures to be met by the thousands they *expect* to make, with derision dashing across the path of sober men depending upon their industry and honor for success, I say, "*Here he comes, the son of Nimshi, driving furiously.*"

THE BIBLE THE TRUE RULE.—I would that on the desk of every counting-room, and on the bench of every artisan, there were a Bible; and that by its instruction all business-men were regulated, and that they would see that godliness is profitable for the life that now is, as well as for that which is to come; and that business dishonor is a spiritual disaster; and that a man may be the leader of a Methodist class, or the trustee of a Baptist church, or an "example" in a Quaker meeting-house, or a vestry-man in an Epis-

copal parish, or an elder in a Presbyterian church, and yet go to perdition.

**PERSONAL PREACHING.**—What is the use of going to church if not to be made better? I never feel satisfied when I sit in church unless the preacher strikes some of my sins, and arouses me out of some of my stupidities.

**THE WORLDLY PRUDENT.**—Now, you may, in worldly affairs, be cautious, true, honorable, and exemplary; but am I not right when I say that all those who are speeding toward eternity without preparation—flying with the years, and the months, and the weeks, and the days, and the moments, and the seconds, toward an unalterable destiny, yet uncertain as to where they speed, are *reckless drivers*? What would you think of a stage-driver with six horses and twenty passengers, in the midnight, when it is so dark that you cannot see your hand before your face, dashing at full run over bridges and along by dangerous precipices? Such a man is prudent compared with one who, amidst the perils of this life, dashes on toward an unknown eternity.

**WHICH ROAD?**—If, in driving, you come to the forks of a road, and one goes to the right and the other to the left, you stop and make inquiry as to which road you ought to take. To-night, you have come to the forks of a road. One leads to heaven and the other to hell. Which road will you take?

**SEE THE END.**—Young man, before you mount the chariot of sin, go and see the end of those reckless drivers. They once had as fair a cheek as you,

and as manly a brow as you, and as stout a heart. They stepped very gradually aside. They read French novels. They looked at bad pictures. They went into contaminating associations. Out of curiosity, and just to see for themselves, they entered the house of sin. They were caught in snares that had captured stronger men than they. Farewell now to all hope of return! Farewell to peace! Farewell to heaven!

**BETTER STOP NOW.** Some years ago, near Princeton, New Jersey, some young men were skating on a pond around an "air-hole," and the ice began to break in. Some of them stopped; but a young man said, "*I am not afraid! Give us one round more!*" He swung nearly round, when the ice broke, and not until next day was his lifeless body found. So men go on in sin. They are warned. They expect soon to stop. But they say, "*Give us one round more!*" They start, but with wild crash break through into bottomless perdition. Do not risk it any longer. Stop now. God save us from the foolhardiness of the one round more!

**COME AND GET YOUR SINS PARDONED.** I do not ask you to come to a private confessional, or to whisper into my ears your offences, but, sitting where you are, to accept this moment the blood-cleansing.

**THE WORLD'S DEADLY POWER.**—When this world gets full power over a man, he might as well be dead. He is dead! When Sisera came into the house of Jael, she gave him something to drink, and got him asleep on the floor. Then she took a peg from the side of her tent, and a mallet, and drove



the peg through the brain of Sisera into the floor. So the world feeds a man and flatters a man, and when it has him sound asleep, strikes his life out.

RELIGION IN BUSINESS.—You have no right to shut the door of your office or store against the principles of our holy religion. The minister of Christ does not do his whole duty who does not plainly and unmistakably bring the Gospel face to face with every style of business transaction.

SUNDAY RELIGION NO RELIGION.—Many a man sits in his pew on Sunday night, and sings "Rock of Ages," and rolls up his eyes very piously, who, on coming out at the close of the service, shuts the pew-door, and says, "Good-bye, Religion; I will be back next Sunday!" A religion that does not work all the week, as well as on Sunday, is no religion at all.

ENVIOUS HUMAN NATURE.—Human nature the same in boy as man. All running to gain the vehicle of success. Some are spry, and gain that for which they strive. Others are slow, and tumble down; they who fall crying out against those who mount, "CUT BEHIND!"

THE OLD SCISSORS.—Yes, I am a pair of old scissors. I cut out many a profile of old-time faces, and the white dimity bed-curtains. I lay on the stand when your grandparents were courting—for that had to be done then as well as now—and it was the same story of chairs wide apart, and chairs coming nearer, and arm over the back of the chair, and late hours, and four or five gettings up to go with the determination to stay, protracted interviews on the front steps,

blushes and kisses. Your great grandmother, out of patience at the lateness of the hour, shouted over the banisters to your immediate grandmother, "Mary! come to bed!" Because the old people sit in the corner looking so very grave, do not suppose their eyes were never roguish, nor their lips ruby, nor their hair flaxen, nor their feet spry, nor that they always retired at half-past eight o'clock at night.

"CUTTING BEHIND" IN POLITICS.—A political office rolls past. A multitude spring to their feet, and the race is in. Only one of all the number reaches that for which he runs. No sooner does he gain the prize, and begin to wipe the sweat from his brow, and think how grand a thing it is to ride in popular preferment, than the disappointed candidates cry out: "Incompetency! Stupidity! Fraud! Now let the newspapers and platforms of the country 'CUT BEHIND!'"

Boots.—The boot period is the dividing line between babyhood and boyhood. Before the boots, one is trampled upon by comrades, and stuck with pins, and we walk with an air of apology for the fact that we were born at all. Robust school-fellows strike us across the cheek, and when we turn toward them, they cry, "Who are you looking at?" or what is worse than any possible insult, we have somebody chuck us under the chin, and call us "Bub." Before the crisis of boots, the country boy carries no handkerchief. This keeps him in a state of constant humiliation. Whatever crisis may come in the boy's history—no handkerchief. This is the very unpopu-

lar period of snuffles. But at last the age of boots dawns upon a boy. Henceforth, instead of always having to get out of the way, he will make others get out of *his* way. He will sometimes get the Scripture lesson confused, and when smitten on the right cheek, will turn and give it to his opponent on the left cheek also. Indeed, we do not think there is any regulation, human or divine, demanding that a boy submit to the school-bully. I think we should teach our boy to avoid all quarrel and strife; but, nevertheless, to take care of himself. We remember with deep satisfaction how that, after Jim Johnson had knocked our hat in the mud, and spit in our face, and torn our new coat, we felt called upon to vindicate the majesty of our new boots. That, however, was before we had any idea of ever becoming a minister. But when the time spoken of in a boy's life comes, look out how you call him "Bub." He parts his hair on the side, has the end of his white handkerchief sticking out at the top of his side-pocket as if it were accidentally arranged so, has a dignified and manly mode of expectoration, and walks down the road with long strides, as much as to say: "Clear the track for my boots!"

**THE BEST UNIVERSITY.**—If a young man starts from a good, honest, industrious Christian mother, he graduates from a university better than that of Berlin or Edinburgh.

**THE BEGINNINGS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.**—Columbus was a weaver; Halley a soap-boiler; Arkwright a barber; Æsop a slave; the learned Bloomfield was a shoemaker; Hogarth was an engraver of

pewter-plate; Sixtus the Fifth was a swine-herdsman; Homer was a beggar; and Horace Greeley started life in New-York with ten dollars and seventy-five cents in his pocket, as well off as if he had the eleven full round dollars. But there are a great many young men who are waiting for the other twenty-five cents before they begin.

**A SHEAF FULLY RIPE.**—An aged Christian man in Massachusetts recently died. Instead of the flowers usually put upon the bier there was laid upon his coffin a sheaf of wheat fully ripe. Beautifully significant! Oh, that on the remains of this harvest year we might place, to-day, a sheaf of prayer, a sheaf of thanksgiving, a sheaf of joy fully ripe!

**THE SIN OF OVERWORK.**—God gives to every man a certain amount of work, and he does not want him to do any more than that. "Do thyself no harm," is advice no more appropriate to the jailer when the prison is tumbling around his ears than it is appropriate to those the wards of whose health and the fastnesses of whose strength begin to tremble with the earthquake. Paul was very careful of his body; long before the days of expressage he sends hundreds of miles for his great-coat to Troas.

**RESPONSIBILITY OF NEWSPAPER MEN.**—It is a vast responsibility that rests upon people that set type or sit in editorial-chairs. The audience is so large, the influence is so great, the results are so eternal, that I believe, in the day of judgment, amid all the millions of men who will come up to render their account, the largest account will be rendered by newspaper men; and I will tell you why. Here is

a paper that has, for instance, fifty thousand circulation. We will suppose that each of those papers is read by three men. There is an audience of one hundred and fifty thousand people. Now, suppose that, in one of the issues of that paper there be a grand truth forcibly put, how magnificent the opportunity! Suppose there be a wrong thing projected in that paper, who can estimate the undoing of that one issue? Oh! if there is any man who needs to be a Christian, it is an editor.

THE SHARP KNIFE of worldly assault will only trim the vines until they produce better grapes. The more you pound marjoram and rosemary, the sweeter they smell. The bloody muzzle of the papacy hounded fifty million Protestants into glory. No pruning, no grapes; no grinding-mill, no flour; no battle, no victory; no cross, no crown!

THE BRUISED REED.—The shepherd in olden times played upon these reeds. They were very easily bruised; but when they were bruised they were never mended. The shepherd could so easily make another one, he would snap the old one and throw it away, and get another. The Bible says it is not so with our Shepherd. When the music has gone out of a man's soul, God does not snap him in twain and throw him away. He mends and restores.

HORACE GREELEY'S CHANCE.—I think the life of this man ought to *kindle hope and enthusiasm in all the struggling*. There are a great many young men who tell me that they have no chance. They say, "Yonder is a young man who started with a

large fortune, and here is a young man who married a fine estate, and here is another who has been through our best universities, and has finished his education in Edinburgh or Germany; but I have no education; I have no money; I have no chance." You have as good a chance as Horace Greeley the boy. See him in Vermont, in home-spun dyed with butternut-bark, helping his father get a living for the family out of very poor soil. I tell you that one who has, with bare feet and in a tow shirt, helped a father to get out of poor soil a living for mother and sisters, has a right to publish fifty books concerning "what he knows about farming." See the lad stepping up from the Albany boat on the New-York Battery, and then coming and sitting down on the steps of a printing-house, waiting for the boss to come in the morning. Then look at him sitting in the foremost editorial-chair of all the world, and then tell me again you have no chance.

A WORKING CAPITAL.—Every sound man starts life with a capital of at least one hundred thousand dollars—I say every man. You tell me to prove it. I will prove it. Your right arm—will you take five thousand dollars and have it cut off? "No," you say. Then certainly it is worth five thousand dollars, and your left arm is worth as much, and your right foot as much, and your left foot as much. Twenty thousand dollars of capital to start with. Your mind—for how much would you go up and spend your life in Bloomingdale Asylum? Twenty thousand dollars for your intellect? You would refuse it. It is worth that, anyhow,—forty thousand dollars of

equipment. Then you have an immortal soul; for how much would you sell it? For sixty thousand dollars? No, you say, with indignation. Then certainly it is worth that much. And there are your one hundred thousand dollars—the magnificent outfit with which the Lord God Almighty started every one of you. And yet there are young men who are waiting for others to come and start them—to make them; waiting for institutions to make them; waiting for circumstances to make them. Fool! go and make yourself.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—Good, grand, old-fashioned Thanksgiving Day has come. Nothing could stop it. It pressed on down through the weeks and months, its way lighted by burning cities, or cleft by cavernous graves; now strewn with orange-blossoms, and then with funeral weeds; amid instruments that piped “the quickstep” and drummed “the dead march.” Through the gates of this morning it came, carrying on one shoulder a sheaf of wheat, and on the other a shock of corn. Children, in holiday dress, hold up their hands to bless it, and old age goes out to bid it welcome, asking that it come in, and by the altars of God rest a while. Come in, oh day, fragrant with a thousand memories, and borne down under the weight of innumerable mercies, and tell to our thankful hearts how great is the goodness of God.

“SAVED AS BY FIRE.”—A vessel at sea is in flames. You go to the stern of the vessel. The boats have shoved off. The flames advance; you

can endure the heat no longer on your face. You slide down on the side of the vessel, and hold on with your fingers, until the forked tongue of the fire begins to lick the back of your hand, and you feel that you must fall, when one of the life-boats comes back, and the passengers say they think they have room for one more. The boat swings under you—you drop into it—you are saved. So some men are pursued by temptation until they are partially consumed, but after all get of—“*saved as by fire.*”

BY THE SKIN OF THE TEETH.—A very narrow escape, you say, for Job's body and soul; but there are thousands of men who make just as narrow escape for their soul. There was a time when the partition between them and ruin was no thicker than a tooth's enamel; but as Job finally escaped, so have they.

THE SPRING.—On this the brightest week of the brightest month of all the year, I sit down to write that which I hope may be pleasant to read when red-armed Autumn smites his anvil, and through all the woods the sparks are flying, and it needs not a prophetic eye to see the mountains from base to tip-top filled with horses and chariots of fire. Indeed June and October, if they could see each other, would soon be married. Not much difference between their ages; the one fair, and the other ruddy; both beautiful to look upon, and typical; the one holding a bunch of flowers, and the other a basket of fruit. The south winds would harp at the nuptials, and against the up-



lifted chalices would dash the blood of strawberry and grape. To that marriage altar January would bring its cups of crystal, and April its strung beads of shower, and July its golden crown of wheat.

**A POOR TIME.**—It is always true that the last hours of a man's life are a poor time in which to prepare for eternity. It is either delirium or some trouble about property, or it is the magnitude of world-changing, or it is bidding good-bye to friends—making it a very poor hour to prepare for heaven. The fact is that if a man wants to get ready for eternity, he must do it while he is well.

**BE YE ALSO READY.** Do not wait until you see the flambeau of the bridegroom coming through the darkness before you begin to trim your lamps. You may wait for your last moment, but when your last moment comes, it will not wait for you. There are great many doors through which you may get out of this world, but there is only one door into heaven.

**USE YOUR POWER FOR GOOD.**—I congratulate you newspaper men on the splendor of your opportunity, but I charge you before God, that you be careful to use your influence in the right direction. How grand will be the result in the last day for the man who has consecrated the printing-press to high and holy objects! God will say to such an one, "You broke off a million chains, you opened a million blind eyes, you gave resurrection to a million of the dead." But what shall

become of those who have prostituted their press to blackmailing and the advocacy of that which is wrong, multiplying the numbers of their papers by pandering to the tastes of bad men and worse women, poisoning the air with a plague that killed a nation? Why, God will say to such men in the last day, "You were destroying angels, smiting the first-born of man and beast; you made the world horribly worse, when you might have made it gloriously better. Go down and suffer with the millions you have damned. You knew your duty and you did it not."

**KILKENNY CATS AT LAW.**—Two men go to law about some insignificant thing. They retain counsel, enter complaints, subpoena witnesses, empanel juries, hear verdicts, make appeals, multiply costs. Adjournment after adjournment, vexation after vexation, business neglected, patience exhausted, years wasted, and on both sides the last dollar spent; the cats have interlocked their paws, clashed each other's teeth, opened each other's jaws, and gulped down each other's all! Extermination more complete than that of Kilkenney.

**KILKENNY CATS IN THE CHURCH.**—A church is divided into two parties. What one likes, the other abhors. They feel it their duty to stick to it. In the devotional meeting they *pray at* each other's inconsistencies, hoping that the prayer will go to heaven; but by the way of Deacon Rafferty's pew, just stopping a moment to give him a shaking. If one wants the church built on the hill, the other wants it down by the saw-mill. If the one wants the minister to

avoid politics, the other would like to have him get up on the side of the pulpit and give three cheers for John Brown's knapsack, which is said to be still "strapped upon his back!" When Elder Bangs sits still in prayer, Elder Crank stands up to show his contempt for such behavior. If one puts ten cents on the plate, the other throws a dollar on the top of it, to show his abhorrence of such parsimony. The whole church catches the quarrelsome spirit, and begins to go down. One-half of the choir eats up the other half. The pew devours the pulpit, and the pulpit swallows the pew. The session take down the trustees, and the trustees masticate the session. The Sunday-school and sewing-society show their teeth, and run out their claws, and get their backs up, and spit fire. And church councils assemble to stop the quarrel, and cry "Scat! scat!" to the infamous howlers. But the claws go on with their work, till *there* stands the old church by the wayside, windowless and forsaken! Nothing more nor less than a monument to the memory of the dead ecclesiastical cats of Kilkenny!

MINISTERS' SUNSHINE.—So much has been written of the hardships of clergymen—small salaries, unreasonable churches, mean committees, and impudent parishioners, that parents seeking for their children's happiness are not wont to desire them to enter the sacred calling. Indeed, the story of empty bread-trays and cheerless parsonages has not half been told. But there is another side to the picture. Ministers' wives are not all vixens, nor their children scapegraces. Pastors do not always step on thorns and

preach to empty benches. The parish sewing-society does not always roast their pastor over the slow fires of tittle-tattle. There is no inevitable connection between the gospel and bronchitis. As far as we have observed, the brightest sunshine is ministers' sunshine.

MOUNT WASHINGTON.—Mountain-ash, and birch, and maple, which we saw soon after starting, cannot climb such steeps as these. Yes, we have come where spruce, and fir, and white pine begin to faint by the way, and in every direction you see the stark remains of the trees which have been bitten to death by the sharp white teeth of the frost. Yet God does not forsake even the highest peaks. The majesty of forests may be denied them, but the brow of this stupendous death hath its wreath of alpine plants, and its catafalque is strewn with bluebells and anemones. After passing great reaches of desolation, you suddenly come upon a height garnished with a foam of white flowers dashed up from the sea of divine beauty. There, where neither hoof nor wheel can be traced, you find the track of God's foot in the turf; and on the granite, great natural laws written on "tables of stone," hurled down and broken by the wrath of the tempest. Oh! how easy to see that the Divine care is here tending the white flocks of flowers which pick out their pasturage among the clefts.

CHILDREN GONE.—Some are from infancy light and happy—they romp, they fly. You can hear their swift feet in the hall. Their loud laughter rings through the house, or in the woods bursts into

a score of echoes. At night you can hardly hush their glad hearts for slumber, and in the morning they wake you with their singing. Alas! if then they leave you, and you no more hear their swift feet in the hall, and their loud laughter ringing through the house, or in the woods bursting into a score of echoes; if they wake you no more in the morning with their sweet song; if the color go out of the rose and its leaves fall; if angels for once grow jealous, and want what you cannot spare; if packed away in the trunk or drawer there be silent garments that once fluttered with youthful life, and by mistake you call some other child by the name of the one departed—ah me! ah me!

**WE FIND WHAT WE LOOK FOR.**—You will see in the world chiefly that for which you look. A farmer going through the country chiefly examines the farms, an architect the buildings, a merchant the condition of the markets, a minister the churches; and so a man going through the world will see the most of that for which he especially looks. He who is constantly watching for troubles will find them stretching off into gloomy wildernesses, while he who is watching for blessings will find them hither and thither extending in harvests of luxuriance.

**THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG SIDE.**—Like most garments, like most carpets, everything in life has a right side and wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it around, find troubles on the other side; or you may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around, find joys on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once,

nor does the greatest of life's calamities. The earth in its revolutions manages about right—it never has darkness all over at the same time. Sometimes it has night in America, and sometimes in China, but there is some part of the earth constantly in the bright sunlight. My friends, do as the earth does. When you have trouble, keep turning around, and you will find sunlight somewhere. Amid the thickest gloom through which you are called to pass, carry your own candle. A consummate fret will, in almost every instance, come to nothing. You will not go to such a merchant's store, nor employ such a mechanic, nor call such a minister.

**HYPOCHONDRIA.**—Fretfulness will kill anything that is not in its nature immortal. There is a large class of persons in constant trouble about their health, although the same amount of strength in a cheerful man would be taken as healthiness. Their digestion, being constantly suspected of unfaithfulness, finally refuses to serve such a master, and says, "Hereafter make way with your own lobsters!" and the suspected lungs resign their office, saying: "Hereafter blow your own bellows!" For the last twenty years he has been expecting every moment to faint. His nerves make insurrection, and rise up against his head, saying: "Come! let us seize upon this armory!" His face is perpetually drawn, as though he either had a pain or expected one. You fear to accost him with, "How are you to-day?" for that would be the signal for a shower of complaints. He is always getting a lump on his side, an enlargement of the heart, or a curve in the spine. If some of

these disorders did not actually come, he would be sick of disappointment. If you should find his memorandum-book, you would discover in it recipes, in elderly female handwriting, for the cure of all styles of diseases, from softening of the brain in a man, down to the bots in a horse. His bedroom-shelf is an apothecary-infantum, where medicines of all kinds may be found, from large bottles full of head-wash for diseased craniums, down to the smallest vial, full of the best preparations for the removing of corns from the feet.

THE VILLAGE.—A country village affords no retreat. There everybody knows everybody's business. You cannot raise half-a-dozen goslings without having them stoned for picking off your neighbor's gooseberries. Gossip wants no better heaven than a small village. Miss Glib stands at her gate three times a day talking with old Mrs. Chatterbox, and on rainy days, at the blacksmith's shop, the whole business of the town swims in a tank of tobacco-juice of the worst plug. Everybody knows whether this morning, out of the butcher's cart, you bought mutton or calf's liver; and the mason's wife, at the risk of breaking her neck, rushes down stairs to exclaim, "Just think of it! Mrs. Stuckup has bought a sirloin steak, and she is no better than other people!" Your brass kettle is always borrowed. A handbox was seen going from the millinery-shop to the house of a villager on Saturday afternoon, and on Sunday morning a score of people are early at church, head half-turned toward the door, ready to watch the coming in of the new purchase, handkerchief up to mouth,

ready to burst out at what they pronounce a *perfect fright* of a bonnet. They always ask what you gave for a thing, and say you were cheated; had something of a better quality they could have let you have for half the money. We have at different times lived in a small village, and many of our best friends dwell there, but we give as our opinion that there are other places more favorable for a man's getting to heaven.

**BE CHEERFUL.**—Away! away with all forebodings as to the future! Cheer up, disconsolate ones! Go forth among nature. Look up toward the heavens insufferably bright by day, or at night when the sky is merry with ten thousand stars, joining hands of light, with the earth in the ring, going round and round with gleam and dance and song, making old Night feel young again. Go to the forest, where the woodman's axe rings on the trees, and the solitude is broken by the call of the woodsparrow, and the che-wink starting up from among the huckleberry-bushes. Go to where the streams leap down off the rocks, and their crystal heels clatter over the white pebbles. Go to where the wild flowers stand drinking out of the mountain-brook, and, scattered on the grass, look as if all the oreads had cast their crowns at the foot of the steep. Hark to the fluting of the winds and the long-metre psalm of the thunder! Look at the Morning coming down the mountains, and Evening drawing aside the curtain from heaven's wall of jasper, amethyst, sardonyx, and chalcedony! Look at all this, and then be happy.

**MORNING IN THE COUNTRY.**—It is never real morning except in the country. In the city in the early



part of the day there is a mixed color that climbs down over the roofs opposite, and through the smoke of the chimney, that makes people think it is time to get up and comb their hair. But we have *real* morning in the country. Morning! descending "from God out of heaven like a bride adorned for her husband." A few moments ago I looked out, and the army of night-shadows were striking their tents. A red light on the horizon that does not make me think, as it did Alexander Smith, of "the barren beach of hell," but more like unto the fire kindled on the shore by Him whom the disciples saw at daybreak stirring the blaze on the beach of Genesareth. Just now the dew woke up in the hammock of the tree-branches, and the light kissed it. Yonder, leaning against the sky, two great uprights of flame, crossed by many rundles of fire! Some Jacob must have been dreaming. Through those burnished gates a flaming chariot rolls. Some Elijah must be ascending. Morning! I wish I had a rousing bell to wake the whole world up to see it. Every leaf a psalm. Every flower a censer. Every bird a chorister. Every sight beauty. Every sound music. Trees transfigured. The skies in conflagration. The air as if sweeping down from hanging-gardens of heaven. The foam of celestial seas plashed on the white tops of the spirææ. The honeysuckle on one side my porch challenges the sweet-brier on the other. The odors of heliotrope overflow the urns and flood the garden. Syringas with bridal blossoms in their hair, and roses bleeding with a very carnage of color. Oh, the glories of day-dawn in the country! My pen trembles, and my eyes moisten. Unlike the

flaming sword that drove out the first pair from Eden, *these* fiery splendors seem like swords unsheathed by angel hands to drive us in.

THE QUIET COUNTRY AIR.—There is something in this country air to put one in blandest mood. Yesterday we allowed a snake to cross our path without any disposition on our part to kill it. We are at peace with all the world. We would not hurt a spider. We could take our bitterest foe and give him a camp-stool on the piazza. We would not blame him for not liking us if he liked our strawberries. We would walk with him arm-in-arm through water-melon-patch and peach-orchard. He should be persuaded that if we could not write good sermons and vivacious lectures, we can nevertheless raise great pumpkins, and long orange-carrots, and Drumhead cabbage. We would take him in our carriage, going at consistent ministerial gait, as though on the way to Old School Presbytery, never racing with any one, if there were danger of our being beaten. We hereby proclaim peace forever with any man who likes our hens. We fear we would have been tempted to sign Jeff Davis's bail-bond if he had praised our early scarlet radishes.

THE HOE HEALTHY.—A sharp hoe will hack to pieces all your dyspepsia. A pruning-knife will cut off the excrescences of your disposition. The dash of the shower that wets you to the skin will cool your spirit for ecclesiastical strife. Daily swinging of the axe will tone up your nerves. Trampling down the hay as it is tossed into the mow will tread into forgetfulness your little perplexities. In the

wake of the plough you may pick up strength with which to battle public iniquity. Neighbors looking over the fence may think we are only weeding cantaloupes, or splitting rails, or husking corn, when we are rebuilding our strength, enkindling our spirits, quickening our brain, purifying our theology, and blessing our souls.

COUNTRY LIFE FOR MINISTERS.—Congregations would be advantaged by it if for a few weeks of every year they would allow their pastors a little farm-life. Three weeks at fashionable watering-place will not do the work. There is not enough salts and sulphur in all the springs to overcome the tight shoes, and the uncomfortable gloves, and the late hours, and the high living, and the dresses economical at the neck. Rather turn us out to physical work.

THROUGH THE HEART.—Some of you, in coming to God, will have to run against skeptical notions. It is useless for people to say sharp and cutting things to those who reject the Christian religion. I cannot say such things. By what process of temptation, or trial, or betrayal you have come to your present state, I know not. There are two gates to your nature: the gate of the head, and the gate of the heart. The gate of your head is locked with bolts and bars that an archangel could not break, but the gate of your heart swings easily on its hinges. If I assaulted your body with weapons you would meet me with weapons, and it would be sword-stroke for sword-stroke, and wound for wound, and blood for blood; but if I come and knock at the door of your house, you open it, and give me the best seat in your

parlor. If I should come at you to-night with an argument, you would answer me with an argument; if with sarcasm, you would answer me with sarcasm; blow for blow, stroke for stroke; but when I come and knock at the door of your heart, you open it and say, "Come in, my brother, and tell me all you know about Christ and heaven."

**THE SWEET FLOWERS.**—The aroma of the garden almost bewilders my senses. Flowers seem to me the dividing-line between the physical and the spiritual. The stamen of the honeysuckle is the alabaster pillar at which the terrestrial and the celestial part and meet. Out of the cup of the water-lily earth and heaven drink. May the blessing of larkspur and sweet-william fall upon all the dwellers in country and town! Let there be some one to set a tuft of mignonette by every sick man's pillow, and plant a fuschia in every working-man's yard, and place a geranium in every sewing-girl's window, and twine a cypress about every poor man's grave. And, above all, may there come upon us the blessing of Him whose footsteps the mosses mark, and whose breath is the redolence of flowers! Between these leaves I press thee—O "Lily of the Valley!"

**TO THE SKEPTIC.**—Skepticism is a dark and doleful land. Let me say that this Bible is either true or false. If it be false, we are as well off as you; if it be true, then which of us is safer?

**LISTEN TO TWO OR THREE QUESTIONS:** Are you as happy as you used to be when you believed in the truth of the Christian religion? Would you like to have your children travel on in the road in which

you are now travelling? You had a relative who professed to be a Christian, and was thoroughly consistent, living and dying in the faith of the Gospel. Would you not like to live the same quiet life, and die the same peaceful death?

CHRISTIANITY AND ITS INCONSISTENT PROFESSORS.—

Let me ask whether your trouble has not been that you confounded Christianity with the inconsistent character of some who profess it. You are a lawyer. In your profession there are mean and dishonest men. Is that anything against the law? You are a doctor. There are unskilled and contemptible men in your profession. Is that anything against medicine? You are a merchant. There are thieves and defrauders in your business. Is that anything against merchandise? Behold, then, the unfairness of charging upon Christianity the wickedness of its disciples.

INCONSISTENT CHRISTIANS.—We admit some of the charges against those who profess religion. Some of the most gigantic swindles of the present day have been carried on by members of the Church. There are men standing in the front rank in the churches who would not be trusted for five dollars without good collateral security. They leave their business dishonesties in the vestibule of the church as they go in and sit at the communion. Having concluded the sacrament, they get up, wipe the wine from their lips, go out, and take up their sins where they left off. To serve the devil is their regular work; to serve God a sort of play-spell. With a Sunday sponge they expect to wipe off from their business slate all the past week's inconsistencies.

You have no more right to take such a man's life as a specimen of religion than you have to take the twisted irons and split timbers that lie on the beach at Coney Island as a specimen of an American ship. It is time that we drew a line between religion and the frailties of those who profess it.

**THE BIBLE THE BEST BOOK.**—Do you not feel that the Bible, take it all in all, is about the best book that the world has ever seen? Do you know any book that has as much in it? Do you not think, upon the whole, that its influence has been beneficent? I come to you with both hands extended toward you. In one hand I have the Bible, and in the other I have nothing. This Bible in one hand I will surrender forever just as soon as in my other hand you can put a book that is better.

**COME BACK.**—I invite you back into the good old-fashioned religion of your fathers—to the God whom they worshipped, to the Bible they read, to the promises on which they leaned, to the cross on which they hung their eternal expectations. You have not been happy a day since you swung off; you will not be happy a minute until you swing back.

**DEATH IN NIGHT-WORK.**—Work is good, but too much work is death. Brethren of literary toil, you had better hold up. If you are going at the rate of sixty miles an hour, you had better stop and go no more than thirty. The temptations to over-work for literary men are multiplying all the time in increased newspapers and magazines and lecturing platforms. The temptation to night-work is especially great—that kind of work which is most

exhausting and ruinous. When the sun goes down, God puts his candle out, and says to the world, "My child, you had better go to sleep; I have put the candle out." The brass-headed nails of coffins are made out of gaslight! The money that a man makes by midnight toil he pays toward the expenses of his own funeral.

WITH BRIDLED PASSIONS.—Perhaps it is a disposition to anger that you have to contend against; and perhaps, while in a very serious mood, you hear of something that makes you feel that you must swear or die. I know of a Christian man who was once so exasperated that he said to a mean customer, "I cannot swear at you myself, for I am a member of the Church; but if you will go down stairs, my partner in business will swear at you." All your good resolutions heretofore have been torn to tatters by explosions of temper. You need to bridle and saddle these hot-breathed passions, and with them ride down injustice and wrong. There is no harm in getting red hot if you only bring to the forge that which needs hammering.

RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION.—A man who has no power of righteous indignation is an imbecile. But be sure it is a *righteous* indignation, and not a petulance that blurs, and unravels, and depletes the soul.

GOD WILL HELP YOU.—Some of you are trying to escape, and you will—yet very narrowly, "as with the skin of your teeth." God and your own soul only know what the struggle is. Omnipotent grace has pulled out many a soul that was deeper in the mire than you are. They line the beach of heaven

—the multitude whom God has rescued from the thrall of suicidal habits. If you this day turn your back on the back of the wrong, and start anew, God will help you.

THE WEAKNESS OF HUMAN HELP! Men will sympathize for a while, and then turn you off. If you ask for their pardon, they will give it, and say they will try you again; but, falling away again under the power of temptation, they cast you off forever. But God forgives seventy times seven; yea, seven hundred times; yea, though this be the ten thousandth time, he is more earnest, more sympathetic, more helpful this last time than when you took your first misstep.

THE STRUGGLE WITH APPETITE.—If, with all the influences favorable for a right life, men make so many mistakes, how much harder it is when, for instance, some appetite thrusts its iron grapple into the roots of the tongue, and pulls a man down with hands of destruction! If, under such circumstances, he break away, there will be no sport in the undertaking, no holiday enjoyment, but a struggle in which the wrestlers move from side to side, and bend and twist and watch for an opportunity to get in a heavier stroke, until with one final effort, in which the muscles are distended, and the veins stand out, and the blood starts, the swarthy habit falls under the knee of the victor.

THE CAPSIZED BOAT.—The ship "Emma," bound from Gottenburg to Harwich, was sailing on, when the man on the lookout saw something that he pronounced a vessel bottom up. There was something



on it that looked like a sea-gull, but was afterward found to be a waving handkerchief. In the small boat the crew pushed out to the wreck, and found that it was a capsized vessel, and that three men had been digging their way out through the bottom of the ship. When the vessel capsized they had no means of escape. The captain took his penknife and dug away through the planks until his knife broke. Then an old nail was found, with which they attempted to scrape their way up out of the darkness, each one working until his hand was well-nigh paralyzed, and he sank back faint and sick. After long and tedious work, the light broke through the bottom of the ship. A handkerchief was hoisted. Help came. They were taken on board the vessel and saved. There are men who have been capsized of evil passions, and capsized mid ocean, and they are a thousand miles away from any shore of help. They have for years been trying to dig their way out. They have been digging away, and digging away, but they can never be delivered unless to-night they will hoist some signal of distress. However weak and feeble it may be, Christ will see it, and bear down upon the helpless craft, and take them on board.

CHRISTIAN HEROES.—In the last day it will be found that Hugh Latimer, and John Knox, and Huss, and Ridley were not the greatest martyrs, but Christian men who went up incorrupt from the contaminations and perplexities of Wall Street, Water Street, Pearl Street, Broad Street, State Street, and Third Street. On earth they were called brokers,

or stock-jobbers, or retailers, or importers; but in heaven, *Christian heroes*. No fagots were heaped about their feet; no Inquisition demanded from them recantation; no soldier aimed a pike at their heart; but they had *mental* tortures, compared with which all physical consuming is as the breath of a spring morning.

DO NOT LET SATAN, with cotton-bales, and kegs, and hogsheads, and counters, and stocks of unsalable goods, block up your way to heaven. Gather up all your energies. Tighten the girdle about your loins. Take an agonizing look into the face of God, and then say, "Here goes one grand effort for life eternal," and then bound away for heaven.

TRY THIS GOD, ye who have had the blood-hounds after you, and who have thought that God had forgotten you. Try him, and see if he will not help. Try him, and see if he will not pardon. Try him, and see if he will not save. The flowers of spring have no bloom so sweet as the flowering of Christ's affections. The sun hath no warmth compared with the glow of his heart. The waters have no refreshment like the fountain that will slake the thirst of thy soul.

THIS WORLD IS A POOR PORTION for your soul, oh business man! An Eastern king had graven upon his tomb two fingers, represented as sounding upon each other with a snap, and under them the motto, "All is not worth that."

ALL OF THIS WORLD'S RICHES make but a small inheritance for a soul. Robespierre attempted to win

the applause of the world ; but when he was dying, a woman came rushing through the crowd, crying to him, " Murderer of my kindred, descend to hell, covered with the curses of every mother in France ! " Many who have expected the plaudits of the world have died under its Anathema Maranatha.

FIND YOUR PEACE IN GOD. Make one strong pull for heaven. No half-way work will do it. There sometimes comes a time on shipboard when everything must be sacrificed to save the passengers. The cargo is nothing, the rigging nothing. The captain puts the trumpet to his lip and shouts, "*Cut away the mast !*" Some of you have been tossed and driven, and you have in your effort to keep the world, well-nigh lost your soul. Until you have decided this matter, let everything else go. Overboard with all those other anxieties and burdens ! You will have to drop the sails of your pride, and *cut away the mast.*

MAN IN THE MINORITY.—By a sublime egotism man has come to appropriate this world to himself, when the fact is that our race is in a small minority. The instances of human life, as compared with the instances of animal life, are not one to a million.

GOD'S GOODNESS TO ANIMALS.—We shall enlarge our ideas of God's goodness if, before we come to look at the cup of our blessing, we look at the goodness of God to the *irrational creation.*

HAPPINESS OF THE ANIMAL CREATION.—I am surprised to find the almost universal happiness of the animal creation. On a summer day, when the

air and the grass are most populous with life, you will not hear a sound of distress unless, perchance, a heartless school-boy has robbed a bird's nest, or a hunter has broken a bird's wing, or a pasture has been robbed of a lamb, and there goes up a bleating from the flocks. The whole earth is filled with animal delight—joy feathered, and scaled, and horned, and hoofed. The bee hums it; the frog croaks it; the squirrel chatters it; the quail whistles it; the lark carols it; the whale spouts it. The snail, the rhinoceros, the grizzly bear, the toad, the wasp, the spider, the shell-fish, have their homely delights—joy as great to them as our joy is to us. Goat climbing the rocks; anaconda crawling through the jungle; buffalo plunging across the prairie; crocodile basking in tropical sun; seal puffing on the ice; ostrich striding across the desert, are so many bundles of joy; they do not go moping or melancholy; they are not only half supplied; God says *they are filled with good.*

GLAD NATURE.—The worm squirming through the sod upturned of plowshare, and the ants racing up and down the hillock, are happy by day and happy by night. Take up a drop of water under the microscope, and you find that within it there are millions of creatures that swim in a hallelujah of gladness. The sounds in nature that are repulsive to our ears are often only utterances of joy—the growl, the croak, the bark, the howl.

GOD'S PROVIDENT CARE FOR HIS CREATURES.—God's hand feeds all these broods, and shepherds all these flocks, and tends all these herds. He sweetens

the clover-top for the oxen's taste : and pours out crystalline waters, in mossed cups of rock, for the hind to drink out of on his way down the crags ; and pours nectar into the cup of the honeysuckle to refresh the humming-bird ; and spreads a banquet of a hundred fields of buckwheat, and lets the honey-bee put his mouth to any cup of all the banquet ; and tells the grasshopper to go anywhere he likes, and gives the flocks of heaven the choice of all the grain-fields. The sea anemone, half animal, half flower, clinging to the rock in mid-ocean, with its tentacles spread to catch its food, has the Owner of the universe to provide for it. We are repulsed at the hideousness of the elephant, but God, for the comfort and convenience of the monster, puts forty thousand distinct muscles in its proboscis.

LIFE IN "WASTE PLACES."—I go down on the barren sea-shore and say, "No animal can live in this place of desolation ;" but all through the sands are myriads of little insects that leap with happy life. I go down by the marsh and say, "In this damp place, and in these loathsome pools of stagnant water, there will be the quietness of death ;" but, lo ! I see the turtles on the rotten log sunning themselves, and hear the bogs quake with multitudinous life.

GOD, THE HELPER OF ALL BEINGS.—God shows the hungry ichneumon where it may find the crocodile's eggs ; and in arctic climes there are animals that God so lavishly clothes that they can afford to walk through snow-storms in the finest sable and ermine and chinchilla, and no sooner is one set of furs worn out than God gives them a new one. He helps the

spider in its architecture of its gossamer bridge, and takes care of the color of the butterfly's wing, and tinges the cochineal, and helps the moth out of the chrysalis. The animal creation also has its army and navy. The most insignificant has its means of defence: the wasp its sting; the reptile its tooth; the bear its paw; the dog its muzzle; the elephant its tusk; the fish its scale; the bird its swift wing; the reindeer its antlers; the roe its fleet foot. We are repelled at the thought of sting, and tusk, and hoof, but God's goodness provides them for the defence of the animal's rights.

GOD'S PROMISES FOR BRUTES.—God in the Bible announces his care for these orders of creation. He says that he has heaved up fortifications for their defence—Psalm civ., 18: "*The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies.*" He watches the bird's nest—Psalm civ., 17: "*As for the stork, the fir-trees are her house.*" He sees that the cattle have enough grass—Psalm civ., 14: "*He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle.*" He sees to it that the cows and sheep and horses have enough to drink—Psalm civ., 10, 11: "*He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills; they give drink to every beast of the field: the wild asses quench their thirst.*"

THE RIGHTS OF ANIMALS.—Amid the thunders of Sinai God uttered the rights of cattle, and said that they should have a Sabbath. "*Thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy cattle.*" He declared with infinite emphasis that the ox on the threshing-floor should have the privilege of eating some of the

grain as he trod it out, and muzzling was forbidden. If young birds were taken from the nest for food, the despoiler's life depended on the mother going free. God would not let the mother-bird suffer in one day the loss of her young and her own liberty. And He who regarded in olden time the conduct of man toward the brutes, to-day looks down from heaven and is interested in every minnow that swims the stream, and every rook that cleaves the air, and every herd that bleats, or neighs, or lows in the pasture.

“FULL OF THE GOODNESS OF THE LORD.”—Why did God make all these, and why make them so happy? How account for all this singing, and dancing, and frisking amid the *irrational creation*? Why this heaven for the animalcule in a dew-drop? Why for the condor a throne on Chimborazo? Why the glitter of the phosphorus in the ship's wake on the sea, which is said to be only the frolic of millions of insects? Why the perpetual chanting of so many voices from the irrational creation in earth and air and ocean—beasts, and all cattle, creeping things, and flying fowl, permitted to join in the praise that goes up from seraph and archangel? Only one solution, one explanation, one answer—*God is good.* “*The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.*”

THE HUMAN BODY.—The Christian anatomist, gazing upon the conformation of the human body, exclaims, “Fearfully and wonderfully made.” No embroidery so elaborate, no gauze so delicate, no color so exquisite, no mechanism so graceful, no handiwork so divine. So quietly and mysteriously

does the human body perform its functions, that it was not until five thousand years after the creation of the race that the circulation of the blood was discovered; and though anatomists of all countries and ages have been so long exploring this castle of life, they have only begun to understand it.

THE HAND. Wondrous instrument! With it we give friendly recognition, and grasp the sword, and climb the rock, and write, and carve, and build. It constructed the Pyramids, and hoisted the Parthenon. It made the harp, and then struck out of it all the world's minstrelsy. It reins in the swift engine; it holds the steamer to its path in the sea; it feels the pulse of the sick child with its delicate touch, and makes the nations quake with its stupendous achievements. What power brought down the forests, and made the marshes blossom, and burdened the earth with all cities that thunder on with enterprise and power? Four fingers and a thumb. Mighty hand! In all its bones, and muscles, and joints, I learn that God is good.

OUR WONDEROUS PHYSICAL ORGANIZATION.—Behold the eye, which, in its Daguerrean gallery, in an instant catches the mountain and the sea. This perpetual telegraphing of the nerves; these joints, that are the only hinges that do not wear out; these bones and muscles of the body, with fourteen thousand different adaptations; these one hundred thousand glands; these two hundred million pores; this mysterious heart, contracting four



thousand times every hour—two hundred and fifty pounds of blood rushing through it every sixty seconds; this chemical process of digestion; this laboratory, beyond the understanding of the most skilful philosophy; this furnace, whose heat is kept up from cradle to grave; this factory of life, whose wheels and spindles and bands are God-directed; this human voice, capable, as has been estimated, of producing seventeen trillions, five hundred and ninety-two billions, one hundred and eighty-six millions, forty-four thousand four hundred and fifteen sounds. If we could realize the wonders of our physical organization, we would be hypochondriacs, fearing every moment that some part of the machine would break down. But there are men here who have lived through seventy years, and not a nerve has ceased to thrill, or a muscle to contract, or a lung to breathe, or a hand to manipulate.

DR. T'S LIFE-PURPOSE AND WORK.—I consecrate my life to the conversion of souls—by repentance for sin, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. I will preach nothing else. I will work for nothing else. I shall take no food, no sleep, no recreation, except such as will make me stronger for this work. Every faculty of my mind I marshal for this assault, and every passion of my soul I enlist in the cause. I want to care nothing for the flowers of the field, save so far as I may twist them into a garland for my Lord; or for music, save as it may lift me up into sympathy with high Gospel themes; or for friendship, save as it may

---

give me a better opportunity of finding my way to the hearts of men.

MODEL EXHORTATION.—What meanest thou, O sleeper! Arise and call upon thy God. The judgment is coming. Eternity is coming. Your last hour for repentance is coming—nay, it may have already come. Why not listen, and live? The heart of the eternal God yearns for you. You have brought your money, now bring your heart. Celebrate our deliverance as a church from financial embarrassment by having the debt of your soul to Christ settled. God has been calling many a long day for your soul. When your child died, he called; when you were sick, he called. Through every bright day, and every dark night, and every harvest-home, and every spring morning, and every autumnal withering, he called, and called, and called. Hear him. Now forsake your sin. Fly for refuge. What is that I hear? Tramp! Tramp! It is the coming on of your eternal destiny. What you mean to do, do now. What crash is that I hear? It is the jarring shut of the door of mercy against a soul that may never be saved. The alarm-bell of the Gospel strikes. Fly! Fly while you may!

HOW DAVID AND OTHER SHEPHERD BOYS BECAME POETS.—The Ettrick Shepherd of Scotland, who took his seat in the brilliant circle with Wilson and Lockhardt, got his wonderful poetic inspiration in the ten years in which he was watching the flocks. David, the shepherd-boy, was beautiful, brave, musical, and poetic. I think often he forgot

the sheep in his reveries. There in the solitude he struck the harp-string that is thrilling through all ages. David, the boy, was gathering the material for David the poet, and David the man. David was fond of using his knife among the saplings, and he had noticed the exuding of the juice of the tree; and when he became a man he said, "The trees of the Lord are full of sap." David, the boy, had been fond of hunting the birds'-nests, and he had driven the old stork off the nest to find how many eggs were under her; and when he became a man, he said, "As for the stork, the fir-trees are her house." In boyhood he had heard the terrific thunder-storm that frightened the red deer into premature sickness; and when he became a man he said, "The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to calve." David, the boy, had lain upon his back looking up at the stars and examining the sky, and to his boyish imagination the sky seemed like a piece of divine embroidery, the divine fingers working in the threads of light and the beads of stars; and he became a man, and wrote, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers." When he became an old man, thinking of the goodness of God, he seemed to hear the bleating of his father's sheep across many years, and to think of the time when he tended them on the Bethlehem hills, and he cries out in the text, "*The Lord is my shepherd.*"

CARELESSNESS IS RUIN.—When Moscow was burning a party was dancing in the palace over a gun-powder magazine. They knew not it was there.

The flames came on, and Carnot said, "Let us have one dance more;" and they shouted all through the palace, "One dance more!" The music played, the feet bounded, the laughter rang. But suddenly, through the smoke and fire and thunder of the explosion, death and eternity broke in. Alas! if any of my readers keep on in the dance of worldliness and sin, heedless of the warning until the terror of eternity explode upon their souls, and the foundations give way, and they drop into the burning!

THE SHEPHERD OF OLD used to play beautiful music, and sometimes the sheep would gather around him and listen. To-day my heavenly shepherd calls to you with the very music of heaven, bidding you to leave your sin and accept his pardon.

THE SMALLEST DEW-DROP on the meadow at night has a star sleeping in its bosom, and the most insignificant passage of Scripture has in it a shining truth.

CHRISTIAN STRATAGEM.—You know very well that the greatest victories ever gained by Washington or Napoleon were gained through the fact that they came when, and in a way, they were not expected. It is in spiritual affairs as in military, that success depends in attacking that part of the castle which is not armed and intrenched. For instance, here is a man all armed on the doctrine of election; all his troops of argument and prejudice are at that particular gate. You may batter away at that side of the castle for fifty years and you will not take it; but just wheel your troops to the side gate of the heart's affections, and in five minutes you capture

him. I never knew a man to be saved through a brilliant argument. You cannot hook men into the kingdom of God by the horns of a dilemma. There is no grace in syllogisms. You never can capture a man's soul at the point at which he is especially entrenched. But there is in every man's heart a bolt that can be easily shoved. A little child four years old may touch that bolt, and it will spring back, and the door will swing open, and Christ will come in.

IF WE HAD HAD THE PLANNING of a Christian's life we would have said, "Let him have eighty years of sunshine, a fine house to live in; let his surroundings all be agreeable; let him have sound health; let no chill shiver through his limbs, no pain ache his brow, or trouble shadow his soul." I enjoy the prosperity of others so much, I would let every man have as much money as he wants, and roses for his children's cheeks, and fountains of gladness glancing in their large round eyes. But that is not God's way. It seems as if a man must be cut and hit and pounded just in proportion as he is useful.

IF WE HAD HAD THE WRITING OF THE BIBLE, we would have said, "Let one man write it. If you have thirty men to write a poem, or make a statute, or write a history, or make an argument, there will be flaws and contradictions." But God says, "Let not one man do it, but forty men shall do it." And they did, differing enough to show there had been no collusion between them, but not contradicting each other on any important point, while they all wrote from their own stand-point and temperament; so

that the matter-of-fact man has his Moses; the romantic nature his Ezekiel; the epigrammatic his Solomon; the warrior his Joshua; the sailor his Jonah; the loving his John; the logician his Paul. Instead of this Bible,—instead of the Bible that the child can carry to school—instead of the little Bible the sailor can put in his jacket when he goes to sea—if it had been left to men to write, it would have been a thousand volumes, judging from the amount of ecclesiastical controversy which has arisen. God's way is infinitely best.

I HAVE SEEN men of wealth gathering about them all their treasures, snuffing at the cause of a world lying in wickedness, roughly ordering Lazarus off their door-step, sending their dogs, not to lick his sores, but to hound him off their premises; catching all the pure rain of God's blessing into the stagnant, ropy, frog-inhabited pool of their own selfishness, while many a man, with large heart and little purse, has, out of his limited means, made poverty leap for joy, and started an influence that overspans the grave, and will swing round and round the throne of God, world without end: Amen.

DOING IS LEARNING.—Usefulness is an art, a science, a trade. There was an oculist performing a very difficult operation on the human eye. A young doctor stood by and said, "How easily you do that; it don't seem to cause you any trouble at all." "Ah," said the old oculist, "it is very easy now, but I spoiled a hatful of eyes to learn that."

WHEN GARIBALDI was going out to battle, he told his troops what he wanted them to do, and after

he had described what he wanted them to do, they said, "Well, general, what are you going to give us for all this?" "Well," he replied, "I don't know what else you will get, but you will get hunger, and cold, and wounds, and death. How do you like it?" His men stood before him for a little while in silence, and then they threw up their hands and cried, "We are the men! we are the men!" The Lord Jesus Christ calls you to his service. I do not promise you an easy time in this world. You may have persecutions, and trials and misrepresentations; but afterward there comes an eternal weight of glory.

UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE.—One day a man goes up into publicity, and the world does him honor, and people climb up into sycamore-trees to watch him as he passes, and as he goes along on the shoulders of the people, there is a waving of hats and a wild huzza. To-morrow the same man is caught between the jaws of the printing-press and mangled and bruised, and the very same persons who applauded him before, cry, "Down with the traitor!"

BELSHAZZAR sits at the feast, the mighty men of Babylon sitting all around him. Wit sparkles like the wine, and the wine like the wit. Music rolls up among the chandeliers; the chandeliers flash down on the decanters. The breath of hanging gardens floats in on the night air; the voice of revelry floats out. Amidst wreaths and tapestry and folded banners, a finger writes. The march of a host is heard on the stairs. Laughter catches in the throat. A thousand hearts stop beating. The blow is struck. The blood on the floor is richer-hued than the wine

on the table. The kingdom has departed. Belshazzar was no worse, perhaps, than hundreds of people in Babylon, but his position slew him. Oh, be content with just such a position as God has placed you in. It may not be said of us, "He was a great general," or "He was an honored chieftain," or "He was mighty in worldly attainments;" but this thing may be said of you and of me, "He was a good citizen, a faithful Christian, a friend of Jesus." And that in the last day will be the highest of all eulogiums.

**CHARACTER AND DESTINY.**—In a rail-car were three passengers. The first was a maniac, carefully guarded by his attendants; his mind, like a ship dismasted, was beating against a dark, desolate coast, from which no help could come. The train stopped, and the man was taken out into the asylum, to waste away, perhaps, through years of gloom. The second passenger was a culprit. The outraged law had seized on him. As the cars jolted, the chains rattled. On his face were crime, depravity, and despair. The train halted, and he was taken to the penitentiary. A third passenger was a bride. Every hour was gay as a marriage-bell. Life glittered and beckoned. Her companion was taking her to his father's house. The train halted. The old man was there to welcome her to her new home, and his white locks snowed down upon her as he sealed his word with a father's kiss.

**QUICKLY WE FLY TOWARD ETERNITY.** Oh, may we find our Father ready to greet us to our new home with him forever! That will be a marriage banquet!



Belic  
f per  
O  
p  
g  
r  
t  
l  
A  
e  
r  
E  
l  
t  
l  
e  
l

Father's welcome! Father's bosom! Father's kiss!  
Heaven! Heaven!

TRAVELLING SUNDAY-SCHOOL TALKERS.—Being too lazy to teach in the school of the church to which they belong, on Sabbath afternoons they go around to maul Sunday-schools. The superintendent is polite, and thinks he must ask them to speak. When I see one of them go up on the platform to speak, I can see sticking out of the pocket of his coat the end of the handle of George Washington's hatchet. People say the Sunday-school is not a Divine institution. It is; or it would have been dead long ago under such treatment.

THE ONE OBJECT.—The Sunday-school was established for the one, grand, glorious object of bringing our children to the Lord Jesus Christ, and everything that does not tend to this is just so much of a hindrance, and to be removed out of the way.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY.—I have noticed that sometimes teachers seem to feel as though they had accomplished their object when they had taught the children where Ramoth-Gilead was, and how far the Mount of Olives was from the city of Jerusalem. Alas! if the children find all the other mountains, but find not Calvary! Alas! if they have described to them the ancient temple, and have not pointed out to them the bleeding Lamb upon the altar! Alas! if out of the instruction of the teacher the children find the lilies and the roses and the pomegranates of Bible-land, but are not brought to breathe the fragrance of him whose garments smell of myrrh and cassia and frankincense!

**A GOOD DAY.**—A good day begins with God. A wise merchant would no more think of going to the store without communion with Christ, than without coat or hat or shoes. I used to have a very poor watch, and I had to set it every morning in order that I might make from it a guess about the time of day. Our souls are poor time-pieces, utterly disordered, and every morning we need to set them by the Sun of Righteousness.

**BE POSITIVE IN A RELIGIOUS WAY.**—A good day is one that accomplishes something positive in a religious way. You will pass five hundred or a thousand men in the street; they will all in a very short time be in eternity. Over which of those five hundred men that you met to-day, did you exert a positively religious influence?

**FIND OUT WHAT PART OF THE BIBLE** you know the least about, and study it. Do not spend your entire time under one tree, when there is around about you a great orchard.

**LEARN SOMETHING NEW OF THE BIBLE.**—That is a good day in which you learn something new of the Bible. Do not keep treading around in just the same place, reading the same Psalms of David over and over again because they are short, while you neglect other portions of the gospel. If your friend writes you a letter written on four sides of a letter-sheet, you do not stop after you have read the first page. You do not treat him well unless you read the second page, the third page, and the fourth page, as well as the first. God our Father has written us a very long letter, all full of affection and counsel;

and what a mean thing it is if we only read one or two of the pages when all of them demand our attention.

**A LITTLE GIRL'S THEOLOGY.**—The teacher that cannot interest his class with an intelligent story about Christ does not know Christ. My own little girl, of three years, said to her mother: "Mamma, sister says she is afraid of God. I am not afraid of God. Why, mamma, if I should see God right here I wouldn't be afraid. I'd just go right up to him, and put my arms about his neck and kiss him!" I think that that was pretty good theology.

**YOUNG SOULS THE MOST VALUABLE.**—A soul that comes early to Christ is worth more to itself and to the world than a soul that comes late to Christ, and not so much, perhaps, because it wants to serve God, as because it is afraid it will go to hell.

**PRAY FOR PATIENCE.**—Before we start off to the store we need to pray for patience. We will be harassed and perplexed. Men will wrong us, and impose upon us, and cheat us; and before the day is past, if you have not laid in a large supply of patience, you will half swear with your lips, and perhaps make a whole swear with your hearts.

**SOW SEED EARLY.**—The world comes to the child when it is in the April of life, and sows tares. The world comes along again when the child is in the May of life, and sows thistles. Again in the fair June it comes and sows *nux-vomica*. The church meanwhile folds its hands and waits until the April has gone, and May has gone, and June and July have

gone, and then at the close of August gets in earnest and says: "Now, now, we have got a bag of good wheat here and we must sow it in this fresh, young soil, and we shall have a glorious harvest!" Will it? No, no! It is too late! Everlastingly too late! You should have sowed in April and in May the good seed of the Kingdom.

A GOOD DAY ENDS WITH GOD.—You will, at the close of the day, find that you have made many mistakes, said things you ought not to have said, and done things you ought not to have done. Confess it frankly in your prayer to God. Say, "O Lord! forgive me that I got mad with that customer!" "Forgive me that I lied just a little about those goods." "Forgive me for kicking that beggar so roughly out of the store." Go to bed at peace with the world. Soothe your feelings for slumber by a snatch of Christian song.

IT WAS A GOOD DAY.—In eternity, when God's ancient people, saved through the kindness of Esther, shall recount the good day they had after deliverance was proclaimed in Persia, you will look back and think of some day of your life begun in prayer, conducted in usefulness, and ended in thanksgiving, and you shall record that it was a good day.

ESTABLISH A LINE OF INFLUENCE.—A merchant comes in from Chicago to buy some goods; but that is only a subordinate fact in that man's history. God sent him there, perhaps, to see what you would do for his soul. Ask him where he goes to church; and if he goes to church you will immediately have a line of influence between your heart and his. If he goes

nowhere to church, then you have a point at which, in a courteous manner, you may move upon his soul.

**MAKE SOME ONE HAPPY.**—That is a good day in which you make some one happy. It is astonishing how little it takes to make one happy. Feel that the day is wasted in which you have not succeeded in this.

**NEVER PUT UPON ANY ONE AN UNNECESSARY BURDEN.** Never tell a man what mean things you have heard about him.

**OBJECT OF SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.**—The first, the second, the third, the fourth, the fiftieth, the hundredth, the thousandth, the LAST object of the Sunday-school is to make our boys and girls Christians.

**SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMNS.**—I would rather have William Cowper's old hymn—

"There is a fountain filled with blood  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,"

than fifty bushel baskets full of a great deal of the trash that is now sung in Sunday-schools.

**BAD AIR AND DULL MINISTERS.**—In the churches they talk about the ministers being dull. One half the time it is bad ventilation. We are not half as dull as the people think we are.

**SCOTLAND.**—Glasgow is the fist of Scotland. Edinburgh its brain. Lochs Katrine and Achray the deep bright eyes under long lashes of evergreen. Ben Lomond is the brow. Its ear the gorge of the Trossacks, ringing with clang of horn and hound, while its voice is the thunder that on a summer noon bursts upon Ben Ledi.

TROUBLES ARE HARD TO TAKE, though they strengthen the soul. Tonics are always bitter.

WE PLUCK SOME OF OUR BEST COMFORTS from the very midst of our trials. I have noticed that some of the sweetest berries grow on the sharpest thorns.

A PALACE FOR CHRIST.—For my Lord the King let us build an ivory palace. Let its steps be of Parian marble, and its floors of mosaic, and its walls tapestried from rarest loom, and the candlesticks of gold, and the cups imperaled, and the couch have all the softness of eagle's down and the splendors of sunset, and the air sweet with frankincense and music. Come in, my Lord the King! "Nay," says Christ "I will not come into such a palace. My garments torn of the mountain and faded of the storm, my feet bedusted of the highway, my heart broken with the world's woes,—I turn back from the gayeties of the palace. What do they want of a poor wayfarer there? I choose a different house and a different entertainment. A praying soul shall be the dwelling; the wine of repentance shall be the banquet." "To that man will I look, even to him who is of an humble and contrite heart, and who trembleth at my word."

WHOSOEVER SLANDERS THE WORLD, SLANDERS GOD.—It is a grand world, a splendid world—so beautiful that after the painter has done his best there is an autumnal color that flies his touch, and there a stag's antler that he cannot reach. Grand old mountains! scarred with battle-gash of tempest, and forehead turbaned with folds of white cloud, and feet slippered in green grass diamonded with dew.

Grand old seas! through which God rides in the chariot of his Omnipotence—the phosphorescence of the night dripping from the wheels, the shout of the storm, but the halloo of the charioteers. But the world will die. The hills will stagger in death and fall into their graves. The pulses of the mountain-brook will cease to throb; the main artery of the river will stop. Over the bright eyes of the stars will come the film of the last hour, and the thunders heave the dying groan of the world.

A BRIGHT ROOM.—If when a photographer takes a picture he must have the lightest room in all the building, shall we not have a bright room when we would have the image of the Lord Jesus Christ impressed upon the soul?

NO SUMMER VACATION IN RELIGION.—Who can afford to live two months out of each year when the years are so short and so few? He who stops religious growth in July and August will require the next six months to get over it. Nay, he never recovers. At this season, when the fields are most full of leafage and life, let us not be lethargic and stupid.

LONG NOT FOR THE LAST WORDS that were not spoken. If the life has been right, the death cannot be wrong.

RELIGIOUS SUGGESTIONS OF AUTUMN.—Autumn mothers a great many moral and religious suggestions. The season of corn husking, the gorgeous woods that are becoming the catafalque of the dead year, remind the dullest of his own fading and departure.

**CARRY GOOD CHEER.**—You may go into a young man's store and find him discouraged. His countenance is clouded. Ask what is the matter; tell him of your own early struggles, and how, by the grace of God, you got out of them. Stop on your way, to and from business, at the houses of suffering and sickness. One "Good morning" or "Good evening" may bring comfort and heaven to a suffering soul.

**THE STORY BUSINESS.**—I think the story business has been pretty much done to death in Sunday-schools. The children have got tired of hearing about—"Once there was a little boy, and his name was John," but that story has this advantage, that it is varied sometimes, and can be adapted to circumstances; for if the class happens to be one of girls, the story is, "Once there was a little girl, and her name was Mary." I think George Washington's hatchet has been worn out clear to the handle.

**ENCUMBERED WITH STORIES.**—Stories have their place in Sunday-school instruction; but I know a woman who wears, on certain occasions, seven thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, and while she is herself a very unattractive person, the people look only at the diamonds. So, there is a way of taking a truth in a Sunday-school, and putting so many stories around it that the children look only at the adornments, and not at the truth.

**CHRIST'S TREATY OF PEACE.**—Christ spreading his treaty of peace over all monarchies and republics, the potentates, presidents, and princes of the earth will come up and sign it. Vessels of war, anchored in the ship-yards, and changed into merchant-men,



or coming into the navy-yard to be kept as relics of a barbarous age, to be looked upon as in our museums we now examine scalping-knives and thumb-screws; the masterly treatises on military tactics will be sold for wrapping-paper, or kept for curious examination, as we have in our libraries an old Koran or a Chinese almanac. The surgical discoveries made in the treatment of gun-shot fractures will be employed in alleviating the accidents to laborer, farmer, and mechanic. The hammer of the shipwright, as it beats against the spikes in the ship's beam, will sound "*Life! Life!*" instead of, as now, rattling "*Death! Death!*"

**WEEP NOT FOR THE CHRISTIAN DEAD.** If they go through long sickness, in which there is opportunity for parting admonitions, thank God for that. But if, by sudden transition, they have not a moment of consciousness, thank God that they escape the exhaustion of sickness, and that from the health of earth they stepped into the health of heaven.

**MAKE NO ADJOURNMENT** of your religion till cool weather. Whether you stay in town, or seek the farm-house or the sea-shore, or the mountains, be faithful in prayer, in Bible reading, and in attendance upon Christian ordinances. He who throws away two months of life, wastes that for which many a dying sinner would have been willing to give all his earthly possessions, when he found that the harvest was past and the summer was ended!

**RELIGION IN SUMMER.**—It takes more grace to be an earnest and useful Christian in summer

than, in any other season. The very destitute, through lack of fuel and thick clothing, may find the winter the trying season, but those comfortably circumstanced find summer the thermopylæ that tests their Christian courage and endurance.

RELIGIOUS INFLUENCES OF SPRING.—The spring is suggestive of God and heaven, and a resurrection day. That eye must be blind that does not see God's footsteps in the new grass, and hear his voice in the call of the swallow at the eaves. In the white blossoms of the orchards we find suggestions of those whose robes have been made white in the blood of the Lamb.

HEAVEN PREPARED FOR ITS PEOPLE.—Heaven is like a house in which a levee is to be held at ten o'clock. At nine o'clock the rooms are all ablaze with lights, and the servants, gloved and vested, are waiting to open the doors. The rooms of our Father's house are illumined, and the chamberlains are ready, and the table is spread.

WORTH OF A CHILD-SOUL.—I have more faith in the conversion of a child at ten years of age than I have of a man at forty.

THE WELL OF CHRISTIAN COMFORT.—There are a good many new ways of comforting. Your father dies. Your neighbor comes in and he says, "It is only a natural law that your father should die. The machinery is nearly worn out;" and before he leaves you, he makes some other excellent remarks about the coagulation of blood, and the difference between respiratory and nitrogen-

ized food. Your child dies, and your philosophic neighbor comes, and for your soothing tells you that it was impossible the child should live with such a state of mucous membrane! Out with your chemistry and physiology when I have trouble, and give me a plain New Testament! I would rather have an illiterate man from the backwoods who knows Christ talk with me when I am in trouble than the profoundest worldling who does not know Him. The gospel, without telling you anything about mucous membrane or gastric juice or hydrochloric acid, comes and says, "All things together work for good to those who love God," and that if your child is gone, it is only because Jesus has folded it in His arms, and that the judgment-day will explain things that are now inexplicable. Oh! let us dig out this gospel well of comfort. Take away the stoicism and fatality with which you have been trying to fill it. Drive up the great herd of your cares and anxieties, and stop their bleating in this cool fountain.

CONVICTION.—Conviction I know is a sharp cut, but how are you to bring the grain down except with a keen edge? You hear the sound of the rifle on the scythe before the farmer starts to cross the field. Men must have their sins cut down, or you can do nothing with them.

THE CLOTHING GOD PROVIDES FOR US.—There is but one manufactory of Gobelin tapestry, and that is at Paris, under the control of the government; and the fabrics are woven for royal families only. But in all the earth there are factories

going day and night, weaving a more wonderful fabric than royal tapestry for us, the King's children. The cotton plantation sends us socks. The flax-field sends us linen. The sheep's wool supplies us cloaks. The sable and the ermine yield us furs.

**STEADY LIGHTS.**—The moral world wants fewer comets, and more Jupiters; fewer fireflies, and more lamps; fewer Jack-o'-the-lanterns to dance the swamps, but more evening stars to cheer the world's darkness; fewer Lord Byrons, and more John Fosters. We never knew of but one meteor that went forth on a grand mission—the one that ran to stand over Bethlehem, and *that* got all its glory from the fact that it pointed to the Sun that never sets.

**IRRELIGIOUS SOCIAL INFLUENCES.**—The long, high, mighty breastwork of social influences—how shall grace ever take it? For which one of these ungodly friends will you send when you are dying? They could sit up with you, and pour out the medicines, and shake up your hot pillow, but could they administer any comfort for the soul? If you should ask them to pray, do you think they would know how to do it? Will they crowd the room, and keep out the last enemy? What single thing can they do for you when heart and flesh shall fail? When the trumpet sounds, do you want to rise with them in *their* resurrection? If not, do not let them hinder you now. If they do nothing for you in death, judgment, or eternity, it is high time you looked for help in some other direction.

**EVIL COMPANIONSHIP.**—Evil companionship has destroyed innumerable men. Through this high battlement no human force can break, but oh! that the Lord Jesus might storm it to-night. Give up your scoffing associates, or give up God and heaven. These friends may get you into perdition, but they cannot get you out. Christ never entered a man's soul who was not willing to give up unsanctified companionship.

**OUR FIRST HORSE.**—Like all new beginners, our first attempt at buying a horse resulted in our getting bitten, not by the horse. From Job's vivid description we went forth to look at a horse whose "neck was clothed with thunder." We found him. We liked the thunder very well, but not so well the lightning that flew out of his feet the first time he kicked the dash-board to pieces. We give as our experience that thunder is most too lively to plough with. We found him dishonest at both ends. Not only were his heels untrustworthy, but his teeth, and the only reason we escaped being bitten by the horse, as well as the jockey who sold him, was that we are gifted with powers of locomotion sufficient for any emergency, especially if there be sufficient propulsion advancing from the rear. Job shall never choose another horse for us. We telegraphed to the jockey, "Come and take your old nag, or I will sue you!" He did not budge, for he was used to being sued. Having changed our mind, we telegraphed, offering to pay him for the honor of swindling us, and the telegram was successful. We gave him a withering look as he rode away, but he did not observe it.

**Pigs.**—Our taste may not be thoroughly cultured, but we think a pig of six weeks is positively handsome. It has such an innocent look out of its eyes, and a voice so capable of nice shades of inflection, whether expressive of alarm or want. Such a cunning wink of the nose, such artistic twist of tail! But one of our twain fell to acting queer one day. It went about as if, like its ancestors of Gadara, unhappily actuated, till after a while it up and died. We had a farrier to doctor it, and poor thing! it was bled and mauled till we knew not whether to ascribe its demise to the disease or the malpractice of the medical adviser. But its companion flourished. We had clergymen, lawyers, and artists admire and praise it. We found recreation in looking at its advancement, and though the proverb says that you "cannot make a whistle out of a pig's tail," figuratively speaking, I have made a dozen out of that mobile and unpromising material.

**GEESE.**—Our geese flourished. Much-maligned birds! They are wise instead of foolish, save in the one item of not knowing how to lower their necks when you want them to go under the fence. (Who of us has not one weak point of character?) They are affectionate, and die if shut up alone, and with wild outcry sympathize with any unfortunate comrade whose feathers have been plucked. From their wings they furnished the instrument for writing Walter Scott's "Rob Roy," and Thomas Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus." Worth more than an eagle any day, have better morals, do pluck more nutriment out of the mud than eagles do out of the sun. Save

for Fourth of July orations, eagles are of but little worth, filthy, cruel, ugly at the beak, fierce at the eye, loathsome at the claw; but give me a flock of geese, white-breasted, yellow-billed, coming up at night-fall with military tramp, in single file led on, till nearing the barn-yard they take wing, and with deafening clang the flying artillery wheel to their bivouacs for the night.

FARMING FOR THE CLERGY.—If a city clergyman have no higher idea than a crop of turnips or corn, he had better not take a farm. It will be cheaper to let somebody else's hen lay the eggs, and to buy your tomatoes by the peck, but he who would like to look out of his window and see "rain on the new-mown grass," and at five o'clock would love to walk out and see "the day-spring from on high," or in the garden hear Christ preaching from the text, "Consider the lilies," or watch God feeding the ravens, or see him clothing "the grass of the field," or in the gush of full moonlight learn the sweetness of the promise, "At evening tide it shall be light"—let such a minister get a place in the country and spend the weeks that he has usually passed among the bright shawls of starched watering-places, with his coat off, in check shirt and coarse boots, listening while "mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars, beasts and all cattle, creeping things, and flying fowl" at matins and vespers praise the Lord; geranium and branch of apple-blossom swinging their censers.

OUR VINTAGE.—The Lord of the vineyard will, after a while, appear at the gate. The day of vintage will come. When the grapes in olden times

were gathered, there was sporting through all the land, and the sound of musical instruments. What kind of clusters shall we be able to show, at last, in our own vineyard? Will they be tainted and sour, or ripe and large? If faithful in the planting, and the trimming and the watching, the vintage will be glorious. Let the messengers of God put the full clusters into the wine-press, and then, with all the banqueters of heaven, the instruments chorded to the right pitch, we will drink new wine in our Father's Kingdom. God forbid that ours should be the lamentation. "They made me the keeper of the vineyard, but my own vineyard have I not kept!"

THE FIRST THING for one to do, is to take care of his or her own heart.

IF OUR OWN PIETY BE THIN, our work will be inefficient. If we have been much with Christ, and have deep personal experiences, we will do more good in one month than with a shallow experience we could do in ten years.

POWER OF DEEP RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.—A man of deep religious experiences is always effective. I care not how poor his voice is, or how uncomely his countenance, or how awkward his gestures, or how shabby his clothes, or how lame his grammar. By taking care of our own vineyard, we learn how to help others in the care of their vineyard.

GOSPEL WELLS FILLED UP.—Many of the old gospel wells that our fathers dug have been filled up by the modern Philistines. They have thrown in their skepticisms and their philosophies, until the



well is almost filled up, and it is nigh impossible to get one drop of the clear water. These men tell us that you ought to put the Bible on the same shelf with the Koran and the old Persian manuscripts, and to read it with the same spirit; and there is not a day but somebody comes along and drops a brick or a stone or a carcass in this old gospel well. We are told that all the world wants is development, forgetful of the fact that without the gospel the world always develops downward, and that if you should take the religion of Christ out of this world, in two hundred years it would develop into the "Five Points" of the universe.

THE LAST PARTING.—It is sad to say farewell on earth, but how sad to say farewell in the judgment—to gaze eternally up toward the place where our loved ones dwell, but be ourselves thrown out! Oh the bitterness, and the agony, and the heart-break of that last parting!

UNENDING REST.—Oh ye whose locks are wet with the dews of the night of grief; ye whose hearts are heavy, because those well-known footsteps sound no more at the doorway, yonder is your rest! There is David triumphant; but once he bemoaned Absalom. There is Abraham enthroned; but once he wept for Sarah. There is Paul exultant; but he once sat with his feet in the stocks. There is Payson radiant with immortal health; but on earth he was always sick. No toil, no tears, no partings, no strife, no agonizing cough, no night. No storm to ruffle the crystal sea. No alarm to strike from the cathedral towers. No dirge throbbing from seraphic

harps. No tremor in the everlasting song; but rest—perfect *rest*—UNENDING REST.

SCOVILL M'CALLUM, a boy of my Sunday-school, while dying, said to his mother, "Don't cry, but sing, sing,

" 'There is rest for the weary,  
There is rest for the weary.' "

Then, putting his wasted hands over his heart, said, "There is rest for me."

"SOMETHING THE MATTER."—I passed down a street of a city with a merchant. He knew all the finest houses on the street. He said, "There is something the matter in all these houses. In that one it is conjugal infelicity. In that one, a dissipated son. In that, a dissolute father. In that, an idiot child. In that, the prospect of bankruptcy." This world's wealth can give no permanent satisfaction. This is not your rest.

JOIN SOME CHURCH.—Look over the whole list of churches and clergymen, and I think that you will find one good enough for your soul. Keep, if you will, your prejudice against all other institutions, but love that one. To some of you I commend the Episcopalian liturgy as the best; to others, the informal worship of the Methodist. Some of you had better be sprinkled, and others had better go down to be dipped in the flood. To some of you I commend a church where the music is led by a precentor, and all the people join in the singing; to others, a church where four persons stand in the loft and conduct the music, and during the dull passages in prayer and sermon write sentimental notes or eat

philopenas. Amid all the denominations there must be one place where your soul will be blessed.

"HE DIED FOR ME."—I was reading, a day or two ago, about a farmer who was found kneeling at a soldier's grave near Nashville. Some one came to him and said, "Why do you pay so much attention to this grave? Was your son buried here?" "No," he said. "During the war, my family were all sick. I knew not how to leave them. I was drafted. One of my neighbors came over and said, 'I will go for you; I have no family.' He went off. He was wounded at Chickamanga. He was carried to the hospital and died. And, sir, I have come a great many miles that I might write over his grave these words: '*He died for me.*'" Christ was our substitute. He went forth to fight our battles. He died. Oh! that we might write over his grave, each one of us, "*He died for me!*"

THE LAST BUSINESS DAY.—My hearers are coming nearer their *last business day*. You move in routine. You rise at seven o'clock, breakfast, start for the store, enter your counting-room, read your letters, and give consequent orders. You look at the prices current, and talk with customers. You sell and you buy. You run over to the bank or insurance company. You come back and look into the cash-drawer, and see by the book how much money your partner has drawn out. You run out to lunch. You come back. You drive out the street-peddlers, who have razors, or apples, on books to sell. At five or six o'clock you start for Fulton, Wall, or South Ferry. That order goes on day after

day, and year after year. Yet a day is not far distant which may seem to be like all the others, but shall be entirely different. It will have two twilights—that of the morning and that of the evening. There will be a meridian. You will go to business—you will come back. Yet it will be, in the calendar of eternity, as marked a day as though it had no twilight; as though every hour the sky rang a fire-bell; as though faces looked out from all the clouds; as though the wind had voices; as though every hour an angel shot past your store door. It will be your last business day. Unknown and unexpected by yourself, you will terminate all your business engagements. You will shut your cash-drawer, will close your portfolio, will slam shut the money-safe, will take your hat and go out. Nothing that ever happens in the store can take you back again. After ten, twenty, or thirty years being seen in business places, or the exchange, or at the broker's, you will not appear. Men will ask about you, and say, "Where is so-and-so?" and your friend will say, "Have you not heard the news?" and will take a paper from his pocket, and point to your name on the death-list.

**THE FOGS OF DOUBT SHALL BE CLEARED AWAY.**  
—I stood on the top of the Catskills one bright morning. On the top of the mountain was a crown of flashing gold, while all beneath was rolling, writhing, contorted cloud. But after a while the arrows of light, shot from heaven, began to make the glooms of the valley strike tent. The mists went skurrying up and down like horsemen in wild retreat.

The fogs were lifted, and dashed, and whirled. Then the whole valley became one grand illumination; gradually, they moved off. The green valleys looked up. Then the long flash of the Hudson unsheathed itself, and there were the white flocks of villages lying amid the rich pastures, golden grain-fields, and the soft, radiant cradle of the valley, in which a young empire might sleep. So there hangs over all the graves, and sepulchres, and mausoleums of the ages a darkness that no earthly lamp can lift; but from above the Sun of Righteousness shines, and the dense fogs of skepticism having lifted, the valleys of the dead stand in the full gush of the morning of the resurrection.

**THE SUBLIME STORY.**—If you were told in another place of a man who had done as much for his country as Christ has done for you and me, you would break forth in long and loud acclaim, and clap your hands, and stamp your feet, to show your enthusiasm. But oh! how few eyes weep when I tell of the cross.

**A GOOD WIFE.**—Have you a companion who is kind, gentle, sympathetic, helpful—sympathetic with all your joys and sorrows? Was it good luck or the merry sleigh-ride that gave her to you? No. “A good wife is from the Lord”—Proverbs xix., 14.

**THE LORD'S GIFT OF CHILDREN.**—Have you children round about your table? Have they eyesight, when so many have been born blind? Have they hearing, when so many have been born deaf? Can they talk and sing, when so many have been born dumb? Have they the use of leg and foot, when

so many have been born cripples? Who gave you those glad, healthy, romping children? How much will you take for them? If I should offer you the Kohinoor diamond for one you would laugh me to scorn! You would not sell the eldest one, because it is the first-born; you would not sell the youngest one, because it is the youngest and the pet; nor this one, because it is the very image of its father; nor that one, because it looks like its mother; nor this one, because it has always been sick, and you especially love it; nor that one, because it is so healthful that you could not think of giving it up. I do not want you to give them up. I only want you, if gold and diamonds and all the earth cannot buy them, to think of the magnitude of the question: "How much owest thou unto my Lord?"

"NOTHING TO ME NOW."—Among the Sierra Nevada Mountains I was walking with some of the passengers to relieve the overladen stage, and one of them gave me his history. He said, "With my wife I came to California twenty years ago. We suffered every hardship. I went to the mines, but had no luck. I afterward worked at a trade, but had no luck. Then I went to farming, but had no luck. We suffered almost starvation. Everything seemed to go against us. While we were in complete poverty, my wife died. After her death I went again to the mines. I struck a vein of gold which yielded me forty thousand dollars. I am now on my way to San Francisco to transfer the mine, for which I am to receive one hundred thousand dollars." "Then," said I, "you are worth one hundred and forty thous-

dollars." He said, "Yes; but it comes too late. My wife is gone. The money is nothing to me now."

"LIKE THE GREAT MOUNTAINS."—The traveller on the Pacific Railroad, going toward California day after day, asks, "Why, where are the Rocky Mountains?" The fact is that the train goes up so very gradually for hundreds and hundreds of miles, the traveller does not see the precipices and the rocks that he expected to see; so that when he gets to Sherman, where he is eight or nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, he cannot appreciate the fact that he is at so great an altitude. We have been going on in this path of life, over the mountain of God's blessing, rising higher and higher, until we are not aware of the great altitude of benediction to which we have been lifted; yet here we stand to-night, thousands of feet above the level of that great sea of want and woe upon which millions of our fellow-men are tossed, and we cannot appreciate the elevation. Oh! you need to pile the Sierra Nevada and the Wahsatch on the top of the Rocky Mountains to appreciate the meaning of the Psalmist when he says, "Thy righteousness is like the *great mountains!*"

"HOW MUCH OWEST THOU UNTO MY LORD?"—When the first of January comes, you will take an account of stock, and you will bring up in a balance-sheet all the values and all the indebtedness. Indeed, often during the year you ask yourself the questions, "What am I worth?" "How much do I owe?" I suppose that you could put down on a piece of paper, in five minutes, in round figures, your whole indebtedness to men. And yet how you halt and

stumble when the question is put to you to-night, that was propounded by the steward to the debtors of his master, "How much owest thou unto my Lord?"

GOD'S PROVISION OF FOOD FOR US.—We have been sitting at God's table ten, thirty, fifty, seventy years. From the apples you ate in the orchard when a boy, to the fruit last night upon your tea-table, it all came out of the same hand. From the horn that called you from the hay-field years ago, to the silver bell that tinkled on your table at noon to-day, you have never known the pang, the sickening horror of having nothing to eat. We pay the butcher, the baker, and the fruit-dealer, but we do not pay that God who makes the food, and who gives us the money with which to buy it. If on Saturday night, or at the end of the month, they with whom we board present the bill, and we do not pay it, we are put out; but year after year, and for scores of years, have we been permitted to sit at God's table without pay, and the luxuries are greater now than ever before.

THE LAST MOMENT OF LIFE: that is often the most cheerful moment. John Howard talked of it with exhilaration, and selected his own burial-place, saying to his friend, "A spot near the village of Dauphiny would suit me nicely." When John Doule was dying in the triumph of the Gospel, some one said, "Let us pray." "No," said another Christian, "let us *sing* him over the Jordan!" But it will be a dark moment if we are unfitted for it. When we get in the last two minutes of our lives, there will be



no time left for anything. You might as well try to strike a match and get a light on a ship's deck in the midst of a hurricane as to prepare for eternity when the winds of death are in full blast. It is a poor time to start to get your house insured when the flames are bursting out of all the windows, and it is a poor time to attempt to prepare for death when the realities of eternity are taking hold of us!

THE PRECIPICE—DEATH.—If you come to a precipice, and look a thousand feet down, you get dizzy and want to hold fast. How then must the unprepared soul feel when it comes to the brink of this life and looks down—further than a stone could drop in a thousand years, and irresistible forces are pushing it to the verge, and it knows that there is nothing to clutch, nothing to brace itself against!

THE DOWN GRADE.—A California stage-driver, after having been engaged in that business for many years, was dying, and in his last moment he put his foot out of the bed and swung it back and forth. Some one said to him, "Why do you make that motion with your foot?" He replied, "I am on the down grade, and I cannot get my foot on the brake." When our last moment comes, we cannot stop. Our going will be inevitable, and we will not be able to put our foot on the brake.

GOD'S BOUNTY TO AMERICA.—The Jews were God's *ancient* people; Americans are God's *modern* people. And we have the advantage over them. They wandered forty years through the desert; we have gone for nigh a hundred years through a garden. God struck *one* rock for them, and the water

came down to slake their thirst ; *all* the rocks of this land are struck to supply our thirst. One flock of quails came down to the Israelites, and they ate and died ; this land is full of quails, and grosbeaks, and robins, and prairie-fowl, and the nation eats and lives. Manna came down in the dew for the Israelites, but if it was not picked right up, it became wormy ; God drops the manna down on all the wheat-fields from Pennsylvania to California, and we gather it into the granaries.

GOD'S REVEALED WORD.—Scientific men are trying to show us, through the newspapers and through philosophic papers, that our race is descended from the monkey. But we, who believe in God's Word, read there that God made man in his own image, and not in the image of a monkey. Get out of my way with your theories ! Scientific men cannot understand the origin of this world. We open our Bibles, and we feel like the Christian Arab, who said to the skeptic, when asked by him why he believed that there was a God, "How do I know that it was a man instead of a camel that went past my tent last night ? Why, I know him by the tracks." Then, looking over at the setting sun, the Arab said to the skeptic, "Look there ! that is not the work of a man ; that is the *track* of a God." We have all these things revealed in God's word. It is a very different book from what it once was to me. I used to take it as a splendid poem, and read it as I read John Milton. I took it up sometimes as a treatise on law, and read it as I did Blackstone. I took it as a fine history, and read it as I did Josephus. Ah ! now it

is not the poem ; it is not the treatise of law ; it is not the history. It is simply a *family album* that I open, and see right before me the face of God, my Father ; of Christ, my Saviour ; of heaven, my eternal home.

A CAGED BIRD SUGGESTIVE.—In the down of its breast you can see the glow of southern climes ; in the sparkle of its eye you can see the flash of distant seas ; in its voice you can hear the song it learned in the wild-wood. It is a child of the sky in captivity. Now the dead bird of my text, captured from the air, suggests the *Lord Jesus, who came down from the realms of light and glory.*

THE OLD TESTAMENT, to very many people, is a great slaughter-house strewn with the blood and bones and horns and hoofs of butchered animals. But to the intelligent Christian the Old Testament is a magnificent corridor through which Jesus advances. As he appears at the other end of the corridor, we can only see the outlines of his character ; coming nearer, we can descry the features. But when, at last, he steps upon the platform of the New Testament, amid the torches of evangelists and apostles, the orchestras of heaven announce him with a blast of minstrelsy that wakes up Bethlehem at midnight.

WORLDLY HONORS HOLLOW.—The very world that now applauds will soon hiss. That world said of the great Webster : " What a statesman ! What wonderful exposition of the Constitution ! A man fit for any position." That same world said, after a while, " Down with him ! He is an office-seeker.

He is a sot. He is a libertine. Away with him!" And there is no peace for the man until he lays down his broken heart in the grave at Marshfield. While Charles Mathews was performing in London, before immense audiences, one day a worn-out and gloomy man came into a doctor's shop, saying, "Doctor, what can you do for me?" The doctor examined his case and said, "My advice is that you go and see Charles Mathews." "Alas! alas!" said the man, "I myself am Charles Mathews." Jeffrey thought if he could only be judge, that would be the making of him; got to be judge, and cursed the day on which he was born. Alexander wanted to submerge the world with his greatness; submerged it, and then drank himself to death because he could not stand the trouble. Burns thought he would give everything if he could win the favor of courts and princes; won it, and amid the shouts of a great entertainment, when poets and orators and duchesses were adoring his genius, wished that he could creep back into the obscurity in which he dwelt on the day when he wrote of the

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

Napoleon wanted to make all Europe tremble at his power; made it tremble, then died, his entire military achievements dwindling down to a pair of military boots, which he insisted on having on his feet when dying.

**CHRIST OUR DELIVERER.**—Whatever be the form of evil habit, Christ is able fully and finally to deliver that man. Though he be eaten up with dissipation; though he be sunk to the lowest depths of shame;

though every physical, mental, and spiritual force be crippled, Christ will make him a whole man, and lift him to usefulness and respectability here, and to glory hereafter.

**NONE BEYOND HOPE.**—I have heard men spoken of as so far gone that they could not be rescued. I denounce the horrible infidelity. The Lord's arm is omnipotent, and the worst wretch that ever crawled into the ditch would no more puzzle or confound God than the case of the most elegant and polished sinner that ever came to him.

**LAY HOLD OF THAT ALMIGHTY ARM**, oh ye dying captives! Notwithstanding all your past misdoings, there is no need that you miss heaven; there is grace enough to save every one of you; not merely letting you escape by the skin of your teeth, but giving you an abundant entrance into the kingdom of our Lord. The feet of God's host are already at the foot of the wall. They come on with the blood-stained flag of the cross. They mount the steep. Under their drawn sword your evil passions go down. Where sin abounded, grace does much more abound. Victory over your sin! Victory through the Lord Jesus Christ!

**YOUR HEART TAKEN FOR CHRIST**, your bad habits fall, your mental difficulties fly, and in one struggle your entire nature is redeemed.

**YOURS IS A SINNING HEART**, and Christ alone can cleanse it. **YOURS IS A PROUD HEART**, and Christ alone can humble it. **YOURS IS A REBELLIOUS HEART**, and Christ alone can subdue it.

THROW OPEN EVERY DOOR, and ward, and closet of your heart to the conquering Jesus. Be not like Hiram, the king, who contributed toward building the Temple of God at Jerusalem, while at the same time he was helping to construct the temples of Hercules. Your heart swept clean of the last idol, let Christ have full possession.

THE TIDE OF ETERNITY.—A gentleman, wandering along on the beach of Scotland, where the high rocks came near the sea, was unmindful of the fact that the tide was rising, which would cut off his retreat. A man on the top of the rocks shouted "Hallo! the tide is rising, and this is the last place through which you can make your escape; you had better climb up on to the rocks." The man laughed at the warning and went on. After a while he thought it was time to return; he came back and found retreat cut off. He tried to scale the rocks; he clambered half way up—could get no farther. The wave came to his feet—came to his waist—came to his chin—and with a wild shriek for help he perished. The tides of eternity are rising. Those only will be saved who get on to the Rock of Ages. Yet men saunter along in their sin and play in the sand. We come out and shout, "Hallo! hallo! the tide is rising." They laugh at our excitement, and say that there is no danger. After a while they resolve to return, but it is too late. The waters of eternal destruction gather about their feet; they try to climb but get no farther than the foot of the rock, and, with eyes rolling in horror, and hands flung up, and a shriek of despair that rolls among the mountains of

death with long-reverberating echo, they drop forever. Lord God, keep us from such a catastrophe!

A SISTER'S DEATH-BED.—Last week I sat by the death-bed of my sister Mary. Her soul has for many days been struggling to get loose. When she threw off her bonnet, and I threw off my hat for the race, how we sped down the lane! I shut my eyes, for it seems a dream. How we made the haymows and the meadows ring with the racket! She was sunshine. She always was sunshine. She is on her way to everlasting sunshine. As I sat on her bedside, she said, "Oh, Dewitt, no doubts, no fears! What a mistake I would have made if I had waited to get ready until now!"

A LEGEND IN ICELAND says that when Jesus was a boy, playing with his comrades one Sabbath day, he made birds of clay; and as these birds of clay were standing upon the ground, an old Sadducee came along, and he was disgusted at the sport, and dashed the birds to pieces; but the legend says that Jesus waved his hand above the broken birds, and they took wing, and went singing heavenward. Of course that is a fable among the Icelanders; but it is not a fable that we are dust, and that, the hand of divine grace waved over us once, we go singing towards the skies.

GOOD OR EVIL.—Every man has a thousand roots and a thousand branches. His roots reach down through all the earth; his branches spread through all the heavens. He speaks with voice, with eye, with hand, with foot. His silence often

is thunder, and his life is an anthem or a doxology. There is no such thing as negative influence. We are all positive in the place we occupy, making the world better or worse, on the Lord's side or on the devil's, making up reasons for our blessedness or banishment; and we have already done a mighty work in peopling heaven or hell. I hear people tell of what they are going to do. A man who has burned down a city might as well talk of some evil that he expects to do, or he who saved an empire talk of some good that he expects to do. By the force of your evil influence you have already consumed infinite values, or you have, by the power of a right influence, won whole kingdoms or God.

THE WORLD IS OFF THE TRACK! You might as well stand at the foot of an embankment, amid the wreck of a capsized rail-train, proving by elaborate argument that something is out of order. Adam tumbled over the embankment sixty centuries ago, and the whole race, in one long train, has gone on tumbling in the same direction. Crash! crash! The only question now is, By what leverage can the crushed thing be lifted? By what hammer may the fragments be reconstructed?

THE AGED CHRISTIAN.—“A hoary head is a crown of glory” if it be found in the way of righteousness. There may be no color in the cheek, no lustre in the eye, no spring in the step, no firmness in the voice, and yet around the head of every old man whose life has been a Christian there hovers a glory brighter than ever shook in



the white tops of the almond-tree. If the voice quiver, it is because God is changing it into a tone fit for the celestial choral. If the back stoop, it is only because the body is just about to lie down in peaceful sleep. If the hand tremble, it is because God is unloosing it from worldly disappointments to clasp it on ringing harp and waving palm. If the hair has turned, it is only the gray light of heaven's dawn streaming through the scant locks. If the brow, once adorned by a luxuriance of auburn or raven, is smitten with baldness, it is only because God is preparing a place to set the everlasting crown. The falling of this aged Christian's staff will be the signal for the heavenly gate to swing open. The scattering of the almond blossoms will only discover the setting of the fruit.

THE ALMOND-TREE.—In January, Palestine is adorned with the blossoming of the almond-tree. It breathes its life into that winter month as a promise of God's sometimes lights up and sweetens the coldness and desolation of a sorrowing spirit. It was not a useless tree, made just to bloom and die, or, like the willow by the water-courses, to stand weeping into the stream, but it disputed with terebinth and cassia for a high place in the commerce of the world. Its wealth bore down the dromedaries of the desert, and in ships of Tarshish struggled with the sea. Its rugged trunk parted into gracefulness of branch and burst into a lavishness of bloom, till the Temple imitated it in the golden candlestick, and Jeremiah beheld its branches shaking in his dream.

The pomegranate had more pretentious color, and rung out its fragrance with red blossoming bells, but the almond-tree stood in simple white. The almond-tree in full bloom looked like some tree before our window on a winter's morning after a nightfall of snow, when its brightness is almost insufferable, every stem a white and feathery plume.

POWER OF FORGIVENESS.—A soldier in England was brought by a sergeant to the colonel. "What," says the colonel, "bringing the man here again! We have tried everything with him." "Oh no," says the sergeant, "there is one thing you have not tried. I would like you to try that." "What is that?" said the colonel. Said the man, "*Forgiveness.*" The case had not gone so far but that it might take that turn, and so the colonel said, "Well, young man, you have done so and so. What is your excuse?" "I have no excuse, but I am very sorry," said the man. "We have made up our minds to forgive you," said the colonel. The tears started. He had never been accosted in that way before. His life was reformed, and that was the starting-point for a positively Christian life.

DR. T'S. FATHER.—He took the pitch of sacred song on Sabbath morning, and lost it not through all the week; he plowed "new ground," served writs, examined deeds, arrested criminals in the house and by the way, at the barn and in the street. He did not hide his satisfaction at having outwalked some one who boasted of his pedestrianism, or at having been able to swing the scythe after all the rest of the

harvesters had dropped from exhaustion, or at having, in legislative hall, tripped up some villainous scheme for robbing the public treasury. No gall, no acerbity, no hypercriticism. If there was a bright side to anything, he always saw it; and his name, in all the places where he dwelt, will long be a synonyme for exhilaration of spirit.

**A MOTHER'S HAND.**—God's hand is a mother's hand. What it touches it heals. If it smite you, it does not hurt as if it were another hand. Oh, you poor wandering soul in sin, it is not a bailiff's hand that seizes you to-day. It is not a hard hand. It is not an unsympathetic hand. It is not a cold hand. It is not an enemy's hand. No. It is a gentle hand, a loving hand, a sympathetic hand, a soft hand, a mother's hand.

**WHEN A LEPER** was to be cured of his leprosy, in order to his cleansing, two of these birds were taken; one of them was slain over an earthen vessel of running water—that is, clear, fresh water, and then the bird was killed. Another bird was then taken, tied to a hyssop-branch, and plunged by the priest into the blood of the first bird; and then, with this hyssop-branch, bird-tipped, the priest would sprinkle the leper seven times, then untie the bird from the hyssop-branch, and it would go soaring into the heavens. The first bird meant Jesus, and that second bird means your own soul. (Lev. 14: 5, 6.) The second bird was tied to the hyssop-branch, and then plunged in the blood of the first bird. Ah! that is my soul, plunged for cleansing in the Saviour's blood. There is not enough water in the Atlantic

and Pacific Oceans to wash away our smallest sin. Sin is such an outrage on God's universe that nothing but the blood of Jesus can atone for it.

**AN AGED MINISTER SOLD.**—General Fisk says that he once stood at a slave-block where an old Christian minister was being sold. The auctioneer said of him, "What bid do I hear for this man? He is a very good kind of a man; he is a minister." Somebody said "twenty dollars;" somebody else "twenty-five"—"thirty"—"thirty-five"—"forty." The aged Christian minister began to tremble; he had expected to be able to buy his own freedom, and he had just seventy dollars, and expected with the seventy dollars to get free. As the bids ran up the old man trembled more and more "Forty"—"forty-five"—"fifty"—"fifty-five"—"sixty"—"sixty-five." The old man cried out "*seventy*." He was afraid they would outbid him. The men around were transfixed. Nobody dared bid; and the auctioneer struck him down to himself—done—done!

A CHRISTIAN is not afraid of Sinai. The thunders do not frighten him. You have seen two thunder-showers meet. One cloud from this mountain, and another cloud from that mountain, coming together, and responding to each other, crash to crash, thunder to thunder, boom! boom! And then the clouds break and the torrents pour, and they are emptied perhaps into the very same stream that comes down so red at your feet, that it seems as if all the carnage of the storm-battle has been emptied into it. So in this Bible I see two storms gather, one above Sinai, the other above Calvary, and they res-

pond one to the other—flash to flash, thunder to thunder, boom! boom! Sinai thunders, "*The soul that sinneth, it shall die!*" Calvary responds, "*Save them from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom.*" Sinai says, "*Woe! woe!*" Calvary answers, "*Mercy! mercy!*" and then the clouds burst, and empty their treasures into one torrent, and it comes flowing to our feet, red with the carnage of our Lord—in which, if thy soul be plunged, it shall go forth FREE—FREE!

POWER OF EXAMPLE.—When, in the Mexican war, the troops were wavering, a general rose in his stirrups and dashed into the enemy's lines, shouting, "*Men, follow!*" They, seeing his courage and disposition, dashed on after him, and gained the victory. What men want to rally them for God is an example to lead them. All your commands to others to advance amount to nothing so long as you stay behind. To affect them aright, you need to start for heaven yourself, looking back only to give the stirring cry of—MEN, FOLLOW!

FAILURE OF SKEPTICISM.—Skepticism seems to do quite well in prosperity, but it fails in adversity. A celebrated infidel, on shipboard, in the sunshine, caricatured the Christian religion, and scoffed at its professors. But the sea arose, and the waves dashed across the hurricane-deck, and the man cried out, "O my God, what shall I do! what shall I do!" A father went down to see his dying son in a Southern hospital during the war. Finding that the boy was dying, he went to the chaplain and said, "I wish you would go and see my boy, and get him prepared

for the future." "Why," said the chaplain, "I thought you did not believe in religion!" "Well," said he, "I don't, but his mother does; and I would a great deal rather the boy would follow his mother. Go and get him prepared." Skepticism may do tolerably well to live by, but it is a poor thing to die by. The fortification of your soul this hour gives way; and the Christ, who seemed to have been overcome by argument, and by profound questions, and elaborate analysis, now, by the force of love, *overcomes at the last!*

FORWARD YE TROOPS OF LIGHT, to the next circumvallation of the heart, namely, *pernicious habit*. I do not believe that it is necessary to be a teetotaler in order to be a Christian (although I wish all were teetotalers), but I do say that a man who is excessive in the use of strong drink cannot love Christ. He will not dispute with you the supremacy of the bottle.

THE APPETITE AS A BARRIER.—The appetite is to-day the mightiest barrier against God. There are men who would rather brave eternity, unpardoned, than give up their bondage. They have been throwing up this embankment of evil habit for five, ten, or twenty years until it is very high and very great. Temperance societies, grand as they are, will not capture it. Christ, the Son of God, alone can take the fortification.

BOYHOOD SABBATHS.—Where did you pass your boyhood Sabbaths? You say in a New-England village. You remember the church, and the green in front; and the cry of the swallows in the tower

as the tap of the bell scattered them ; and the quiet grave-yard beside it, some of the stones leaning over, and the moss almost covering the letters ; the long line of horses at the hitching-post ; the group at the church door ; the minister, plain, and earnest, and affectionate ; the children, with whom you exchanged mischievous glances, and the aged men and women, to whom you looked up with veneration, though they were sometimes asleep at the head of the pew—all of them sound asleep now in the shadow of the church that once they frequented. With some of you it was the Scotch kirk, or the English chapel, or the city church. Somehow, ever since then you loved Sunday to come. Its sunrise seems more golden ; its noonday more bright ; its evening more suggestive ; and although you feel, before God, that many of your Sundays have been wasted, you still say, "Sweet Sabbath ! Messenger from God ! Pillow on which to put the aching head ! Day fragrant of all sweet memories ! How I love thee !"

YOUR LAST SABBATH.—If you are forty years of age, two thousand and eighty of your Sabbaths are gone. Indeed, the whole flock of them is started, and the last of them will soon spread wing. It will break from the east. The bells will ring. There will be the shuffle of young feet and old on the way to church. The baptismal waters will be shed, the sacramental wine poured, the evening service will pass, the *Amen* will finish the benediction, the lights will be lowered, the gates will jar shut, and the sexton will turn the key in the lock. Nothing peculiar in the looks of the wall that night, or in the sound of

the music. But that will be the ending of your Sabbaths. Can you not have one more? Not one more. It will come for others, but not for us. The last hymn. The last sermon. The last benediction. The last Sabbath. *The last time!*

THE LAST YEAR.—That year will open with the usual New Year congratulations. It will revel in the same orchard-blossoming; it will roar with the same Fourth of July rejoicings; it will close with the same Christmas festivals; and yet it will be unlike all others in the fact that it will be our closing year. The spring grass may be cleft of the spade to let us down to our resting-place; or, while the summer grain is falling to the sickle, we may be harvested for another world; or, while the autumnal leaves are flying in the November gale, we may fade and fall; or the driving sleet may cut the faces of the black-tasseled horses that pull us out in our last ride. But it will be the year in which our body and soul part; the year in which for us time ends and eternity begins. All other years are as nothing. The year in which you were born, the year in which you were married, the year in which you began business for yourself, the year in which your father died—all of them are of less importance than this last year of your life.

THE DEAD OF THE YEAR.—During the year that expires to night, how many have gone into the next world? About five million five hundred thousand souls. It was their last year. Some of them may have expected it, but the great majority of them, if foretold that this would be their closing



year, would have laughed outright and said, "Is not my arm strong? Is not my eye clear? Is not my lung sound? Who can skip, or climb, or lift, or run better than I?" Yet those five million five hundred thousand have gone.

**MAN'S CAPACITY FOR ENJOYMENT.**—I look at man's moral nature. Made in the image of God. Vast capacity for enjoyment, capable at first of eternal joy and, though now disordered, still through the recuperative force of heavenly grace, able to mount up to more than its original felicity: faculties that may blossom and bear fruit inexhaustibly. Immortality written upon every capacity: a soul destined to range in unlimited spheres of activity long after the world has put on ashes, and the solar system shall have snapped its axle, and the stars that, in their courses, fought against Sisera, shall have been slain, and buried amid the tolling thunders of the last day.

**GOD'S PROVISION FOR OUR COMFORT.**—You see that God has adapted everything to our comfort and advantage. Pleasant things for the palate; music for the ear; beauty for the eye; aroma for the nostril; kindred for our affections; poetry for our taste; religion for our soul. He gives the sun to shine on us, and the waters to refresh us, and food to strengthen us; and the herbs yield medicine when we are sick, and the forests lumber when we would build a house, or cross the water in a ship. The rocks are transported for our foundation; and metals upturned for our currency; and wild beasts must give us covering; and the mountains must be tunneled to let us pass; and the fish of the sea come

up in our net; and the birds of the air drop at the flash of our guns; and the cattle on a thousand hills come down to give us meat. For us the peach-orchards bend down their fruit, and the vineyards their purple clusters. To feed and refresh our intellect, ten thousand wonders in nature and providence—wonders of mind and body, wonders of earth, and air, and deep, analogies and antitheses; all colors and sounds; lyrics in the air; idyls in the field; conflagrations in the sunset; robes of mist on the mountains; and the "Grand March" of God in the storm.

SEE HOW SUITED to man's condition is what God has done for him! Man is a sinner; here his pardon. He has lost God's image; Christ retraces it. He is helpless; Almighty grace is proffered. He is a lost wanderer; Jesus brings him home. He is blind; and at one touch of Him who cured Bartimeus, eternal glories stream into his soul.

GOD'S ARCHITECTURE.—Geologists have spent years in finding the track of a bird's claw in the new red sandstone. There is enough of God's architecture in a snipe's bill or a grouse's foot to confound all the universities.

GREAT WORK WILL BE DONE when we can send Christian merchants to carry the gospel on 'Change and into all the life of barter.

ONE REASON WHY I LIKE THE BIBLE is that its illustrations are so easy to understand. When it represents the Gospel as a *hammer*, everybody knows it is to knock something to pieces; or as *salt*, everybody who has put down meat into barrels knows it

is to keep things from spoiling; or as a *salve*, that it is to cure the old sores of the heart. The Bible illustrations go not on stilts, but in a plain way walk straight into the understanding.

THE PEOPLE'S ORDINATION.—There are hundreds of thousands of men who will never come to church. The only kind of pulpit that will reach them is a dry-goods box or a drayman's cart at the street-corner. We want hundreds of men every Sabbath to be preaching the gospel in our great city parks. "What!" you ask, "would you let them preach without ordination?" I answer: If Conferences and Presbyteries will not put their hands upon your head, then I would have you ordained in another way. I would take you down into the haunts of suffering and crime within ten minutes' walk of our best churches, and there have you tell the story of Christ, until men, redeemed from their cups, and women, elevated from a life of pollution, and children, whose bare, bleeding feet are on the road to death, should be by your instrumentality saved. Then I would have these converted suffering ones put their hands of ordination on your head, setting you apart for the holy ministry in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Ah! that would be an ordination as good as the laying on of hands by Conferences and Synods—an ordination that would be most bright in the day when,

"Shrivelled like a parched scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll."

"AS LITTLE CHILDREN."—Zaccheus had mounted the sycamore-tree out of mere inquisitiveness. He

wanted to see how this stranger looked—the color of his eyes, the length of his hair, the contour of his features, the height of his stature. “Come down,” said Christ. So many people, in this day, get up into the tree of curiosity or speculation to see Christ. They ask a thousand queer questions about his divinity, about God’s sovereignty, and the eternal decrees. They speculate and criticise, and hang on to the outside limb of a great sycamore. But they must come down from that if they want to be saved. We cannot be saved as philosophers, but as little children.

**THE GREAT QUESTION.**—What matters it who are elected to be saved, when you know that unless we believe and repent we shall all be damned? Why be perplexed about the way sin came into the world, when the great question is—How we shall get sin driven out of our hearts?

**WILLIAM PENNINGTON** was one of the wisest men of this country—a governor of his own State, and afterward Speaker of the House of Representatives. Yet, when God called him to be a Christian, he went in, and sat down among some children who were applying for Church-membership, and said to his pastor, “Talk to me just as you do to these children, for I know nothing about it.” There is no need of bothering ourselves about mysteries when there are so many things that are plain.

**THE PATH TO HEAVEN** is so plain that a fool need not make any mistake about it, and yet men stop and cavil. Suppose that, going toward the Pacific slope, I had resolved that I would stop until

I could kill all the grizzly bears and the panthers on either side of the way. I would never have got to the Pacific coast. When I went out to hunt the grizzly bear, the grizzly bear would have come out to hunt me. Here is a plain road to heaven. Men say they will not take a step on it until they can make game of all the theories that bark and growl at them from the thickets. They forget the fact that as they go out to hunt the theory, the theory comes out to hunt them, and so they perish. We must receive the kingdom of heaven in simplicity.

DR. LUDLOW'S REBUKE.—Dr. Ludlow, my professor in the Theological Seminary, taught me a lesson I have never forgotten. While putting a variety of questions to him that were perplexing, he turned upon me somewhat in sternness, but more in love, and said, "Mr. Talmage, you will have to let God know some things that you don't."

TO-NIGHT BUILD YOUR ALTAR. Take the family Bible lying on the parlor-table. Call together as many of your family as may be awake. Read a chapter, and then, if you can think of nothing else besides the Lord's prayer, say that. That will do. Heaven will have begun in your house. You can put your head on your pillow feeling that, whether you wake up in this world or the next, all is well. In that great, ponderous Book of the Judgment, where is recorded all the important events of the earth, you will read at last the statement that *this was the day when salvation came into your house.*

THE CHILDREN'S SAFEGUARD.—Let it not be told on judgment day that you let your family start with-

out the only safeguard—the religion of Christ. Give yourself no rest until your children are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Your son does just as you do. He tries to walk like you, and to talk like you. The daughter imitates the mother. Alas! if father and mother miss heaven, the children will.

**THE RICH HARD-WORKERS.**—Show me the man made happy by worldly accumulation. Who are the men who have the most anxiety, and work the hardest? The millionnaires. Men work harder after they get five hundred thousand dollars than before. They work less at a hundred thousand dollars; still less at fifty thousand; still less at forty; still less at thirty; still less at five thousand dollars; and least of all when they have a salary to live on. The men who have the greatest freedom from care are those who live on their day's wages. Prosperity is like salt water; the more you drink of it, the thirstier you are.

**PRAYER, AND GOD'S POWER.**—I don't want a physician who sees no God in human anatomy to doctor my broken bones. If God made us, and if the Bible is true, then it is not strange that prayer does traverse natural cause; ay, that it introduces a new cause. When God made the law, he did not make it so strong he could not break it. If God made our bodies, when they are broken, he is the one to mend them; and it is reasonable that we should call him in to do it. If my furnace in the cellar breaks down, there is no one so competent to repair it as the manufacturer. If my watch stop, there is no one so compe-

tent to set it going as the one who made it. If the body is disordered, call in the Maker of it.

**DEATH UNEXPECTED.**—Removal from this world is always sudden. I have heard of rare cases where persons said, "Such a day of such a month will be my last," and it was so. Even the most confirmed invalids expect to get well. They expect some new effect of medicines, or a new style of doctor, or a change of climate will help them. It is while men are calculating on long days that that decisive hour comes—while they are expecting an enlargement of business accommodations, or are getting in their crops, or are trying to draught a new barn—suddenly!

**IMMINENCE OF DEATH.**—A minister of Scotland, at breakfast, asked for something more to eat, and a child started to get it, but he cried out, "Hold! Hold! my Master calleth me. I have breakfasted with you, and shall sup with my Lord Jesus to-night." And as quick as that he was gone. The rail-train rushes along toward Norwalk bridge. The draw is off. Down the train plunges. In Wales, a miner, not aware of the foul air of the mine, strikes a match. Instantly two hundred souls are in eternity.

**WISE FOR TIME—FOOLISH FOR ETERNITY.**—Many men are wise for time, and foolish for eternity! They know enough, when they sell a thing, to get the worth of it, but they barter away an immortal soul for nothing. They have everything insured but their souls. They are careful to have all their titles good except that for heaven. They

are prompt in their engagements with banks and brokers, but fail in their obligations to God. They pull down their barns and build greater, to hold the increasing crops, but have no shelter for their souls as good as a barn. If a man should come at them with a sly game, and try to cheat them out of a hundred dollars, they would say, "No you don't! I see what you are driving at!" But they allow Satan to swindle them out of all the riches of Heaven.

**EVERY MAN HAS TIME ENOUGH.**—Men talk as though, in order to get prepared for eternity, they must have a month or a year to go and sit down, and read and pray. Why, my hearers, a prayer to God is just as acceptable while on your way to Fulton Ferry, as in your house on your knees. A thought about God on Wall Street is just as elevating as in church on Sunday. Heaven is not a cloud that touches only the tops of some high mountain: it touches the earth all over. And that man who has time to eat, or sleep, or think, has time to be saved.

**MANY OF YOU ARE NOT SO WELL DRESSED** for church as you are for heaven. That dress you have on will wear out—get out of fashion; but the robe of Christ's righteousness will never wear out, for the latest ages of heaven wear the same pattern as the earliest.

**THE CHRISTIAN'S GRAVE.**—How much does death hurt a good man? Not so much as the tip of his little finger. They who, in letting you down into your last resting-place, shall be scratched in



the hand with a brier, shall be more damaged than you by death. The grandest place on earth to sleep, the softest pillow and coverlets, are in the Christian's grave.

**A FATHER'S DEATH-BED.**—If there is any one on earth that is to be envied, it is the man who dies well. Among the eight persons who stood around my father's death-bed, not one was as well off as he. For eighty-four years he had served God as few serve Him. What had he to fear? I do not think he had been so glad sixty-two years before—on his marriage-day—as he was that night, as he was about to go to rejoin her with whom he had companioned for fifty-five years. God said to him, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee," and his answer was, "I feel well—very well. All is well. Peace! Peace!"

**A QUESTION.**—If the sudden announcement of your departure should be made to you to-night, what would be the state of your families? Have you done all that you can to fit them for heaven? Could you feel—"Whatever I, as father or mother, could do, I have done."

**CONSIDER.**—Men, who have nothing but worldly success as your goal, consider! After you get your elegant house, or your influential business firm, will you be fitted out for eternity? Breakfasting at half-past seven in the morning, and dying at ten, where will you dine? Taking tea at six o'clock, and dying at eleven, where will you sleep? The Indian who for a string of beads sells as much territory as will make a state, is wise

compared with a man who for the trinkets of earth barter heaven.

DEEPER AND DEEPER.—There may be some here who are venturing out into sin. The marks of pollution are already upon them. At Long Branch or Cape May, some summer day, you may have stood on the beach, and seen a man go down into the breakers to bathe. He went out farther and farther, until you became anxious about him. You wondered if he could swim. You shouted to him, as he advanced in the water, "Come back! come back! You will be lost! you will be lost!" He turned around, waved his hand, and shouted "No danger," and still went on, until, after a while, a wave, with great undertow, swept him out—his corpse the next day washed up on the beach. So I see young men going down into the waves of sin—deeper and deeper, farther from God, and farther; and I stand on the beach to-night, and cry the warning: "Come back! come back! You will be lost! you will be lost!" Some, not heeding the warning, will jeer at the alarm and go ahead, till, after a while, the wave of God's indignation will sweep them off, and sweep them down forever.

THE DOOR OF MERCY UNLOCKED.—There may be some here who have ventured into sinful courses who would like to return. You came in here to-night discouraged, and feel that there is but little hope. I will tell you of a daughter who went from home into the paths of sin. After many months of wandering she resolved one night to go home to her mother's house. It was after midnight when she

arrived at the house. She supposed that the door would be locked ; but, putting her hand on the latch, the door opened. She asked her mother why it was that the door, after midnight, was unlocked. Said the mother, "That door has never been locked since you went away. I have given orders that, by day and night, it should be unfastened, for I was sure that you would come back, and when you came I did not want you to be hindered a minute." So I have to tell you that the door of God's mercy is ever unlocked. By day and by night it stands open for your coming. Though your sins were as scarlet, they shall be as snow ; though they were red like crimson, they shall be as wool.

**THE WRONG KIND OF ASSOCIATION.**—My advice to all young men is to sell their pistols, and take the knife out of the top of their cane, and depend on God and their own stout arm for defence. A man who does not feel himself safe without deadly weapons is in the wrong kind of association and companionship, and had better get out of it.

**"HIGH LIFE" NO PATTERN.**—Oh, young man, take not the manners and customs and habits of what is wrongly called "high life" for your example. Do not think sin is less to be hated because it is epauleted and adorned. The brown-stone front can no more keep back the judgments of God than can the cellar door.

**HOW MANY WILL YOU TAKE IN ?**—I advise that you be busy in Christian work. How many Sabbaths in the year ? Fifty-two. It is unsafe to count on all of the fifty-two Sundays. As you are as likely

to go in the first half of the year as in the last half, I think we had better divide the fifty-two into halves, and calculate only twenty-six Sabbaths. Come, Christian men, Christian women, what can you do in twenty-six Sabbaths? Divide the three hundred and sixty-five days into two parts: what can you do in one hundred and eighty-two days? What, by the way of saving your family, the Church, and the world? You will not get over the dishonor and the outrage of going into glory, and having helped none up to the same place. It will be found that many a Sabbath-school teacher has taken into heaven her whole class: that Daniel Baker, the evangelist, took hundreds into heaven; that Doddridge took in many thousands; that Paul took in millions! How many will you take in?

THE AVALANCHE OF SIN.—It is high time to get out of your sins. You say, "I have committed no great transgressions." But are you not aware that your life has been sinful? The snow comes down on the Alps flake by flake, and it is so light that you may hold it on the tip of your finger without feeling any weight; but the flakes gather; they compact, until some day a traveller's foot starts the slide, and it goes down in an avalanche, crushing to death the villagers. So the sins of your youth, and the sins of your manhood, and the sins of your womanhood may have seemed only slight inaccuracies or trifling divergences from the right—so slight that they are hardly worth mentioning, but they have been piling up and piling up, packing together and packing together, until they make a mountain of sin, and one more step

of your foot in the wrong direction may slide down upon you an avalanche of ruin and condemnation.

**GET READY.**—In view of the probabilities, I advise all the men and women not ready for eternity to get ready. If the text be true, you have no time to talk about non-essentials, asking why God let sin come into the world; or whether the book of Jonah is inspired; or who Melchisedec was; or what about the eternal decrees. If you are as near eternity as some of you seem to be, there is no time for anything but the question, "How shall I escape wrath and win heaven?" The drowning man, when a plank is thrown him, stops not to ask what saw-mill made it, or whether it is oak or cedar, or who threw it. The moment it is thrown, he clutches it. If this year you are to die, there is no time for anything but immediately laying hold on God.

**CHRIST STANDS READY.**—Christ the Lord stands ready to save any man who wants to be saved. He waited for you all last year, and all the year before, and all your life. He has waited for you with blood on his brow, and tears in his eyes, and two outstretched, mangled hands of love.

**CHRIST THE SAVIOUR.**—You come from your store, and find that your house has been on fire, and that your neighbor put it out. You thank him. You say, "I shall never forget this. When you want anything, come to me." But my Lord makes an attempt to put out the eternal consuming of your soul, and you give him no thanks, and wish him off the premises. You come home some night and find the mark of muddy feet on your front steps. You hasten

in, and find an excited group around your child. He fell into a pond, and had it not been for a brave lad, who plunged in and brought him out, and carried him home to be resuscitated, you would have been childless. You feel that you cannot do enough for the rescuer. You throw your arms around him. You offer him any compensation. You say to him, "Anything that you want shall be yours. I will never cease to be grateful." But my Lord Jesus sees your soul drowning in wrathful waves of death, and attempts to bring it ashore, and you not only refuse him thanks, but stand on the beach and say, "Drop that soul! If I want it saved, I will save it myself."

TEMPTATIONS OF OFFICE.—How many fine men have been ruined by official position! It is an awful thing for any man to seek office under government unless his principles of integrity are deeply fixed. Many a man, upright in an insignificant position, has made shipwreck in a great one.

DEATH IS THE ROUGHEST OF ALL CONSTABLES, and makes an arrest without any explanation. The man says, "Wait until I get that new barn done." "No!" "Wait until I settle with my men." "No!" "Wait until I can sell out, and get my estate into better trim." "No!" "Wait until I make my will." "No!" "Wait until I can get prepared." "No!" Death says, "I wait or nothing."

GLORY AFTER THE RAIN.—The chief *glory of God comes after the rain*. No shower, no rainbow; no trouble, no brightness of Christian consolation. Weavers are sometimes, by reason of their work,

dusty and rough in their apparel; and so it is the coarse-clad tempest, whose hand and foot swing the shuttle, that weaves the rainbow.

SETTLEMENT.—If God should put suddenly into money, or its representative, the power to return to its rightful owner, there is not a bank or a safety deposit that would not have its sides blown out; and parchments would rip, and gold would shoot, and mortgages would rend, and beggars would get horses, and stock-gamblers would go to the almshouse.

STORMS NECESSARY.—Many Christians are dull, and stupid, and useless because they have not had disaster enough to wake them up. You cannot make a thorough Christian life out of sunshine alone. There are some very dark hues in the ribbon of the rainbow: you must have in life the blue as well as the orange. Mingling all the colors of the former makes a white light; and it takes all the shades and sadnesses and vicissitudes of life to make the white lustre of a pure Christian character.

GIVE TO THE LORD.—There are hundreds of business men, Christian men, in New York City, who have gone down, for the simple reason, as I believe, that they did not give to God that which belonged to him. They did not give him any percentage at all, or such a very small percentage that the Lord God collected his own bills by fire, by storm, or by death. Two men I knew very well, some years ago, on the streets of New York. They were talking about the matter of benevolence. One said to the other, "You give too much. I will wait until I get a large pile of money, and then I will give." "No," said the

other, "I will give as God prospers me." Hear the sequel. The former lives in New York City to-day, dollarless; the latter gathered two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

**GIVE ENOUGH.**—I believe that the reason why many people are kept poor is because they do not give enough. If a man gives in the right spirit to the Lord Jesus Christ and to the Church, he is *insured* for time and for eternity. The Bank of England is a weak institution compared with the bank that any Christian man can draw upon. That man who stands by Christ, Christ will stand by him.

**A FREE CHURCH.**—I want a free church with a free gospel. If the great mass of the people of this country are ever to be brought to Christ, it will be only when the churches are thrown wide open and the *people* are invited to come in. Let those who can give a thousand dollars, or a hundred dollars, for the support of the Gospel, give it. Let those who can give but a dollar, or a penny, give that. God's blessing sometimes goes with the one penny in more tremendous power than with the ten thousand.

**PREPARATION FOR THE JOURNEY.**—What if a man going to San Francisco should make preparation for his comfort from here to Hoboken, and no further. Would you not call him a fool? But this man about starting on an everlasting journey, makes no preparation except for this life. The distance from here to the grave is smaller when compared with eternity, than the distance from here to Hoboken is small compared with the thousands of miles between here and San Francisco. This man had



thought only of the three or four yards of human life, and regarded not the millions of furlongs stretching out into the infinite.

**THE WANT IS JESUS.**—If you looked out of your window and saw me going up your front steps, you would not wait, but go yourself to open the door. Will you keep Jesus standing on the outside, his locks wet with the dews of the night? This day is salvation come to thy house. The great want of your house is not a new carpet, or costlier pictures, or richer furniture—it is Jesus!

**RESTITUTION.**—There is no need of our trying to come to Christ as long as we keep fraudulently a dollar or a farthing in our possession that belongs to another. You have committed a fraud, and there is no mercy for you until you have made restitution. You say, "I cannot make restitution. The parties whom I swindled are gone." Then I say, "Take the money up to the American Bible Society and consecrate it to God."

**HOW IMPUDENT DEATH IS!** It would not seem so bold if it went into that fisherman's hut and took a life. But here it comes stumbling along, not stopping to look at the full barns, or to examine the olives, or to count the herds. It does not even knock. It goes in as though it owned the whole place, and says, "Come, you must go with me!"

**ROUGHING IT.**—The best way to start life is astride a farm-horse, with a rope-halter. In that way you learn to rough it. You are prepared for hard bounces on the road of life; you learn to hold

on; you get the habit of depending on your own heels, and not upon other people's stirrups; you find how to climb on without anybody to give you a boost. It does not hurt you so much when you fall off. And some day, far on in life, when you are in the midst of the hot and dusty city, and you are weary with the rush and din of the world, in your imagination you call back one of these nags of pleasant memory. You bring him up by the side of your study, or counting-room table, and from that you jump on, and away you canter through the old-time orchard, and by the old-time meeting-house, or down the lane in front of the barn, dashing into the cool, sparkling water of the meadow, where he stops to take his morning dram; or you hitch him up to the rocking-chair in which you have for twenty years sat rheumatic and helpless, and he drags you back some Sunday morning to the old country church, where many years ago he stood tied to the post, while you, with father and mother at either end of the pew, was learning of the land where there is no pain, and into which John looked, and said: "I saw a white horse!"

**BACKBONE FOR MINISTERS.**—Alas! for the absurdity rampant among families, that when, because of physical incompetency, a man is fit for nothing else, he is fit to be a "legate of the skies." Religion will never make up for lack of liver and backbone.

**FRAUD, LAWFUL AND UNLAWFUL.**—Sometimes a man who seems to succeed is at every step a failure. There is more lawful fraud committed than unlawful. Penitentiaries and the Court of "Oyer and Termi-

ner" are for those clumsy rogues who do not know how to steal. The purloining of one cabbage ends in the "Tombs," but the absconding with one hundred thousand dollars wins a castle on the Rhine. So you see that men get into jail not because they steal, but because they do not steal enough.

**THE HORSE AT BROOK.**—Where once thoroughly mounted, the rope-halter is helm and sail sufficient. It is very easy to guide a thirsty horse when you want to take him to water. A poke of your bare feet into his ribs, and a strong pull of the rope, are enough to bring him back from any slight divergencies. Passing through the bars, all you have to do is to gather up your feet on his warm, smooth back, and having passed the post, again drop anchor. Nothing looks more spirited or merry than a boy's feet bounding against the sides of a glistening bay. The horse feels them, and the more briskly gallops down the lane. At his first plunge into the brook, his sudden stop would have sent the boy summersaulting into the stream, but for a quick digging of the heels into the side, and a clutch of the scant lock of hair at the end of the mane. With lip and nostril in the stream, the horse cares nothing for what his young rider wills. There may be a clearer place below that the boy chooses for the watering, but the horse lifts not his head to the shout, or the jerk of halter, or stroke in the flanks. He wants to drink just there; intent upon that are mouth, and gullet, and fetlock, and spot in the face. Sitting astride, the boy feels the jerk of each swallow, and sees the accompanying wag of the pony's ears. The horse lifts his head,

takes a long breath, clashes his teeth, and rinsing his jaws, drops the tuft of hay that lingered in his mouth, with right foot paws up the gravel from beneath, giving notice that he is ready, if you are, throws himself back on his hind feet till his front lift from the mud, gives a quick turn, and starts for the barn. In a minute he has made the length of the lane, and stands neighing for the barn-door to open.

CHIPS.—The world has learned that a thing is not necessarily good because it is dry. There is no religion in chips. We never could see any sanctity in husks. The donkey hath no hilarity in his voice, and no nonsense in the twitch of his ear. He never was known to dance—yet he never gets higher than his feed-box, while the robin and the lark, from the tip of bill to tip of claw, all life and joy and merriment, with their wings brush the door-latch of heaven. I would like it the more if the editor dips his pen in the dew to tell me of the morning, and in roseate to describe the sunset, and into the purple vats to suggest the vineyards; and if then he fasten his sheets together with a blue band, torn from the forehead of heaven. There is yet to be such a thing as holiness on the bells of the horses; and when Religion shall have completed the conquest of the earth, I expect to see all the diamonds of the universe flashing in the rim of her tiara.

FRESHNESS.—Give us more spice in our family newspaper. We meet in our daily walks so much that is depressing, give us in our family newspaper whole bundles of spice: jokes that you can under-

stand without laborious explanation, conundrums, quips and quirks, harmless satire, caricatures of the world's foibles, and looking-glasses in which to see our failings. Yes, give place occasionally to the much-abused *pun*. Those only despise the pun who cannot make one. Take the quill, and after you have made the split in it, sharpen it down until the point is keen enough to puncture the toughest inconsistency. Let the sheet be fresh and healthy, in it a smell of cedar and new cut-grass. Let us hear in the rhythm of some of the sentences the moan of an untravelled wood, and the sweep of the wing of a partridge. Instead of the artificial dye of stale imagery, crush against the printed leaf a bunch of huckleberries and sumac. We are tired out with all this about the nightingale; for pity's sake, catch for us a brown-thresher, and let us hear a hen cluck. Instead of riding Bucephalus to death, halter that sorrel colt. Talk not so much to us about frankincense, to the neglect of pennyroyal and brookmint.

AN ENTERTAINING WORLD.—This is a grand old world if you would only let us see it as it is. The book-worm who sits down to write, having learned only of trees and mountains and waters from his library, knows nothing about them. You have to put on your high-top boots, and wade right out up to your waist to pluck a water-lily, if you would see it to the best advantage. I had been with many a picnic party to see "Buttermilk Falls," but not until the other day when I went alone, and had a stolen interview with that cascade, did I really see her perfect beauty, as, shoving aside her white veil of mist, and throwing

back her ribbons of rainbow, she told me all about her tragical leap from the rocks.

**THE SCOFFER'S QUESTION.**—"Can you tell me how far it is to hell?" said a young man, as, on Sunday, on horseback, he dashed past a good Christian deacon. At the next turn in the road the horse threw the scoffing rider, and he was dead. He wanted to know how far it was to hell, and found out without the deacon's telling him.

**"WOULD THAT ALL THE PEOPLE WERE PROPHETS."**—There is great excitement in the ancient tabernacle. Two good men, by the name of Eldad and Medad, begin to pray and to preach and to instruct. Not having been regularly ordained to the work, the jealousy of "the regulars" in the service is aroused; and they come to Moses, asking that these unordained men be silenced. But Moses, instead of stopping them, says he wishes that all the people would go to preaching, and praying, and exhorting. "Would God that *all* the people were prophets."

**CHRIST THE LIGHT, Christ the Sacrifice, Christ the Rock, Christ the Star, Christ the Balm, Christ the Guide.** If a minister should live one thousand years, and preach ten sermons each day, those subjects would not be exhausted. Do you find men tempted? Tell them of Christ the Shield. Or troubled? Tell them of Christ the Comfort. Or guilty? Tell them of Christ the Pardon. Or dying? Tell them of Christ the Life.

**MEN ARE AROUSED BY UNEXPECTED MEANS.** If Jonah had been told one year before that a heathen

sea-captain would ever awaken him to a sense of danger, he would have scoffed at the idea; but here it is done. So now, men in strangest ways are aroused from spiritual stupor. A profane man is brought to conviction by the shocking blasphemy of a comrade. A man attending church, and hearing a sermon from the text, "The ox knoweth his owner," etc., goes home unimpressed, but crossing his barn-yard, an ox comes up and licks his hand, and he says: "There it is now—'the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib,' but I do not know God." The careless remark of a teamster has led a man to thoughtfulness and heaven. The child's remark, "Father, they have prayers at uncle's house—why don't we have them?" has brought salvation to the dwelling.

CHRIST IN THE HOUSE.—Now suppose Christ should come into your house. First the wife and the mother would feel his presence. Religion almost always begins there. She may not make any fuss about it, but, somehow, everybody in the house knows that there is a change in the wife and mother. She chides the children more gently. Her face sometimes lights up with an unearthly glow. She goes into some unoccupied room for a little while, and the husband goes not after her, nor asks her why she was there. He knows without asking that she has been praying. The husband notices that her face is brighter than on the day when, years ago, they stood at the marriage-altar, and he knows that Jesus has been putting upon her brow a wreath sweeter than the orange-blossoms. She puts the children to bed, not

satisfied with the formal prayer that they once offered, but she lingers now, and tells them of Jesus who blessed little children, and of the good place where they all hope to be at last. And then she kisses them good-night with something that the child feels to be a heavenly benediction—a something that shall hold on to the boy after he has become a man forty or fifty years of age; for there is something in a good, loving Christian mother's kiss that fifty years cannot wipe off the cheek.

LET JESUS COME INTO YOUR HOUSE. Do not bolt the hall door, or the parlor door, or the kitchen door, or the bedroom door against him. Above all, do not bolt your heart.

EVERY FAETHING you spend in sin Satan will swindle you out of. He promises you shall have thirty per cent., or a great dividend. *He lies.* He will sink all the capital.

HOMELY EARNESTNESS.—I have heard finely educated men in prayer-meeting talk in sentences of Miltonic affluence, yet their words fell dead upon the meeting; but when some poor, uneducated man arose, and said, "I suppose you fellers think that because I don't know nothing, I haven't no right to speak. But Christ has converted my soul, and you know I was the miserablest chap in town; and if God will pardon me, He will pardon you. Come to Jesus! Come now!"—the prayer-meeting broke down with religious emotion.

WHAT WITHOUT CHRIST?—What is this glorious One to you, my hearer? Have you seen him?



Have you heard his voice? Have you walked this earth and never seen in the bent grass where his feet had just been? Of all the stars in the midnight heavens, has not one pointed you to where he lay? Trudging on across this desert with thy burden of sins, have you never made the camels kneel? Is this one, the First and the Last of Heaven, nothing to thee? Poor wanderer, without Christ, what of thy death hour? what of the judgment-day? what of eternity? If it shall be found at the last that thou hast rejected this thy only hope, in what dark hole of the universe wilt thou lay thyself down to suffer and gnash thy teeth and howl forever?

NUISANCES AT THE PRAYER-MEETING.—One of the chiefs of the barbarian tribe of Prayer-meeting Killers is the expository man. He is very apt to rise with a New Testament in his hand, or there has been some passage that during the day has pressed heavily on his mind. It is probably the first chapter of Romans, or some figurative passage from the Old Testament. He says, for instance: "My brethren, I call your attention to Hosea, 7th and 8th. 'Ephraim is a cake not turned.' You all know the history of Ephraim. Ephraim was—ah—well! He was a man mentioned in the Bible. You all know who he was. Surely no intelligent audience like this need to be told who Ephraim was. Now the passage says that he was a cake not turned. There are a good many kinds of cake, my brethren! There is the Indian cake, and the flannel cake, and the buckwheat cake. Now Ephraim was a cake not turned. It is an awful thing not to be turned. My

friends, let us all turn!" It sometimes happens that this religious pest confines himself to the meetings of his own church. Interesting talkers are sometimes detained at home by sickness; but his health is always good. Others dare not venture out in the storm; but all the elements combined could not keep him from his place. He has the same prayer now that he has used for the last twenty years. There is in it an allusion to the death of a prominent individual. You do not understand who he means. The fact is, he composed that prayer about the time that General Jackson died, and he has never been able to drop the allusion. He has a patronizing way of talking to sinners, as much as to say: "Ho! you poor, miserable scalawags just look at me, and see what you might have been!"

**STARTING FOR GOD.**—Men talk as though starting for God were putting out on a trackless moor, or wandering through the sands of a great Sahara. No, no; it is coming to the warmest and the best of homes, "as doves to the windows."

**CHRIST IS THE A AND THE Z** of the Christian ministry. A sermon that has no Christ in it is a dead failure. The minister who devotes his pulpit to anything but Christ is an impostor. Whatever great themes we may discuss, Christ must be the beginning and Christ the end. From his hand we get our commission at first, and to that same hand we at last surrender it.

**MEN LIKE THEMSELVES.**—Religion will make headway in hat-factories when you can send there, baptized by the spirit, a Christian hatter. We want

men in all the occupations, in the name of God, to throttle the sins of their own trade. Religion will never conquer the plumber's shop, or the mason's wall, or the carpenter's scaffolding, or the tinner's roof, or the printer's type-room, until converted plumbers, and masons, and carpenters, and tanners, and printers carry it there. Some men are so profound in their education they do not seem qualified for this mission.

THE TABERNAACLE FREE COLLEGE.—We need this college to make practical men and women. We, the clergy, generally go from our mothers' apron-strings to school; from school to college; from college to theological seminary; and, graduating, we stand on the corner of the pulpit with our sermon in our hand, "shivering on the brink, and fear to launch away." What do *we* know of the world? The world is on its guard in our presence, and does not appear in its true character. Before our professional look and dress, men shrink within themselves. Long ago I dropped the ministerial dress, because men seemed to feel bound to talk piously in my presence, especially if they were half drunk. Now, from this college, we hope to turn upon society a company of Christian men and women who have for ten, twenty, and thirty years been down in the world, and who know all its ins and outs.

LOOK BEYOND THIS WORLD.—You are planning for worldly accumulation. Do not forget to project a plan for eternity. You acknowledge yourself immortal; where, then, will you be a hundred years from now? You say that perhaps, by some great

exception, you might be alive a hundred years from now. Then where will you be at the end of a thousand years? Where will you be a million of years from now? A billion of years? A trillion of years? A quadrillion of years? A quintillion of years? But a hundred years are nothing; a million of years are nothing; a billion of years are nothing; a trillion of years are nothing; a quadrillion of years are nothing; a quintillion of years are nothing—compared with *Eternity*.

WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY? Oh, prepare for it. Leave it not until the last hour. Leave it not until you get sick: you may never be sick. Leave it not until you get more time: you may never get more time. Leave it not until you get old: you may never get old. Leave it not until the spirit strives more powerfully: it may never strive again. Leave it not until to-morrow. This night—*this night*, thy soul may be required of thee.

CHRIST THE ONLY SHELTER.—Christ is the only shelter of the soul in trouble. What can you do without him when sorrow comes? This world has no balsam for a wounded soul, no shelter for a bruised spirit. The dove, in the time of the deluge, flew north, and it was all water; and south and east and west, and it was all water, in which were tossed the carcasses of the dead world; and the first solid thing the dove's feet touched was the window of the ark. So the soul in trouble goes out in one direction, and finds nothing substantial to rest upon; and in another direction, and every whither, but there is no rest for the dove save the ark.

A BEGGAR IN THIS LIFE—A PRINCE IN ETERNITY.—A man may be beggared for this life, but be a prince in eternity. A cluster of old rags was the entire property of Lazarus. His bare feet and ulcered legs were an invitation to the brutes—his food the broken victuals that were pitched out by the house-keeper, half-chewed crusts, rinds, peelings, bones, gristle—about the last creature out of which to make a prince, yet for eighteen hundred years he has been one of the millionnaires of heaven. No more waiting for crumbs. He sits at the same table with the kings of eternity, himself one of them. What were the forty years of his poverty compared with the long ages of his royalty!

ALL HANDS LAY HOLD.—Let us quit this grand farce of trying to save the world by a few clergymen, and let all hands lay hold of the work. Give us in all our churches two or three hundred aroused and qualified men and women to help. In most churches to-day, five or ten men are compelled to do all the work. A vast majority of churches are at their wit's end how to carry on a prayer-meeting if the minister is not there, when there ought to be enough pent-up energy and religious fire to make a meeting go on with such power that the minister would never be missed.

WORKERS EDUCATED AND NOT EDUCATED.—We want men who have had opportunity of most thorough and elaborate culture in theological seminaries, and who have been set apart by the laying on of hands, for special work which they, and only they, are competent to do. But until the right and the

duty of all private Christian men and women to work for Christ, in any way they think they can serve him best, is acknowledged, the Church of God will fail to perform its mission; and the forces of sin will discomfit the forces of righteousness. God has promised victory to the Church of God, but not as long as out of five hundred troops, four hundred and ninety-nine refuse to shoulder the musket and fill the canteen.

**THE DEVIL IS A POOR FINANCIER.** When the gold and the silver were laid down in the earth, they were sworn to serve the cause of righteousness, and they never go into the coffers of the dishonest without committing perjury. Lawful enterprise in the long run will declare larger dividends than dishonest scheming.

**FRAUDULENT ESTATES** do not average a continuance of more than five years. Occasionally, an old man, having gathered large property by ignoble means, may die in its possession, bequeathing it to his heirs; but when the boys get it, what with their wine, and what with their fast horses—ha! how they will scatter it!

**BOWS OF PROMISE.**—As at Niagara Falls I saw, one day, ten rainbows spanning the awful plunge of the cataract, so over the abyss of the Christian's trial hover the rich-hued wings of all the promises.

**EARLY PROCLIVITIES.**—No doubt Samson, when he was a boy, sometimes gave premonition of what he was going to be, amusing himself by carrying off gates, and in chasing his playmates with the jawbone of a

bleached carcass, and, long before he fired off the three hundred fox-tails among the corn-shocks of the Philistines, had tried the same extreme measures on the cats of his father's house.

**CHRIST'S CALL TO PREACH.**—Though the colleges may give you a diploma, and presbytery lay their hands on your head, if Christ send you not forth, you go on a fool's errand; and though the schools reject you as incompetent, if the Lord God tells you to preach, you have a right to go.

**PREACH CHRIST.**—A sermon devoted to metaphysics is a stack of dry corn-stalks, after the corn has been ripped out with the husking-peg. A sermon given up to sentimental and flowery speech is as a nosegay flung to a drowning sailor. A sermon devoted to moral essay is a basket of chips to help on the great burning. What the world wants now is to be told in the most flat-footed way of Jesus Christ, who comes to save men from eternal damnation.

**MORE TROOPS FOR THE BATTLE.**—What are the few thousand ministers in this country, compared to the thirty millions of the population! We are numerically too small. You might as well have sent ten brigadier-generals without any troops to conquer the Southern confederacy. Sin, with its army of drunkenness and lust and crime, has not yet put out half of its strength, for it can beat us, and not half try. Who is getting the victory in our cities to-day—sobriety or intemperance? Honesty or fraud? Purity or uncleanness? Infidelity or the gospel? Light or darkness? Heaven or Hell? If you are an honest man, you confess that the latter have

gained the victory. What is the matter? Are the gospel weapons insufficient? Is the sword of the Spirit dull? Are the great howitzers of truth at too short range to throw the bombshells into the enemy's fortress? No, no! The great want, and the only want, is *more troops!* Instead of five or ten thousand ministers, we want two million men and women, sworn that they will neither eat nor sleep until they have slain iniquity.

ORIENTAL WELLS.—In oriental lands a well of water is a fortune. If a king dug one, he became as famous as though he had built a pyramid or conquered a province. Great battles were fought for the conquest or defence of wells of water; castles and towers were erected to secure permanent possession of them. The traveller to-day finds the well of Jacob dug one hundred feet through a solid rock of limestone. These ancient wells of water were surrounded by walls of rock. This wall of rock was covered up with a great slab. In the centre of the slab there was a hole through which the leathern bottle or earthen jar was let down. This opening was covered by a stone. When Jacob, a young man of seventeen years, was courting Rachel, he won her favor, the Bible says, by removing the stone from the opening of the well. He liked *her* because she was industrious. She liked *him* because he was clever.

“ATONEMENT.”—The word itself means *at-one-ment*. Man is a sinner and deserves to die. Jesus comes in and bears his punishments and weeps his griefs. I was lost once, but now I am found. I



deserved to die, but Jesus took the lances into his own heart until his face grew pale and his chin dropped on his chest, and he had strength only to say, "It is finished." The boat swung round into the trough of the sea, and would have been swamped, but Jesus took hold of the oar. That which must have been the Waterloo of my defeat now becomes the Waterloo of my triumph, because Blucher has come up to save. Expiation! expiation! The law tried me for high treason against God, and found me guilty. I was asked what I had to say why sentence of eternal death should not be pronounced upon me, and I had nothing to say. I stood on the scaffold of God's justice; the black cap of eternal death was about to be drawn over my eyes, when from the hill of Calvary One came. He dashed through the ranks of earth and heaven and hell. He rode swiftly. His garments were dyed with blood, his face was bleeding, his feet were dabbled with gore, and he cried out, "Save that man from going down to the pit. I am the ransom." And he threw back the coat from his heart, and that heart burst into a crimson fountain, and he dropped dead at my feet; and I felt of his hands, and they were stiff; and I felt of his feet, and they were cold; and I felt of his heart, and it was pulseless; and I cried "Dead!" Around this great well of the Atonement, the chief battles of Christianity are to be fought.

No GHOSTS.—We have made up our minds that the obstacles in life do not walk on the wind, but have either two legs or four. The only ghosts that glide across the room are those of the murdered

hours of the past. When the door swings open without any hand, we send for the locksmith to put on a better latch. Sheeting has been so high since the war, that apparitions will never wear it again. Friday is an unlucky day only when on it we behave ill. If a salt-cellar upset, it means no misfortune, unless you have not paid for the salt. Spirits of the departed have enough employment in the next world to keep them from cutting up monkey-shines in this.

**IN THE WRONG PLACE.**—There are thousands of persons in places where they do not belong. The bird's wing means air, the fish's fin means water, the horse's hoof means solid ground; and what would happen if the bird tried the water, and the fish tried the air, happens when men get out of their natural element. In my watch, the spring cannot exchange places with the wheels, nor the cogs with the pivots. "Stay where I put you!" cries the watch-maker, "if you want to keep good time!" Now, the world is only a big watch that God wound up, and the seasons are the hands which tell how fast the time is going. "Stay where I put you!" says our great Creator.

**SLUMBER AMID PERILS.**—Men sleep soundly now amid perils infinite. In almost every place, I suppose, the Mediterranean might be sounded, but no line is long enough to fathom the profound beneath every impenitent man.

**PREACHING WHICH TOLD.**—Do you know what Livingstone, the Scotch minister, was preaching about in Scotland when three hundred souls under

one sermon came to Christ? He was preaching about the human heart as unclean, and hard, and stony. Do you know what George Whitefield was preaching about in his first sermon, when fifteen souls saw the salvation of God? It was this: "Ye must be born again." Do you know what is the last subject he ever preached upon? "Flee the wrath to come."

THE FOREMOST AGENT.—The great majority of women have not come to the usefulness for which Christ intended them. While we leave to the politician the discussion of the question as to whether she shall have any political rights, we will not leave to the politician the discussion of the question that belongs to the ministry: *What shall be her work in the Church of God?* Much of the work that she has done has been under the bans and prejudices and superstitions that have reached over from the dark ages. And yet I believe that she who, in the Bethlehem manger, gave Jesus to the world, will yet be the foremost agent in carrying Jesus to all the nations.

WOMAN AMONG THE HEATHEN, AND AMONG CHRISTIANS.—Now what is the difference between the condition of women there and here, then and now! The only difference is that which is made by the Gospel of the Son of God. O women! to-day you would have been hitched to the plough, or you would have been leaping upon the funeral-pyre, or you would have been ground under the heel of man's cruelty and insolence, were it not for the fact that in this land and in this age the

Lord Jesus Christ appeared, with love in his voice and omnipotence in his arm, and stood above this grave of womanhood, and said, *Come forth*; and she has come forth in the dignity of a Christian hope.

NO SORROWS.—After one of Napoleon's battles, it was found that the fight had been so terrific that when the muster-roll was called of one regiment, there were only three privates and one drummer-boy that answered. An awful fight that! Oh! that Christ to-day might come so mightily for the slaying of your troubles and sorrows that when you go home and call the muster-roll of the terrible troop, not one—*not one*—shall answer, Christ having salved every gash, and wiped every tear, and made complete extermination.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.—If there be a family of four, five, or six children, after the mother has trained them for God and heaven, provided for their wants, cultured them, corrected their evil habits, and looked after their manners and morals, she will not have much time for anything else, and, in most cases, no time at all left for outside fields of work. Mark, then, the fact that *home* is to many the chief sphere, to many the only sphere of usefulness. I consider it the curse of this day that so many mothers have resigned the responsibilities of the household—turning, through the week-day, their children over to the day-school, and, on the Sabbath, to the Sabbath-school, and in all the evenings of the week giving over their

children to hired servants. The day-school has its work; the Sabbath-school has its work; hired servants have their work; but they can never take the place of the mother. It is the finest sphere imaginable.

THE GLORIES OF NIGHT.—What a solemn and glorious thing is night in the wilderness! Night among the mountains! Night on the ocean! Fragrant night among tropical groves! Flashing night amid arctic severities! Calm night on Roman Campagna! Awful night among the Cordilleras! Glorious night 'mid sea after a tempest! Thank God for the night! The moon and the stars which rule it are light-houses on the coast, toward which I hope we all are sailing, and blind mariners are we if, with so many beaming, burning, flaming glories to guide us, we cannot find our way into the harbor.

THEY INVITED MEN TO COME.—How was it that in the days of Daniel Baker and Truman Osborne and Nettleton, so many thousands came to Jesus? Because those men did nothing else but invite them to come. They spent their lifetime uttering invitations, and they did not mince matters either. Where did John Bunyan's pilgrim start from? Did he start from some easy, quiet, cosy place? No; if you have read John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, you know where he started from, and that was the *City of Destruction*, where every sinner starts from.

WOMAN ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.—There never was a better illustration given of how well women

can help in the camp, if she tries to, than during our late war. *Men* forged the cannon. *Men* fashioned the musketry. *Men* manned the guns. *Men* unlimbered the batteries. *Men* lifted the wounded into the ambulances. But *women* scraped the lint. *Women* administered the cordials. *Women* watched the dying pillow. *Women* wrote the last messages of love to the home circles. A woman was the mourner, the only mourner, at many a burial where there were besides herself four men with a spade.

- PREACHING IN THE ABSTRACT.—Religious address in this day, for the most part, has gone into the abstract and essayic. The word "sinner" is almost dropped out of the Christian vocabulary; it is not thought polite to use that word now. It is methodistic, or old-fashioned. If you want to tell men that they are sinners, you must say they are spiritually erratic, or have moral deficits, or they have not had a proper spiritual development; and I have not heard in twenty years that old hymn,

"Come, ye sinners, poor and needy."

In the first place, they are not sinners, and, in the second place, they are neither poor nor needy! I have heard Christian men in prayer-meetings and elsewhere talk as though there were no very great radical change before a man becomes a Christian; all he has got to do is to stop swearing, clear his throat a few times, take a good wash, and he is ready for heaven! My friends, if every man has not gone astray, and if the whole race

is not plunged in sin and ruin, then that Bible is the greatest fraud ever enacted, for from beginning to end it sets forth that they are.

**CHEERFUL NIGHTS.**—While “night,” in all languages, is the symbol for gloom and suffering, it is often really cheerful, bright, and impressive. I speak not of such nights as come down with no star pouring light from above, or silvered wave tossing up light from beneath—murky, hurtling, portentous, but such as you often see when the pomp and magnificence of heaven turn out on night-parade; and it seems as though the song which the morning stars began so long ago were chiming yet among the constellations, and the sons of God were shouting for joy. Such nights the sailor blesses from the fore-castle, and the trapper on the vast prairie, and the belated traveller by the roadside, and the soldier from the tent, earthly hosts gazing upon heavenly, and shepherds guarding their flocks afield, while angel hands above them set the silver bells a ringing—“Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace; good will toward men.”

**KEEP YOUR PLACE.**—Let the young be sure to begin right. Not once in a thousand times does a man successfully change occupations. The sea of life is so rough that you cannot cross over from one vessel to another except at great peril of falling between. Many have fallen down to nothing between the mason's trowel and the carpenter's saw; between the lawyer's brief and the author's pen; between the medicine-chest and the pulpit. It is no easy matter to switch off on another track this thundering express-

train of life. A daffodil and a buttercup resolved to change places with each other, but in crossing over from stem to stem, they fell at the feet of a heart's-ease. "Just as I expected!" said Heart's-ease. "You might better have stayed in your places!"

**TACT FOR RELIGIOUS WORK.**—We want to teach men common-sense in religious matters. While a young man was standing amid rollicking companions, full of mirth and repartee, a good Christian man came and asked him: "What is the first step of wisdom?" The young man turned and said: "The first step of wisdom is for every one to mind his own business!" A coarse answer; but it was a very abrupt question, considering the place in which it was put. There are religious peddlers who go around making a business of displaying their whole stock of wares in the most obtrusive manner. It is no time, while an accountant is puzzling his brain with a long line of figures, to ask him "how his account stands with God;" or to stop the sportsman on the play-ground, while running between the hunks, and ask "whether, in a religious sense, he is running the race set before him." We want tact and adaptation for this work.

**WOMANLY ACTIVITY.**—I will ask all the women of this church to seek out some field of usefulness, and occupy it. If it is in the family: be it there. If it is in the hospital of suffering: be it there. If it is in the hovel of the poor: be it there. If it is in the Sabbath-school: be it there. Anywhere, where she can yield an influence for Christ and make the world better.



*GEMS FROM A SERMON PREACHED IN THE BROOK  
LYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC, SUNDAY AFTER  
THE TABERNAACLE WAS BURNED.*

"Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people."—Isa. 40 : 1.

THESE words came to Isaiah after Jerusalem had been wasted with fire and famine and war; and I wish, to-night, from these leaves of the tree of life, to compound a salve for a very sore burn.

HOME AND ABSENT.—Standing to-day in this brilliant Academy, by its trustees so kindly afforded us, our first feeling is one of gratitude to God and to them for so grand a refuge; but notwithstanding it is so much costlier a place than we are used to, we feel home-sick. The wanderer in a strange land, amid palaces and temples and cathedrals, sits down and says to himself: "I would give the whole world for one hour under the thatched roof of my humble home." "Home, sweet home; there is no place like home."

OUR TABERNAACLE.—Our Tabernacle is gone! The bell that hung in its tower last Sabbath morning rang its own funeral knell. We gathered from our homes to hear what Christ had of comfort and inspiration for his people. We expected to meet cheerful smiles and warm hand-shakings, and the triumphant song, and the large brotherhood that characterized that blessed place; but coming to the doors we found nothing but an excited populace and a blazing church. People who had given until they deeply felt it saw all the results of their benevolence going down into ashes, and on that cold morning the

tears froze on the cheeks of God's people as they saw they were being burned out. Brooklyn Tabernacle is gone! The platform on which it was my joy to stand with messages of salvation; the pews in which you listened and prayed and wept and rejoiced; the altars around which you and your children were consecrated to God; the communion-table where we celebrated the Saviour's love—all that scene, which to us was the shining gate of heaven, is gone.

**SORROWS.**—Sorrows are loathsome things, but they are necessary. They are leeches that suck out the hot inflammation from the soul.

**WHAT IS NOT BURNED UP.**—1st. *The spirit of Christian brotherhood.* You never greeted the members of our church with such cordiality as this week on the street, in cars, and on the ferries. You stood on no cold formalities. The people who, during the last two years sat on the other side of the aisle, whose faces were familiar to you, but to whom you had never spoken, you greeted them this week with smiles and tears as you said: "Well, the old place is gone." You did not want to seem to cry, and so you swept the sleeve near the corner of the eye, and pretended it was the sharp wind that made your eyes weak. Ah! there was nothing the matter with your eyes; it was your soul bubbling over. I tell you that it is impossible to sit for two or three years around the same church-fire-side and not have sympathies in common. Somehow you feel that you would like those people on the other side of the aisle, about whom you know but little, prospered and pardoned and blessed and saved.

You feel as if you are in the same boat, and you want to glide up the same harbor, and disembark at the same wharf. If you put gold and iron and lead and zinc in sufficient heat, they will melt into a conglomerate mass; and I really feel that last Sabbath's fire has fused us all, grosser and finer natures, into one. It seems as if we all had our hands on a wire connected with an electric battery, and when this church sorrow started, it thrilled through the whole circle, and we all felt the shock.

2nd. *The Cross of Christ.* That is used to the fire. On the dark day when Jesus died, the lightning struck it, the flames of hell dashed up against it. That tearful, painful, tender, blessed cross still stands. On it we hang all our hopes; beneath it we put down all our sins; in the light of it we expect to make the rest of our pilgrimage. Within sight of such a sacrifice, who can feel he has it hard? In the sight of such a symbol, who can be discouraged, however great the darkness that may come down upon him? Jesus lives! The loving, patient, sympathizing, mighty Jesus. I come down to-night, and place both of my feet deep down into the blackened ashes of our consumed church, and I cry out with an exhilaration that I never felt since the day of my soul's emancipation. "Victory! victory! through our Lord Jesus Christ."

3rd. *Heaven.* The new Jerusalem is fire-proof. There will be no engines rushing through those streets; no temples consumed in that city. Coming to the doors of that church, we will find them open, resonant with songs, not cries of fire. O my dear brother and sister! if this short lane of life comes up

so soon to that blessed place, what is the use of our worrying? I have felt a good many times this last week like Father Taylor, the sailor preacher. He got in a long sentence while he was preaching one day, lost himself, and could not find his way out. He stopped, and said: "Brethren, I have lost the nominative of this sentence, and things are generally mixed up, but I am bound for the kingdom anyhow." And during this last week, when I saw the rushing to and fro and the excitement, I said to myself: "I do not know just where we shall start again, but I am bound for the kingdom anyhow." I do not want to go just yet. I want to be pastor of this people until I am about eighty-nine years of age, but I have sometimes thought that there are such glories ahead that I might be persuaded to go a little earlier; for instance, at eighty-two or eighty-three; but I really think that if we could have an appreciation of what God has in reserve for us, we would want to go to-night, stepping out of the Academy of Music into the glories of the skies. See that light in the window. I wonder who set it there. "Oh!" you say, "my father who went into glory must have set that light in the window." No; guess again. "My mother, who died fifteen years ago in Jesus, I think must have set that light there." No; guess again. You say, "My darling little child whom last summer I put away for the resurrection, I think she must have set that light there in the window." No; guess again. *Jesus* set it there, and he will keep it burning until the day we put our finger on the latch of the door and go in to be at home forever. Oh! when my sight gets black in death, put on my eyelids that

sweet ointment. When in the last weariness I cannot take another step, just help me put my foot on that door-sill. When my ear catches no more the voices of wife and child, let me go right in, to have my deafness cured by the stroke of the harps, whose fingers fly over the strings with the anthems of the free. Heaven never burns down! The fires of the last day will after a while break through the crust, and the plains and the mountains and the sea will be consumed, and the flames will fling their long arms into the skies, but all the terrors of a burning world will do no more harm to that heavenly temple than the fires of the setting sun which kindle up the window-glass of the house on yonder hill-top. O blessed land! But I do not want to go there until I see the Brooklyn Tabernacle rebuilt.

4th. *Christian Churches.* Last Sabbath morning, at nine o'clock, we had but one church; now we have twenty-five, all at our disposal. Their pastors and their trustees say: "You may take our main audience-rooms, you may take our lecture-rooms, you may take our church parlors, you may baptize in our baptisteries, and sit on our anxious-seats." Oh if there be any larger-hearted ministers or larger-hearted churches anywhere than in Brooklyn, tell me where they are, that I may go and see them before I die. The millennium has come. People keep wondering when it is coming. It *has* come. The lion and the lamb lie down together, and the tiger eats straw like an ox. I should like to have seen two of the old-time bigots with their swords fighting through that great fire on Schermerhorn-street, last Sabbath. I am sure the swords would have melted,

and they would have learned war no more. I can never say a word against any other denomination of Christians. I thank God I never have been tempted to do it. I cannot be a sectarian. I have tried to be, but I have not enough material in me to make such a structure. Every time I get the thing most done, there comes a fire, or something, and all is gone. My dear brethren, we cannot afford to be severely divided. Standing in front of the great foes of Christianity, we want to put on the whole armor of God, and march down in solid column, shoulder to shoulder! One commander! One banner! One triumph!

5th. *Our determination is to go forward.* There was a king of olden time who prided himself on doing that which his people thought impossible; and it ought to be the joy of the Christian Church to accomplish that which the world thinks cannot be done. But it will require more prayer than we have ever offered, and more hard work than we have ever put forth. Mere skirmishing around the mercy-seat will not do. We have got to take the kingdom of heaven by violence. We have got to march on, breaking down all bridges behind us, making retreat impossible. Throw away your knapsack if it impedes your march. Keep your sword-arm free. Strike for Christ and his kingdom while you may. No people ever had a better mission than you are sent on. Prove yourselves worthy. If I am not fit to be your leader, set me aside. But I am not afraid to lead you. I have a few hundred dollars; they are at your disposal. I have health; it is yours. I have enthusiasm of soul; I will not keep it back. I have some

faith in God, and I shall direct it toward the rebuilding of our new spiritual house. Come on, then! I will lead you. Come on, ye aged men; give us one more lift before you go into the promised land. You men in mid life, harness all your business faculties to this enterprise. Young man, put the fire of your soul in this work. Let women consecrate their persuasiveness and persistence to this cause, and they will be preparing benedictions for their dying hour and everlasting rewards; and if Satan really did burn that Tabernacle down, as some people say he did, he will find it the poorest job he ever undertook.

Good-by, Tabernacle! your career was short but blessed; your ashes precious. In the last day may we be able to meet the songs there sung, and the prayers there offered, and the sermons there preached. Good-by, old place, where some of us first felt the Gospel peace, and others heard the last message ere they fled away into the skies! Good-by, Brooklyn Tabernacle. But welcome our new church (I see it as plainly as though it were already built). Your walls firmer; your gates wider; your songs more triumphant; your gatherings more glorious. Rise out of the ashes, and greet our waiting vision. Burst on our souls, O day of our church's resurrection! By your altars may we be prepared for the hour when the fire shall try every man's work!

---

**THE EDITOR.**—The editor must understand something of everything. He wants more than a scissors and a bottle of mucilage. If he merely retail the ideas of others, the public will prefer to go up and get the thing at the wholesale establishment. He must be able, with strong and entertaining pen, to discuss governments, religions, educational enterprises, social changes, books, amusements, men, institutions, everything. He must have strength to take a thought on the end of his pen and fling it a thousand miles, till it strikes within an inch of the point at which he aimed it.

**A QUEENLY WOMAN.**—What is your model of a queenly woman? Maria Theresa of Germany? No! Catharine of Russia? No! Mary Queen of Scots? No! Your idea of a queenly woman is the plain woman who presided over your father's household. Sitting opposite to him at the table. Arm in arm with him going down the path of life. Sometimes to the thanksgiving banquet. Sometimes to the grave. Always side by side. Soothing your little griefs. Correcting your little follies. Joining in your little sports. Hearing your little prayer. Toiling with you, and for you, at the needle and at the spinning wheel. On cold nights putting you to slumber, and wrapping you up snug and warm. Caring for you until that dark day when she folded her hands in her dying prayer, and commended you to the God in whom she had taught you to trust.

**WOMAN AMONG THE SOLDIERS.**—When the generals came back from the war, the people clapped their hands, and raised their triumphal arches, and



the brass-bands gave us grand music; but the story will never be told in this world of Mrs. Brady, who went among the sick in the swamps of the Chickahominy; of Anna Ross in the Cooper Shop Hospital of Philadelphia; of Margaret Breckenridge, who came to the men who had lain for weeks in the swamps unattended, part of the time frozen to the ground; of Mrs. Hodge, who came from Chicago under the auspices of the Sanitary Commission, carrying blankets and sheets and cordials down to the suffering men, so that, whenever they saw her coming, they shouted, "Three cheers for the Sanitary Commission! God bless the women at home!" and then sitting down to take the dying message as the soldier dictated.

**SPEAK IT OUT.**—If a man must be born again in order to see the kingdom of God, and if a man is absolutely ruined unless Christ check his course, why not proclaim it?

**NATURE'S INDICATIONS.**—Nature invariably hints for what she has made a child. Here is a boy cunning at a bargain. At school he is extravagantly fond of trading. He will not come home twice with the same knife, or hoop, or kite. To-morrow morning he will leave the house with an ignominious yarn-ball—a great trial to a boy on the play-ground—but at night will come back with one of India-rubber, which, under the stroke of the bat, will soar almost out of sight, and then come down with long-continued bounce! bounce! Some morning, calculating on the lowness of the apple-market, he will take a satchel full to school. Immediately there is a

rush in the market. He monopolizes the business. He sells at just the right time. Can you doubt for a moment for what occupation he was designed? He must be a merchant. Here is a boy of different liking. Across the brook he has thrown a dam, and whirling around is a water-wheel. He can construct anything he chooses—sleds for the winter, wagons for the summer, and boats for the river. His knife is most of the time out on a whittling excursion. Down on your best carpets he plants his muddy tools. You are so pestered on the Saturdays when there is no school, it requires all of Sunday, and sharp sermons at that, to get your patience unwrinkled. Pigeon-coops on the barn and bird-houses in the trees, attest his ingenuity. Give him a trade. He must be a mechanic.

A WORTHY AMBITION.—We wonder not at the ambition that aims for the editorial chair. All other modes of affecting the public mind are narrow and weak compared with it. The pen is the lever that moves the world, and the ink-roller of the printing-press the battering-ram that smites into the dust the walls of ignorance and sin. But the press is a strong team to drive; and one must be sure of the harness and the wheels, or, coming along a steep place, there will be a capsize, and a wreck from under which the literary adventurers will not have strength to draw themselves. Phæton's attempt to drive the chariot of the sun ended in a grand smash up.

HOME.—There are houses in this city, two stories high, four plain, unpapered rooms, in most undesi-

rable neighborhood ; but there is a man who would die on the threshold rather than surrender it. Why ? *It is Home !* When he thinks of it, angels encamp about it. Ladders are let down from heaven to every pillow in that house. Over the child's rough crib there are chantings as sweet as those that broke above Bethlehem. It is home ! *home !* The children of the family will grow up, and though they may get splendid residences of their own, they will never forget that homely place—the place where their father rested, and their mother sang, and their sisters played. If you wanted to gather up all tender memories, all lights and shadows of the heart, all banquetings and reunions, all filial, fraternal, paternal, conjugal affections, and had only just four letters with which to spell out that height and depth and length and breadth and magnitude and eternity of meaning, you would write it all out with these four capital letters : H-O-M-E.

FARMING.—There are only two conditions in which farming pays. The first, when a man makes agriculture a lifetime business, not yielding to the fatal itch for town which is depopulating the country and crowding the city with a multitude of men standing idle with their hands in their own or their neighbors' pockets. The other condition is when a citizen with surplus of means, and weary of the excitements and confinements of city life, goes to the country, not expecting a return of dollars equal to the amount disbursed, but expects, in health and recreation and communion with nature, to find a wealth compared with which all bundles of scrip and pack-

ages of Government securities are worthless as the shreds of paper under the counting-room desk in the waste-basket. Only those who come out of the heats of the town know the full enchantment of country life. Three years ago, on the prongs of a long fork, with which we tossed the hay into the mow, we pitched away our last attack of "the blues." We can beat back any despondency we ever knew with a hoe-handle. Born and brought up in the country, we have, ever since we left it, been longing to go back, though doomed for most of the time to stay in town. The most rapturous lay of poet about country life has never come up to our own experiences.

HUSBAND'S SLIPPERS AND NEWSPAPER.—Your husband's thoughtlessness is an exceeding annoyance. He is a good man, no better husband since Adam gave up a spare-rib as a nucleus around which to gather a woman. But he is careless about where he throws his slippers. On the top of one of your best parlor books he has laid a plug of pig-tail tobacco. For fifteen years you have lectured him about leaving the newspaper on the floor. Do not let such little things interfere with your domestic peace.

ANTIQUITY.—Age, in the abstract, excites not my veneration. I must first know whether it is an old saint or an old sinner. The worst characteristic about some things is their longevity. A newly-laid egg, boiled just two minutes and a half by the watch, and placed on the table beside a clean napkin, is a luxury to bless the palate withal; but some of us remember that once in our boarding-house at school, we chanced at the morning meal to crack the shell

of a Pre-Raphaelite egg, and, without "returning thanks," precipitately forsook the table. Antiquity may be bad or good.

**WOMAN AT HOME.**—Thank God, O woman! for the quietude of your home, and that you are queen in it. Men come at eventide to the home; but all day long you are there, beautifying it, sanctifying it, adorning it, blessing it. Better be there than wear Victoria's coronet. Better be there than carry the purse of a princess. It may be a very humble home. There may be no carpet on the floor. There may be no pictures on the wall. There may be no silks in the wardrobe; but, by your faith in God and your cheerful demeanor, you may garniture that place with more splendor than the upholsterer's hand ever kindled.

**SIMPLICITY IN PREACHING.**—A woman went to hear the great Dr. Alexander preach, and came home disappointed, saying: "I do not think he is such a great man after all, for I could understand every word he said." When we learn to call things by their plain names, we will be getting back to the old Bible way of teaching.

**YOUR MOTHER'S RELIGION.**—I saw an account the other day of a little boy who was to be taken by a city missionary, with some other boys, to the country to find homes. He was well clad, and had a new hat given him; but while the missionary was getting the other children ready to go, this boy went into a corner and took the hat he had thrown off, and tore the lining out of it. The missionary said, "What are you doing with that hat? You don't

want it. What are you tearing the lining out of it for?" "Ah!" said the boy, "that was made out of mother's dress. She loved me very much before she died, and I have nothing to remember her by but the lining." And so the boy tore it out and put it in his bosom. Oh! would you not like to have one shred of your mother's religion to remember her by?

OUR BIRTHPLACE.—Cæsar boasted of his native Rome; Lycurgus of Sparta; Virgil of Andes; Demosthenes of Athens; Archimedes of Syracuse; and Paul of Tarsus. I should suspect a man of base-heartedness who had no feeling of complacency in regard to the place of his residence; who gloried not in its arts, arms, behavior, prosperity, embellishments, and its scientific attainments. Men never like a place where they have not behaved well. Swarthout did not like New York; nor Dr. Webster, Boston. Men who have free rides in prison-vans never like the city that furnishes the vehicle. When I see in history Argos, Rhodes, Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, and several other cities claiming Homer, I conclude that Homer behaved well.

FITS.—Many a man looks back, and finds that his life has been a series of fits. Perhaps very young in literature, he had a fit Tupperian. Passing on a few years, and he was taken with a fit Byronian. Getting into calmer waters of life, he was attacked with a fit metaphysical. As might be expected, from being out so much in the fog, he took a violent fit Carlylean. Then, at the close of life he reviewed his intellectual gyrations; and,

disgusted with his ramblings, he had a fit of common sense, which was so sudden a change from anything preceding that it killed him.

IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—How may we know if we are in our right place—not an inch above, not an inch below? If you can perform your work *easily*, without being cramped or exhausted, that is the right place. That man is in a horrible condition who is ever making prodigious effort to do more than he can do. It is just as easy for a star to swim in its orbit as for a mote to float in a sunbeam. Nature never sweats. The great law of gravitation holds the universe on its back as easily as a miller swings over his shoulder a bag of Genesee wheat. The winds never run themselves out of breath. The rivers do not weary in their course. The Mississippi and the Amazon are no more tired than the meadowbrook. Himalaya is not dizzy.

CONSECRATION OF WOMEN.—O young women of the Church! have you given your hearts to Christ? Have you tried to live on the garbage which this world offers to your soul? The Lord this morning calls you to a glorious service on earth, and to a glorious triumph in heaven. You have a work to do. Let the lightning of your soul strike dead at your feet all the modern temptations to dissipation, to godless frivolity and fashion. Consecrate your soul to Jesus Christ.

WOMAN IN THE CAMP.—Men did their work with shot and shell and howitzer. Women did their work with cordials administered and bandages placed, with Scripture lessons read, and by stroking with gentle

hand the hot temples, and with the story of that heaven where there are no sick. Men came to the wounded on the battle-field, and said: "To what regiment do you belong? How did you come to get into the war?" Women said: "Where are you hurt? What can I do for you? What makes you cry?"

TRASHY BOOKS.—Now the children's library is filled with books of large type and tasteful vignettes, and lids ridged and flowered and scrolled and columned and starred with all the fascinations of the book-bindery. There is now danger that what is called the "milk for babes" shall become nothing but chalk and water. Many of the Sabbath schools are doing much to foster a taste for trashy literature.

A REAL INVITATION.—Do you know why more men do not come to Christ? It is because men are not invited that they do not come. You get a general invitation from your friend: "Come around some time to my house and dine with me." You do not go. But he says, "Come around to-day at four o'clock and bring your family, and we'll dine together." And you say, "I don't know as I have any engagement; I will come." "I expect you at four o'clock." And you go. The world feels it is a general invitation to come around some time and sit at the great gospel feast, and men do not come because they are not specially invited. It is because you do not take hold of them and say, "My brother, come to Christ, come now, come now!"

REMARKABLE AWAKENINGS.—By strangest way and in most unexpected manner, men are awakened. The gardener of the Countess of Huntingdon was



convicted of sin by hearing the countess on the opposite side of the wall talk about Jesus. John Har-  
oak was aroused by a dream, in which he saw the  
last day, and the Judge sitting, and heard his own  
name called with terrible emphasis—"John Har-  
oak, come to judgment!" The Lord has a thousand ways  
of waking up Jonah.

WORK FOR WOMEN.—There are thousands and  
tens of thousands of women who do not seem to be  
called to wifeness and motherhood; and there must  
be a sphere of usefulness somewhere for them. I  
proceed, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, to  
point out to such some spheres of work. I point you  
to the hospital of suffering and to the couch of pain.  
Ah! no one can fill that sphere of usefulness but a  
woman. Man's hand is too hard. His foot is too  
heavy. His voice is too loud. He does not know  
where to set the candle. He cannot pour the drops.  
He is upsetting something in the sick-room. He can-  
not do it! But the Lord, who sent Miss Dix to the  
Virginia hospitals; the Lord, who sent Florence  
Nightingale to the Crimea; the Lord, who sent the  
maid of Saragossa into the reeking hospitals of Europe  
—sends you to the couch of pain and to the hospital  
of distress. Have you accepted the mission?

RELIGIOUS SPOOKS.—On Sunday night your child  
does not want to go to bed. He cries when com-  
pelled to go, and looks under the bed for some of the  
religious hobgoblins that come out of the Sunday-  
school library. Religious spooks are just as bad as  
any other spooks. A child is just as afraid of Floras,  
Pomonas, sylphs, oreads, and fairies, as of ghosts.

GRACE, LIKE FLOWER SEED, needs to be sown in spring. The first fifteen years of life, and often the first six, decide the eternal destiny.

THE FIRST THING to do with a lamb is to put it in the arms of the Great Shepherd. Of course we must observe natural laws. Give a child excessive meat diet, and it will grow up sensual, and catechism three times a day, and sixty grains in each dose won't prevent it. Talk much in your child's presence about the fashions, and it will be fond of dress, notwithstanding all your lectures on humility. Fill your house with gossip, and your children will tattle. Culture them as much as you will, but give them plenty of money to spend, and they will go to destruction. But while we are to use common sense in every direction respecting a child, the first thing is to strive for its conversion, and there is nothing more potent than family prayers.

INFLUENCE OF FAMILY PRAYERS.—No child ever gets over having heard parents praying for him. I had many sound thrashings when I was a boy; but the most memorable scene in my childhood was father and mother at morning and evening prayers. Your son may go to the ends of the earth, and run through the whole catalogue of transgression, but he will remember the family altar, and it will be a check, and a call, and perhaps his redemption.

BLESSINGS ON THE KIND MAN.—There are hundreds of people whose chief joy is to help others on. Now it is a smile, now a good word, now ten dollars. May such a kind man always have a carriage to ride in, and a horse not too skittish! As he goes down

the hill of life, may the breeching-strap be strong enough to hold back the load! When he has ridden to the end of the earthly road, he will have plenty of friends to help him unhitch and assist him out of the carriage. On that night it will be pleasant to hang up the whip with which he drove the enterprises of a lifetime, and feel that with it he never "cut behind" at those who were struggling.

**THE DAY MUST BE IN HARMONY WITH THE PRAYER.**—Family prayer fails when the whole day is not in harmony with it. A family prayer, to be worth anything, ought to be twenty-four hours long. It ought to give the pitch to all the day's work and behavior. The day when we get thoroughly mad upsets the morning devotion.

**THE LIFE** must be on the same key with the devotion.

**FAMILY PRAYER SHOULD BE APPROPRIATE.**—Family prayers often fail in adaptedness. Do not read for the morning lesson a genealogical chapter, or about Samson's setting the foxes' tails on fire, or the prophecy about the horses, black and red and speckled, unless you explain why they were speckled. For all the good your children get from such reading you might as well have read a Chinese almanac. Rather give the story of Jesus, and the children climbing into his arms, or the lad with the loaves and fishes, or the sea of Galilee dropping to sleep under Christ's lullaby. Stop and ask questions; make the exercise so interesting that little Johnnie will stop playing with his shoe-strings, and Jenny will quit rubbing the cat's fur the wrong way. Let the

prayer be pointed and made up of small words, and no wise information to the Lord about things He knows without your telling Him. Let the children feel they are prayed for. Have a hymn, if any of you can sing. Let the season be spirited, appropriate, and gladly solemn.

**HURRIED PRAYERS.**—Family prayers are often of no use. Perhaps they are too hurried. We have so much before us of the day's work that we hustle the children together; we get half through the chapter before the children are seated; we read as if we were reading for a wager; we drop on our knees, and are in the second or third sentence before they all get down. It is an express train, with Amen for the first depot. We rush for the hat and overcoat, and are on the way to the store, leaving the impression that family prayers are a necessary nuisance. We had better not have had any gathering of the family at all.

IF YOU ARE A PARENT, and are not a professor of religion, and do not feel able to compose a prayer, get some one of the many books that have been written, put it down before you, and read prayers for the household.

**PRAYER FOR OUR CHILDREN WILL BE ANSWERED.** My grandmother was a praying woman. My father's name was David. One day he and other members of the family started for a gay party. Grandmother said, "Go, David, and enjoy yourself; but all the time you and your brothers and sisters are there I will be praying for you." They went, but did not have a very good time, knowing that

their mother was praying for them. The next morning grandmother heard loud weeping in the room below. She went down and found her daughter crying violently. What was the matter? She was in anxiety about her soul—an anxiety that found no relief short of the cross. Word came that David was at the barn in great agony. Grandmother went and found him on the barn floor praying for the life of his soul. The news spread to the neighboring houses, and other parents became anxious about their children; the influence spread to the village of Somerville, and there was a great turning unto God, and over two hundred souls in one day stood up in the village church to profess faith in Christ. It all started from my grandmother's prayer for her sons and daughters.

LIVELY BOYS.—Have at least one book in your library in which all the good children did not die. My early impression from Sunday-school books was that religion was very unhealthy. It seemed a terrible distemper that killed every boy and girl that it touched. If I found myself some day better than common, I corrected the mistake for fear I should die. But I do believe that children may have religion and yet live through it. Indeed, the best boys I ever saw, occasionally upset things and got boisterous, and had the fidgets. The goody-goody kind of children make namby-pamby men. I should not be surprised to find that a colt which does not frisk becomes a horse that will not draw. It is not religion that makes that boy sit by the stove while his brothers are out snowballing, but the "dumps." The boy who

has no fire in his nature may, after he has grown up, have animation enough to grease a wagon-wheel, but he will not own the wagon nor have money enough to buy the grease. The best boy I ever knew, before he went to heaven, could strike a ball till it soared out of sight, and, in the race, as far as you could see, you would find his red tippet coming out ahead. Look out for the boy who never has the fingers of a good laugh tickle him under the diaphragm.

GOOD RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.—Oh! for a religious literature that shall take for its model of excellence a boy that loves God, and can digest his dinner in two hours after he eats it! Be not afraid to say, in your account of his decease, that the day before you lost him he caught two rabbits in his trap down on the meadow, or soundly thrashed a street-ruffian who was trying to upset a little girl's basket of cold victuals. I do not think that heaven is so near to an ill-ventilated nursery as to a good gymnasium. If the church of God could trade off three thousand hogsheads of religious cant for three thousand hogsheads of fresh air and stout health, *we* should be the gainers, but the fellow with whom we traded would be cheated mercilessly and for ever.

THERE MUST BE ADAPTATION.—Our happiness and success depend on being where we belong. A scow may be admirable, and a seventy-four gun-ship may be admirable, but do not put the scow on the ocean, or the ship-of-the-line in a mill-pond. Fortune is spoken of as an old shrew, with hot water, shovel, and tongs, pursuing the innocent. But, though sometimes losing her temper, she mostly approves

those who are in their sphere, and condemns those who are where they do not belong.

THE SCHOOL OF WORK.—How account for the success of such persons as Elihu Burritt and Hugh Miller—the former a blacksmith, yet showing unbounded capacity for the acquisition of language; the latter a stone-mason, and yet, as though he were one of the old buried Titans come to life, pressing up through rocks and mountains, until, shaking from his coat a world of red sand-stone, and washing off from his hands the dust of millions of years, he takes the professor's chair in a college? We answer, different men want different kinds of colleges. The anvil was the best school-desk for Elihu Burritt, and quarry-stone for Hugh Miller. The former, among the cinders and horse-shoes, learned that patient toil which was the secret of his acquisition in the languages. The latter, from observations made while toiling with chisel and crowbar, laid the foundation of his wonderful attainments, one shelf of rock being worth to him more than the hundred shelves of a college-library.

EXCESSIVE FASHION makes people unnatural and untrue. It is a factory from which has come forth more hollow pretences, and unmeaning flatteries, and hypocrisies, than the Lowell Mills ever turned out shawls and garments. Fashion is the greatest of all liars. It has made society insincere. When people ask you to come, you do not know whether or not they want you to come. When they send their regards, you do not know whether it is an expression of their heart, or an external civility. We have

learned to take almost everything at a discount. Word is sent, "Not at home," when they are only too lazy to dress themselves. They say, "The furnace has just gone out," when in truth they have had no fire in it all winter.

**INTELLECT AND FASHION.**—The endless study of proprieties and etiquette, patterns and styles, is bedwarfing to the intellect. How belittling the study of the cut of a coat, or the tie of a cravat, or the wrinkle in a shoe, or the color of a ribbon! How they are worried if something gets untied, or hangs awry, or is not nicely adjusted! With a mind capable of measuring the height and depth of great subjects; able to unravel mysteries; to walk through the universe; to soar up into the infinity of God's attributes,—hovering perpetually over a new style of mantilla! I have known men, reckless as to their character, and regardless of interests momentous and eternal, exasperated by the shape of a vest-button!

**A PROTEST.**—We now and here declare the inhumanity, cruelty and outrage of that father and mother who pass their daughters into womanhood, having given them no facility for earning their livelihood. Madame de Staël said: "It is not these writings that I am proud of, but the fact that I have facility in ten occupations, in any one of which I could make a livelihood."

**OLD ASHBEL GREEN**, at fourscore years, when asked why he kept on working, said, "I do so to keep out of mischief." Of the thousand prosperous and honorable men that you know, nine hundred and ninety-nine had to work vigorously at the beginning.



## ON CERTAIN PICTURES.

**TURNER'S LIGHT.**—Who can forget the light that Turner pours on Venice, the Campanile of San Marco, the Dogana—light falling with the positiveness of a pebble, but the diffusiveness of a liquid—light that does not strike on the water and stop there, but becomes transfused and intermixed—nay, which, by matchless chemistry of color, becomes a part of the wave, so that you cannot say which is light and which is water: gondolas variegated, dropping all their hues into the wave—gondola above, gondola beneath, and moving keel to keel? Light, though so subtle that it flies from other touch, Turner picked up, nor let it slip through his fingers till it touched the canvas. John Martin, the Northumberland painter, tried to catch the light, but instead thereof caught the fire that burns up many of his fine pictures. Turner's light is neither a hot element to consume nor a lifeless thing that might be called a mere pallor on the cheek of the darkness, but so natural you hardly know whether it drops from the sky-window into the gallery, or was kindled by the hand which for twenty years has been mouldering in the crypt of Saint Paul Cathedral.

**TURNER'S WATER.**—What water Turner painted! The waves of the sea knew him. No man could pour such moonlight upon the Thames as he; or could so well run the hands of the sea up and down the sides of a stranded ship; or could so sadden the Hellespont with the farewell of Leander; or toss up the water in a squall so natural that you know the man in the

fishing-smack must be surprised at the suddenness ; or so infuriate the Channel at Calais that you wish you did not, on your way home, have to cross it ; or could have dropped a castle-shadow so softly and yet so deep into a stream. The wave of William Turner was not, as in many pictures, merely wet white-wash, but a mingling of brightness and gloom, crystal and azure, smoothed down as a calm morning tramples it, or flung up just as the winds do it.

POST-MORTEM JUSTICE.—After Turner was lifeless, the world gathered up his body, played a grand march over it, and gave it honored sepulture. *Why did they not do justice to him while living?* What are monuments worth to a dead man? Why give stones when they ask for bread? Why crack and crush the jewel, and then be so very careful about the casket? Away with this oft-repeated grave-yard farce! Do not twist into wreaths for the tomb the flowers with which you ought to have crowned the heated brow of a living painter.

THE DONKEY.—Even the donkey is introduced with a loving touch in Landseer's pictures. Now, a man who can favorably regard mule or ass is a marvel of sympathy. I am in fresh memory of a mule in the Alps. He might as well have lived on Newark Flats, for all the good fine scenery did him. With what an awkward tread he carried me up to the *Mer de Glace*, jerking backward and forward, so that I was going both ways at once, but, nevertheless, slowly advancing, because the jerk forward was somewhat in excess of the jerk backward. The flies were ravenous, and to catch one of them he

would stop mid-cliff, throw one foot up till he struck my foot in the stirrup, as though he proposed to get on himself, and then would put his head back, till nothing save a strong grip of the saddle kept me from seeing the Alps inverted. But have the fly he *would*, reckless of shout and whip and thump of heel in the side. Mules are stubborn, crafty—unlike men, in the fact that they look chiefly after their own interests (?); but these brutes are not very intelligent, considering, from their ears, how large an opportunity they have of hearing. They have most imperfect intonation, and but little control over their voice. When a donkey begins to bray, it seems he does not know when he will be able to stop, or whether the voice will rise or fall in its cadences. But donkeys cannot help this, and for their sins they are to be pitied. Therefore, Edwin Landseer calls them into his pictures. What a kind man he must be! Blessed the dog that fawns at his feet, the horse that draws his carriage, the cat that mews on his window-sill, the deer that ranges through his park! Thrice blessed their master!

LANDSEER'S BLOODHOUND.—No one so well as Landseer can call up a bloodhound, and make him lie down in the right place—a decided case of armed peace. You treat him so well, not so much because of your respect for dogs, as out of consideration for your own interest. Walk softly about him and see the great reefs of hide—more skin than a dog needs, as though he had been planned on a larger scale, but after he had begun to be filled in, the original plan had been altered. See the surplusage of snarl in

that terrier, and of hair on that poodle, and how damp he is on the end of his nose!

**THE MARE SHOD.**—Was ever a bay mare more beautifully shod than, in Kensington Museum, Landseer shoes her. The blacksmith shop is just such a one as we rode to, with rope-halter on the horse's head, and when, barefoot, we dismounted, the smith of the leathern apron, and rusted spectacles, and hands seemingly for five years an exile from wash-basins, bade us look out how we trod on the hot iron. Does anything sound more clearly through the years than the wheeze of the old bellows, and the clang of the sledge-hammer, and the whistle of the horse-tail brush with which we kept off the flies; while, with the uplifted and uneasy foot of the horse between the workman's legs, he clenched the nail, clipped off the raggedness of the hoof, and filed smooth the surface, the horse finching again and again, as the nail came too near the quick? And then the lightning of the sparks as the hammer fell on the red-hot iron, and the chuck and siss and smoke of the bar as it plunged into the water-bucket! Oh! there was a rugged poetry in a blacksmith-shop, and even now the sound of the old wagon-tire at the door rouses me up like a war-whoop, and in the breath of the furnace I glow with memories. Only a few months ago, I walked into a city blacksmith-shop, and asked if at any time I could get a horse shod there. You see, there might be a time when I would buy a horse, and he might need such services; but my chief reason for going in was that I wanted to see if such a place looked as it did of yore.

ROSA BONHEUR'S HAY SCENE.—In Luxembourg Gallery, at Paris, hanging in a very poor light, or rather first-rate darkness, is a hay-gathering scene, by Rosa Bonheur. After for hours looking upon helmets, and swords, and robes, and prim parterres, where grass does not grow without asking the gardener, and there are impossible horses on impossible roads, carrying impossible riders, I came upon this country-scene, in imagination threw myself down on the grass, and unbuttoned my shirt-collar to let the air of the fields strike the skin clear down to the chest. The weather is showery. It will rain in twenty minutes. The men, aware of this, are hastening in the load. The hair of this workman is soaked with sweat, and hangs in strings, as if just out of a dripping bath. The women work so awkwardly you feel that the place for them is the house. The one on the load is evidently not so anxious to pack the hay as to save her own neck, in case the oxen should start. She feels it a risky business on an uneven field to stand on a rocking load. A rosy, white-capped maiden, of seventeen years, standing with rake in hand, does not work very fast. She is at an age when maidens are apt to take it somewhat easy. She does not think it will hurt the hay much if it does get wet. Besides that, the shower may pass around. A workman is looking at her bright face. He, too, has forgotten the showery weather. No use, my dear fellow! You are too old for her. From her absent look, I know she is thinking now of the night-fall, and of some one who will come in clean smock, tying his horse at the gate. The oxen stand waiting for orders to go on, calm, stupid, honest, sinewy-

necked, a skein of foam hanging from their lower lip. On this ox's back a fountain of sweat starts, but is dissipated in the thick gloss. In this dark ox, the night of the face is dawning into light beyond the hill of the shoulder. They look like the yoke that answered our own command of "Whoa! haw! gee!" needing to have the language translated by an occasional stroke of the goad, determined to get into the shadow of a tree though the load upset, taking plenty of time, with the exception of some very uncertain starts in fly-time, hardly ever so resigned as when it is their duty to stand still.

A RAPHAEL.—You would hardly expect children in Raphael's "Peter and John Healing the Lame Man." You expect that the majesty of the scene will crowd out all familiarities. You would say that children ought to get out of the way when such exciting work is going on. There lies a lame man, his hand in the hand of the apostle. The sufferer looks up with a face that has anguish scorched into every feature; for though born a cripple, he had never got used to it. No man that I ever saw before wanted so much to get well. His twisted foot no human doctor could straighten. The muscles that bound it on the wrong side might have been cut, but the muscles on the other side would not have drawn it back to the right place. There lay the helpless, distorted foot, making its dumb prayer. Yonder is another deformed beggar hobbling up. If Peter is successful with the first case, this lame man would like to have his limbs looked at. Still, he is not anxious. He is angry with the

world and angry with heaven. His manner seems to say: "How did God dare to make me thus?" The wretch had been kicked off of people's steps, and jeered at by the boys of the town, till he did not much care what became of him. A face full of everything hard, bitter, malicious. He is ready either to receive help at the hand of the apostle, or to strike him with the crutch. Does not much believe there is any cure, does not much care. Has not heard a kind word for twenty years, and would not be at all surprised if he were howled away now. A foul face—even the hair on the chin curls with scorn. He has the fierceness of an adder, which, trod on, curls up to bite its pursuer. The distortion of the body has struck in and deformed the soul. You feel that your only safety in his presence is that he cannot walk. His figure haunts a man for days.

CHILDREN IN A PICTURE.—It is a stubborn sea of trouble that will not divide when four baby feet go paddling in it. We are glad that Raphael did not choose for the picture cherubs with wings fastened at the backbone, ready any moment to fly away with them, but children that look as if they had come to stay. Rather thinly dressed, indeed, for cool weather. Raphael's picture-children did not cost him much for clothes. You know it was a warm climate. Though a bachelor, Raphael knew the worth of children in a picture. With their little hands they open the inside door of the heart, and let us pass in, when otherwise we might have been kept standing on the cold steps, looking at the corbels and caryatides of the outside

architecture. It was a little maid that directed Naaman to the Jordan for healing, and it is a child in the picture that shows the leper of harsh criticism where to wash his scales off. It is by the introduction of children into their paintings that Canaletto gives warmth to the ice-white castles of Venice, and Gainsborough simplicity to the hollowness of a watering-place, and Turner pathos to the "Decline of Carthage," and Ruysdale life to a dead landscape; and Giotto and Tacconi and Orcagna and Joshua Reynolds follow in the track of a boy's foot. "And a little child shall lead them."

OLD PAINTINGS.—No one can forget the place, or the day, or the hour, when he first gazed on a genuine work of one of the old masters. We had seen for years pieces of canvas which pretended to have come from Italy or Germany, and to be three or four hundred years old. The chief glory of them was that they were cracked and wrinkled and dull and inexplicable, and had great antiquity of varnish, immensity of daub, and infinity of botch. The great-grandfather of the exhibitor got the heirloom from a Portuguese peddler, who was wrecked at Venice in the middle of the last century, and went ashore just as one of the descendants of the celebrated Braggadocia Thundergusto, of the fourteenth century, was hard up for money, and must have a drink or die.

THE MADONNA.—Most of the ancient artists tried their hand at the Virgin and the Child, always evidencing their own nationality in the style of infantile beauty selected. The Dutch school gives a



Dutch child, the Roman school a Roman child, the Spanish school a Spanish child. Rubens's Christ was not born at Bethlehem, but at Antwerp. And as parents are not apt to undervalue their children, it is probable that they took the model which sat in their own nursery, gathering around it their own ideal of the infant Jesus. Francesco Tacconi represents the Holy Child as very thoughtful, a young philosopher at one year of age, with very red hair. Vivarini gives us a startled child. Duccio paints for us a child wrapped up in admiration of its mother. But Lo Spagna gives us the look of a glad child that would romp if it were not afraid of jumping out of the picture. Why not a glad child? The burdens had not yet rolled over on him. Those were good days to him. Joseph and Mary walked and trudged, but he always had a soft carriage to ride in—that of his mother's bosom. He had enough to wear, for he was wrapped in swaddling-clothes. He probably had enough to eat, for mothers in those days were not pinched to death with corsets, and so the child need not go outside of its mother's arms for abundant supply. But any pleasant afternoon when the children of our city are out taking an airing, I could find a score of infant faces more like Jesus than any I have seen on ancient canvas. Perhaps, after a while, an American artist will give us the Virgin and the Child. It would be more apt to be impartial than that of any of the ancients. They put their own nationality into the picture, and it was a German Christ, or a Venetian Christ, or a Tuscan Christ; but the American, having in him the blood of many lands, and in his face a commingling of the

features of all nations, when he gives us upon canvas Mary and the Child, it will be a world's affection bending over a world's Christ.

---

**HEROIC TREATMENT.**—We do not get well of sin because we do not realize what a dire disease it is, and that we cannot cure it with a spiritual panacea, a gentle antidote, a few grains of spiritual morphine, or a few drops of peppermint on white sugar. We want our pride killed, and we read an essay on the sweet grace of humility, and we go on as proud as ever. The pleasant lozenge does not do the work. Rather let us set ourselves to do that for Christ which is most oppugnant to our feelings.

**NOT THE LAZY MEN.**—It is not once in a hundred times that a lazy man ever becomes a Christian. There is but little hope for the man who has nothing to do.

**EVERY ONE HAS A MESSAGE.**—Every Christian ought to have something to say. Every man is a walking eternity. The plainest man has Omnipotence to defend him, Omniscience to watch him, Infinite Goodness to provide for him. The tamest religious experience has its poems, tragedies, histories, *Iliads*, *Paradise Lost*, and *Paradise Regained*. If you were ever in the army you know what it is to see an officer on horseback dash swiftly past carrying a dispatch. You wondered as he went what the news were,—was the army to advance, or was an enemy coming? So every Christian carries a dispatch from God to the world. Let him ride swiftly to deliver it. The army is to advance, and the enemy is coming. Go out and fulfil your mission.

A WEEK-NIGHT SERVICE thrusts religion in the secularities of the week. It is as much as to say, "This is God's Wednesday, or God's Thursday, or God's Friday, or God's week!" You would not give much for a property the possession of which you could have only one-seventh of the time, and God does not want that man whose services he can have only on the Sabbath. If you paid full wages to a man, and found out that six-sevenths of the time he was serving a rival house, you would be indignant; and the man who takes God's goodness and gives six-sevenths of his time to the world, the flesh, and the devil, is an abomination unto the Lord. The whole week ought to be a temple of seven rooms dedicated to God. You may if you will make one room the holy of holies, but let all the temple be consecrate.

BLASPHEMY.—One wild, terrific wave of blasphemy is sweeping over the land. See the effects of this wide-spread profanity in the increasing perjury. If men in ordinary conversation so commonly use the name of God, is it wonderful that in the jury-box, and in the alderman's office, and in the custom-house so many swear falsely? Notice the way an oath is administered. They toss the Bible at a man, and in the most trivial way say: "So help you God—kiss the book." I suppose enough lies are every day told in the custom-house to sink it. Smuggling, although it be done against positive oath, is in some circles considered a grand joke. Men more easily break their solemn oaths than formerly. What strange verdicts juries do sometimes render!

What peculiar charges judges do sometimes make!  
What unaccountable slowness sheriffs and their deputies sometimes exhibit in the execution of their writs!  
What erratic railroad enterprises suddenly pass at our State capitals!

**THE STORM AND THE CLEARING UP.**—One summer among the New England hills there was an evening memorable for storm and darkness. The clouds, which had been all day gathering, at last unlimbered their batteries. The Housatonic, that flows in silence save as the paddles of pleasure-parties rattle in the row-lock, was lashed into foam and its waves staggered, not knowing where to lay themselves. The hills jarred at the rumbling of God's chariots. Blinding sheets of rain drove the cattle to the bars, and beat against the window-pane as if to dash it in. The corn-fields crouched in the fury, and the ripened grain-fields threw their crowns of gold at the feet of the storm-king. After the night shut in, it was a double night. Its black mantle was rent with the lightnings, and into its locks were twisted the leaves of uprooted oaks, and shreds of canvas torn from the masts of the beached shipping. It was such a night as makes you thank God for shelter, and bids you open the door to let in even the spaniel howling outside with the terror. We went to sleep under the full blast of heaven's great orchestra, and the forests with uplifted voice, in choiring hosts that filled all the side of the mountains, praising the Lord. We waked not until the fingers of the sunny morn touched our eyelids. We looked out, and Housatonic slept as quiet as a baby's dream. Pillars of white

cloud set up along the heavens looked like the castles of the blest, built for hierarchs of heaven on the beach of the azure sea. The trees sparkled as though there had been some great grief in heaven, and each leaf had been God-appointed to catch an angel's tear. It seemed as if God our Father had looked down upon earth, his wayward child, and stooped to her tear-wet cheek, and kissed it. Even so will the darkness of our country's crime and suffering be lifted. God will roll back the night of storm, and bring in the morning of joy. Its golden light will gild the city spire, and strike the forests of Maine, and tinge the masts of Mobile; and with one end resting upon the Atlantic beach, and the other on the Pacific coast, God will spring a great rainbow arch of peace, in token of everlasting covenant that the land shall never again be deluged with crime.

**WHITE LIES.**—There are ten thousand ways of telling a lie. A man's entire life may be a falsehood, while with his lips he may not once directly falsify. There are those who state what is positively untrue, but afterwards say, "may be," softly. These departures from the truth are called "white lies;" but there is really no such thing as a white lie. The whitest lie that was ever told was as black as perdition.

**YOU MAY HAVE HAD A LETTER** committed to your care, and after some days you find it in one of your pockets; you forgot to deliver it. Great was your chagrin when you found that it pertained to some sickness or trouble. God gives every man a letter of warning or invitation to carry, and what will

be your chagrin in the judgment to find that you have forgotten it!

**EXPERIENCE THE BEST TEACHER.**—Turner, the painter, got his vivid conceptions of a storm at sea, by being lashed to the deck in the midst of the tempest, in order that he might study the wrath of the sea. The transgressor could give us the most vivid picture of what it is to sin. He can sketch, as can no one else, the darkness, the fire, the wild terror, the headlong pitch, and the hell of those who have surrendered themselves to iniquity. Those can tell the story best who have fallen to the depths with wilder dash than glacier from the top of a Swiss cliff, and stand, in their agony, looking up for a relief that comes not, and straining their eyes for a hope that never dawns—crying, “O God!” “O God!”

**HEARTFELT WRITING.**—When men paint, or write, or act from the heart, they are potent. By the time that a thought, starting from the artist's brain, can come down through the neck into the shoulder, and through the right arm to the fingers, and off the finger-tips to the point of the pencil, it has lost its momentum, and languishes on the canvas; but a thought that starts from the brain, and streams to the heart, there to be taken with a strong throb, and as by the stroke of a piston, forced through the arm to the canvas, arrives unspent and redoubled. The old masters succeeded not in depicting what they thought so well as in what they felt. Thoughts are often hard and green and tough, till the warm sunshine of the heart ripens them.

## PREPARING FOR THE VOYAGE TO HEAVEN.

**THE FLOOR TIMBERS.**—The Church is the dry-dock where souls are to be fitted out for heaven. In making a vessel for this voyage, the first need is sound timber. The floor timbers ought to be of solid stuff. The truths of God's word are what I mean by floor-timbers. Away with your lighter materials. Nothing but oaks, hewn in the forest of divine truth, are stanch enough for this craft.

**THE HELM.**—You must have Love for a helm, to guide and turn the craft. Neither Pride, nor Ambition, nor Avarice will do for a rudder. Love, not only in the heart, but flashing in the eye, and tingling in the hand—Love married to work, which many look upon as so homely a bride.

**THE PROW.**—There must also be a prow, arranged to cut and over-ride the billow. That is Christian perseverance. There are three mountain surges that sometimes dash against a soul in a minute—the world, the flesh, and the devil ; and that is a well-built prow that can bound over them. For lack of this, many have put back and never started again.

**THE ANCHOR.**—Have a good, strong anchor. "Which hope we have as an anchor." By this strong cable and windlass, hold on to your anchor. "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father."

**THE SAILS.**—Faith is our canvas. Hoist it, and the winds of heaven will drive you ahead. Sails made out of any other canvas than Faith will be

slit to tatters by the first northeaster. Strong faith never lost a battle. It will crush foes, blast rocks, quench lightnings, thresh mountains. It is a shield to the warrior; a crank to the most ponderous wheel, a lever to pry up pyramids, a drum whose beat gives strength to the step of the heavenly soldiery, and sails to waft ships laden with priceless pearls from the harbor of earth to the harbor of heaven.

THE RUNNING RIGGING.—You must have what seamen call the *running rigging*. This comprises the ship's braces, halliards, clew-lines, and such like. Without these the yards could not be braced, the sails lifted, nor the canvas in anywise managed. We have *prayer* for the running rigging. Unless you understand this tackling you are not a spiritual seaman. By pulling on these ropes, you hoist the sails of faith and turn them every whither. The prow of courage will not cut the wave, nor the sail of faith spread and flap its wing, unless you have strong prayer for a halliard.

THE COMPASS.—You must have a compass—which is the Bible. Look at it every day, and always sail by it, as its needle points towards the star of Bethlehem. Through fog, and darkness, and storm, it works faithfully. Search the Scriptures. "Box the compass."

STEERAGE PASSENGERS.—Allow your appetites and passions only an under-deck passage. Do not allow them ever to come up on the promenade deck. Mortify your members which are upon the earth. Never allow your lower nature anything better than a steerage passage. Let Watchfulness walk the decks



as an armed sentinel, and shoot down with great promptness anything like a mutiny of riotous appetites.

ICEBERGS.—Be sure to look out of the fore-castle for icebergs. These are cold Christians floating about in the Church. The frigid-zone professors will sink you.

THE LOG-BOOK.—Keep a log-book during all the voyage—an account of how many furlongs you make a day. You ought to know every night, as well as every year, how things are going. When the express train stops at the dépôt, you hear a hammer sounding on all the wheels, thus testing the safety of the rail-train. Bound, as we are, with more than express speed toward a great eternity, ought we not often to try the work of self-examination?

COLORS.—Be sure to keep your colors up! Let it ever be known who you are, and for what port you are bound. Let "Christian" be written on the very front, with a figure of a cross, a crown, and a dove; and from the mast-head let float the streamers of Emmanuel.

THE PILOT.—Before you gain port you will smell the land breezes of heaven; and Christ, the Pilot, will meet you as you come into the Narrows of Death, and fasten to you, and say, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."

---

WINTER IN GREAT CITIES tries our moral character. It is the winter months that ruin, morally and forever, many of our young men. We sit in the house on a winter's night, and hear the storm raging on the outside, and imagine the helpless crafts driven on the coast; but if our ears were only good enough, we could, on any winter night, hear the crash of a hundred moral shipwrecks. Look out how you spend your winter nights!

WHO IS THAT MAN fallen against the curbstone, covered with bruises and beastliness? He was once a bright-faced lad. His mother prayed for him, fondled him, would not let the night air touch his cheek, and held him up and looked down into his loving eyes, and wondered for what high position he was being fitted. He entered life with bright hopes. The world beckoned him, friends cheered him, but the archers shot at him; vile men set traps for him, bad habits hooked fast to him with their iron grapples; and there he lies. Was that uncombed hair once toyed with by a father's fingers? those bloated cheeks ever kissed by a mother's lips? did that thick tongue once make a household glad with its innocent prattle? Help him up. Put the hat over that once manly brow. Brush the dust from that coat that once covered a generous heart. Show him the way to the home that once rejoiced at the sound of his footstep, and with gentle words tell his children to stand back as you help him through the hall. That *was* a kind husband and indulgent father. He will kneel with them no more as once he did at family prayers—the little ones with clasped hands looking

up into the heavens with thanksgiving for their happy home. But now at midnight he will drive them from their pillows and curse them down the steps, and howl after them as, unclad, they fly down the street, in night-garments, under the calm star-light.

WHO BLASTED THAT HOME? Who plunged those children into worse than orphanage—until the hands are blue with cold, and the cheeks are blanched with fear, and the brow is scarred with bruises, and the eyes are hollow with grief? Who made that life a wreck, and filled eternity with the uproar of a doomed spirit? Those who mix the cup that glows and flashes and foams with enchantment!

PHYSICAL AND MORAL EVIL.—Shall I be nervous about a stagnant pool of water, lest it breed malaria, and be careless when there are in the very heart of our city thousands of houses, devoted to various forms of dissipation, which day and night steam with miasma, and pour out the fiery lava of pollution, and darken the air with their horrors, and fill the skies with the smoke of their torment, that ascendeth up forever and ever? If a slaughter-house be opened we have the nuisance abated. And say nothing against a hundred thousand slaughter-houses in our American cities!

SIN IS A GIANT, black with the soot of the forges where eternal chains are made, and feet rotting with disease, and breath foul with plagues, and eyes glaring with woe, and locks flowing in serpent fangs, and voice from which shall rumble forth the blasphemies of the damned. *It is a lazar-house* of disease. The

walls drip, drip, drip with the damp of sepulchres. The victims, strewn over the floor, writhe and twist among each other in contortions indescribable, holding up their ulcerous wounds, tearing their matted hair, weeping tears of blood: some hooting with revengeful cry; some howling with a maniac's fear; some chattering with idiot's stare; some calling upon God; some calling upon fiends; wasting away; thrusting each other back; mocking each other's pains; tearing open each other's ulcers; dropping with the ichor of death!

IN THE JUDGMENT.—In the wild tumult of the last day—the mountains falling, the heavens flying, the thrones uprising, the universe assembling; amid the boom of the last great thunder-peal, and under the crackling of a burning world—what will become of the fop and the dandy? Shall not chariots of salvation come down to the other side of the Jordan, and escort him up to the palace? Shall not the angels exclaim—“Turn out! a prince is coming.” Will the bells chime? Will there be harpers with their harps, and trumpeters with their trumpets? No! No! No! There will be a shudder, as though a calamity had happened. Standing on heaven's battlement, a watchman will see something shoot past, with fiery downfall, and shriek: “Wandering star—for whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever!”

ANIMALS.—Oh that the cruelty of man to bird and beast might come to an end! They have more right to the world than man, for they preceded him in the creation, the birds having been made on Fri-

day and the cattle on Saturday morning, and man coming in at the fag-end of the week. No wonder that these aborigines of the world sometimes resist, and that the bees sting, and the bears growl, and the cats get their backs up, and dogs bark, and eagles defend their eyries with iron beak, the crags echoing with the clangor of this flying squadron of the sky.

RUM ON NEW YEARS.—Often has the delicate hand of woman kindled a young man's taste for strong drink, who after many years, when the attractions of that scene were forgotten, has cowered in her rags, desolation, and woe under the uplifted hand of the drunken monster who, on that Christmas morning so long ago, took the glass from her hand. And so, the woman stands on the abutment of the bridge, on the moonlit night, wondering if, down under the water, there is not some quiet place for a broken heart. She takes one wild leap—and all is over! Ah! mingle not with the harmless beverage of your festive scene this poison of adders! Mix not with the white sugar of the cup the snow of this awful leprosy. Mar not the clatter of cutlery at the holiday feast with the clank of a madman's chain! I look into the window of that pawnbroker's shop with a shudder as though I had seen into a window of hell. Whose elegant watch? It was a drunkard's! Whose furs? A drunkard's wife's! Whose flute? Whose shoes? Whose scarf? A drunkard's child's! If I could, I would take the three brazen balls hanging at the doorway, and clang them together until they tolled the awful knell of the drunkard's soul.

A GAMBLER'S HEART.—A young man on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, lost in a night all his money at the gaming-table, and, before he left the table, blew his brains out; but before the maid had cleaned up the blood the players were again at the table, shuffling away. A wolf has more compassion for the lamb whose blood it licks up; a highwayman more love for the belated traveller upon whose carcass he piles the stone; the frost more feeling for the flower it kills; the fire more tenderness for the tree-branch it consumes; the storm more pity for the ship that it shivers on Long Island coast, than a gambler's heart has mercy for his victim.

FIVE ACTS OF THE RUM TRAGEDY.—*Act I.* Young man starting from home. Parents and sisters weeping to have him go. Wagon passing over the hills. Farewell kiss thrown back. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.—*Act II.* Marriage altar. Bright lights. Full organ. White veil trailing through the aisle. Prayer and congratulation, and exclamations of "How well she looks!" Ring the bell, and let the curtain drop.—*Act III.* Midnight. Woman waiting for staggering steps. Old garments stuck into the broken window-pane. Many marks of hardship on the face. Biting of the nails of bloodless fingers. Neglect, cruelty, disgrace. Ring the bell, and let the curtain drop.—*Act IV.* Three graves in a very dark place. Grave of child who died from lack of medicine. Grave of wife who died of a broken heart. Grave of husband and father who died of dissipation. Plenty of weeds, but no flowers. O what a blasted heath with three graves! Ring

the bell, and let the curtain drop.—*Act V.* A destroyed soul's eternity. No light; no music; no hope! Despair coiling around the heart with unutterable anguish. Blackness of darkness forever!

**THE SPIRIT OF FALSE CRITICISM.**—The most of us have studied grammar a little, and we know something about the rules of syntax, and we have all formed some idea as to how a thing ought to be done. How many of us seated in a religious service are excessively annoyed when some man, in the Spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ, rises, and without any education or refinement, talks about the things of eternity? Instead of listening to the man's message, and feeling that that man has as certainly something to say from the throne of God as Paul had, or as Payson had, or as any archangel has, we carp and cut and criticise, and wish he had not said this, or wish he had said that, or wish he had not committed that blunder. By the sharp, keen sound of criticism, we are incapacitated for being profited.

**RIVALRY.**—It is strange that there should be any rivalries among ministers of religion, when there is so much room for all to work.

**ENCOURAGEMENT FOR CHILDREN.**—When a child earns parental applause he ought to have it. If he get up head at school, give him a book or an apple. If he saw a bully on the play-ground trampling on a sickly boy, and your son took the bully by the throat so tightly that he became a little variegated in color, praise your boy, and let him know that you love to have him the champion of the weak. Perhaps *you* would not do right a day, if you had no more pros-

pect of reward than that which you have given him. If on commencement-day he make the best speech, or read the best essay, tell him of it. Truth is always harmless, and the more you use of it the better. If your daughter at the conservatory take the palm, give her a new piece of music, a ring, a kiss, or a blessing.

**CHRONIC COMPLAININGS.**—At times we should talk over our distresses, and seek sympathy, but perpetual discourse on such themes wears out the patience of our friends. You always see the young people run from the groaning valetudinarian; and the minister fails in his condolence, for why speak of the patience of Job to one who says that boils are nothing to his distresses. The hobby he rides is wounded and scabbed and torn with all the diseases mentioned in *farriery*.

**LET CHILDREN KNOW SOMETHING** of the worth of money, by earning it. Over-pay them if you will, but let them get some idea of equivalents. If they get distorted notions of values at the start, they will never be righted.

**GOOD HEARERS.**—We hear a great deal about good speakers and poor speakers, but I think that we have yet to recognize in the church of God that it requires just as much skill, just as much grace aright to hear as aright to speak. When we stand at last before the Throne of Judgment, and I shall give an account of the manner in which I have talked to you of Jesus Christ, and of the things of eternity, I do not suppose that my account will be any more serious than will be yours who have listened.



**FRESH AIR.**—We have wrecked too many sermons and lectures on ill-ventilated audience-rooms, not to understand the value of pure air. There are not twenty properly ventilated lecture-halls east of the Alleghany Mountains. We have more veneration for every other antiquity than for stale air. Atmosphere that has been bottled up for weeks is not quite equal to "Balm of Thousand Flowers." Give us an old log across the stream to sit on, rather than an arm-chair in the parlor that is opened chiefly on Christmas and Thanksgiving Days. While waiting for this year's turkey to get browned, we do not want to smell last year's. There are church-basements so foul that we think some of those who frequent them for devotion get sooner to the end of their earthly troubles than they would if there were less dampness in the walls; some of them suffering from what they suppose to be too much religion, when it is nothing but wind-colic.

**OUR EVERY LIFE IS A SERMON.** Our birth is the text from which we start. Youth is the introduction to the discourse. During our manhood we lay down a few propositions and prove them. Some of the passages are dull, and some sprightly. Then come inferences and applications. At seventy years we say "Fifthly and Lastly." The Doxology is sung. The Benediction is pronounced. The Book closed. It is getting cold. Frost on the window-pane. Audience gone. Shut up the church. Sexton goes home with the key on his shoulder.

**THE RAGAMUFFINS.**—It has got to be a question of stupendous import, What is to be done with the

destitute children of our country, or the *ragamuffins*, as society contemptuously calls them? We must act upon them, or they will act upon us. We must Christianize them, or they will heathenize us.

THE MEN AND WOMEN.—These so-called ragamuffins are coming up to be the men and women. That spark of iniquity which you might put out with one drop of the water of life, will flame up into a conflagration of every green thing that God planted in the soul, and that which was intended to be a temple of the Holy Ghost, will be a scarred and blasted ruin, every light quenched, and every altar in the dust. Oh, what a terrible force there is in iniquity, when uneducated, unrestrained, and unblanched, it goes on concentrating, and deepening, and widening, and gathering momentum, until it swings ahead with a very triumph of desolation, drowning like surge, scorching like flame, crushing like rocks!

CHILDREN IN THE MORNING.—Children *will* wake up early in the morning. Perhaps you have been disturbed in the night, and gone wandering around the room in your somnolent state, as much confused as ourselves on one occasion, when, at midnight, we heard a croupy cough in the nursery, and gave the ipecac to the wrong baby. Just as you begin your last morning nap, you hear a stir in the adjoining room. The trundle-bed is evidently discharging a lot of bare feet on the floor. You hear suppressed laughter at the door, slipping out into an occasional shout as one of them applies the force of a tickle to the bottom of the other's feet. You are provoked to

be interrupted at such unseasonable hours, and proclaim children a nuisance. You are glad that the door is locked. But they rattle the knob. They blow through the keyhole. They push slips of paper under the door, and, getting more and more bold, they knock. Ten fingers, tipped with the rosy tints of the morn, are running races up and down the panel. Your indignation begins to cool, and your determination not to admit is giving way. The noise of fingers is intermingled with the stroke of dimpled fists. At last you open the door, and there bursts in a snow-flurry of night-gowns, and they bound along, brunette and blonde, wild as young Arabs. The lock that would have confounded burglar, and the bolt that strongest hand could not have broken, flew open at the touch of the tip-end of a baby's finger.

FASHION.—For thousands of years she hath sat queen over all the earth, and the revolutions that rock down all other thrones have not affected her domination. Other constitutions have been torn, and other laws trampled; but lords, dukes, kings and queens have been the subjects of her realm. She arranged the mantle of the patriarch, the toga of the Roman; the shoe of the Chinese, the turban of the Turk; and the furs of the Laplander. Her laws are written on parchment and palm-leaf, on broken arch and cathedral tracery. She arranged the Egyptian mummy, Cæsar's ride, and how the Athenians should speak. Her voice is heard in the gold mart, in the roar of the street, in the shuffle of the crowded bazaars, in the rattle of the steam-presses, and in the

songs of the churches. It makes the rules of behavior; helps to make up religious belief; decides to what church we shall go; the style of the gown in the pulpit, and the style of the rhetoric. Fashion has been one of the most potent reformers, and one of the vilest usurpers; sometimes an angel from heaven, and at others the mother of harlots.

**THE LOSS AND GAIN.**—Hold up your head amid financial disaster, like a Christian! Fifty thousand subtracted from a good man leaves how much? Honor; Truth; Faith in God; Triumphant Hope; and a kingdom of ineffable glory, over which he is to reign forever and ever. If a millionaire should lose a penny out of his pocket, would he sit down on a curb-stone and cry? And shall a man possessed of everlasting fortunes wear himself out with grief because he has lost worldly treasure? You have only lost that in which hundreds of wretched misers surpass you; and you have saved that which the Cæsars and the Pharaohs and the Alexanders could never afford.

**TWENTY ECHOES.**—Not one earnest prayer, not one heartfelt alms-giving, not one kind word, ever goes unblest. Among the mountains of Switzerland there is a place where, if your voice be uttered, there will come back a score of echoes. But utter a kind, sympathetic, and saving word in the dark places of the town, and there will come back ten thousand echoes from all the thrones of heaven.

**NEW YORK CROTON WATER.**—The thousand-armed machinery sends streaming down from the reservoir the clear, bright, sparkling, God-given

water that rushes through our aqueducts, and dashes out of the hydrants, and tosses up in our fountains, and hisses in our steam-engines, and showers out the conflagration, and sprinkles from the baptismal font of our churches; and with silver note, and golden sparkle, and crystalline chime, says to hundreds of thousands of our population, in the authentic words of Him who made it—" *I will: be thou clean!* "

**A BABE IN THE HOUSE.**—A well-regulated home is a millennium on a small scale—the lion and leopard nature by infantile stroke subdued—and "a little child shall lead them." Blessed the pillow of the trundle-bed on which rests the young head that never ached! Blessed the day whose morning is wakened by the patter of little feet! Blessed the heart from which all the soreness is drawn out by the soft hand of a babe!

**WORKERS' WIT.**—It is the earnest man, with an earnest work to do, who in unexpected moment puts the pry of his witticism under your soul, and sends you roaring with a laughter that shuts your eyes, and rends your side, and makes you thankful for stout waistcoat, which seems to be the only thing that keeps you from explosion. Workingmen have a right to be facetious. We have no objection to a hen's cackle, if it has first laid a large round egg for the breakfast-table. But we had on our farm a hen that never did anything but cackle. The most rousing wit ever uttered was by stalwart men like Robert South and Jean Paul Richter. With them wit was only the foaming flake on the wave that carried into port a magnificent cargo. It was only the bell that

rang you to a banquet of stalled ox and muscovy. But lackaday! if when at the ringing of the bell we went to find nothing but a cold slice of chuckle, a hash of drollery, jokes stewed, and jokes stuffed, and jokes panned, and jokes roasted, and jokes with gravy, and jokes without gravy. Professor Wilson, the peerless essayist, could afford to put on "Sporting Jacket," and mould the snowball for the "Bicker of Pedmount," and go a picnicing at Windermere, and shake up into rollicking glee Lockhart, Hamilton, Gillies, and his other *Blackwood* cronies, if, in that way refreshed for toil, he could come into the University of Edinburgh to mould and shape the heart and intellect of Scotland, with a magic touch that will be felt a thousand years. He is the most entertaining man who mixes in proper proportion work and play.

IT IS A RUINOUS POLICY to be parsimonious with children. If a boy find that a parent has plenty of money, and he, the boy, has none, the temptation will be to steal the first cent he can lay his hand on. Oh, the joy that five pennies can buy for a boy! They seem to open before him a paradise of liquorice-drops and cream-candy. You cannot in after-life buy so much superb satisfaction with five thousand dollars as you bought with your first five cents. Children need *enough* money, but not a superfluity. Freshets wash away more corn-fields than they culture.

**GLOOM IN THE FAMILY.**—Boys and girls are often spoiled by parental gloom. The father never unbends. The mother's rheumatism hurts so, she does not see how little *Maggie* can ever laugh. Childish

curiosity is denounced as impertinence. The parlor is a parliament, and everything in everlasting order. Balls and tops in that house are a nuisance, and the pap that the boy is expected most to relish is Geometry, a little sweetened with the chalk of blackboards. For cheerful reading the father would recommend "Young's Night Thoughts" and Hervey's "Meditations among the Tombs." At the first chance the boy will break loose. With one grand leap he will clear the catechisms. He will burst away into all riotous living. He will be so glad to get out of Egypt that he will jump into the Red Sea. The hardest colts to catch are those that have a long while been locked up. Restraints are necessary, but there must be some outlet. Too high a dam will overflow all the meadows.

LIFE AND A MASQUERADE BALL.—At masquerade balls gentlemen and ladies appear in the dress of kings or queens, mountain bandits or clowns, and at the close of the dance throw off their disguises; so, in this dissipated life all unclean passions move in mask. Across the floor they trip merrily. The lights sparkle along the wall, or drop from the ceiling—a very cohort of fire! The music charms. The diamonds glitter. The feet bound. Gemmed hands, stretched out, clasp gemmed hands. Dancing feet respond to dancing feet. Gleaming brow bends low to gleaming brow. On with the dance! Flash, and rustle, and laughter, and immeasurable merry-making. But the languor of death comes over the limbs, and blurs the sight. *Lights lower!* Floor hollow with sepulchral echo. Music saddens into a wail. *Lights*

*lower!* The maskers can hardly now be seen. Flowers exchange their fragrance for a sickening odor, such as comes from garlands that have lain in vaults of cemeteries. *Lights lower!* Mists fill the room. Glasses rattle as though shaken by sullen thunder. Sighs seem caught among the curtains. Scarf falls from the shoulder of beauty,—a shroud! *Lights lower!* Over the slippery boards, in dance of death, glide jealousies, disappointments, lust, despair. Torn leaves and withered garlands only half hide the ulcered feet. The stench of smoking lamp-wicks almost quenched. Choking damps. Chilliness. Feet still. Hands folded. Eyes shut. Voices hushed. LIGHTS OUT!

HONORABLE FOR WOMEN TO TOIL.—It was considered honorable for women to toil in olden time. Alexander the Great stood in his palace showing garments made by his own mother. The finest tapestries at Bayeux were made by the Queen of William the Conqueror. Augustus the Emperor would not wear any garments except those that were fashioned by some member of his royal family. So let the toiler everywhere be respected!

DR. T. ON DANCING.—I would give to all of our youth the right to romp and play. God meant it, or he would not have surcharged our natures with such exuberance. If a mother join hands with her children, and while the eldest strikes the keys, fill all the house with the sound of agile feet, I see no harm. If a few friends, gathered in happy circle, conclude to cross and recross the room to the sound of the piano well played, I see no harm. I here set forth



a group of what might be called the dissipations of the ball-room. They swing an awful scythe of death. Are we to stand idly by, and let the work go on, lest in the rebuke we tread upon the long trail of some popular vanity? The whirlpool of the ball-room drags down the life, the beauty, and the moral worth of the city. In this whirlwind of imported silks goes out the life of many of our best families. This style of dissipation is the abettor of pride, the instigator of jealousy, the sacrificial altar of health, the defiler of the soul, the avenue of lust. The tread of this wild, intoxicating, heated midnight dance jars all the moral hearthstones of the city. There is but a short step from the ball-room to the grave-yard. There are consumptions and fierce neuralgias close on the track. Amid that glittering maze of ball-room splendors, diseases stand right and left, and balance and chain. A sepulchral breath floats up amid the perfume, and the froth of death's lip bubbles up in the champagne.

OIL VILLAINS REPENTING.—Before the great day of account shall come I warn you—Disgorge! you infamous stock gamblers! Gather together so many of your company as have any honesty left, and join in the following circular:—"We the undersigned, do hereby repent of our villainies, and beg pardon of the public for all the wrongs that we have done them; and hereby ask the widows and orphans whom we have made penniless to come next Saturday, between ten and three o'clock, and receive back what we stole from them. We hereby confess that the wells spoken of in our circular never yielded any oil; and that

the creeks running through our ornamented map were an entire fiction; and that the elder who piously rolled up his eyes and said it was a safe investment, was not as devout as he looked to be. Signed by the subscribers at their office, in the year of our Lord 1871."

**SEWING WOMEN.**—There are thirty-five thousand sewing-girls in New York and Brooklyn. Across the darkness of this night I hear their death-groan. It is not such a cry as comes from those who are suddenly hurled out of life, but a slow, grinding, horrible wasting away. Gather them before you and look into their faces, pinched, ghastly, hunger-struck! Look at their fingers, needle-picked and blood-tipped! See that premature stoop in the shoulders! Hear that dry, hacking, merciless cough! At a large meeting of these women held in a hall in Philadelphia, grand speeches were delivered, but a needle-woman took the stand, threw aside her faded shawl, and, with her shrivelled arm, hurled a very thunderbolt of eloquence, speaking out of the horrors of her own experience.

**THE DISCIPLE OF FASHION.**—What an insult to her sex! Her manners are an outrage upon decency. She is more thoughtful of the attitude she strikes upon the carpet than how she will look in the judgment; more worried about her freckles than her sins; more interested in her bonnet-strings than in her redemption. Her apparel is the poorest part of a Christian woman, however magnificently dressed, and no one has so much right to dress well as a Christian. Not so with the godless disciple of fashion. Take

her robes, and you take everything. Death will come down on her some day, and rub the bistre off her eyelids, and the rouge off her cheeks, and with two rough, bony hands, scatter spangles and glass beads and rings and ribbon and lace and brooches and buckles and sashes and frisettes and golden clasps.

THE BROKER GUILTY OF "CORNERING" as well knows that he is sinning against God and man, as though the flame of Mount Sinai singed his eyebrows. He hears that a brother broker has sold "short,"\* and immediately goes about with a wise look, saying: "Erie is going down—Erie is going down; prepare for it." Immediately the people begin to sell; he buys up the stock; monopolizes the whole affair; drags down the man who sold short; makes largely, pockets the gain, and thanks the Lord for great prosperity in business. You call it "cornering." I call it gambling, theft, highway robbery, villany accursed! It is astonishing how some men, who are kind in their families, useful in the church, charitable to the poor, are utterly transformed of the devil as soon as they enter the Stock Exchange!

Hobbies.—When we get old enough to leave the nursery we jump astride some philosophic, metaphysical, literary, political, or theological hobby. Parson Brownlow's hobby was the hanging of rebels; John C. Calhoun's, South Carolina; Daniel Webster's, the Constitution; Wheeler's, the sewing-machine; Doctor Windship's, gymnastics. For saddle, a book; for spur, a pen; for whip, the

\* To sell short, Webster says, is to sell for future delivery what the party does not own, but hopes to buy at a lower rate.

lash of public opinion; for race-course, platform, pulpit, newspaper-office, and senate chamber. De Witt Clinton rode his up the ditch of the Erie Canal, Cyrus Field under the sea, John P. Jackson down the railroad from Amboy to Camden; indeed, the men of mark and the men of worth have all had their hobby, great or small. The philosophy is plain. Men think a great while upon one topic, and its importance increases till it absorbs everything else, and, impelled by this high appreciation of their theory, they go on to words and deeds that make themselves thoroughly felt. We have no objections to hobbies, but we contend that there are times and places when and where they should not be ridden.

HOW TO SPOIL A CHILD.—It is easy enough to spoil a child. No great art is demanded. Only three or four things are requisite to complete the work. Make all the nurses wait on him and fly at his bidding. Let him learn never to go for a drink, but always have it brought to him. At ten years of age have Bridget tie his shoe-strings. Let him strike auntie because she will not get him a sugar-plum. He will soon learn that the house is his realm, and he is to rule it. He will come up into manhood one of those precious spirits that demand obeisance and service, and with the theory that the world is his oyster, which with knife he will proceed to open. If that does not spoil him, buy him a horse. We congratulate any man who can afford to own a horse; but if a boy own one, he will probably ride on it to destruc-

tion. He will stop at the tavern for drinks. He will bet at the races. There will be room enough in the same saddle for idleness and dissipation to ride, one of them before, and one of them behind. But if the child be insensible to all such efforts to spoil him, try the plan of never saying anything encouraging to him. If he do wrong, thrash him soundly; but if he do well, keep on reading the newspaper, pretending not to see him. But if you have a child invulnerable to all other influences, and he cannot be spoiled by any means already recommended, give him plenty of money, without any questions as to what he does with it.

STOCK SWINDLE AND SEWING-WOMEN.—There are scores of men to-day on the streets whose costly family wardrobes, whose rose-wood furniture, whose splendid turn-outs, whose stately mansions, are made out of the distresses of sewing-women, whose money they gathered up in a stock swindle. There is human sweat in the golden tankards. There is human blood in the crimson plush. There are the bones of unrequited toil in the pearly keys of the piano. There is the curse of an incensed God hovering over all their magnificence. Some night the man will not be able to rest. He will rise up in bewilderment and look about him crying: "Who is there?" Those whom he has wronged will thrust their skinny arms under the tapestry, and touch his brow, and feel for his heart, and blow their sepulchral breath into his face, crying: "Come to judgment!"

THE FATHERS ON DANCING. — St. Chrysostom says: "The feet were not given for dancing, but to

walk modestly ; not to leap impudently like camels." Another ancient says : " A dance is the devil's possession ; and he that entereth into a dance, entereth into his possession. The devil is the gate to the middle and to the end of the dance. As many passes as a man makes in dancing, so many passes doth he make to hell." Elsewhere, these old dogmas declare—"The woman that singeth in the dance is the princess of the devil ; and those that answer are his 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 hog's-herd call one, all assemble together, so the devil calleth one woman to sing in the dance, or to play on some instrument, and presently all the dancers gather together."

**INJUSTICE TO WOMAN.**—Last Sabbath night, in the vestibule of my church, after service, a woman fell in convulsions. The doctor said she needed medicine not so much as something to eat. As she began to revive in her delirium, she said gaspingly : "Eight cents! Eight cents! Eight cents! I wish I could get it done! I am so tired! I wish I could get some sleep, but I must get it done! Eight cents! Eight cents!" We found afterwards that she was making garments for eight cents apiece, and that she could make but three of them a day! Hear it! Three times eight are twenty-four! Hear it, men and women who have comfortable homes!

**VILLANY TO WOMAN.**—Some of the worst villains of the city are the employers of these women. They beat them down to the last penny, and try to cheat

them out of that. The woman must deposit a dollar or two before she gets the garments to work on. When the work is done it is sharply inspected, the most insignificant flaws picked out, and the wages refused, and sometimes the dollar deposited not given back. The Women's Protective Union reports a case where one of these poor souls, finding a place where she could get more wages, resolved to change employers, and went to get her pay for work done. The employer says: "I hear you are going to leave me?"—"Yes," she said, "and I have come to get what you owe me." He made no answer. She said: "Are you not going to pay me?"—"Yes," he said, "I will pay you;" and *he kicked her down the stairs.*

CALL UP THAT CHILD; push back that hair. Shall this face be ever brightening up with benevolence, or scarred and pinched and bloated with low excesses? Shall those eyes become more and more intelligent, or shall they acquire the dishonest glance and the servile downcast? Put your hand on that child's heart. Shall it always heave with noble impulses, or will it be a thief's heart, a coward's heart, a traitor's heart?

AN UPSETTAL.—According to the notion of some, change of heart is only a "removal of the cloth" after the banquet is closed, and you are ready for "the toasts." It has been a course of pride, and a course of wordliness, and a course of sinful indulgence. Now religion comes in, removes the ordinary viands, and puts on the table a little rarer wine, and calls out a little finer exhilaration. Now my idea is that

the first thing religion does is to upset the table, and dash to pieces the poisoned cups, and tell the guests, "Away with this swine-trough, and come to banquet with King Jesus!"

IF GOD SOMETIMES HIDES HIS FACE from you, oh Christian soul, be not utterly discouraged. It is necessary that in somehow your experience should be tried. God would not lead you down through the valley of humiliation if it were not better for you there to go.

REDEMPTION OF THE OUTCAST.—I have so much faith in the advancement of our race under the Gospel, that I suppose the rising generations are to have in their number more noblemen than their predecessors. I suppose that every day we are walking unconsciously among Enochs, and Augustines, and Wilberforces, and Clarksons, and Moffits, and Robert Halls. There they are! on the back-seat in the mission-school. There they are! playing marbles in the low alley, their knees out, their elbows out, their toes out, their hats rimless, and their souls Christless; and in double columns there is printed on their countenances a tragedy of unutterable pain. But they shall be gathered in. Sabbath-schools will do their work. Tract and Bible Societies will do their work. A Christian printing-press will do its work. And they who are now scoffed at as ragamuffins will pass on to be the men of might, and the men of God in future years.

BE THOROUGH.—Unless you make the world feel its guilt and danger, it will never repent. The first



thing to do is to cut down the grain. Be kind, be gentle, be sympathetic in this presentation of truth, but be thorough, with no mincing of the matter. By the law is the knowledge of sin!

**BLESSING IN PAIN.**—The forces of our life go on so regularly we don't realize what God gave us when he gave us a hand, or a foot, or an eye, or an ear. We don't appreciate our blessings until the rheumatism drops upon the muscle, and neuralgia upon the nerve and deafness upon the ear, and blindness upon the eye, and the palsy upon the arm. Then, for the first time, we wake up and say how good God was. There is not one man out of a thousand who appreciates what the psalmist meant when he said: "Bless the Lord, oh, my soul, who healeth all my diseases, who redeemeth my life from destruction, and crowneth me with loving kindness and tender mercy." Oh, child of Jesus, realize that although you may be bent under sickness—although you may have aches and pains of which the world knows nothing, or knowing, could not appreciate, remember always that God knows best where the shadow ought to drop.

**LIFE IS TOO SHORT,** and the work too great, to allow disputation about non-essentials. If a drowning man is to be pulled out of the floods, it makes but little difference whether the hand you reach out to him has on it buckskin mitten or kid glove.

**LET US ALL GO TO PREACHING.** Send polished Paul up to Athens, and plain Bartholomew down among the fishing-smacks by the sea. Do not look so anxiously into your pockets for your diploma from

Yale, or your license from presbytery. If the Lord does not send you into the ministry, no canon of the Church can shoot you into it. But if he has put his hand on your head, you are ordained, and your working apron shall be the robe, and the anvil your pulpit; and while you are smiting the iron the hammer of God's truth will break the flinty heart in pieces. Peter was never a sophomore, nor John a freshman. Harlan Page never heard that a tangent to the parabola bisects the angle formed at the point of contact by a perpendicular to the directrix and a line drawn to the focus. If George Muller should attempt chemical experiments in a philosopher's laboratory, he would soon blow himself up. And hundreds of men, grandly useful, were never struck on commencement stage by a bouquet flung from the ladies' gallery. Quick! Let us find our work. *You* preach a sermon—*you* give a tract—*you* hand a flower—*you* sing a song—*you* give a crutch to a lame man—*you* teach the Sabbath-class their A, B, C—*you* knit a pair of socks for a foundling—*you* pick a splinter from a child's finger. Do something! Do it now! *We will be dead soon!*

OF ONE IDEA.—How apt we are to get a religious theory, and ride it up hill and down, and expect that all the armed cavalry of the church shall make way for our hobby! There are theologians who spend their time in trying to douse Baptists, thinking it a great waste to have so much water and not use it for some decisive purpose. Others would like to upset the anxious bench of the Methodists, and throw them on their faces, so that they would make less

noise. Others would like nothing better than to rip a hole in the surplice of Episcopacy. Others take the doctrine of "election" for their favorite theory, and ride and ride till they find themselves elected to leave the settlement. Others harp on the "perseverance of the saints" till they are unhorsed by the perseverance of sinners. And this good man devotes himself to proving that in Adam all fell, till the hearers wish that the speaker had fallen clear out of their acquaintanceship. This ecclesiastic gives his time to controversy, and his matin and vesper are, "Blessed be the Lord, who teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight." Such persons were sound asleep that Christmas night when the angel song fell to the hills, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

THE FUTURE OF CHILDREN.—There are many about us in boyhood and girlhood in comfortable circles that are going to be something very good or very bad—very bright or very ignorant—and they will yet make their parents glad with an infinite gladness, or pain them with an infinite sorrow. They go bounding through the hall; they shout in the yard; they sing in the school. This activity that now strikes the ball, and runs the race, and rolls the hoop, and flies the kite, will soon be ready for the higher game of life, where fortunes are to be made, and reputations jeopardized, and kingdoms of glory won.

ALL THE INVITATIONS of the gospel amount to nothing unless we accept them. We may have medicines in the house when we are sick, but if we

do not take them we will not be cured. We may have a very good musket, but if we do not carry it with us in the conflict, we will be driven back in defeat. We must take the great truths of the gospel, and apply them to our hearts and consciences; and when a brother rises to speak, let us take the truths he so utters to our hearts, and not be disturbed by any imperfect utterance.

GRANDMOTHER'S SPECTACLES.—Grandmother's pair had done good work in their day. They were large and round, so that when she saw a thing she saw it. There was a crack across the upper part of the glass, for many a baby had made them a plaything, and all the grandchildren had at some time tried them on. They had sometimes been so dimmed with tears that she had to take them off and wipe them on her apron before she could see through them at all. Her "second-sight" had now come, and she would often let her glasses slip down, and then look over the top of them while she read. Grandmother was pleased at this return of her vision. Getting along so well without them, she often lost her spectacles. Sometimes they would lie for weeks untouched on the shelf in the red morocco case, the flap unlifted. She could now look off upon the hills, which for thirty years she had not been able to see from the piazza. Those were mistaken who thought she had no poetry in her soul. You could see it in the way she put her hand under the chin of a primrose, or cultured the geranium. Sitting on the piazza one evening, in her rocking-chair, she saw a ladder of cloud set up against the sky, and thought how easy it would be for a

spirit to climb it. She saw in the deep glow of the sunset a chariot of fire, drawn by horses of fire, and wondered who rode in it. She saw a vapor floating thinly away, as though it were a wing ascending, and grandmother muttered in a low tone: "A vapor that appeareth for a little season, and then vanisheth away." She saw a hill higher than any she had ever seen before on the horizon, and on the top of it a King's castle. The motion of the rocking-chair became slighter and slighter, until it stopped. The spectacles fell out of her lap. A child, hearing it, ran to pick them up, and cried: "Grandmother, what is the matter?" She answered not. She never spake again. Second-sight had come! Her vision had grown better and better. What she could not see now was not worth seeing. Not now *through a glass darkly!* Grandmother had no more need of spectacles!

ALL SCRIPTURE IS TO BE EXPOUNDED as far as possible; but one part is not to absorb attention to the neglect of others. Let us not be so pleased with the lily that Christ points out in his sermon that we cannot see the raven that flies past; nor while we examine the salt to find if it has lost its savor, forget to take the candle from under the bushel. The song of the morning stars at the creation must have response in the Doxology of the hundred and forty and four thousand. David's harp and the resurrection trumpet are accordant. The pennon swung from the cedar masts of ships of Tarshish must be answered by the sail of fishing-boat on Genesareth. Into this great battle for God we

are to take Gideon's sword, and David's sling, and the white horse of Victory on which Immanuel triumphs. Hiddekel and Jordan must be confluent. Pisgah and Moriah, Sinai and Calvary, must all stand in the great Scriptural ranges. No solo or quartette in this Bible music, but the battle-chorus of all the patriarchs, prophets, evangelists, and apostles. In the wall of heaven are beautifully blended jasper and emerald, beryl and sardonyx, amethyst and chrysolite. No one doctrine, however excellent, must be ridden constantly.

TAKE CARE OF THE OUTCASTS.—Some have said, "Let the church through its regular services do this work." We reply, there are a great number of the destitute who do not come under the ministrations of the pulpit. "Oh!" said a poor boy to a good man, who reproved him for wickedness, "it is very easy for you, master, to be good, but I tell you the poor chaps haint got no chance. My father died when I was very small, and I have to pick rags for a living and when I can't get the rags I has to steal. You see we poor chaps haint got no chance." When they got up from their hands and knees to walk, their first step was on the road to ruin, and every day since they have been plunging down to lower depths and wilder despair and deeper darkness. And we who have been ordained to preach the gospel may stand in our pulpits till the blast of the archangel's trumpet and we will not reach them.

IT IS THE SIMPLE FACT that the vast majority of people who attend religious services upon the

Sabbath go to hear how they like the minister, and the thought seldom occurs to their souls—for this day's hearing I must give an account.

**GOD MAKES NO MISTAKES.**—I never knew a business man who had escaped all perplexities. Every twenty years God upsets the whole commercial world. Why these great commercial changes come, I cannot exactly tell. One reason is, that God would take the money that is in one man's hands and place it in the hands of another man. He finds the wealth of the world in places where it ought not to be, and he shifts it into some other position. I think the more general reason is, that he wants men to see that this world is a very poor money bag, and that the man who has nothing but bonds and mortgages and United States securities, is a pauper for eternity. If, therefore, God lets the shadow drop upon your business, remember that he can make no mistake. He knows all your worldly circumstances, all your spiritual condition, and he will manage for your best, present and everlasting interest.

**EXAMPLE.**—You who move in elegant and refined associations; you who drink the best liquors; you who never drink until you lose your balance: consider that you have, under God, in your power the redemption of this land from drunkenness. Empty your cellars and wine-closets of the beverage, and then come out and give us your hand, your vote, your prayers, your sympathies. Do that, and I will promise three things: First, That you will find unspeakable happiness in having done your duty;

secondly, you will probably save somebody, perhaps your own child; thirdly, you will not, in your last hour, have a regret that you made the sacrifice, if sacrifice it be.

THE QUESTION OF SOBRIETY.—I maintain that the question of sobriety is higher than the question of availability: and that however eminent a man's service may be, if he have habits of intoxication, he is unfit for any office in the gift of a Christian people. Our laws will be no better than the men who make them.

THE HORSE'S APPEAL.—My dear gentlemen and ladies, remember that we, like yourselves, have *moods*, and cannot always be frisky and cheerful. You do not slap your grandmother in the face because, this morning, she does not feel as well as usual; why, then, do you slash us? Before you pound us, ask whether we have been up late the night before, or had our meals at irregular hours, or whether our spirits have been depressed by being kicked by a drunken hostler. We have only about ten or twelve years in which to enjoy ourselves, and then we go out to be shot into nothingness. Take care of us while you may. Job's horse was "clothed with thunder," but all we ask is a plain blanket. When we are sick, put us in a *horse-pital*. Do not strike us when we stumble or scare. Suppose *you* were in the harness, and *I* were in the wagon, I had the whip and you the traces, what an ardent advocate you would be for kindness to the irrational creation! Do not let the blacksmith drive the nail into the quick when he shoes me, or burn my fetlocks with a



hot file. Do not mistake the "dead-eye" that nature put on my fore-leg for a wart to be exterminated. Do not cut off my tail short in fly-time. Keep the north wind out of our stables. Care for us at some other time than during the epizootics, so that we may see your kindness is not selfish. My dear friends, our interests are mutual. I am a silent partner in your business. Under my sound hoof is the diamond of national prosperity. Beyond my nostril the world's progress may not go. With thrift and wealth and comfort, I daily race neck and neck. Be kind to *me*, if you want me to be useful to *you*.

SEE WHAT YOUR CHILDREN READ.—Parents are delighted to have their children read, but they should be sure as to what they read. You do not have to walk a day or two in an infected district to get the cholera or typhoid fever; and one wave of moral unhealth will fever and blast an immortal nature. Perhaps, knowing not what you did, you read a bad book. Do you not remember it altogether? Yes; and perhaps you will never get over it.

EVENINGS AT THE CLUB-HOUSE.—I describe the history of thousands of households when I say that the tea is rapidly taken, and while yet the family linger the father shoves back his chair, has "an engagement," lights his cigar and starts out, not returning until after midnight. That is the history of three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, except when he is sick and cannot get out. How about home duties? Have you fulfilled all your vows? Would your wife ever have married you with such a prospect? Wait until your sons get to

be sixteen or seventeen years of age, and they too will shove back from the tea-table, have an "engagement," light their cigars, go over to their club-houses, their night-key rattling in your door after midnight—the effect of your example. And as your son's constitution may not be as strong as yours, and the liquor he drinks more terribly drugged, he will catch up with you on the road to death although you got the start of him. And so you will both go to hell together!

Two Houses.—I sketch two houses. The first is bright as home can be. The father comes at nightfall, and the children run out to meet him. Luxuriant evening meal, gratulation, and sympathy and laughter. Music in the parlor. Fine pictures on the wall. Costly books on the stand. Well-clad household. Plenty of everything to make home happy. — House the second. Piano sold yesterday by the sheriff. Wife's furs at pawnbroker's shop. Clock gone. Daughter's jewelry sold to get flour. Carpets gone off the floor. Daughters in faded and patched dresses. Wife sewing for the stores. Little child with an ugly wound on her face, struck in an angry blow. Deep shadow of wretchedness falling in every room. Door-bell rings. Little children hide. Daughters turn pale. Wife holds her breath. Blundering steps in the hall. Door opens. Fiend, brandishing his fist, cries—"Out! Out! What are you doing here!" Did I call this house the second? No; it is the same house. Rum transformed it. Rum imbruted the man. Rum sold the shawl. Rum tore up the carpets. Rum shook its fist. Rum desolated the hearth. Rum changed that paradise into a hell!

## EUROPEAN NOTES.

A BED IN EDINBURGH.—You are not called, as in many an American hotel, to sleep on a promontory of mattresses, not certain on which side you may fall off into the sea. There are no lumps in the bed that take you in the middle of the back, or hardnesses in the pillow that make you dream like Jacob on the stones, barring out the ladder and the angels. The foot-board is not so near the head-board that the sleeper is all the night long reminded of his end. There are no stray points of feathers thrust through the linen to tickle you under the ribs. The covers do not come within just three inches of being large enough when you pull them up, making bare the foot, or when, by the grasp of the “comfortable” between the large toe and the fatty portion of the foot, you pull them down, exposing the shoulder, so that you fancy, in your disturbed slumber, that you are perishing in a snow-bank. But a broad, smooth, affluent couch, on which you may sublimely roll, reckless of covers, and confident that beyond the point at which you stop there is still further expanse of comfort and ease.

EDINBURGH AND BOSTON.—In Boston, literature has a Unitarian tinge; in Edinburgh, a Presbyterian. In this Scotch capital, religion, politics, science and literature are inextricably mixed. The late Sir James Y. Simpson, M. D., whose face is in all the photographic show-windows of the city, and whose life was spent in surgery, recently made an address on “Dead in Trespasses and Sins;” and

Doctor Brown, a practising physician on Rutledge Street, wrote of "Paul's Thorn in the Flesh;" and the collection-boxes of the Scotland Bible Society are set in the railroad stations; and Reverend Doctor Arnot, last Sabbath, at the close of his sermon, turned around and bowed to the judges of the court seated in the gallery; and over a door in "Lady Stair's Close" is the inscription: "Fear the Lord and depart from evil." In this city, acutest analysis could hardly tell where literature or politics ends or theology begins. But since the brain and the heart are only about a foot and a half apart, I know not why there should be such effort to separate the intellectual from the spiritual.

NAPOLEON'S TOMB.—As you go into the gate, an old man, who was with the great Frenchman at St. Helena, will sell you a poor picture of something that no photographer can catch. It is a cathedral three hundred and twenty-three feet high, having cost two million dollars, dedicated to one dead man. Under its burnished dome is a concentration of wonders. Not his ashes resting there, but the embalmed and undecayed body of Napoleon, in military suit, in a red sarcophagus of Finlander quartzite, polished to the last perfection by skilful machinery, and resting on a block of green granite, surrounded by twelve funeral lamps of bronze, and twelve marble statues of great size, one with a wreath, as if to crown; another with a pen, as if to make record for the ages; another with a key, as if to open the celestial gate for a departed spirit; another with trumpet, to clear the way for the coming of a king!—the

pavement enamelled into a crown of laurels, from which radiates on all sides a living star. There are gilded gates, and speaking cenotaphs and radiant canopy, and elaborate basso-relievos and embossed pillars, and two Persian statues, holding on cushions a sceptre and a world, and ceilings a-blossom with finest frescos by French and Italian masters, their light dripping down the marble in blue, and saffron, and emerald, and gold. Oh! it is a dream of beauty! If the dead Giant could wake up and look around, he might think he lay in the Moscow palace that he coveted, and the glistening whiteness around were the morning sun shining on Russian snows, or that universal empire had come to him; and to make his palace Egypt had sent its porphyry, and Switzerland its marble, and Greece its sculpture, and Rome its pictures, and France its bronze; and that the reverential spectators in all kinds of national costume, leaning over the balustrade to look, were the adoring subjects of a universal reign.

AN UNKNOWN TONGUE.—Many of our countrymen are exceedingly annoyed at their lack of skill in the use of the European languages. After a vain attempt to make a Parisian waiter understand French, they swear at him in English. But we remembered the art of the physician who put all the remains of old prescriptions in one bottle,—the oil, and the calomel, and the rhubarb, and the assafetida,—and when he found a patient with “complication of diseases,” would shake up his old bottle and give him a dose. And so we have compounded a language for European travel. We take a little

French, and a little German, and a little English, with a few snatches of Chinese and Choctaw, and when we find a stubborn case of waiter or landlord that will not understand, we shake up all the dialects and give him a dose. It is sure to strike somewhere. If we do not make him understand, we at any rate give him a terrible scare.

FOUNTAINS IN PARIS.—Passing on, you come upon another circle of fountains, six in number—small but beautiful, infantile fountains, hardly born before they die, rocked in cradle of crystal, then buried in sarcophagus of pearl. The water rises only a short distance and bends over, like the heads of ripe grain, as though the water-gods had been reaping their harvest, and here had stacked their sheaves.

THE TUILERIES.—From the foot of the obelisk, looking east through a long aisle of elms, chestnuts and palms, is the palace of the Tuileries, confronting you with one thousand feet of façade, and tossed up at either side into imposing pavilions, and sweeping back into the most brilliant picture-galleries of all the world, where the French masters look upon the Flemish, and the black marble of the Pyrenees frowns upon the drifted snow of Italian statuary: a palace poising its pinnacles in the sun, and spreading out balustrades of braided granite. Its inside walls adorned with blaze of red velvet cooling down into damask overshot with green silk. Palace of wild and terrific memories, orgies of drunken kings, and display of coronation festivity. Frightful Catharine de Medicis looked out of those windows.

There, Maria Antoinette gazed up toward heaven through the dark lattice of her own broken heart. Into those doors rushed the Revolutionary mobs. On that roof the Angel of Death alighted and flapped its black wings on its way to smite in a day one hundred thousand souls. Majestic, terrible, beautiful, horrible, sublime palace of the Tuileries! The brightness of a hundred *fête* days sparkle in its fountains! The gore of ten thousand butcheries redden the upholstery!

PARISIAN SPLENDORS.—On your way through the street you wander into grottos, where, over colored rocks, the water falls, now becoming blue as the sea, now green as a pond, and now, without miracle, it is turned into wine. There are maiden-hair trees, and Irish yews, and bamboo, and magnolias, and banks of azaleas, and hollies, and you go through a Red Sea of geraniums and dahlias dry-shod. You leave on either hand concert-castles, and party-colored booths, and kiosks inviting to repose, till you come to the foot of the Arc de Triomphe, from the foot of which radiate eleven great avenues, any one of which might well be a national pride, and all of them a-rumble with pomp and wealth, and the shock of quick and resonant laughter. On opposite sides of the archway are two angels, leaning toward each other till their trumpets wellnigh touch, blowing the news of a hundred victories. Surely never before or since was hard stone ever twisted into such wreaths, or smoothed into such surfaces. Up and down frieze and spandrel are alti-rilievi with flags of granite that seem to quiver in the wind, and helmets that sit soft

as velvet on warrior's brow; and there are lips of stone that look as if they might speak, and spears that look as if they might pierce, and wounds that look as if they might bleed, and eagles that look as if they might fly. Here stands an angel of war mighty enough to have been just hurled out of heaven. On one side of the Arch, Peace is celebrated by the sculptor with sheaves of plenty, and chaplets of honor, and palms of triumph. At a great height, Austerlitz is again enacted, and horse and horsemen and artillery and gunners stand out as though some horror of battle had chilled them all into stone. By the time that you have mounted the steps, and stand at the top of the Arch, the evening lamps begin a running fire on all the streets. The trees swing lanterns, and the eleven avenues concentrating at the foot of the Arch pour their brightness to your feet a very chorus of fire. Your eye treads all the way back to the Tuileries on bubbles of flame, and stopping half-way the distance to read, in weird and bewitching contrivance of gas-light, an inscription with a harp of fire at the top and an arrow of fire at the bottom, the charmed words of every Frenchman, *Champs Elysées!*

THE LION.—If young Americans, wanting quills to write with, have plucked the American eagle till, featherless, and with an empty craw, it sits on the top of the Rocky Mountains wishing it were dead, the English, have paid quite as much attention to the lion. You see it done up in every shape, sitting or standing, everywhere. The fountains are guarded with lions; the entrances of houses flanked with



lions; the signs of stores adorned with lions—fighting lions, sleeping lions, crying lions, laughing lions, couchant lions. English artists excel with this animal. When French and German sculptors attempt one, it is merely a lion in the abstract, too weak to rend a kid, and never having seen a jungle. But lying on the base of Nelson's monument in Trafalgar Square are four lions that look as though they had a moment before lain down there and curled their long tails peacefully around, or had just stopped there a few minutes to see what was going on at Charing Cross and the Cockspur. On the top of Northumberland House is a lion with mouth open and tail extended in rigid rage, so that it is uncertain which way to run, as you know not with which end he will assault you. There are more lions in London than in Numidia. Beef and mutton are liked well by the Englishman, but for regular diet, give him lion.

EUROPEAN HORSES.—European horses look better satisfied than American. They either have more fodder or less drive. The best-kept horses I ever found are in Antwerp. I saw but one lean nag in that city, and that one I think was an emigrant just arrived. When good American horses die, they go to Antwerp.

ST. BERNARD DOGS.—Europeans caress the dog. He may lie on the mat or sit near the table. Among the Alps we had a wretched dinner—not lacking in quantity or variety, but in quality. There was enough of it, such as it was. The eggs had seen their best days, and the mutton must have been good for two or three weeks after they killed it. A Saint

Bernard dog sat near by, petitioning for a morsel. The landlord was out—we saw by the bill of fare we should have high rates to pay—we could do nothing ourselves toward clearing the plates, and so we concluded to feast our friend of Saint Bernard. We threw him half an omelet, assuring him first that the amount we gave him would depend on the agility with which he caught it. Either not understanding French, or being surprised at the generosity of the provision, he let half the omelet fall to the floor, but he lost no time in correcting the failure. We threw him a mutton-chop. With a snap of the eye and a sniff, and a long sweep of the tongue over the jaw, he said by his looks as plainly as if he had spoken with his lips: "I like that better. I never get mutton-chops. I think they will agree with me." When the landlord came in, he suspected that some unusual proceeding had taken place between his guests and the dog, and so he kicked him out of the room. The remaining sin within us suggested our treating the landlord as he had treated the mastiff, but our profession, and more especially the size of the man, restrained us. I left the inn more sorry to leave Bernard than his keeper.

---

PASTOR AND PARISHIONER.—We sat in the country parsonage, on a cold winter day, looking out of our back window toward the house of a neighbor. She was a model of kindness, and a most convenient neighbor to have. It was a rule between us that when either house was in want of anything, it should borrow of the other. The rule worked well for the parsonage,

but rather badly for the neighbor, because, on our side of the fence, we had just begun to keep house, and needed to borrow everything, while we had nothing to lend, except a few sermons, which the neighbor never tried to borrow, from the fact that she had enough of them on Sundays. There is no danger that your neighbor will burn a hole in your new brass kettle if you have none to lend. It will excite no surprise to say that we had an interest in all that happened on the other side of the parsonage-fence, and that any injury inflicted on so kind a woman would rouse our sympathy.

CARLO'S ADVENTURE.—On the wintry morning of which we speak, our neighbor had been making ice-cream but there being some defect in the machinery, the cream had not sufficiently congealed, and so she set the can of the freezer containing the luxury on her back steps, expecting the cold air would completely harden it. What was our dismay to see that our dog Carlo, on whose early education we were expending great care, had taken upon himself the office of ice-cream inspector, and was actually busy with the freezer. We hoisted the window, and shouted at him, but his mind was so absorbed in his undertaking he did not stop to listen. Carlo was a greyhound, thin, gaunt, and long nosed, and he was already making his way on down toward the bottom of the can. His eyes and all his head had disappeared in the depths of the freezer. Indeed, he was so far submerged that when he heard us, with quick and infuriate pace, coming up close behind him, he could not get his head out, and so started with the incum-

brance on his head, in what direction he knew not. No dog was ever in a more embarrassing position—freezer to the right of him, freezer to the left of him, freezer on the top of him, freezer under him. So, thoroughly blinded, he rushed against the fence, then against the side of the house, then against a tree. He barked, as though he thought he might explode the nuisance with loud sound, but the sound was confined in so strange a speaking-trumpet that he could not have known his own voice. His way seemed hedged up. Fright and anger and remorse and shame whirled him about without mercy. A feeling of mirthfulness, which sometimes takes me on most inappropriate occasions, seized me, and I sat down on the ground, powerless at the moment when Carlo most needed help. If I only could have got near enough, I would have put my foot on the freezer, and, taking hold of the dog's tail, dislodged him instantly; but this I was not permitted to do. At this stage of the disaster, my neighbor appeared with a look of consternation, her cap-strings flying in the cold wind. I tried to explain, but the aforesaid untimely hilarity hindered me. All I could do was to point at the flying freezer, and the adjoining dog, and ask her to call off her freezer, and, with assumed indignation, demand what she meant by trying to kill my greyhound. The poor dog's every attempt at escape only wedged himself more thoroughly fast. But after awhile, in time to save the dog, though not to save the ice-cream, my neighbor and myself effected a rescue. Edward Landseer, the great painter of dogs and their friends, missed his best chance by not being there

when the parishioner took hold of the freezer, and the pastor seized the dog's tail, and pulling mightily in opposite directions, they each got possession of their own property. Carlo was cured of his love for luxuries, and the sight of a freezer on the back steps, till the day of his death, would send him howling away.

EASY IN, BUT NOT OUT OF, TROUBLE.—Carlo found, as many people have found, that it is easier to get into trouble than to get out. Nothing could be more delicious than while he was eating his way in, but what must have been his feelings when he found it impossible to get out? While he was stealing the freezer, the freezer stole him.

EVIL COUNSEL.—“Come in!” says the grey spider to the house-fly; “I have entertained a great many flies. I have plenty of room, fine meals, and a gay life. Walk on this suspension-bridge. Give me your hand. Come in, my sweet lady fly. These walls are covered with silk, and the tapestry is gobelin. I am a wonderful creature. I have eight eyes, and of course can see your best interest.” House-fly walks gently in. The web rocks like a cradle in the breeze. The house-fly feels honored to be the guest of such a big spider. We all have regard for big bugs. “But what is this?” cries the fly, pointing to a broken wing, “and this fragment of an insect's foot. There must have been a murder here! Let me go back!” “Ha! Ha!” says the spider. “The gate is looked, the drawbridge is up. I only contracted to bring you in. I cannot afford to let you out. Take a drop of this poison and it will quiet your nerves.

I throw this hook of a fang over your neck to keep you from falling off." Word went back to the house-fly's family, and a choir of great green-bottled insects sang this psalm at the funeral :

" An unfortunate fly a visiting went,  
And in a gossamer web found himself pent."

DOWN AND UP.—The first five years of a dissipated life is comparatively easy, for it is all downhill; but when the man wakes up, and finds his tongue wound with blasphemies, and his eyes swimming in rheum, and the antennæ of vice feeling along his nerves, and the spiderish poison eating through his very life, and he resolves to return, he finds it hard travelling, for it is up-hill, and the fortresses along the road open on him their batteries. We go into sin hop, skip, and jump: we come out of it creeping on all fours. It is smooth all the way there, and rough all the way back. It is ice-cream for Carlo clear down to the bottom of the can, but afterward it is blinded eyes, and sore neck, and great fright. It is only eighteen inches to go into the freezer: it is three miles out. For Robert Burns, it is rich wine, and clapping hands, and carnival all the way going to Edinburgh; but going back, it is worn-out body, and lost estate, and stinging conscience, and broken heart, and a drunkard's grave!

DESIRES *versus* ABILITY.—Carlo had that morning as good a breakfast as any dog need to have. Had he been satisfied all would have been well. But he sauntered out for luxuries. He wanted ice-cream. He got it, but brought upon his head perils and damages. As long as we have reasonable wants,

we get on comfortably, but it is the struggle after luxuries that fills society with distress, and populates prisons, and sends hundreds of people stark mad. Dissatisfied with a plain house, and ordinary apparel, and respectable surroundings, they plunge their heads into enterprises and speculations from which they have to sneak out in disgrace. Thousands of men have sacrificed honor and religion for luxuries, and died with the freezer about their ears. Young Catchem has one horse, but wants six. Lives in a nice house on Thirtieth-street, but wants one on Madison Square. Has one beautiful wife, but wants four. Owns a hundred thousand dollars of Erie stock, but wants a million. Plunges his head into schemes of all sorts, eats his way to the bottom of the can, till he cannot extricate himself, and constables, and sheriffs, and indignant society, which would have said nothing had he been successful, go to pounding him because he cannot get his head out. Our poor old Carlo is dead now. We all cried when we found that he would never frisk again at our coming, nor put up his paw against us. But he lived long enough to preach the sermon about caution and contentment.

**BAD BOOKS.**—However strong and exalted your character, *never read a bad book*. By the time you get through the first chapter you will see the drift. If you find the marks of the hoofs of the devil in the pictures, or in the style, or in the plot, away with it. You may tear your coat, or break a vase, and repair them again, but the point where the rip or fracture took place will always be evident. It takes less than

an hour to do your heart a damage which no time can entirely repair. Look carefully over your child's library ; see what book it is that he reads after he has gone to bed, with the gas turned upon the pillow. Do not always take it for granted that a book is good because it is a Sunday-school book. As far as possible, know *who* wrote it, who illustrated it, who published it, who sold it.

THE WAY TO RUIN IS CHEAP. It costs three dollars to go to Philadelphia ; six dollars to Boston ; thirty-three dollars to Savannah ; but, by the purchase of a bad paper for ten cents, you may get a through ticket to hell, by express, with few stopping-places, and the final halting like the tumbling of the lightning-train down the draw-bridge at Norwalk—sudden, terrific, deathful, never to rise.

O, THE POWER OF AN INIQUITOUS PEN! If a needle puncture the body at a certain point, life is destroyed ; but the pen is a sharper instrument, for with its puncture you may kill the soul. And that very thing many of our acutest minds are to-day doing.

WE ARE ALL SHEPHERDS having large flocks of cares and duties around us, and we must tend them. Men engaged constantly in worldly occupations think if they could only have here and there a secular day with nothing to do they would become better Christians. It is a great mistake. The busiest men are usually the best men.

THE SUGAR IN THE GLASS.—A man laughed at my father for his scrupulous temperance principles,



and said—"I am more liberal than you. I always give my children the sugar in the glass after we have been taking a drink." Three of his sons have died drunkards; and the fourth is imbecile through intemperate habits.

OUR LIFE.—What we do, we had better do right away. The clock ticks now and we hear it. After a while the clock will tick and we shall not hear it. Seated by a country fireside, I saw the fire kindle, blaze, and go out. I gathered up from the hearth enough for profitable reflections. Our life is just like the fire on that hearth. We put on fresh fagots, and the fire bursts through and up and out, gay of flash, gay of crackle—emblem of boyhood. Then the fire reddens into coals. The heat is fiercer; and the more it is stirred, the more it reddens. With sweep of flame it cleaves its way, until all the hearth glows with the intensity—emblem of full manhood. Then comes a whiteness to the coals. The heat lessens. The flickering shadows have died along the wall. The fagots drop apart. The household hover over the expiring embers. The last breath of smoke has been lost in the chimney. The fire is out. Shovel up the white remains. *Ashes!*

IF YOU WOULD SHUN AN IMPURE LIFE, avoid those who indulge in impure conversation. There are many people whose chief mirthfulness is in that line. They are full of innuendo, and phrases of double meaning, and are always picking out of the conversation of decent men something vilely significant. It is astonishing, in company, how many, professing to be *Christians*, will tell vile stories; and that some

Christian women, in their own circles, have no hesitation at the same style of talking. You take a step down hill when, without resistance, you allow any one to put into your ear a vile innuendo. If, forgetting who you are, any man attempts to say such things in your presence, let your better nature assert itself, look the offender full in the face, and ask—"What do you mean by saying such a thing in my presence!" Better allow a man to smite you in the face than to utter such conversation before you.

**UNCLEANNESS IN HIGH LIFE.**—I charge our young men against considering uncleanness more tolerable, because it is sanctioned by the customs, habits, and practices of what is called high life.

**DRUNKENNESS:** Does it not jingle the burglar's key? Does it not whet the assassin's knife? Does it not cock the highwayman's pistol? Does it not wave the incendiary's torch? Has it not sent the physician reeling into the sick-room; and the minister, with his tongue thick, into the pulpit? Did not an exquisite poet, from the very height of reputation, fall, a gibbering sot, into the gutter, on his way to be married to one of the fairest daughters of New England, and at the very hour when the bride was decking herself for the altar; and did he not die of delirium tremens, almost unattended, in a New York hotel? Tamerlane asked for one hundred and sixty thousand skulls, with which to build a pyramid to his own honor. He got the skulls, and built the pyramid. But if the bones of all those who have fallen as a prey to dissipation could be piled up, it would make a monster pyramid. Talk not of

Waterloo and Austerlitz, for they were not fields of blood compared with this great Golgotha.

TWO MEN.—I sketch two men that you know very well. The first graduated from one of our literary institutions. His father, mother, brothers, and sisters were present to see him graduate. They heard the applauding thunders that greeted his speech. They saw the bouquets tossed to his feet. They saw the degree conferred and the diploma given. He never looked so well. Everybody said, "What a noble brow! What a fine eye! What graceful manners! What brilliant prospects!" All the world opens before him and cries, "Hurrah! Hurrah!" Man the second. Lies in the station-house to-night. The doctor has just been sent for to bind up the gashes received in a fight. His hair is matted, and makes him look like a wild beast. His lip is bloody and cut. Who is the battered and bruised wretch that was picked up by the police and carried in drunk, and foul, and bleeding? Did I call him man the second? He is man the *first*! Rum transformed him. Rum destroyed his prospects. Rum disappointed parental expectation. Rum withered those garlands of commencement-day. Rum cut his lip. Rum dashed out his manhood!

SATAN.—Poets and painters have represented Satan as horned and hoofed. If I were a poet I should describe him with manners polished to the last perfection, hair flowing in graceful ringlets, eye a little blood-shot, but floating in bewitching languor; hands soft and diamonded; step light and artistic; voice mellow as a flute; boot elegantly shaped;

conversation facile, carefully toned and Frenchy; breath perfumed until it would seem that nothing had ever touched his lips save balm and myrrh. But his heart I would incase with the scales of a monster, then fill with pride, with beastliness of desire, with recklessness, with hypocrisy, with death. Then I would have him touched with some rod of disenchantment until his two eyes would become the cold orbs of the adder; and on his lip would come the foam of raging intoxication; and to his feet the spring of the panther; and his soft hand should become the clammy hand of a wasted skeleton; while suddenly from his heart would burst in crackling and all-devouring fury the unquenchable flames; and in the affected lisp of his tongue would come the hiss of the worm that never dies. But, until disenchanting, nothing but myrrh, and balm, and ringlet, and diamond, and flute-like voice, and conversation aromatic, facile, and Frenchy.

A PURE LIFE.—O, it is beautiful to see a young man living a life of purity, standing upright where thousands of other young men fall. You will move in honorable circles all your days; and some old friend of your father will meet you and say: "My son, how glad I am to see you look so well. Just like your father, for all the world. I thought you would turn out well when I used to hold you on my knee. Do you ever hear from the old folks?" After a while you yourself will be old, and lean quite heavily on your cane, and take short steps, and hold the book off to the other side of the light. And men will take off their hats in your presence. Your

body, unharmed by early indulgences, will get weaker, only as the sleepy child gets more and more unable to hold up its head, and falls back into its mother's lap: so you shall lay yourself down into the arms of the Christian's tomb, and on the slab that marks the place will be chiselled: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." •

THE INEBRIATE.—How far down need a man go before he becomes an inebriate? Must he fall into the ditch? No! Must he get into a porter-house fight? No! Must he be senseless in the street? Must he have the delirium tremens? No! He may wear satin and fine linen; he may walk with hat scrupulously brushed; may swing a gold-headed cane, and step in boots of French leather, dismount from a carriage, or draw tight rein over a swift, sleek, high-mettled, full-blooded Arabian span, but yet be so thoroughly under the power of strong drink as to be utterly offensive to his Maker, and rotten as a heap of compost.

LIES IN TRADE.—A merchant can, to the last item, be thoroughly honest. There is never any need of falsehood. Yet how many will, day by day, hour by hour, utter what they *know* to be wrong. You say that you are selling at less than cost. If so, then it is right to say it. But did that thing cost you less than what you ask for it? If not, then you have lied. You say that article cost you twenty-five dollars. Did it? If so, then all right. If it did not, then you have lied. Suppose you are a purchaser. You are "beating down" the goods. You say that that article, for

which five dollars is charged, is not worth more than four. Is it worth no more than four dollars? Then all right. If it be worth more, and, for the sake of getting it for less than its value, you wilfully depreciate it, you have lied. *You* may call it a sharp trade. The recording angel writes it down on the ponderous tomes of eternity—"Mr. So and So, merchant on Water street, or in Eighth street, or in State street; or Mrs. So and So, told one lie."

NO LIE INSIGNIFICANT.—You may consider it insignificant, because relating to an insignificant purchase. You would despise the man who would falsify in regard to some great matter, in which the city or the whole country was concerned; but this is only a box of buttons, or a row of pins, or a case of needles. Be not deceived. The article purchased may be so small you can put it in your vest pocket, but the sin was bigger than the Pyramids, and the echo of the dishonor will reverberate through all the mountains of eternity.

CHURCH MUSIC.—I pronounce much of what is called "church music" a mockery and a farce. Though I have neither a cultured voice nor a cultured ear, no man shall do my singing. When the storms and the trees and the dragons are called on to praise the Lord, I feel that I must sing, for I know more about music than do the dragons. Nothing can take the place of artistic music. The dollar that I pay to hear Parepa or Nilsson sing is far from being wasted. But when the hymn is read, and the angels of God stoop from their thrones

to bear up on their wings the praise of the great congregation, let us not drive them away with our indifference.

**SUNDAY RUMSELLING.**—The Sabbath has been sacrificed to the rum traffic. To many of our people the best day of the week is the worst. Bakers must keep their shops closed on the Sabbath; it is dangerous to have loaves of bread going out on Sunday. The shoe-store is closed; severe penalty will attack the man who sells boots on the Sabbath. But down with the window-shutters of the grog shops. Our laws shall confer particular honors upon the rum traffickers. All other traders must stand aside for these. Let our citizens who have disgraced themselves by trading in clothing and hosiery and hardware and lumber and coal, take off their hats to the rumseller, elected to particular honor.

**“REJOICE EVERMORE.”**—True religion does not show itself in the elongation of the face, or the cut of the garb. The Pharisee who puts his religion on his phylactery, has none left for his heart. Fretfulness and complaining are not members of that family of Christian graces which move into the heart when the devil moves out. True Christianity does not frown upon amusements and recreations. Religion is neither a shrew nor a cynic. It chokes no laughter! it quenches no light! it defaces no art! Among the happy it is the happiest. It knows as well how to act on the play-ground as in the church. It may be as graceful in a charade as in the leafing of a psalm-book. It sings as well in Surrey Gardens as it prays in St. Paul's. Christ died that we might live—he

walked that we might ride—he wept that we might laugh.

**THE POST OF DUTY.**—There is no better place from which to see heaven than a carpenter's bench, or a mason's wall, or a merchant's counter, if the heart be right. Elisha was ploughing in the field when the prophetic mantle fell upon him. Matthew was engaged in his custom-house duties when he was commanded to "follow." James and John were busily engaged in mending their nets when called to become fishers of men. Had they been snoring in the sun, Christ would not have brought their indolence into the apostleship. Gideon was at work with a flail on the thrashing-floor when he saw the angel. It was when Saul was with fatigue hunting his father's asses that he got the crown of Israel.

**AS HIS PICTURES.**—A man is no better than the pictures he loves to look at. If your eyes are not pure, your heart cannot be. By a news-stand one can guess the character of a man by the kind of pictorial he purchases. When the devil fails to get a man to read a bad book he sometimes succeeds in getting him to look at a bad picture.

**WE TREAT OUR SINS TOO POLITELY.** We ought to call them by their right names. Sin is abominable. It has tusks and claws, and venom in its bite, and death in its stroke. Mild treatment will not do.

**THE STORY OF BETHLEHEM TEACHES US** that while we are engaged in our occupations, we may behold Divine manifestations. Had the shepherds concluded for that night they would go into the village and



risk their flocks among the wolves, they would not have heard the song of the angels. In other words, he sees most of God and heaven who minds his own business. It is only at our post of duty that we have heavenly exhibitions made unto us.

AROUND THE TEMPLE OF GRACE in the heart let us not plant the weeping-willow and night-shade, but cedars and triumphal palm. Christianity is not a groan, but a song. In a world of sin, and sick-beds and sepulchres, we must have trouble! but Christ breaks through with infinite consolation, and in the darkest night the heavens part with angelic songs.

EVIL PICTURES.—These death-warrants of the soul are at every street corner. They smite the vision of the young with pollution. Many a young man buying a copy has bought his eternal discomfiture. There may be enough poison in one bad picture to poison one soul, and that soul may poison ten, and the ten fifty, and the hundreds thousands, until nothing but the measuring line of eternity can tell the height and depth and ghastliness and horror of the great undoing. The work of death that George Sand does in a whole book the bad engraver may do on half a side of a pictorial.

SELF-CONCEIT.—When men have had a successful season in merchandise they are apt to attribute it to their own acumen or their partners in business. When men have had a successful season of husbandry, they attribute it to the phosphates used, or to the agricultural journal that gave them the right kind of information. How seldom it is that men first of all go to the Lord, who is the owner of the field, and who

presides over all merchandise, and who gives us all our worldly, as well as spiritual, success!

**LORD'S WORK ON THE SABBATH.**—Do you ever recognize the fact that, when you are resting upon the Lord's day, all the processes of nature are being forwarded—that the corn is growing as rapidly, and that God is doing just as much for your worldly interest on the Sabbath as he is on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday?—that your bonds and your mortgages are bringing just as much interest?—that although God has given you a day of rest, he has not taken his hand from your worldly interests?

**SABBATH-BREAKERS.**—How unutterably mean is the behavior of the Sabbath-breaker. It is as though a man had a large estate, and he said to his employés: "Now, I will give you to-day for yourselves—you need not toil a particle;" and then, at the close of the day, the employer should find out that they had been stealing out of the corn-crib, not content with the rest he had given them. Just so those men do who, when God tells them to rest, and gives them an opportunity to rest, employ the hours for their own enjoyment, neglecting, or entirely overlooking, the fact that God all the time on the Sabbath-day is just as busy for them as he is on any other day.

THE END.

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



C046850938

YC151353

