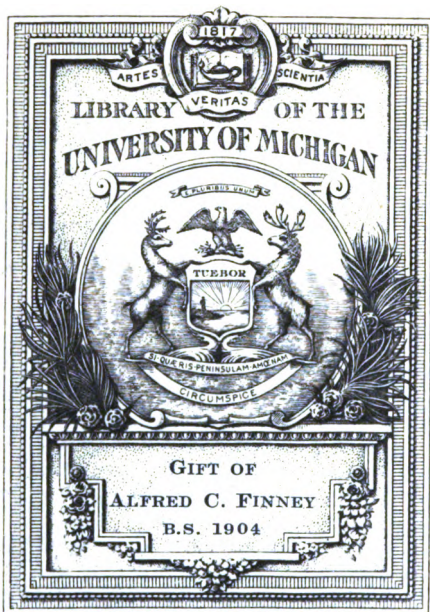


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READY! AY, READY!

—
TALMAGE





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"READY! AY, READY!"

AND OTHER ADDRESSES

BY

Thomas
T. DE WITT TALMAGE

THE WORLD'S KING.

WHAT WERE YOU MADE FOR?

"READY! AY, READY!"

CHRIST THE CREED.

EVERY-DAY RELIGION.

BUSINESS A SCHOOL.

EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYEE.

THE BURDEN-BEARER.

LIFE'S ECHOES.

CROOKED THINGS MADE STRAIGHT.

BLESSED IS DEATH.

THE GREAT HOMESTEAD.

PHILADELPHIA :

HISTORICAL PUBLISHING COMPANY,

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## Preface.

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DR. TALMAGE discourses to teeming millions ; his audiences are nations. No preacher of this or of any previous age, commands or has received that majestic vastness of attention which accompanies the utterances of the Brooklyn divine. His incalculable and colossal influence is an exceedingly impressive fact in contemporary history. That of Dr. Talmage is the most potent voice addressing itself to the religious instruction of the people to-day ; and the people, in increasing myriads, gladly listen to the message it brings them.

Nobody cares to know or to inquire what is the denomination or church of the world-famous preacher, and comparatively few persons know that the most cheerful and liberal-minded of popular divines is a Presbyterian. Sufficient it be to know that this man has a message to deliver from and in the name of the Father of all—a paternal message for the unfortunate, for the miserable, for the weary, for the sin-laden and no less one for the



avored, the gay, the revellers in the possession of this world's bounties, who need it less than those, or think so. His message is for everybody his words can reach, in any form and in any language—a message simple, clear, unmistakable, and delivered with the consummate force of rhetoric absolutely natural to the messenger. Dr. Talmage in the pulpit is a voice intent only upon telling his message in the straightest and most effective way; but never preacher more variously interesting, nor one more captivating, because of the striking originality of his powers. All that he knows, sees, and experiences utilized as material to support his purpose to teach the cardinal truths of the Christian religion in the most forcible and convincing way, his work is characterized by a felicitous variety of illustration and reference, and his original strength as an orator "born not made" is increased with the wealth of his growing knowledge and the deep impressions wrought by his comprehensive interest in human nature and affairs. His materials are disposed with the strong hand of the master genius. The utterances of the man cannot be judged

of properly by an artificial standard: they must be taken as they are—wondrously diversified and unequal, such as only their author can speak, and while never failing of his purpose to convey his meaning both exactly and with power, presenting to the admiration of the most exacting critic, specimens not a few of the highest art in expression, the more appreciated because so obviously spontaneous and unconscious.

Circumstances favored the development of Dr. Talmage's genius for preaching to the people, of whom he is one. He would be the last man in the world to cover up what indeed he makes avowedly subservient to evangelical use—the struggles in life of his worthy parents, with small means and much sickness of the head of the household; but how excellent the stock and the training which gave to the world Dr. Talmage and his preaching brothers, these, by the way, all good and useful men, above the average of ministers in gifts and attainments. Much of the domestic pathos and shrewed, homely wisdom of the Doctor's preaching is due to his early life on the New Jersey farm.

His religious convictions and experiences rest on the simple and comprehensive propositions, that man needs a Saviour, and that a Saviour has been provided for man's need, and one to save all who desire to be saved. The infinite love thus adequate to man's religious necessities is concerned also with fatherly solicitude in all things, in even the least thing, which pertain to man now and hereafter. Divinely sufficient the provision for human well-being and happiness on God's side, obedience to the imperative demands of moral obligation rests on man, and this fulfilled by the community generally there would be an end in their certain and easy solution of those great problems, social and other, which vex the thinker and distress the statesman.

The addresses to which the reader is introduced work out an obvious plan in a symmetrical and orderly way. Duty and privilege are taught throughout in a manner which appeals to universal experience. Dr. Talmage is at his best in "Ready! Ay, Ready!" which, we believe, will prove to be one of his most popular and useful books.

THE PUBLISHERS.

## THE WORLD'S KING.

---

**L**ET me tell you in a few minutes the whole story of creation. Before we crown man we must have a stage on which to crown him. I am going to tell you what God did in one week. Cosmogony, geology, astronomy, ornithology, ichthyology, botany, anatomy, are such vast subjects that no human life is long enough to explore or comprehend any one of them. But I have thought I might in an unusual way tell you a little of what God did in one week and that the first week. And whether you make it a week of days or a week of ages, I care not, for I shall reach the same practical result of reverence and worship.

The first Monday morning found swinging in space the piled-up lumber of rocks and metal and soil and water from which the earth was to be builded. God made up His mind to

create a human family and they must have a house to live in. But where? Not a roof, not a wall, not a door, not a room was fit for human occupancy. There is not a pile of black basalt in Yellowstone Park or an extinct volcano in Honolulu so inappropriate for human residence as was this globe at that early period. Moreover, there was no human architect to draw a plan, no quarryman to blast the foundation stones, no carpenter to hew out a beam, and no mason to trowel a wall. Poor prospect! But the time was coming when a being called man was to be constructed and he was to have a bride; and where he could find a homestead to which he could take her must have been a wonderment to angelic intelligences. There had been earthquakes enough, and volcanoes enough, and glaciers enough, but earthquakes, and volcanoes, and glaciers destroy instead of build. A worse looking world than this never swung. It was heaped up deformities, scarifications,

and monstrosities. The Bible says it was without form. That is, it was not round, it was not square, it was not octagonal, it was not a rhomboid. God never did take any one into His counsels, but if He had asked some angel about the attempt to turn this planet into a place for human residence, the angel would have said, "No, no; try some other world; the crevices of this earth are too deep; its crags are too appalling; its darkness is too thick." But Monday morning came. I think it was a spring morning and about half past four o'clock. The first thing needed was light. It was not needed for God to work by, for He can work as well in the darkness. But light may be necessary, for angelic intelligences are to see in its full glory the process of world-building. But where are the candles, where are the candelabra, where is the chandelier? No rising sun will roll in the morning, for if the sun is already created its light will not yet reach the earth in three days. No

moon or stars can brighten this darkness. The moon and stars are not born yet, or, if created, their light will not reach the earth for some time yet. But there is need of immediate light. Where shall it come from? Desiring to account for things in a natural way you say, and reasonably say, that heat and electricity throw out light independently of the sun, and that the metallic bases throw out light independently of the sun, and that alkalies throw out light independently of the sun. Oh, yes; all that is true, but I do not think that this is the way light was created. The record makes me think that, standing over this earth that spring morning, God looked upon the darkness that palled the heights of this world, and the chasms of it, and the awful reaches of it, and uttered, whether in the Hebrew of earth, or some language celestial I know not, that word which stands for the subtle, bright, glowing, and all-pervading fluid, that word which thrills and garlands and lifts everything

it touches, that word the full meaning of which all the chemists of the ages have busied themselves in exploring, that word which suggests a force that flies one hundred and ninety thousand miles in a second, and by undulations seven hundred and twenty-seven trillions in a second, that one word God utters—Light! And instantly the darkness began to shimmer, and the thick folds of blackness to lift, and there were scintillations, and coruscations, and flashes, and a billowing up of splendence, and in great sheets it spread out Northward, Southward, Eastward, Westward, and a radiance filled the atmosphere until it could hold no more of the brilliance. Light now to work by while supernatural intelligences look on. Light, the first chapter of the first day of the week. Light, the joy of all the centuries. Light, the greatest blessing that ever touched the human eye. The robe of the Almighty is woven out of it, for He covers Himself with light as with a garment. Oh! blessed light!



I am so glad this was the first thing created that week. Good thing to start every week with is light. That will make our work easier. That will keep our disposition more radiant. That will hinder even our losses from becoming too sombre. Give us more light, natural light, intellectual light, spiritual light, everlasting light. For lack of it the body stumbles and the soul stumbles. Oh, thou Father of Lights, give us light! The great German philosopher in his last moment said, "I want more light." A minister of Christ recently dying cried out in exultation, "I move into the light!" Mr. Toplady, the immortal hymnologist, in his expiring moments exclaimed, "Light! Light!" Heaven itself is only more light. Upon all superstition, upon all ignorance, upon all sorrow, let in the light. But now the light of the first Monday is receding. The blaze is going out. The colors are dimming. Only part of the earth's surface is visible. It is six o'clock, seven o'clock,

eight o'clock; obscuration and darkness. It is Monday night. "And the evening and the morning were the first day."

Now it is Tuesday morning. A delicate and tremendous undertaking is set apart for this day. There was a great superabundance of water. God by the wave of His hand this morning gathers part of it in suspended reservoirs and part of it He orders down into the rivers, and lakes, and seas. How to hang whole Atlantic Oceans in the clouds without their spilling over, except in right quantities and at right times, was an undertaking that no one but Omnipotence would have dared. But God does it as easily as you would lift a glass of water. There He hoists two clouds each thirty miles wide and five miles high, and balances them. Here He lifts the cirrus clouds and spreads them out in great white banks as though it had been snowing in heaven. And the cirro-stratus clouds in long parallel lines so straight you know an infinite

geometer has drawn them. Clouds which are the armory from which thunder storms get their bayonets of fire. Clouds which are oceans on the wing. No wonder, long after this first Tuesday of Creation week, Elihu confounded Job with the question, "Dost thou know the balancings of the clouds?" Half of this Tuesday work done, the other half is the work of compelling the waters to lie down in their destined places. So God picks up the solid ground and packs it up into five elevations which are the continents. With His finger He makes deep depressions in them, and these are the lakes, while at the piling up of the Alleghenies and Sierra Nevadas and Pyrenees and Alps and Himalayas the rest of the waters start by the law of gravitation to the lower places, and in their run down-hill become the rivers, and then all around the earth these rivers come into convention and become oceans beneath, as the clouds are oceans above. How soon the rivers

got to their places when God said, "Hudson and James and Amazon, down to the Atlantic; Oregon and Sacramento down to the Pacific." Three-quarters of the earth being water and only one-quarter being land, nothing but Almightyness could have caged the three-fourths so that they could not devour the one-fourth. Thank God for water and plenty of it. What a hint that God would have the human race very clean : three-fourths of the world water. Pour it through the homes and make them pure. Pour it through the prisons and make their occupants moral. Pour it through the streets and make them healthy. There are several thousand people asleep in Greenwood, who, but for the filthy streets of Brooklyn and New York, would have been to-day well and in churches. Moreover, there never was a filthy street that remained a moral street. How important an agency of reform water is, was illustrated by the fact that when the ancient world got outrageously wicked, it

was plunged into the Deluge and kept under for months till its iniquity was soaked out of it. But I rejoice that on the first Tuesday of the world's existence the water was taught to know its place, and the Mediterranean lay down at the feet of Europe, and the Gulf of Mexico lay down at the feet of North America, and Geneva lay down at the feet of the Alps, and Scroon Lake fell to sleep in the lap of the Adirondacks. "And the evening and the morning were the second day."

Now it is Wednesday morning of the world's first week. Gardening and horticulture will be born to-day. How queer the hills look, and so unattractive they seem hardly worth having been made. But now all the surfaces are changing color. Something beautiful is creeping all over them. It has the color of emerald. Ay, it is herbage. Hail to the green grass, God's favorite color and God's favorite plant, as I judge from the fact that He makes a larger number of them than of

anything else. But look yonder! Something starts out of the ground and goes higher up, higher and higher, and spreads out broad leaves. It is a palm tree. Yonder is another growth, and its leaves hang far down, and it is a willow tree. And yonder is a growth with mighty sweep of branches. And here they come—the pear and the apple, and the peach and the pomegranate, and groves and orchards and forests, their shadows and their fruit girdling the earth. We are pushing agriculture and fruit culture to great excellence in the nineteenth century, but we have nothing now to equal what I see on this first Wednesday of the world's existence. I take a taste of one of the apples this Wednesday morning, and I tell you it mingles in its juices all the flavors of Spitzbergen and Newtown pippin and Rhode Island greening and Danvers winter sweet and Roxbury russet and Hubbardston none such, but added to all, and overpowering all other flavors is the Paradis-

iacal juice that all the orchards of the nineteenth century fail to reach. I take a taste of the pear, and it has all the luxury of the three thousand varieties of the nineteenth century; all the Seckel and the Bartlett of the pomological gardens of later times, an acidity compared with it. And the grapes! Why, this one cluster has in it the richness of whole vineyards of Catawbas and Concords and Isabellas. Fruits of all colors, of all odors, of all flavors. No hand of man yet made to pluck it or tongue to taste it. The banquet for the human race is being spread before the arrival of the first guest. In the fruit of that garden was the seed for the orchards and gardens of the Hemispheres. Notice that the first thing that God made for food was fruit, and plenty of it. Slaughter houses are of later invention. Far am I from being a vegetarian, but an almost exclusive meat diet is depraving. Savages confine themselves almost exclusively to animal food, and

that is one reason that they are savages. Give your children more apples and less mutton. The world will have to give dominance to the fruit diet of Paradise before it gets back to the morals of Paradise. May God's blessing come down on the orchards and vineyards of America, and keep back the frosts and the curculio. But we must not forget that it is Wednesday evening in Eden, and upon that perfect fruit of those perfect trees let the curtain drop. "And the evening and the morning were the third day."

Now it is Thursday morning of the world's first week. Nothing will be created to-day. The hours will be passed in scattering fogs and mists and vapors. The atmosphere must be swept clean. Other worlds are to hove in sight. This little ship of the earth has seemed to have all the ocean of immensity to itself. But mightier craft are to be hailed to-day on the high seas of space. First, the moon's white sail appears and does very well until



the sun bursts upon the scene. The light that on the previous three mornings was struck from an especial word now gathers in the sun, moon, and stars. One for the day the others for the night. It seemed as if they all had been created within twenty-four hours. Ah, this is a great time in the world's first week. The moon, the nearest neighbor to our earth, appears, her photograph to be taken in the nineteenth century, when the telescope shall bring her within one hundred and twenty miles of New York. And the sun now appears, afterward to be found eight hundred and eighty-eight thousand miles in diameter, and, put in astronomical scales, to be found to weigh nearly four hundred thousand times heavier than our earth; a mighty furnace, its heat kept up by meteors pouring into it as fuel, a world devouring other worlds with its jaws of flame. And the stars come out, those street lamps of heaven, those keys of pearl, upon which God's fingers play the music of

the spheres. How bright they look on this Oriental evening. Constellations! Galaxies! What a twenty-four hours of this first week—solar, lunar, stellar appearances. All this Thursday and the adjoining nights employed in pulling aside the curtain of vapor from these flushed or pale-faced worlds. Enough! “And the evening and the morning were the fourth day.”

Now it is Friday morning in the first week of the world's existence. Water, but not a fin swimming it; air, but not a wing flying it. It is a silent world. Can it be that it was made only for vegetables? But, hark! There is a swirl and a splashing in all the four rivers of Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates. They are all a-swim with life, some darting like arrows through split crystal, and others quiet in dark pools like shadows. Everything, from spotted trout to behemoth; all colored, all shaped, the ancestors of finny tribes that shall by their wonders of construc-

tion confound the Agassizs, the Cuviers, and the Linnæuses, and the ichthyologists of the more than six thousand years following this Friday of the first week. And while I stand on the banks of these Paradisiacal rivers watching these finny tribes, I hear a whirr in the air, and I look up and behold wings—wings of larks, robins, doves, eagles, flamingoes, albatrosses, brown threshers. Creatures of all color, blue as if dipped in the skies, fiery as if they had flown out of the sunsets, golden as if they had taken their morning bath in buttercups. And while I am studying the colors, they begin to carol and chirp and coo and twitter and run up and down the scales of a music that they must have heard at heaven's gate. Yes. I find them in Paradise on this the first Friday afternoon of the world's existence. And I sit down on the bank of the Euphrates, and the murmur of the river, together with the chant of birds in the sky, puts me into a state of somnolence.

“And the evening and the morning were the fifth day.”

Now it is Saturday morning of the world's first week and with this day the week closes. But oh, what a climacteric day! The air has its population and the water its population. Yet the land has not one inhabitant. But here they come, by the voice of God created! Horses grander than those which in after time Job will describe as having neck clothed with thunder. Cattle enough to cover a thousand hills. Sheep shepherded by Him who made for them the green pastures. Cattle superior to the Alderneys and Ayrshires and Devonshires of after times. Leopards so beautiful, we are glad they cannot change their spots. Lions without their fierceness, and all the quadruped world, so gentle, so sleek, so perfect. Look out how you treat this animal creation, whether they walk the earth or swim the waters or fly the air. Do you not notice that God gave them precedence of

the human race? They were created Friday and Saturday mornings, as man was created Saturday afternoon. They have a right to be here. He who galls a horse, or exposes a cow to the storm, or beats a dog, or mauls a cat, or gambles at the pigeon-shooting, or tortures an insect, will have to answer for it in the Judgment Day. You may console yourself that these creatures are not immortal and they cannot appear against you, but the God who made these creatures and who saw the wrong you did them, will be there. Better look out, you stock-raisers and railroad companies who bring the cattle on trains without food or water for three or four days in hot weather, a long groan of agony from Omaha to New York. Better look out, you farmer riding behind that limping horse with a nail that the blacksmith drove into the quick. Better look out, you boys stoning bull frogs, and turning turtles upside down, and robbing birds' nests.

But something is wanting in Paradise and the week is almost done. Who is there to pluck the flowers of this Edenic lawn? Who is there to command these worlds of quadruped and fish and bird? For whom has God put back the curtain from the face of sun and moon and star? The world wants an emperor and empress. It is Saturday afternoon. No one but the Lord Almighty can originate a human being. In the world where there are in the latter part of the nineteenth century over fourteen hundred million people, a human being is not a curiosity. But how about the first human eye that was ever kindled, the first human ear that was ever opened, the first human lung that ever breathed, the first human heart that ever beat, the first human life ever constructed? That needed the origination of a God. He had no model to work by. What stupendous work for a Saturday afternoon. He must originate a style of human heart through which all the blood in

the body must pass every three minutes. He must make that heart so strong that it can during each day lift what would be equal to one hundred and twenty tons of weight, and it must be so arranged as to beat over thirty-six million times every year. About five hundred muscles must be strung in the right place, and at least two hundred and fifty bones constructed. Into this body must be put at least nine million nerves. Over three thousand perspiring pores must be made for every inch of fleshly surface. The human voice must be so constructed it shall be capable of producing seventeen trillion five hundred and ninety-two billion one hundred and eighty-six million forty-four thousand four hundred and fifteen sounds. But all this the most insignificant part of the human being. The soul. Ah, the construction of that God Himself would not be equal to if He were any the less of a God. Its understanding, its will, its memory, its conscience, its capacities of en-

joyment or suffering, its immortality. What a work for a Saturday afternoon. Ay! Before night there were to be two such human and yet immortal beings constructed. The woman as well as the man was formed Saturday afternoon. Because a deep sleep fell upon Adam and by divine surgery a portion of his side was removed for the nucleus of another creation, it has been supposed that perhaps days and nights passed between the masculine and feminine creations. But no! Adam was not three hours unmated. If a physician can by anæsthetics put one into a deep sleep in three minutes, God certainly could have put Adam into a profound sleep in a short while that Saturday afternoon and made the deep and radical excision without causing distress. By a manipulation of the dust, the same hand that moulded the mountains moulded the features and moulded the limbs of the father of the human race. But his eyes did not see, and his nerves did not



feel, and his muscles did not move, and his lungs did not breathe, and his heart did not pulsate. A perfect form he lay along the earth, symmetrical and of God-like countenance. Magnificent piece of divine carpentry and omnipotent sculpturing, but no vitality. A body without a soul. Then the source of all life stooped to the inanimate nostril and lip, and, as many a skilful and earnest physician has put his lips to a patient in comatose state and breathed into his mouth and nostril and at the same time compressed the lungs, until that which was artificial respiration became natural respiration, so methinks God breathed into this cold sculpture of a man the breath of life, and the heart begins to tramp, and the lungs to inhale, and the eyes to open, and the entire form to thrill, and with the rapture of a life just come, the prostrate being leaps to his feet—a man! But the scene of this Saturday is not yet done, and in the atmosphere, drowsy with the breath of flowers,

and the song of bobolinks and robin-red-breasts, the man slumbers, and by anæsthetics, divinely administered, the slumber deepens until without the oozing of one drop of blood at the time, or the faintest scar afterward, that portion is removed from his side which is to be built up the Queen of Paradise, the daughter of the great God, the mother of the human race, the benediction of all ages, woman the wife, afterward woman the mother. And as the two join hands and stroll down along the banks of the Euphrates toward a bower of mignonette and wild rose and honeysuckle, and are listening to the call of the whip-poor-will from the aromatic thickets, the sun sinks beneath the horizon. "And the evening and the morning were the sixth day."

What do you think of that one week's work? I review it not for entertainment, but because I would have you join in David's Doxology: "Great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty;" because I want

you to know what a homestead our Father built for His children at the start, though sin has despoiled it; and because I want you to know how the world will look again when Christ shall have restored it, swinging now between two Edens; because I want you to realize something of what a mighty God He is and the utter folly of trying to war against Him; because I want you to make peace with this chief of the universe through the Christ who mediates between offended omnipotence and human rebellion; because I want you to know how fearfully and wonderfully you are made, your body as well as your soul an omnipotent achievement; because I want you to realize that order reigns throughout the universe, and that God's watches tick to the second, and that His clocks strike regularly, though they strike once in a thousand years. A learned man once asked an old Christian man who had no advantages of schooling, why he believed there was a God, and the good old

man, who probably had never heard an argument on the subject in all his life, made this noble reply: "Sir, I have been here going hard upon fifty years. Every day since I have been in this world I see the sun rise in the East and set in the West. The North Star stands where it did the first time I saw it; the Seven Stars and Job's Orion keep on the same path in the sky and never turn out. It isn't so with man's work. He makes clocks and watches; they may run well for a while, but they get out of fix and stand stock still. But the sun and the moon and stars keep on this same way all the while. The heavens declare the glory of God." Yea, I speak this, because I want you to walk in appreciation of Addison's sublime sentiment when he writes:

The spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.

In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice;  
For ever singing, as they shine,  
"The hand that made us is divine."

## WHAT WERE YOU MADE FOR ?

---

**T**HERE is too much divine skill shown in the physical, mental, and moral constitution of the ordinary human being to suppose that he was constructed without any divine purpose. If you take me out on some vast plain and show me a pillared temple surmounted by a dome like St. Peter's, and having a floor of precious stones, and arches that must have taxed the brain of the greatest draughtsman to design, and walls scrolled and niched and paneled and wainscoted and painted, and I should ask you what this building was put up for, and you answered, "For nothing at all," how could I believe you? And it is impossible for me to believe that any ordinary human being who has in his muscular, nervous, and cerebral organization more wonders than Christopher Wren lifted in St.

Paul's, or Phidias ever chiseled on the Acropolis, and built in such a way that it shall last long after St. Paul's Cathedral is as much a ruin as the Parthenon—that such a being was constructed for no purpose, and to execute no mission, and without any divine intention toward some end. I wish to help you to find out what you are made for, and help you find your sphere, and assist you into that condition where you can say with certainty and emphasis and enthusiasm and triumph : “To this end was I born.”

I discharge you from all responsibility for most of your environments. You are not responsible for your parentage, or grand-parentage. You are not responsible for any of the cranks that may have lived in your ancestral line, and who a hundred years before you were born may have lived a style of life that more or less affects you to-day. You are not responsible for the fact that your temperament is sanguine, or melancholic, or bilious, or lym-

phatic, or nervous. Neither are you responsible for the place of your nativity, whether among the granite hills of New England, or the cotton plantations of Louisiana, or on the banks of the Clyde, or the Dnieper, or the Shannon, or the Seine. Neither are you responsible for the religion taught in your father's house, or the irreligion. Do not bother yourself about what you cannot help, or about circumstances that you did not decree. Take things as they are, and decide the question so that you shall be able safely to say, "To this end was I born." How will you decide it? By direct application to the only Being in the universe who is competent to tell you—the Lord Almighty. Do you know the reason why He is the only one who can tell? Because He can see everything between your cradle and your grave, though the grave be eighty years off. And besides that, He is the only being who can see what has been happening for the last five hundred

years in your ancestral line, and for thousands of years clear back to Adam, and there is not one person in all that ancestral line of six thousand years but has somehow affected your character, and even old Adam himself will sometimes turn up in your disposition. The only Being who can take all things that pertain to you into consideration is God, and He is the one you can ask. Life is so short we have no time to experiment with occupations and professions. The reason we have so many dead failures is that parents decide for children what they shall do, or children themselves, wrought on by some whim or fancy, decide for themselves without any imploration of divine guidance. So we have now in pulpits men making sermons who ought to be in blacksmith shops making plowshares, and we have in the law those who instead of ruining the cases of their clients ought to be pounding shoe lasts, and doctors who are the worst hindrances to their patients' convalescence, and



artists trying to paint landscapes who ought to be whitewashing board fences ; while there are others making bricks who ought to be remodeling constitutions, or shoving planes who ought to be transforming literatures. Ask God about what worldly business you shall undertake until you are so positive you can in earnestness smite your hand on your plow handle, or your carpenter's bench, or your Blackstone's Commentaries, or your medical dictionary, or your Doctor Dick's Didactic Theology, saying, "For this end was I born."

There are children who early develop natural affinities for certain styles of work. When the father of the astronomer Forbes was going to London, he asked his children what present he should bring each one of them. The boy who was to be an astronomer, cried out, "Bring me a telescope!" And there are children whom you find all by themselves drawing on their slates, or on paper, ships or houses or birds, and you know they are to be

draughtsmen or artists of some kind. And you find others ciphering out difficult problems with rare interest and success, and you know they are to be mathematicians. And others making wheels and strange contrivances, and you know they are going to be machinists. And others are found experimenting with hoe and plow and sickle, and you know they will be farmers. And others are always swapping jack-knives or balls or bats and making something by the bargain, and they are going to be merchants. When Abbe de Rance had so advanced in studying Greek that he could translate Anacreon at twelve years of age, there was no doubt left that he was intended for a scholar. But in almost every lad there comes a time when he does not know what he was made for, and his parents do not know, and it is a crisis that God only can decide. Then there are those born for some especial work, and their fitness does not develop until quite late. When Philip Doddridge, whose

sermons and books have harvested uncounted souls for glory, began to study for the ministry, Dr. Calamy, one of the wisest and best men, advised him to turn his thoughts to some other work. Isaac Barrow, the eminent clergyman and Christian scientist—his books standard now though he has been dead over two hundred years—was the disheartenment of his father, who used to say that if it pleased God to take any of his children away he hoped it might be his son Isaac. So some of those who have been characterized for their stupidity in boyhood or girlhood, have turned out the mightiest benefactors or benefactresses of the human race. These things being so, am I not right in saying that in many cases God only knows what is the most appropriate thing for you to do, and He is the one to ask? And let all parents, and all schools, and all universities, and all colleges recognize this, and a large number of those who spent their best years in stumbling about among busi-

nesses and occupations, now trying this and now trying that, and failing in all, would be able to go ahead with a definite, decided and tremendous purpose, saying, "To this end was I born."

But my subject now mounts into the momentous. Let me say that you are made for usefulness and heaven. I judge this from the way you are built. You go into a shop where there is only one wheel turning and that by a workman's foot on a treadle, and you say to yourself, "Here is something good being done, yet on a smaller scale;" but if you go into a factory covering many acres, and you find thousands of bands pulling on thousands of wheels, and shuttles flying, and the whole scene bewildering with activities, driven by water, or steam, or electric power, you conclude that the factory was put up to do great work and on a vast scale. Now, I look at you, and if I should find that you had only one faculty of body, only one muscle, only

one nerve, if you could see but could not hear, or could hear and not see, if you had the use of only one foot or one hand, and, as to your higher nature, if you had only one mental faculty, and you had memory but no judgment, or judgment but no will, and if you had a soul with only one capacity, I would say not much is expected of you. But stand up, O man, and let me look you squarely in the face. Eyes capable of seeing everything. Ears capable of hearing everything. Hands capable of grasping everything. Mind with more wheels than any factory ever turned, more power than Corliss engine ever moved. A soul that will outlive all the universe except heaven, and would outlive all heaven if the life of other immortals were a moment short of the eternal. Now, what has the world a right to expect of you? What has God a right to demand of you? God is the greatest of economists in the universe, and he makes nothing use-

lessly, and for what purpose did he build your body, mind, and soul as they are built? There are only two beings in the universe who can answer that question. The angels do not know. The schools do not know. Your kindred cannot certainly know. God knows, and you ought to know. A factory running at an expense of \$500,000 a year, and turning out goods worth seventy cents a year would not be such an incongruity as you, O man, with such semi-infinite equipment doing nothing, or next to nothing, in the way of usefulness. "What shall I do?" you ask. My brethren, my sisters, do not ask me. Ask God. There's some path of Christian usefulness open. It may be a rough path, or it may be a smooth path, a long path, or a short path. It may be on a mount of conspicuity, or in a valley unobserved, but it is a path on which you can start with such faith and such satisfaction and such certainty that you can cry out in the face of earth and hell and heaven, "To this end was I born."

## "READY! AY, READY!"

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**W**HAT are the causes of laziness and what are its evil results? I knew a man who was never up to time. It seemed impossible for him to meet an engagement. When he was to be married he missed the train. His watch seemed to take on the habits of its owner, and was always too slow. He had a constitutional lethargy for which he did not seem responsible. So indolence often arises from the natural temperament. I do not know but there is a constitutional tendency to this vice in every man. However active you may generally be, have you not on some warm spring day felt a touch of this feeling on you, although you may have shaken it off as you would a reptile? But some are so powerfully tempted to this by their bodily constitution that all the work of their life has been accomplished with this lethargy hanging on their back or treading on their heels.

You sometimes behold it in childhood. The child moping and lounging within doors while his brothers and sisters are at play, or if he join them he is behind in every race and beaten in every game. His nerves, his muscles, his bones are smitten with this palsy. He vegetates rather than lives, creeps rather than walks, yawns rather than breathes. The animal in his nature is stronger than the intellectual. He is generally a great eater and active only when he cannot digest what he has eaten. It requires as much effort for him to walk as for others to run. Languor and drowsiness are his natural inheritance. He is built for a slow sailing vessel, a heavy hulk and an insufficient cutwater. Place an active man in such a bodily structure and the latter would be shaken to pieces in one day. Every law of physiology demands that he be supine. Such a one is not responsible for this powerful tendency of his nature. His great duty is resistance.



When I see a man fighting an unfortunate temperament all my sympathies are aroused, and I think of Victor Hugo's account of a scene on a warship, where, in the midst of a storm at sea, a great cannon got loose, and it was crashing this way and that and would have destroyed the ship; and the chief gunner, at the almost certain destruction of his own life, rushed at it with a handspike to thrust between the spokes of the wheel of the rolling cannon, and by a fortunate leverage arrested the gun till it could be lashed fast. But that struggle did not seem so disheartening as that man enters upon who attempts to fight his natural temperament, whether it be too fast or too slow, too nervous or too lymphatic. God help him, for God only can.

Indolence is often the result of easy circumstances. Rough experience in earlier life seems to be necessary in order to make a man active and enterprising. Mountaineers are nearly always swarthy, and those who have

toiled among mountains of trouble get the most nerve and muscle and brain. Those who have become the deliverers of nations, once had not where to lay their heads. Locusts and wild honey have been the fare of many a John the Baptist, while those who have been fondled of fortune and petted and praised have often grown up lethargic.

They have none of that heroism which comes from fighting one's own battles. The warm summer sun of prosperity has weakened and relaxed them. Born among the luxuries of life exertion has been unnecessary, and therefore they spend their time in taking it easy. They may enter into business, but they are unfitted for its application, its hardships, for its repulses, and after having lost the most of that which they have invested, go back to thorough inaction. This costly yacht may do well enough on the smooth, glassy bay, but cannot live an hour amid a chopping sea.

Another cause of indolence is severe dis-

couragement. There are those around us who started life with the most sanguine expectation. Their enterprise excited the remark of all compeers. But some sudden and overwhelming misfortune met them, and henceforth they have been inactive. Trouble, instead of making them more determined, has overthrown them. They have lost all self-reliance. They imagine that all men and all occurrences are against them. They hang their heads where once they walked upright. They never look you up in the eyes. They become misanthropic and pronounce all men liars and scoundrels. They go melancholic and threadbare to their graves. You cannot rouse them to action by the most glittering offer.

In most cases these persons have been honorable and upright all their lives, for rogues never get discouraged, as there is always some other plot they have not laid and some other trap they have not sprung. There are but few sadder sights than a man of talent and

tact and undoubted capacity giving up life as a failure, like a line of magnificent steamers rotting against wharves, from which they ought to have been carrying the exportations of a nation. Every great financial panic produces a large crop of such men. In the great establishments where they were partners in business they are now weighers or draymen or clerks on small salary.

Reverie is also a cause for indolence. There are multitudes of men who expect to achieve great success in life, who are entirely unwilling to put forth any physical, moral, or intellectual effort. They have a great many eloquent theories of life. They are all the while expecting something to turn up. They pass their life in dreaming. They have read in light literature how men suddenly and unexpectedly came to large estates, or found a pot of buried gold at the foot of the rainbow of Good Luck, or had some great offer made them. They have passed their lives in reverie.

Notwithstanding he is pinched with poverty and any other man would be downcast at the forlorn prospect, he is always cheerful and sanguine and jovial, for he does not know but that he may be within a day or two of astounding success. You cannot but be entertained with his cheerfulness of temper. All the world wishes him well, for he never did anybody any harm. At last he dies in just the same condition in which he lived, sorrowful only because he must leave the world just at the time when his long thought of plans were about to be successful.

Let no young man begin life with reverie. There is nothing accomplished without hard work. Do not in idleness expect something to turn up. It will turn down. Indolence and wickedness always make bad luck. These people of reverie are always about to begin. They say, “Wait a little.” So with the child who had a cage containing a beautiful canary, and the door of the cage was open, and a cat

was in the room. “Better shut the door of the cage,” said the mother. “Wait a minute,” said the boy. While he was waiting the feline creature with one spring took the canary. The way that many lose the opportunity of a lifetime is by the same principle. They say, “Wait a minute.” My advice is not to wait at all.

Bad habits are a fruitful source of indolence. Sinful indulgences shut a man’s shop and dull his tools and steal his profits. Dissoluteness is generally the end of industry. There are those who have the rare faculty of devoting occasionally a day or a week to loose indulgences, and at the expiration of that time go back with bleared eyes and tremulous hands and bloated cheeks to the faithful and successful performance of their duties. Indeed their employers and neighbors expect this amusement or occasional season of frolic and wassail.

Some of the best workmen and most skillful artisans have this mode of conducting

themselves, but as the time rolls on the season of dissipation becomes more protracted and the season of steadiness and sobriety more limited, until the employers become disgusted and the man is given up to a continual and ruinous idleness. When that point has arrived he rushes to destruction with astonishing velocity. When a man with wrong proclivities of appetite has nothing to do, no former self-respect or moral restraint or the beseechings of kindred can save him. The only safety for a man who feels himself under the fascination of any form of temptation is an employment which affords neither recreation nor holiday.

Nothing can be more unfortunate for a man of evil inclination than an occupation which keeps him exceedingly busy during a part of the year and then leaves him for weeks and months entirely unemployed. There are many men who cannot endure protracted leisure. They are like fractious steeds that must constantly be kept to the load, for a week's quiet

makes them intractable and uncontrollable. Bad habits produce idleness and idleness produces bad habits. The probability is that you will either have to give up your loose indulgences or else give up your occupation. Sin will take all enthusiasm out of your work and make you sick of life's drudgery, and though now and then between your seasons of dissipation you may rouse up to a sudden activity and start again in the chase of some high and noble end, even though you catch the game you will sink back into slothfulness before you have roasted that which you took in hunting. Bad habits unfit a man for everything but politics.

Now, what are the results of indolence? A marked consequence of this vice is physical disease. The healthiness of the whole natural world depends upon activity. The winds, tossed and driven in endless circuits, scattering the mists from the mountains, and scooping out death damps from the caves, and



blasting the miasma of swamps, and hurling back the fetid atmosphere of great cities, are healthy just because of their swiftness and uncontrollableness of sweep. But after a while, the wind falls and the hot sun pours through it, and when the leaves are still and the grain fields bend not once all day long, then pestilence smites its victims and digs trenches for the dead.

The fountain, born far up in the wild wood of the mountain, comes down brighter for every obstacle against which it is riven, and singing a new song on every shelf of rock over which it bounds, till it rolls over the water wheels in the valley, not ashamed to grind corn, and runs through the long grass of the meadow, where the willows reach down to dip their branches, and the unyoked oxen come at eventide to cool. Healthy water! Bright water! Happy water! While some stream, too lazy any more to run, gathers itself into a wayside pool, where the swine wal-

low, and filthy insects hop over the surface, and reptiles crawl among the ooze, and frogs utter their hideous croak, and by day and night there rise from the foul mire and green scum fever and ague and death. There is an endless activity under foot and over head.

Not one four o'clock in the flower bed, not one fly on the window pane, not one squirrel gathering food from the cones of the white pine, not one rabbit feeding on the clover tops, not one drop falling in a shower, not one minnow glancing in the sea, not one quail whistling from the grass, not one hawk cawing in the sky but is busy now and is busy always, fulfilling its mission as certainly as any monarch on earth or any angel in heaven. You hear the shout of the plowboys busy in the field and the rattle of the whiffletrees on the harrow, but you do not know that there is more industry in the earth upturned and in the dumb vegetation underfoot than in all that you see.

If you put your ear to a lump of riven sod you may hear nothing in the roots and spiculæ of grass, but there are at work spades and cleavers and piledrivers and battering rams and internecine wars. I do not wonder that the lively fancy of the ancients saw in the inanimate creation around Floras and Pomonas and Graces and Fauns and Fairies and Satyrs and Nymphs. Everything is busy. Nothing is inanimate, except the man who cannot see the life and cannot hear the music. At the creation the morning stars sang together, but they were only the choir which was to lead all the stars and all the mountains and all the seas in God's worship. All natural objects seem at one and the same time uniting in work and joy and worship. In God's creation there is no pause in either the worship, or the work, or the joy. Amid all natural objects at one and the same time it is Halloween and Whitsunday and Ash Wednesday and All Saints' Day.

All the healthy beauty of that which we see and hear in the natural world is dependent upon activity and unrest. Men will be healthy—intellectually, morally, and physically—only upon the condition of an active industry. I know men die every day of overwork. They drop down in coalpits, and among the spindles of northern factories, and on the cotton plantations, of the south. In every city and town and village you find men groaning under burdens as, in the East, the camels stagger under their loads between Aleppo and Damascus. Life is crushed out every day at counters and workbenches and anvils. But there are other multitudes who die from mere inertia. Indulgences every day are contracting diseases beyond the catholicism of allopathy and homeopathy and hydropathy and eclecticism. Rather than work they rush upon lancets and scalpels.

Nature has provided for those who violate her laws by inactivity—what rheum for the

eyes, and what gout for the feet, and what curvature for the spine, and what strictures for the chest, and what tubercles for the lungs, and what rheumatisms for the muscles, and what neuralgias for the nerves! Nature in time arraigns every such culprit at her bar, and presents against him an indictment of one hundred counts, and convicts him on each one of them. The laws of nature will not stop their action because men may be ignorant of them. Disease, when it comes to do its work, does not ask whether you understand hygiene or pathology or materia medica.

If there were not so many lies written on tombstones and in obituaries you would see what multitudes of the world's inhabitants are slain in their attempts to escape the necessity of toil. Men cross oceans and continents, and climb the Alps, and sit under the sky of Italy or the shadow of the Egyptian Pyramid, and go down into ancient ruins, and bathe at Baden Baden, and come home with the same

shortness of breath, and the same poor digestion, and the same twitching of the nerves, when at home with their own spade they might have dug health out of the ground, or with their own axe hewn health out of a log, or with their own scythe garnered health from the grain field.

There are many who estimate the respectability of an occupation by the little exertion it demands, and would not have their children enter any employment where their hands may be soiled, forgetting that a laborer's overalls are just as honorable as a priest's robes and an anvil is just as respectable as a pulpit. Health flies from the bed of down, and says, "I cannot sleep here;" and from the table spread with ptarmigan and epicurean viands, saying, "I cannot eat here;" and from the vehicle of soft cushions and easy springs, saying, "I cannot ride here;" and from houses luxuriously warmed and upholstered, saying, "I cannot live here;" and some day

you meet health, who declined all these luxuriant places, walking in the plow's furrow, or sweltering beside the hissing forge, or spinning among the looms, or driving a dray, or tinning a roof, or carrying hods of brick up the ladder on a wall

Indolence endangers the soul. Satan makes his chief conquests over men who either have nothing to do, or, if they have, refuse to do it. There is a legend that St. Thomas, years after Christ's resurrection, began again to doubt, and he went to the Apostles and told them about his doubts. Each Apostle looked at him with surprise and then said he must be excused, for he had no time to listen any longer. Then St. Thomas went to the devout women of his time and expressed his doubts. They said they were sorry, but they had no time to listen. Then St. Thomas concluded that it was because they were so busy that the Apostles and the devout women had no doubts.

Idleness not only leads a man into associations which harm his morals, but often thrusts upon him the worst kind of skepticism. Loafers are almost always infidels, or fast getting to be. Consummate idlers never read the Bible, and if they appear in church can be distinguished in an audience of a thousand by their listlessness, for they are too lazy to hear. It is not so much among occupied merchants, industrious mechanics and professional men always busy that you hear the religion of Jesus maligned, as in public lounging places, given up to profanity and dissoluteness. They have no sympathy with the Book that says, “Let him that stole steal no more: but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth.”

I never knew a man given up to thorough idleness that was converted. Simon and Andrew were converted while fishing, and Lydia while selling purple, and the shepherds of



Bethlehem watching their flocks heard the voice of angels, and Gideon was thrashing on the thrashing floor, but no one was ever converted with his hands in his pockets. Let me tell the idler that there is no hope for him either in this world or in the world which is to come. If the Son of God, who owned the whole universe, worked in the carpenter shop of Joseph, surely we who own so little yet want so much, ought to be busy. The redeemed in heaven are never idle. What exciting songs they sing!

On what messages of love they fly through all the universe, fulfilling God's high behests and taking worlds in one circuit; rushing with infinite fierceness against sin and cruelty and oppression, and making the gates of hell to quake at the overthrow of the principalities of darkness, and in the same twinkle of an eye speeding back to their thrones with the news of sinners repentant. The River of Life is ever flowing, and the palms ever wav-

ing, and the hallelujahs ever rising, and the harps ever sounding, and the temple always open, and the golden streets always a-rush with chariots of salvation, and the last place which you ought ever to want to go to is heaven, unless you want to be busy.

Alas that in this world there should be so many loungers and so few workers. We go into the vineyard of the Church and we hear the arbor groan under the heft of the vines and the clusters hanging down, large and thick and ripe, cluster against cluster, fairer than the bunches of Eshcol and Engedi, and at a touch they will turn into wine more ruddy than that of Libanus and Helbon. But where are the men to gather the vintage and tread the wine press? There comes to your ear a sound of a thousand wheat fields ready for the sickle. The grain is ready. It is tall, it is full, it is golden. It waves in the sunlight. It rustles in the wind. It would fill the barns. It would crowd the garner.

After a while it will lodge, or the mildew and the rust will smite it.

O, where are the reapers to bind the sheaves! The enemies of God are marshalled. You see the glitter of their bucklers. You hear the pawing of their chargers, and all along the line of battle is heard the shout of their great captain, and at the armies of the living God they hurl their defiance. Their multitude is like the leaves of the forest, and the sound of their voices like the thunder of the sea. Mailed in hell's impenetrable armor, they advance with the waving of their banners and the dancing of their plumes. Their ranks are not easy to be broken, for the batteries of hell will open to help them and ten thousand angels of darkness mingle in the fight. Where are the chosen few who will throw themselves into the jaws of this conflict?

King James gave to Sir John Scott, for his courage, a charter of arms with a number of

spears for the crest and the motto, “Ready! ay, ready!” and yet, when God calls us to the work and the cause demands our espousal and interests dreadful as the judgment and solemn as eternity tremble in the balance, how few of us are willing to throw ourselves into the breach, crying, “Ready! ay, ready!”

## CHRIST THE CREED.

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**T**HE reason Christianity has not made more rapid advance is because the people are asked to believe too many things. There are, I believe, to-day millions of good Christians who have never joined the Church and are not counted among the Lord's friends, because they cannot believe all the things that they are required to believe. One-half the things a man is expected to believe in order to enter the Church and reach heaven have no more to do with his salvation than the question, How many volcanoes are there in the moon? or, How far apart from each other are the rings of Saturn? or, How many teeth there were in the jaw-bone with which Samson smote the Philistines? I believe ten thousand things, but none of them have anything to do with my salvation, except these two, I am a sinner

and Christ came to save me. Musicians tell us that the octave consists only of five tones and two semi-tones, and all the Handels and Haydns and Mozarts and Wagners and Schumanns of all ages must do their work within the range of those five tones and two semi-tones. So I have to tell you that all the theology that will be of practical use in our world is made out of the two facts of human sinfulness and Divine atonement. Within that octave swing "The Song of Moses and the Lamb," the Christmas chant above Bethlehem, and the Alleluia of all the choirs standing on seas of glass.

Is there not some mode of getting out of the way these non-essentials, these superfluities, these divergencies, from the main issue? Is there not some way of bringing the Church down out of the mountain of controversy and conventionalism and to put it on the plain where Christ stands? The present attitude of things is like this: In a famine-struck dis-

trict, a table has been provided and it is loaded with food enough for all. The odors of the meats fill the air. Everything is ready. The platters are full. The chalices are full. The baskets of fruit are full. Why not let the people in? The door is open. Yes, but there is a cluster of wise men blocking up the door, discussing the contents of the caster standing mid-table. They are shaking their fists at each other. One says there is too much vinegar in that caster, and one says there is too much sweet oil, and another says there is not the proper proportion of red pepper. I say, "Get out of the way and let the hungry people come in." Now, our blessed Lord has provided a great supper, and the oxen and the fatlings have been killed, and fruits from all the vineyards and orchards of heaven crown the table. The world has been invited to come, and they look in, and they are hungry, and people would pour in by the millions to this world-wide table; but the door is blocked

up by controversies, and men with whole libraries on their backs are disputing as to what proportion of sweet oil and cayenne pepper should make up the creed. I cry, "Get out of the way and let the hungry world come in."

The point at which we all come short is not presenting Christ on the level with all the world's woes and wants and necessities. Astronomers have been busy measuring worlds, and they have told us how great is the circumference of this world and how great is its diameter, yea, they have kept on until they have weighed our planet and found its weight to be six sextillion tons. But by no science has the weight of this world's trouble been weighed. Now, Christ standing on the level of our humanity stands in sympathy with every trouble. There are so many aching heads: His ached under the thorns. There are so many weary feet: His were worn with the long journey up and down the land that



received him not. There are so many persecuted souls: every hour of His life was under human outrage. The world had no better place to receive Him than a cattle pen, and its farewell was a slap on His cheek and a spear in His side. So intensely human was He that there has not been in all our race a grief or infirmity or exhaustion or pang that did not touch Him once and that does not touch Him now. The lepers, the paralytics, the imbecile, the maniac, the courtesan, the repentant brigand—which one did He turn off, which one did He not pity, which one did He not help?

The universal trouble of the world is bereavement. One may escape all the other troubles, but that no soul escapes. Out of that bitter cup every one must take a drink. For instance, in order that all might know how He sympathizes with those who have lost a daughter, Christ comes to the house of Jairus. There is such a big crowd around the

door, He and His disciples have to push their way in. From the throng of people, I conclude that this girl must have been very popular; she was one of those children whom everybody likes. After Christ got into the house, there was such a loud weeping that the ordinary tones of voice could not be heard. I do not wonder. The dead daughter was twelve years of age. It is about the happiest time in most lives. Very little children suffer many injustices because they are children, and childhood is not a desirable part of human existence—they get whacked or sat on. But, at twelve years of age, the child has come to self-assertion and is apt to make her rights known. And, then, twelve years of age is too early for the cares and anxieties of life. So this girl was, I think, the merriment of the household. She furnished for them the mimicry, and the harmless mischief, and roused the guffaw that often rang through that happy home. But, now she is dead, and the

grief at her departure is as violent as her presence had been vivacious and inspiring. Oh, the bereavement was so sharp, so overwhelming! How could they give her up! I suspect that they blamed themselves for this or for that. Oh, if they had had some other doctor, or taken some other medicine, or had been more careful of her health, or if they had not given her that reproof sometime when she had not really deserved it! Oh, if they had been more patient with her hilarities and, instead of hushing her play, had participated in it! You know there are so many things that parents always blame themselves for at such times. Only twelve years of age! So fair, so promising, so full of life a few days ago, and now so still! Oh, what it is to have a daughter dead! The room is full of folks, but yonder is the room where the young sleeper is. The crowd cannot go in there. Only six persons enter, five besides Christ—three friends, and, of course, the father and mother. They have the

first right to go in. The heaviest part of the grief was theirs. All eyes in that room are on the face of this girl. There lay the beautiful hand, white and finely shapen, but it was not lifted in greeting to any of the group. Christ stepped forward and took hold of that hand, and said, with a tone and accentuation charged with tenderness and command: "Damsel, I say unto thee, arise!" and, without a moment's delay, she arose, her eyes wide open, her cheeks turning from white lily to red rose, and the parents cry, "She lives! She lives!" and in the next room, they take up the sound, "She lives! She lives!" and the throng in front of the doorway repeat it, "She lives! She lives!" Will not all those who have lost a daughter feel that such a Christ as that can sympathize?

On another occasion, He showed how He felt about the loss of a son. Here are the obsequies. A long procession; a widowed mother following her only son. I know not how long

the husband and father had been gone, but upon this son, who had now come to be a young man, the leadership of that household had fallen. I think he had got to be the breadwinner. He was proud of his mother, and she should never lack anything as long as he lived. And there is no grander spectacle on earth than a young man standing between want and a widowed mother. But that young man had fallen lifeless under accident or disaster, and he was being carried out. Only a very few hours in that land are allowed to pass between decease and burial ; it is the same day or the next. And there they move on. Christ meets the procession. His eye picks out the chief mourner. He puts his hand on the bier, as much as to say to the pall-bearers, " Stop ! There will be no burial to-day. That broken heart must be healed. That mother must have her home rebuilt." And then looking into the face of the young man (for in those lands the face is always exposed in such a procession),

Christ speaks one sentence, before which Death fell prostrate under the bier : " Young man, I say unto thee, arise." He sat up, while the overjoyed mother wrapped him in her arms, and well-nigh smothered him with her caresses, and the air was rent with congratulations. Can any one who has ever lost a son doubt that Christ sympathizes with such woe? And how many there are who need that particular comfort. It was not hollow sentiment, when, after Edmund Burke, the greatest orator of his time, had lost his son, and the bereaved father, crossing the pasture field, met the horse that had belonged to that deceased son, that the orator threw his arms around the horse's neck and kissed the dumb brute. It was not hollow sentiment, when David, the psalmist, cried out at the news of his son's death, although he had been a desperately bad boy : " O, Absalom, my son ! my son ! Would God I had died for thee. O, Absalom, my son ! my son !" But for such and

all other bereavement there is Divine condolence.

I care not from what side you approach Christ, you can touch Him and get His help. Is it mental depression you suffer? Remember Him who said : " My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Is it a struggle for bread? Remember Him who fed the five thousand with two minnows and five biscuits, neither of the biscuits larger than your fist. Is it chronic ailment? Remember the woman who for eighteen years was bent almost double, and He lifted her face until she could look into the blue sky. Are you a sailor and spend your life battling with the tempests? Remember Him who flung the tempest of Genesareth flat on the crystal pavement of a quiet sea.

Christ is in sympathy with all who have trouble with their eyes, and that is becoming an almost universal trouble through much reading in rail cars, and the over-pres-

sure of study in the schools, where children are expected to be philosophers at ten ; boys and girls at fourteen with spectacles. I say with all such trouble Christ is in sympathy. Witness blind Bartimeus. Witness the two blind men in the house. Witness the two blind men near Jericho. Witness the man born blind. Did He not turn their perpetual midnight into midnight, till they ran up and down clapping their hands and saying, "I see ! I see !" That Christ is in sympathy with those who stammer, or have silenced ears, notice how promptly He came to that man with impediment of speech and gave him command of the tongue so that he could speak with ease, and, putting His fingers into the ears, retuned the tympanum. Is there a lack of circulation in your arm, think of Him who cured the defective circulation and the inactive muscles of a patient who had lost the use of hand and arm, by saying, "Stretch forth thy hand !" and the veins and nerves and muscles resumed



their offices, and though in doing so the joints may have cracked from long disuse, and there may have been a strange sensation from elbow to finger-tip, he stretched it forth! And nothing is the matter with you, but you may appeal to a sympathetic Christ. And if you feel yourself to be a great sinner, hear what He said to that repenting Magdalen, while with a scolding sarcasm He dashed her hypocritical pursuers.

And see how He made an immortal liturgy out of the publican's cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner," a prayer so short that the most overwhelmed offender can utter it, and yet long enough to win celestial dominions. It was well put by a man who had been converted, and who remembered that in his dissolute days he found it hard to get occupation, because he could not present a certificate for good character. In commending Christ to the people he said, "Bless God, I have found out that Jesus will take a man without a charac-

ter !” Christ on a level with suffering humanity. No climbing up through attributes you cannot understand. No ascending of the heights of beautiful rhetoric of prayer. No straining after elevations you cannot reach. No hunting for a God that you cannot find. But going right straight to Him and looking into His face and taking His hand and asking for His pardon, His comfort, His grace, His heaven.

When during the siege of Sebastopol an officer had commanded a private soldier to stand on the wall exposed to the enemy, and receive the ammunition as it was handed up, while he, the officer, stood in a place sheltered from the enemy’s guns, General Gordon leaped upon the wall to help, and commanded the officer to follow him, and then closed with the words, “Never order a man to do anything that you are afraid to do yourself.” Glory be to God, the Captain of our salvation has Himself gone through all the exposures in which

He commands us to be courageous. He has been through it all, and now offers His sympathy in similar struggle. One of the kings of England one night in disguise walking the streets of London, and not giving account of himself, was arrested and put in a miserable prison. When released and getting back to the palace, he ordered thirty tons of coal and a large supply of food for the night prisoners of London. Out of his own experiences that night he did this. And our Lord, the King aforetime, endungeoned, and sick, and hungry, and persecuted, and slain, out of His own experiences is ready to help all, and pardon all, and comfort all, and rescue all.

A Christ easy to get at ! No armed sentinel to challenge you. No ruthless officer to scrutinize the papers you present. Immediate response. Immediate forgiveness. Immediate solace. Through what struggle people must go to get a pardon from worldly authority ! By what petition, by what hindrance, by what

nervous strain of anxiety, by what adroitness. A count of Italy was condemned to be put to death at Milan. The countess, hearing of the sentence, hastened to Vienna to seek his pardon. The death warrant was already on its way. The countess, arriving in Vienna in the night, hastened to the palace gates. The attendants forbade her entrance at all, and especially at night, but she overcame them with her entreaties, and the Empress was wakened and the countess pleaded before her for the life of her husband, and then the Emperor was wakened to hear the same plea. Commutation of sentence was granted, but how could she overtake the officer who had started with the death-warrant, and would she be too late to save the life of her husband? By four relays of horses, and stopping not a moment for food she reached the city of Milan as her husband was on the way to the scaffold. Just in time to save him, and not a minute to spare, she came up. You see there were two

difficulties in the way. The one was to get the pardon signed, and the other to bring it to the right place in time. Glory be to God, we need go through no such exigency. No long road to travel. No pitiless beating at a palace gate. Pardon here. Pardon now. Pardon for the asking. Pardon forever.

## EVERY-DAY RELIGION.

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**I**N all ages of the world there has been a tendency to set apart certain days, places, and occasions for worship, and to think those were the chief realms in which religion was to act. Now, holy days and holy places have their importance. They give opportunity for especial performance of Christian duty, and for regaling of the religious appetite ; but they cannot take the place of continuous exercise of faith and prayer. In other words, a man cannot be so much of a Christian on Sunday that he can afford to be a worldling all the rest of the week. If a steamer put out for Southampton, and go one day in that direction and the other six days in other directions, how long before the steamer will get to Southampton? It will never get there.

And though a man may seem to be voyaging heavenward during the holy Sabbath-day, if, during the following six days of the week, he is going toward the world, and toward the flesh, and toward the devil, he will never ride up into the peaceful harbor of heaven. You cannot eat so much at the Sabbath banquet that you can afford religious abstinence the other six days. Heroism and princely behavior on great occasions are no apology for lack of right demeanor in circumstances insignificant and inconspicuous. The genuine Christian life is not spasmodic, does not go by fits and starts. It toils on through heat and cold, up steep mountains and along dangerous declivities, its eye on the everlasting hills crowned with the castles of the blessed.

We want to bring the religion of Christ into our conversation. When a dam breaks and two or three villages are overwhelmed, or an earthquake in South America swallows a whole city, then people begin to talk about

the uncertainty of life, and they imagine that they are engaged in positively religious conversation. No. You may talk about these things, and have no grace of God at all in your heart. We ought every day to be talking religion. If there is anything glad about it, anything beautiful about it, anything important about it, we ought to be continuously discussing it. I have noticed that men, just in proportion as their Christian experience is shallow, talk about funerals, and grave-yards, and tombstones, and death-beds. The real genuine Christian man talks chiefly about this life and the great eternity beyond, and not so much about the insignificant pass between these two residences. And yet how few circles there are where the religion of Jesus Christ is welcome. Go into a circle, even of Christian people, where they are full of joy and hilarity, and talk about Christ or heaven, and everything is immediately silenced. As on a summer day, when the forests are full of life, chat-



ter, and chirrup, and carol—a mighty chorus of bird-harmony, every tree-branch an orchestra—if a hawk appear in the sky, every voice stops, and the forests are still ; just so I have seen a lively religious circle silenced on the appearance of anything like religious conversation. No one has anything to say, save, perhaps, some old patriarch in the corner of the room, who really thinks that something ought to be said, under the circumstances ; so he puts one foot over the other, and heaves a long sigh, and says, “Oh, yes ; that’s so, that’s so !”

My friends, the religion of Jesus Christ is something to talk about with a glad heart. It is brighter than the waters, it is more cheerful than sunshine. Do not go around groaning about your religion, when you ought to be singing it or talking it in cheerful tones of voice. How often it is that we find men whose lives are utterly inconsistent attempt to talk religion, and always make a failure of it!

My friends, we must live religion, or we cannot talk it. If a man is cranky, and cross, and uncongenial, and hard in his dealings, and then begins to talk about Christ and heaven, everybody is repelled by it. Yet I have heard such men say, in whining tones, "We are miserable sinners;" "The Lord bless you;" "The Lord have mercy on you;" their conversation interlarded with such expressions, which mean nothing but canting; and canting is the worst form of hypocrisy. If we have really felt the religion of Christ in our hearts, let us talk it, and talk it with an illuminated countenance, remembering that when two Christian people talk, God gives especial attention, and writes down what they say. "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one of another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it,—and a book of remembrance was written."

We must bring the religion of Christ into our employments. "Oh," you say, "that is

very well if a man handle large sums of money, or if he have an extensive traffic ; but in my thread-and-needle store, in my trimming establishment, in the humble work in life that I am called to, the sphere is too small for the action of such grand heavenly principles." Who told you so? Do you not know that God watches the faded leaf on the brook's surface as certainly as he does the path of a blazing sun? And the moss that creeps up the side of the rock makes as much impression upon God's mind as the waving tops of Oregon pine and Lebanon cedar ; and the alder, crackling under the cow's hoof, sounds as loud in God's ear as the snap of a world's conflagration. When you have anything to do in life, however humble it may seem to be, God is always there to help you to do it. If your work is that of a fisherman, then God will help you, as he helped Simon when he dragged Genesaret. If your work is drawing water, then he will help you, as when he talked at the

well-curb to the Samaritan woman. If you are engaged in the custom-house, he will lead you, as he led Matthew sitting at the receipt of custom. A religion that is not good in one place is not worth anything in another place. The man who has only a day's wages in his pocket as certainly needs the guidance of religion, as he who rattles the keys of a bank, and could abscond with a hundred thousand hard dollars.

There are those prominent in the churches who seem to be, on public occasions, very devout, who do not put the principles of Christ's religion into practice. They are the most inexorable of creditors. They are the most grasping of dealers. They are known as sharpers on the street. They fleece every sheep they can catch. A country merchant comes in to buy spring or fall goods, and he gets into the store of one of these professed Christian men who have really no grace in their hearts, and he is completely swindled.

He is so overcome that he cannot get out of town during the week. He stays in town over Sunday, goes into some church to get Christian consolation, when, what is his amazement to find that the very man who hands him the poor-box in the church is the one who relieved him of his money ! But never mind ; the deacon has his black coat on now. He looks solemn, and goes home talking about "the blessed sermon." If the wheat in the churches should be put into a hopper, the first turn of the crank would make the chaff fly, I tell you. Some of these men are great sticklers for Gospel preaching. They say, "You stand there in bands and surplice and gown, and preach—preach like an angel, and we will stand out here and attend to business. Don't mix things. Don't get business and religion in the same bucket. You attend to your matters, and we will attend to ours." They do not know that God sees every cheat they have practiced in the last six years; that

He can look through the iron wall of their fireproof safe; that He has counted every dishonest dollar they have in their pocket, and that a day of judgment will come. These inconsistent Christian men will sit on the Sabbath night in the house of God, singing, at the close of the service, "Rock of Ages cleft for me," and then, when the benediction is pronounced, shut the pew-door, and say, as they go out, "Good-bye, Religion. I'll be back next Sunday."

I think that the Church of God and the Sabbath are only an armory where we are to get weapons. When war comes, if a man wants to fight for his country he does not go to Troy or Springfield to do battling, but he goes there for swords and muskets. I look upon the Church of Christ and the Sabbath day as only the place and time where and when we are to get armed for Christian conflict; but the battlefield is on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Sat-

urday. "St. Martin's," and "Lenox," and "Old Hundred" do not amount to anything unless they sing all the week. A sermon is useless unless we can take it with us behind the plow and the counter. The Sabbath day is worthless if it last only twenty-four hours.

There are many Christians who say : "We are willing to serve God, but we do not want to do it in these spheres about which we are talking; and it seems so insipid and monotonous. If we had some great occasion, if we had lived in the time of Luther, if we had been Paul's travelling companion, if we could serve God on a great scale, we would do it; but we can't in this everyday life." I admit that a great deal of the romance and knight-errantry of life have disappeared before the advance of this practical age. The ancient temples of Rouen have been changed into storehouses and smithies. The residences of poets and princes have been turned into brok-

ers' shops. The classic mansion of Ashland has been cut up into walking-sticks. The groves where the poets said the gods dwelt have been carted out for fire-wood. The muses that we used to read about have disappeared before the emigrant's axe and the trapper's gun, and that man who is waiting for a life bewitched of wonders will never find it. There is, however, a field for endurance and great achievement, but it is in everyday life. There are Alps to scale, there are Hellespents to swim, there are fires to brave; but they are all around us now. This is the hardest kind of martyrdom to bear. It took grace to lead Latimer and Ridley through the fire triumphantly when their armed enemies and their friends were looking on; but it requires more grace now to bring men through persecution, when nobody is looking on. I could show you in this city a woman who has had rheumatism for twenty years, who has endured more suffering and exhausted more grace than would



have made twenty martyrs pass triumphantly through the fire. If you are not faithful in an insignificant position in life, you would not be faithful in a grand mission. If you cannot stand the bite of a midge, how could you endure the breath of a basilisk ?

Do not think that any work God gives you to do in the world is on too small a scale for you to do. The whole universe is not ashamed to take care of one little flower. Plato had a fable which I have now nearly forgotten, but it ran something like this: He said spirits of the other world came back to this world to find a body and find a sphere of work. One spirit came and took the body of a king, and did his work. Another spirit came and took the body of a poet, and did his work. After a while Ulysses came, and he said, "Why, all the fine bodies are taken, and all the grand work is taken. There is nothing left for me." And some one replied, "Ah! the best one has been left for you." Ulysses said, "What's

that?" And the reply was, "The body of a common man, doing a common work, and for a common reward." A good fable for the world, and just as good a fable for the Church. Whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, let us do it to the glory of God.

We need to bring the religion of Christ into our commonest trials. For severe losses, for bereavement, for trouble that shocks like an earthquake and that blasts like a storm, we prescribe religious consolation; but, business man, for the small annoyances of last week, how much of the grace of God did you apply? "Oh!" you say, "these trials are too small for such application." My brother, they are shaping your character, they are souring your temper, they are wearing out your patience, and they are making you less and less of a man. I go into a sculptor's studio, and see him shaping a statue. He has a chisel in one hand and a mallet in the other, and he gives a very gentle stroke—click, click, click! I

say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh!" he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way; I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that enters the studio is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal nature. It is click, click, click! I wonder why some great providence does not come, and with one stroke prepare you for heaven. Ah, no. God says that is not the way. And so he keeps on by strokes of little annoyances, little sorrows, little vexations, until at last you shall be a glad spectacle for angels and for men. You know that a large fortune may be spent in small change, and a vast amount of moral character may go away in small depletion. It is the little troubles of life that are having more effect upon you than great ones. A swarm of locusts will kill a grain-

field sooner than the incursion of three or four cattle. You say, "Since I lost my child, since I lost my property, I have been a different man." But you do not recognize the architecture of little annoyances that are hewing, digging, cutting, shaping, splitting, and interjoining your moral qualities. Rats may sink a ship. One lucifer match may send destruction through a block of storehouses. Catherine de Medicis got her death from smelling a poisonous rose. Columbus by stopping and asking for a piece of bread and a drink of water at a Franciscan convent, was led to the discovery of the new world. And there is an intimate connection between trifles and immensities, between nothings and everythings.

Now, be careful to let none of those annoyances go through your soul unarraigned. Compel them to administer to your spiritual wealth. The scratch of a sixpenny nail sometimes produces locked-jaw, and the clip of a most

infinitesimal annoyance may damage you for ever. Do not let any annoyance or perplexity come across your soul without its making you better.

Our National Government did not think it belittling to put a tax on pins, and a tax on buckles, and a tax on shoes. The individual taxes do not amount to much, but in the aggregate to millions and millions of dollars. And I would have you, O Christian man, put a high tariff on every annoyance and vexation that comes through your soul. This might not amount to much, in single cases, but in the aggregate it would be a great revenue of spiritual strength and satisfaction. A bee can suck honey even out of a nettle ; and if you have the grace of God in your heart, you can get sweetness out of that which would otherwise irritate and annoy. The only way to get prepared for the great troubles of life is to conquer these small troubles. And I have to tell you, O Christian man, if you cannot

apply the principles of Christ's religion on a small scale, you will never be able to apply them on a large scale. If you cannot successfully contend against these small sorrows that come down single-handed, what will you do when the greater disasters of life come down with thundering artillery, rolling over your soul?

We must bring the religion of Christ into our commonest blessings. When the autumn comes, and the harvests are in, and the governors make proclamation, we assemble in churches and we are very thankful. But every day ought to be a thanksgiving day. We do not recognize the common mercies of life. We have to see a blind man led by his dog before we begin to bethink ourselves of what a grand thing it is to have undimmed eyesight. We have to see some wounded man hobbling on his crutch, or with his empty coat sleeve pinned up, before we learn to think what a grand thing God did for us when he gave us

the healthy use of our limbs. We are so stupid that nothing but the misfortunes of others can rouse us up to our blessings. As the ox grazes in the pasture up to its eyes in clover yet never thinking who makes the clover, and as the bird picks up the worm from the furrow not knowing that it is God who makes everything, from the animalcula in the sod to the seraph on the throne, so we go on eating, drinking, and enjoying, but never thanking, or seldom thanking; or, if thanking at all, with only half a heart.

I compared our indifference to the brute; but perhaps I wronged the brute. I do not know but that, among its other instincts, it may have an instinct by which it recognizes the Divine hand that feeds it. I do not know but that God is, through it, holding communication with what we call "irrational creation." The cow that stands under the willow by the water-course, chewing its cud, looks very thankful; and who can tell how much

a bird means by its song? The aroma of the flowers smells like incense, and the mist arising from the river looks like the smoke of a morning sacrifice. Oh, that we were as responsive! Yet who thanks God for the water that gushes up in the well, and that foams in the cascade, and that laughs over the rocks, and that patters in the showers, and that claps its hands in the sea? Who thanks God for the air, the fountain of life, the bridge of sunbeams, the path of sound, the great fan on a hot summer's day? Who thanks God for this wonderful physical organism—this sweep of the vision—this chime of harmony struck into the ear—this soft tread of a myriad delights over the nervous tissue—this rolling of the crimson tide through artery and vein—this drumming of the heart on our march to immortality? We take all these things as a matter of course.

But suppose God should withdraw these common blessings? Your body would become



an Inquisition of torture, the cloud would refuse rain, every green thing would crumble up, and the earth would crack open under your feet. The air would cease its healthful circulation, pestilence would swoop, and every house would become a place of skulls. Streams would first swim with vermin, and then dry up ; and thirst, and hunger, and anguish, and despair would lift their sceptres. Oh, compare such a life as that with the life you live with your families. Is it not time that, with every word of our lips and with every action of our life, we began to acknowledge these everyday mercies ?

## BUSINESS A SCHOOL.

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**T**HERE is no war between religion and business, between ledgers and Bibles, between churches and counting-houses. On the contrary, religion accelerates business, sharpens men's wits, sweetens acerbity of disposition, fillips the blood of phlegmatics, and throws more velocity into the wheels of hard work. It gives better balancing to the judgment, more strength to the will, more muscle to industry, and throws into enthusiasm a more consecrated fire. You cannot in all the round of the world show me a man whose honest business has been despoiled by religion.

The industrial classes are divided into three groups: producers, manufacturers, traders. Producers, such as farmers and miners. Manufacturers, such as those who turn corn

into food, and wool and flax into apparel. Traders, such as make profit out of the transfer and exchange of all that which is produced and manufactured. A business man may belong to any one or all of these classes, and not one is independent of any other. When the Prince Imperial of France fell on the Zulu battle-field because the strap fastening the stirrup to the saddle broke as he clung to it, his comrades all escaping, but he falling under the lances of the savages, a great many people blamed the Empress for allowing her son to go forth into that battle-field, and others blamed the English Government for accepting the sacrifice, and others blamed the Zulus for their barbarism. The one most to blame was the harness-maker who fashioned that strap of the stirrup out of shoddy and imperfect material, as it was found to have been afterward. If the strap had held, the Prince Imperial would probably have been alive to-day. But the strap broke. No

prince independent of a harness-maker! High, low, wise, ignorant, you in one occupation, I in another, all bound together. So that there must be one continuous line of sympathy with each other's work. But whatever your vocation, if you have a multiplicity of engagements, if into your life there come losses and annoyances and perturbations as well as percentages and dividends, if you are pursued from Monday morning until Saturday night, and from January to January by inexorable obligation and duty, then you are a business man, or you are a business woman.

Business life was intended as a school of energy. God gives us a certain amount of raw material out of which we are to hew our character. Our faculties are to be reset, rounded, and sharpened up. Our young folks having graduated from school or college need a higher education, that which the rasping and collision of every-day life alone can effect. Energy is wrought out only in a fire.

After a man has been in business activity ten, twenty, thirty years his energy is not to be measured by weights or plummets or ladders. There is no height it cannot scale, and there is no depth it cannot fathom, and there is no obstacle it cannot thrash.

Now, my brother, why did God put you in that school of energy? Was it merely that you might be a yardstick to measure cloth, or a steelyard to weigh flour? Was it merely that you might be better qualified to chaffer and to higggle? No. God placed you in that school of energy that you might be developed for Christian work. If the undeveloped talents in Christian churches of to-day were brought out and thoroughly harnessed, I believe the whole world would be converted to God in a short time. There are so many deep streams that are turning no mill-wheels and that are harnessed to no factory bands. Now God demands the best lamb out of every flock. He demands the richest sheaf of

every harvest. He demands the best men of every generation. A cause in which Newton and Locke and Mansfield toiled you and I can afford to toil in.

Oh, for fewer idlers in the cause of Christ and for more Christian workers, men who shall take the same energy that from Monday morning to Saturday night they put forth for the achievement of a livelihood or the gathering of a fortune, and on Sabbath days put it forth to the advantage of Christ's kingdom and the bringing of men to the Lord. Dr. Duff, in South Wales, saw a man who had inherited a great fortune. The man said to him: "I had to be very busy for many years of my life getting my livelihood. After a while this fortune came to me, and there has been no necessity that I toil since. There came a time when I said to myself, 'Shall I now retire from business, or shall I go on and serve the Lord in my worldly occupation?'" He said: "I resolved on the latter, and I

have been more industrious in commercial circles than I ever was before, and since that hour I have never kept a farthing for myself. I have thought it to be a great shame if I couldn't toil as hard for the Lord as I had toiled for myself, and all the products of my factories and my commercial establishments to the last farthing have gone for the building of Christian institutions and supporting the Church of God." Oh, if the same energy put forth for the world could be put forth for God! Oh, if a thousand men in these great cities who have achieved a fortune could see it their duty to do all business for Christ and the alleviation of the world's suffering!

Business life is a school of patience. In your every-day life how many things to annoy and to disquiet! Bargains will rub. Commercial men will sometimes fail to meet their engagements. Cash book and money drawer will sometimes quarrel. Goods ordered for a special emergency will come too

late, or be damaged in the transportation. People intending no harm will go shopping without any intention of purchase, overturning great stocks of goods, and insisting that you break the dozen. More bad debts on the ledger. More counterfeit bills in the drawer. More debts to pay for other people. More meannesses on the part of partners in business. Annoyance after annoyance, vexation after vexation, and loss after loss. All that process will either break you down or brighten you up. It is a school of patience. You have known men under the process to become petulant, and choleric, and angry, and pugnacious, and cross, and sour, and queer, and they lost their customers, and their name became a detestation. Other men have been brightened up under the process. They were toughened by the exposure. They were like rocks, all the more valuable for being blasted. At first they had to choke down their wrath, at first they had to bite their lip, at first they



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

Business life is a school of useful knowledge. Merchants do not read many books and do not study lexicons. They do not dive into profounds of learning, and yet nearly all

through their occupations come to understand questions of finance, and politics, and geography, and jurisprudence, and ethics. Business is a severe school-mistress. If pupils will not learn, she strikes them over the head and the heart with severe losses. You put \$5000 into an enterprise. It is all gone. You say, "That is a dead loss." Oh, no. You are paying the schooling. That was only tuition, very large tuition—I told you it was a very severe school-mistress—but it was worth it. You learned things under that process you would not have learned in any other way. Traders in grain come to know something about foreign harvests ; traders in fruit come to know something about the prospects of tropical production ; manufacturers of American goods come to understand the tariff on imported articles ; publishers of books must come to understand the law of copyright ; owners of ships must come to know winds and shoals and navigation ; and every bale of

cotton, and every raisin cask, and every tea box, and every cluster of bananas is so much literature for a business man. Now, my brother, what are you going to do with the intelligence? Do you suppose God put you in this school of information merely that you might be sharper in a trade, that you might be more successful as a wordling? Oh, no; it was that you might take that useful information and use it for Jesus Christ. Can it be that you have been dealing with foreign lands and never had the missionary spirit, wishing the salvation of foreign people? Can it be that you have become acquainted with all the outrages inflicted in business life and that you have never tried to bring to bear that Gospel which is to extirpate all evil and correct all wrongs and illumine all darkness and lift up all wretchedness and save men for this world and the world to come? Can it be that understanding all the intricacies of business, you know nothing about those things which will

last after all the bills of exchange and consignments and invoices and rent rolls shall have crumpled up and been consumed in the fires of the Last Great Day? Can it be that a man will be wise for time and a fool for eternity?

Business life is a school for integrity. No man knows what he will do when he is tempted. There are thousands of men who have kept their integrity merely because they never have been tested. A man was elected treasurer of the State of Maine some years ago. He was distinguished for his honesty, usefulness, and uprightness, but before one year had passed he had taken of the public funds for his own private use, and was hurled out of office in disgrace. Distinguished for virtue before. Distinguished for crime after. You can call over the names of men just like that, in whose honesty you had complete confidence, but placed in certain crises of temptation they went overboard. Never so many

temptations to scoundrelism as now. Not a law on the statute book but has some back door through which a miscreant can escape. Ah! how many deceptions in the fabric of goods; so much plundering in commercial life that if a man talk about living a life of complete commercial accuracy there are those who ascribe it to greenness and lack of tact. More need of honesty now than ever before, tried honesty, complete honesty, more than in those times when business was a plain affair and woolens were woolens and silks were silks and men were men.

How many men do you suppose there are in commercial life who could say truthfully, "In all the sales I have ever made I have never overstated the value of goods; in all the sales I have ever made I have never covered up an imperfection in the fabric; of all the thousands of dollars I have ever made I have not taken one dishonest farthing?" There are men, however, who can say it,

hundreds who can say it, thousands who can say it. They are more honest than when they sold their first tierce of rice, or their first firkin of butter, because their honesty and integrity have been tested, tried, and came out triumphant. But they remember a time when they could have robbed a partner, or have absconded with the funds of a bank, or sprung a snap judgment, or made a false assignment, or borrowed illimitably without any efforts at payment, or got a man into a sharp corner and fleeced him. But they never took one step on that pathway of hell fire. They can say their prayers without hearing the chink of dishonest dollars. They can read their Bible without thinking of the time when with a lie on their soul, in the Custom House they kissed the Book. They can think of death and the judgment that comes after it without any flinching—that day when all charlatans and cheats and jockeys and frauds shall be doubly damned. It does not make their knees

knock together, and it does not make their teeth chatter to read, "As the partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days,—and at his end shall be a fool."

Oh, what a school of integrity business life is! If you have ever been tempted to let your integrity cringe before present advantage, if you have ever wakened up in some embarrassment, and said: "Now, I'll step a little aside from the right path and no one will know it, and I shall come all right again; it is only once." That only once has ruined tens of thousands of men for this life and blasted their souls for eternity. It is a tremendous school, business life, a school of integrity. A merchant in Liverpool got a five-pound Bank-of-England note, and holding it up toward the light he saw some interlineations in what seemed red ink. He finally deciphered the letters, and found out that the writing had

been made by a slave in Algiers, saying in substance: "Whoever gets this bank-note will please to inform my brother, John Dean, living near Carlisle, that I am a slave of the Bey of Algiers." The merchant sent word, employed Government officers, and found who this man was, spoken of in this bank bill. After a while the man was rescued, who for eleven years had been a slave of the Bey of Algiers. He was immediately emancipated, but was so worn out by hardship and exposure he soon after died. Oh, if some of the bank bills that come through your hands could tell all the scenes through which they have passed, it would be a tragedy eclipsing any drama of Shakespeare, mightier than King Lear or Macbeth.

I am impressed with the importance of our having more sympathy with business men. Is it not a shame that we in our pulpits do not oftener preach about their struggles, their trials, and their temptations? Men who toil



with the hand are not apt to be very sympathetic with those who toil with the brain. The farmers who raise the corn and the oats and the wheat sometimes are tempted to think that grain merchants have an easy time, and get their profits without giving any equivalent. Plato and Aristotle were so opposed to merchandise that they declared commerce to be the curse of the nations, and they advised that cities be built at least ten miles from the sea-coast. But you and I know that there are no more industrious or high-minded men than those who move in the world of traffic. Some of them carry burdens heavier than hods of bricks, and are exposed to sharper things than the east wind, and climb mountains higher than the Alps or Himalayas. We talk about the martyrs of the Piedmont valley, and the martyrs among the Scotch highlands, and the martyrs at Oxford. There are just as certainly martyrs of Wall street and State street, martyrs of Fulton street and Broad-

way, martyrs of Altantic street and Chestnut street, going through hotter fires, or having their necks under sharper axes. Then it behooves us to banish all fretfulness from our lives, if this subject be true. We look back to the time when we were at school, and we remember the rod, and we remember the hard tasks, and we complained grievously ; but now we see it was for the best. Business life is a school, and the tasks are hard, and the chastisements sometimes are very grievous ; but do not complain. The hotter the fire the better the refining. There are men before the throne of God this day in triumph who on earth were cheated out of everything but their coffin. They were sued, they were imprisoned for debt, they were throttled by constables with a whole pack of writs, they were sold out by the sheriffs, they had no compromise with their creditors, they had to make assignments. Their dying hours were annoyed by the sharp ringing of the door-bell by some

impetuous creditor who thought it was outrageous and impudent that a man should dare to die before he paid the last three shillings and sixpence.

A man arose in Fulton street prayer-meeting, and said, "I wish publicly to acknowledge the goodness of God. I was in business trouble. I had money to pay, and I had no means to pay it, and I was in utter despair of all human help, and I laid this matter before the Lord, and this morning I went down among some old business friends I had not seen in many years, just to make a call, and one said to me, 'Why, I am so glad to see you, walk in. We have some money on our books due you a good while, but we didn't know where you were, and therefore not having your address we could not send it. We are very glad you have come.'" And the man standing in Fulton street prayer-meeting said, "The amount they paid me was six times what I owed." You say it only hap-

pened so? You are an infidel. God answered that man's prayer. Oh, you want business grace. Commercial ethics, business honors, laws of trade, are all very good in their place, but there are times when you want something more than this world will give you. You want God. For the lack of Him some that you have known have consented to forge, and to maltreat their friends, and to curse their enemies, and their names have been bulletined among scoundrels, and they have been ground to powder; while other men you have known have gone through the very same stress of circumstances triumphant. There are men here to-day who fought the battle and gained the victory. People come out of that man's store, and they say, "Well, if there ever was a Christian trader, that is one." Integrity kept the books and waited on the customers. Light from the eternal world flashed through the show windows. Love to God and love to man presided in that storehouse. Some day

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

## EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYEE.

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**T**HE greatest war the world has ever seen is between capital and labor. The strife is not like that which in history is called the Thirty Years' War, for it is a war of centuries, it is a war of the five continents, it is a war hemispheric. The middle classes in this country, upon whom the nation has depended for holding the balance of power and for acting as mediators between the two extremes, are diminishing, and if things go on at the same ratio as they are now going, it will not be very long before there will be no middle class in this country, but all will be very rich or very poor, princes or paupers, and the country will be given up to palaces and hovels. The antagonistic forces are closing in upon each other. Strikes and lockouts are only skirmishes before a general engagement,

or, if you prefer it, escapes through the safety-valves of an imprisoned force which promises the explosion of society. Will this war between capital and labor be settled by human wisdom? Never. The brow of the one becomes more rigid, the fist of the other more clenched.

But that which human wisdom cannot achieve will be accomplished by Christianity if it be given full sway. You have heard of medicines so powerful that one drop would stop a disease and restore a patient; and I have to tell you of something that properly administered will stop all these woes of society and give convalescence and complete health to all classes: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

There will come no pacification to this trouble through an outcry against rich men merely because they are rich. There is no member of a trades-union on earth that would not be rich if he could be. Sometimes through

a fortunate invention, or through some accident of prosperity, one who has had nothing comes to large estate, and we see him arrogant and supercilious, and taking people by the throat just as other people took him by the throat. There is something very mean about human nature when it comes to the top. But it is no more a sin to be rich than it is a sin to be poor. There are those who have gathered great estate through fraud, and then there are millionaires who have gathered their fortune through foresight in regard to changes in the markets, and through brilliant business faculty, and every dollar of their estate is as honest as the dollar which the plumber gets for mending a pipe, or the mason gets for building a wall. There are those who are kept in poverty because of their own fault. They might have been well off, but they smoked or chewed up their earnings, or they lived beyond their means, while others on the same wages and on the same salaries went on



to competency. I know a man who is all the time complaining of his poverty and crying out against rich men, while he himself keeps two dogs, and chews and smokes, and is filled to the chin with whiskey and beer !

Micawber said to David Copperfield: "Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, twenty shillings and sixpence expenses ; result, misery. But, Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, expenses nineteen shillings and sixpence ; result, happiness." And there are vast multitudes of people who are kept poor because they are the victims of their improvidence. It is no sin to be rich, and it is no sin to be poor. I protest against this outcry which I hear against those who, through economy and self-denial and assiduity, have come to large fortune. This bombardment of commercial success will never stop the quarrel between capital and labor.

Neither will the contest be settled by cynical and unsympathetic treatment of the labor-

ing classes. There are those who speak of them as though they were only cattle or draught horses. Their nerves are nothing, their domestic comfort is nothing, their happiness is nothing. They have no more sympathy for them than a hound has for a hare, or a hawk for a hen, or a tiger for a calf. They have all their sympathies with Shylock, and not with Antonio and Portia. They are plutocrats and their feelings are infernal. They are filled with irritation and irascibility on this subject. To stop the awful embroglio between capital and labor they will lift not so much as the tip end of the little finger.

Neither will there be any pacification of this angry controversy through violence. Traps sprung suddenly upon employers, and violence, never took one knot out of the knuckle of toil, or put one farthing of wages into a callous palm. Barbarism will never cure the wrongs of civilization. Mark that.

Frederick the Great admired some land near

his palace at Potsdam, and he resolved to get it. It was owned by a miller. He offered the miller three times the value of the property. The miller would not take it, because it was the old homestead, and he felt as Naboth felt about his vineyard when Ahab wanted it. Frederick the Great was a rough and terrible man, and he ordered the miller into his presence ; and the king, with a stick in his hand—a stick with which he sometimes struck his officers of state—said to this miller : “ Now, I have offered you three times the value of that property, and if you won’t sell it I’ll take it anyhow.” The miller said, “ Your Majesty, you won’t.” “ Yes,” said the king, “ I will take it.” “ Then,” said the miller, “ if your Majesty does take it, I will sue you in the Chancery Court.” At that threat Frederick the Great yielded his infamous demand. And the most imperious outrage against the poor and against the working-classes will yet cower before the law. Violence and what else

is contrary to the law will never accomplish anything, but righteousness and that which is according to law will accomplish it.

The controversy between capital and labor cannot be settled by human wisdom, but, ro-seate and jubilant, the Golden Rule puts one hand on the broadcloth shoulder of Capital, and puts the other hand on the homespun-covered shoulder of Toil, and says, "What-soever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." That is, the lady of the household will say, "I must treat the maid in the kitchen just as I would like to be treated if I were down-stairs and it were my work to wash, and cook, and sweep, and it were the duty of the maid in the kitchen to preside in this parlor." The maid in the kitchen must say, "If my employer seems to be more prosperous than I, that is no fault of hers ; I shall not treat her as an enemy. I will have the same industry and fidelity down-stairs as I would expect from my subordinates

if I happened to be the wife of a silk importer." The owner of an iron mill will go into his foundry and, passing into what is called the puddling-room, he will see a man there stripped to the waist, and besweated and exhausted with the labor and the toil, and he will say to him, "Why, it seems to be very hot in here. You look very much exhausted. I hear your child is sick with scarlet fever. If you want your wages a little earlier this week, so as to pay the nurse and get the medicines, just come into my office any time."

After a while, crash goes the money market, and there is no more demand for the articles manufactured in that iron mill, and the owner does not know what to do. He says, "Shall I stop the mill, or shall I run it on half time, or shall I cut down the men's wages?" He walks the floor of his counting-room all day, hardly knowing what to do. Toward evening he calls all the laborers together. They stand all around, some with

arms akimbo, some with folded arms, wondering what the boss is going to do now. The manufacturer says, "Men, times are very hard; I don't make twenty dollars where I used to make one hundred. Somehow, there is no demand now for what we manufacture, or but very little demand. You see I am at vast expense, and I have called you together this afternoon to see what you would advise. I don't want to shut up the mill, because that would force you out of work, and you have always been very faithful, and I like you, and you seem to like me, and the bairns must be looked after, and your wife will after a while want a new dress. I don't know what to do."

There is a dead halt for a minute or two, and then one of the workmen steps out from the ranks of his fellows, and says, "Boss, you have been very good to us, and when you prospered we prospered, and now you are in a tight place and I am sorry, and we have got to sympathize with you. I don't know how

the others feel, but I propose that we take off twenty per cent. from our wages, and then when the times get good you will remember us and raise them again." The workman looks around to his comrades, and says, "Boys, what do you say to this? All in favor of my proposition will say ay." "Ay! ay! ay!" shout two hundred voices.

But the mill-owner, getting in some new machinery, exposes himself very much, and takes cold, and it settles into pneumonia, and he dies. In the procession to the tomb are all the workmen, tears rolling down their cheeks, and off upon the ground; but an hour before the procession gets to the cemetery the wives and the children of those workmen are at the grave waiting for the arrival of the funeral pageant. The minister of religion may have delivered an eloquent eulogium before they started from the house, but the most impressive things are said that day by the working-classes standing around the tomb. That night

in all the cabins of the working-people where they have family prayers the widowhood and the orphanage in the mansion are remembered. No glaring populations look over the iron fence of the cemetery ; but, hovering over the scene, the benediction of God and man is coming from the fulfilment of the Christlike injunction, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

"Oh," says some man here, "that is all Utopian, that is apocryphal, that is impossible." No. I will show you factories, banking-houses, storehouses, and costly enterprises where the Golden Rule is fully kept, and you could no more get the employer to practice an injustice upon his men, or the men to conspire against the employer, than you could get your right hand and your left hand, your right eye and your left eye, your right ear and your left ear, into physiological antagonism. Now, where is this to begin? In our homes, in our



stores, on our farms—not waiting for other people to do their duty. Is there a divergence now between the parlor and the kitchen? Then there is something wrong, either in the parlor or the kitchen, perhaps in both. Are the clerks in your store irate against the firm? Then there is something wrong, either behind the counter or in the private office, or perhaps in both.

The great want of the world to-day is the fulfilment of the Christlike injunction I have quoted: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." All the political economists under the arch or vault of the heavens in convention for a thousand years cannot settle this controversy between monopoly and hard work, between capital and labor. During the Revolutionary War there was a heavy piece of timber to be lifted, perhaps for some fortress, and a corporal was overseeing the work, and he was giving commands to some soldiers as they lifted: "Heave

away, there ! yo heave !” Well, the timber was too heavy ; they could not get it up. There was a gentleman riding by on a horse, and he stopped and said to this corporal, “ Why don’t you help them lift ? That timber is too heavy for them to lift.” “ No,” he said, “ I won’t ; I am a corporal.” The gentleman got off his horse and came up to the place. “ Now,” he said to the soldiers, “ all together—yo heave !” and the timber went to its place. “ Now,” said the gentleman to the corporal, “ when you have a piece of timber too heavy for the men to lift, and you want help, you send to your commander-in-chief.” It was Washington. Now, that is about all the Gospel I know—the Gospel of giving somebody a lift, a lift out of darkness, a lift out of earth into heaven. That is all the Gospel I know—the Gospel of helping somebody else to lift.

“ Oh,” says some wiseacre, “ talk as you will, the law of supply and demand will regu-

late these things until the end of time." No, they will not, unless God dies and the batteries of the Judgment Day are spiked, and Pluto and Proserpine, king and queen of the infernal regions, take full possession of this world. Do you know who Supply & Demand are? They have gone into partnership, and they propose to swindle this earth, and are swindling it. You are drowning. Supply & Demand stand on the shore, one on one side, the other on the other side of the life-boat, and they cry out to you, "Now, you pay us what we ask you for getting you to shore, or go to the bottom!" If you can borrow \$5000 you can keep from failing in business. Supply & Demand say, "Now, you pay us exorbitant usury, or you go into bankruptcy." This robber firm of Supply & Demand say to you, "The crops are short. We bought up all the wheat and it is in our bin. Now, you pay our price or starve." That is your magnificent law of supply and demand. Supply & De-

mand own the largest mill on earth, and all the rivers roll over their wheel, and into their hopper they put all the men, women, and children they can shovel out of the centuries, and the blood and the bones redden the valley while the mill grinds. That diabolic law of supply and demand will yet have to stand aside and instead thereof will come the law of love, the law of co-operation, the law of kindness, the law of sympathy, the law of Christ. Have you no idea of the coming of such a time? Then you do not believe the Bible. All the Bible is full of promises on this subject, and as the ages roll on the time will come when men of fortune will be giving larger sums to humanitarian and evangelistic purposes, and there will be more James Lenoxes and Peter Coopers and William E. Dodges and George Peabodys. As that time comes there will be more parks, more picture-galleries, more gardens thrown open for the holiday people and the working-classes. The time is going to

come when, if you have anything in your house worth looking at—pictures, pieces of sculpture—you are going to invite me to come and see it, you are going to invite my friends to come and see it, and you will say, “See what I have been blessed with. God has given me this, and so far as enjoying it, it is yours also.” That is Gospel.

In crossing the Allegheny Mountains many years ago the stage halted, and Henry Clay dismounted from the stage, and went out on a rock at the very verge of the cliff, and he stood there with his cloak wrapped around him, and he seemed to be listening for something. Some one said to him, “What are you listening for?” Standing there on the top of the mountain, he said, “I am listening to the tramp of the footsteps of the coming millions of this continent.” A sublime posture for an American statesman. You and I to-day stand on the mountain top of privilege, and on the Rock of Ages, and we look

off, and we hear coming from the future the happy industries, and the smiling populations, and the consecrated fortunes, and the innumerable prosperities of the closing nineteenth and the opening twentieth centuries.

The greatest friend of capitalist and toiler, and the one who will yet bring them together in complete accord, was born one Christmas night, while the curtains of heaven swung, stirred by the wings angelic. Owner of all things—all the continents, all worlds, and all the islands of light. Capitalist of immensity, crossing over to our condition. Coming into our world, not by gate of palace, but by door of barn. Spending His first night amid the shepherds. Gathering afterward around Him the fishermen to be His chief attendants. With adze, and saw, and chisel, and axe, and in a carpenter-shop, showing Himself brother with the tradesmen. Owner of all things, and yet on a hillock back of Jerusalem one day resigning everything for others, keeping not so

much as a shekel to pay for His obsequies, by charity buried in the suburbs of a city that had cast Him out. Before the cross of such a capitalist, and such a carpenter, all men can afford to shake hands and worship. Here is the every man's Christ. None so high, but He was higher. None so poor, but He was poorer. At His feet the hostile extremes will yet renounce their animosities, and countenances which have glowered with the prejudices and revenge of centuries shall brighten with the smile of heaven as He commands: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

## THE BURDEN-BEARER.

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THIS is a world of burden-bearing. Where is the man who has not a conflict? Where is the soul that has not a struggle? In the far East wells of water are so infrequent that when a man owns a well he has a property of very great value, and sometimes battles have been fought for the possession of one well of water ; but there is one well that every man owns, a deep well, a perennial well, a well of tears. If a man has not a burden on this shoulder, he has a burden on the other shoulder. The day I left home to look after myself and for myself, in the wagon my father sat driving, and he said that day something which has kept with me all my life : " DeWitt, it is always safe to trust God. I have many a time come to a crisis of difficulty. You may know that, having been sick



for fifteen years, it was no easy thing for me to support a family ; but always God came to the rescue. I remember the time," he said, "when I didn't know what to do, and I saw a man on horseback riding up the farm lane, and he announced to me that I had been nominated for the most lucrative office in the gift of the people of the county ; and to that office I was elected, and God in that way met all my wants, and I tell you it is always safe to trust him." What we want is a practical religion ! The religion people have is so high up you cannot reach it. I had a friend who entered the life of an evangelist. He gave up a lucrative business in Chicago, and he and his wife finally came to severe want. He told me that in the morning at prayers he said, "O Lord, thou knowest we have not a mouthful of food in the house ! Help me, help us !" And he started out on the street, and a gentleman met him and said, "I have been thinking of you for a good while. You know

I am a flour merchant ; if you won't be offended, I should like to send you a barrel of flour." My friend cast his burden on the Lord, and the Lord sustained him. In the Straits of Magellan, I have been told, there is a place where whichever way a ship captain puts his ship he finds the wind against him, and there are men who all their lives have been running in the teeth of the wind, and which way to turn they do not know. I address these face to face, not perfunctorily, but as one brother talks to another brother : "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

There are a great many men who have business burdens. When we see a man harried and perplexed and annoyed in business life, we are apt to say, "He ought not to have attempted to carry so much." Ah, that man may not be to blame at all. When a man plants a business he does not know what will be its outgrowths, what will be its roots,

what will be its branches. There is many a man with keen foresight and large business faculty who has been flung into the dust by unforeseen circumstances springing upon him from ambush. When to buy, when to sell, when to trust, and to what amount of credit, what will be the effect of this new invention of machinery, what will be the effect of that loss of crop, and a thousand other questions perplex business men, until the hair is silvered and deep wrinkles are plowed in the cheek ; and the stocks go up by the mountains and go down by the valleys, and they are at their wits' ends, and stagger like drunken men.

There never has been a time when there have been such rivalries in business as now. It is hardware against hardware, books against books, chandlery against chandlery, imported article against imported article. A thousand stores in combat with another thousand stores. Never such advantage of light, never such

variety of assortment, never so much splendor of show window, never so much adroitness of salesmen, never so much acuteness of advertising, and amid all these severities of rivalry in business, how many men break down! Oh, the burden on the shoulder! Oh, the burden on the heart! You hear that it is avarice which drives these men of business through the street, and that is the commonly accepted idea. I do not believe a word of it. The vast multitude of these business men are toiling on for others. To educate their children, to put the wing of protection over their households, to have something left so that when they pass out of life their wives and children will not have to go to the poor house—that is the way I translate this energy in the street and store, the largest part of that energy. Grip, Gouge & Co., do not do all the business. Some of us remember when the Central America was coming home from California, it was wrecked. President Arthur's

father-in-law was the heroic captain of that ship, and went down with most of the passengers. Some of them got off into life-boats, but there was a young man returning from California who had a bag of gold in his hand; and as the last boat shoved off from the ship that was to go down, that man shouted to a comrade in the boat, "Here, John, catch this gold; there are three thousand dollars; take it home to my old mother, it will make her comfortable in her last days." Grip, Gouge & Co. do not do all the business of the world. Ah! my friend, do you say that God does not care anything about your worldly business? I tell you God knows more about it than you do. He knows all your perplexities; He knows what mortgagee is about to foreclose; He knows what note you cannot pay, He knows what unsalable goods you have on your shelves; He knows all your trials, from the day you took hold of the first yard-stick, down to the sale of the last yard of ribbon;

and the God who helped David to be king, and who helped Daniel to be prime minister, and who helped Havelock to be a soldier will help you to discharge all your duties. He is going to see you through. When loss comes, and you find your property going, just take God's Book and put it down by your ledger, and read of the eternal possessions that will come to you through our Lord Jesus Christ. And when your business partner betrays you, and your friends turn against you, just take the insulting letter, put it down on the table, put your Bible beside the insulting letter, and then read of the friendship of Him who "sticketh closer than a brother."

A young accountant in New York City got his accounts entangled. He knew he was honest, and yet he could not make his accounts come out right, and he toiled at them day and night until he was nearly frenzied. It seemed by those books that something had been misappropriated, and he knew before

God he was honest. The last day came. He knew if he could not that day make his accounts come out right, he should go into disgrace and go into banishment from the business establishment. He went over there very early before there was anybody in the place, and he knelt down at the desk and said, "Oh, Lord, thou knowest I have tried to be honest, but I cannot make these things come out right! Help me to-day—help me this morning!" The young man arose, and hardly knowing why he did so opened a book that lay on the desk, and there was a leaf containing a line of figures which explained everything. In other words, he cast his burden upon the Lord, and the Lord sustained him. Young man, do you hear that? Oh, yes, God has a sympathy with anybody that is in any kind of toil! He knows how heavy is the load of bricks that the workman carries up the ladder of the wall; He hears the pickaxe of the miner down in the coal shaft; He knows

how strong the tempest strikes the sailor at mast-head ; He sees the factory girl among the spindles, and knows how her arms ache ; He sees the sewing woman in the fourth story, and knows how few pence she gets for making a garment ; and louder than all the din and roar of the city comes the voice of a sympathetic God : "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

There are a great many who have a weight of persecution and abuse upon them. Sometimes society gets a grudge against a man. All his motives are misinterpreted and his good deeds are depreciated. With more virtue than some of the honored and applauded, he runs only against raillery and sharp criticism. When a man begins to go down, he has not only the force of natural gravitation, but a hundred hands to help him in the precipitation. Men are persecuted for their virtues and their successes. Germanicus said he had just as many bitter antagonists as he had



adornments. The character sometimes is so lustrous that the weak eyes of envy and jealousy cannot bear to look at it. It was their integrity that put Joseph in the pit, and Daniel in the den, and Shadrach in the fire, and sent John the Evangelist to desolate Patmos, and Calvin to the castle of persecution, and John Huss to the stake, and Korah after Moses, and Saul after David, and Herod after Christ. Be sure if you have anything to do for Church or State, and you attempt it with all your soul, the lightning will strike you. The world always has had a cross between two thieves for the one who comes to save it. High and holy enterprise has always been followed by abuse. The most sublime tragedy of self-sacrifice has come to burlesque. The graceful gait of virtue is always followed by grimace and travesty. The sweetest strain of poetry ever written has come to ridiculous parody, and as long as there are virtue and righteousness in the world, there will be

something for iniquity to grin at. All along the line of the ages, and in all lands, the cry has been, "Not this man, but Barabbas. Now, Barabbas was a robber." And what makes the persecutions of life worse, is that they come from people whom you have helped, from those to whom you have loaned money or have started in business, or whom you rescued in some great crisis. I think it has been the history of all our lives—the most acrimonious assault has come from those whom we have benefited, whom we have helped, and that makes it all the harder to bear. A man is in danger of becoming cynical.

A clergyman of the Universalist Church went into a neighborhood for the establishment of a church of his denomination, and he was anxious to find some one of that denomination, and he was pointed to a certain house, and went there. He said to the man of the house, "I understand you are a Universalist; I want you to help me in the enter-

prise." "Well," said the man, "I am a Universalist, but I have a peculiar kind of Universalism." "What is that?" asked the minister. "Well," replied the other, "I have been out in the world, and I have been cheated and slandered and outraged and abused until I believe in universal damnation!" The great danger is that men will become cynical and given to believe, as David was tempted to say, that all men are liars. Do not let that be the effect upon your souls. If you cannot endure a little persecution, how do you think our fathers endured great persecution? Motley, in his "Dutch Republic," tells us of Egmont, the martyr, who, condemned to be beheaded, unfastened his collar on the way to the scaffold; and when they asked him why he did that, he said, "So they will not be detained in their work; I want to be ready." How little we have to endure compared with those who have gone before us!

Now, if you have come across ill-treatment,

let me tell you you are in excellent company—Christ and Luther and Galileo and Columbus and John Jay and Josiah Quincy and thousands of men and women, the best spirits of earth and heaven. Budge not one inch, though all hell wreak upon you its vengeance, and you be made a target for devils to shoot at. “Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.”

There are others who carry great burdens of physical ailments. When sudden sickness has come, and fierce choleras and malignant fevers take the castles of life by storm, we appeal to God; but in these chronic ailments which wear out the strength day after day, and week after week, and year after year, how little resorting to God for solace! Then people depend upon their tonics and their plasters and their cordials rather than upon heavenly stimulants. How few people there are completely well! Some of you by dint of perseverance and care, have kept living to

this time ; but how you have had to war against physical ailments ! Antediluvians, without medical college and infirmary and apothecary shop, multiplied their years by hundreds ; but he who has gone through the gauntlet of disease in our time, and has come to seventy years of age, is a hero worthy of a palm. The world seems to be a great hospital, and you run against rheumatisms and consumptions and scrofulas and neuralgias and scores of old diseases baptized by new nomenclature. And how heavy a burden sickness is ! It takes the color out of the sky and the sparkle out of the wave and the sweetness out of the fruit and the lustre out of the night. When the limbs ache, when the respiration is painful, when the mouth is hot, when the ear roars with unhealthy obstructions, how hard it is to be patient and cheerful and assiduous ! While you are in every possible way to try to restore your physical vigor you are to remember that more sooth-

ing than any anodyne, and more vitalizing than any stimulant, and more strengthening than any tonic is the prescription : "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." We hear a great deal of talk now about faith cure, and some people say it cannot be done and it is a failure. I do not know but that the chief advance of the Church is to be in that direction. Marvellous things come to me day by day which make me think that if the age of miracle is past, it is because the faith of miracles is past.

Some have to carry the burden of bereavements. Ah ! these are the troubles that wear us out. If we lose our property, by additional industry, perhaps, we may bring back the estranged fortune ; if we lose our good name, perhaps by reformation of morals we may achieve again reputation for integrity ; but who will bring back the dear departed ? Alas for these empty cradles and these trunks of childish toys that will never be used again !

Alas for the empty chair and the silence in the halls that will never echo again to those familiar footsteps ! Alas for the cry of widowhood and orphanage ! What bitter Marahs in the wilderness, what cities of the dead, what long black shadow from the wing of death, what eyes sunken with grief, what hands tremulous with bereavement, what instruments of music shut now because there are no fingers to play on them ! Is there no relief for such souls ? Ay ; the grave is brighter than the ancient tomb where the lights were perpetually kept burning. The scarred feet of Him who was "the resurrection and the life" are on the broken grave hillock, while the voices of angels ring down the sky at the coronation of another soul come home to glory.

There are many who carry the burden of sin. We all carry it until in the appointed way that burden is lifted. We need no Bible to prove that the whole race is ruined. What a

spectacle it would be if we could tear off the mask of human defilement, or beat a drum that would bring up the whole army of the world's transgressions—the deception, the fraud and the rapine and the murder and the crime of all the centuries! If I could sound the trumpet of resurrection in the soul of the best men in this audience, and all the dead sins of the past should come up, we could not endure the sight. Sin, grim and dire, has put its clutch upon the immortal soul, and that clutch will never relax unless it be under the heel of Him who came to destroy the works of the devil. Oh, to have a mountain of sin on the soul! Is there no way to have the burden moved? Oh, yes. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord." The sinless One came to take the consequences of our sin! Why will prodigals live on swine's husks when the robe and the ring and the father's welcome are ready? Why go wandering over the great Sahara Desert of your sin when you



are invited to the gardens of God, the trees of life, and the fountains of living water? Why be houseless and homeless forever when you may become the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty?

## LIFE'S ECHOES.

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**G**REEK mythology represented the echo as a nymph, the daughter of Earth and Air, following Narcissus through forests and into grottoes and every whither, and so strange and weird and startling is the echo I do not wonder that the superstitious have lifted it into the supernatural. You and I in boyhood or girlhood experimented with this responsiveness of sound. Standing half-way between the house and barn, we shouted many a time to hear the reverberations, or out among the mountains back of our home, on some long tramp, we stopped and made exclamation with full lungs just to hear "the sounding again of the mountains." The echo has frightened many a child and many a man. It is no tame thing after you have spoken to hear the same words repeated by

the invisible. All the silences are filled with voices ready to answer. Yet, it would not be so startling if they said something else, but why do those lips of the air say just what you say? Do they mean to mock or mean to please? Who are you and where are you, thou wondrous echo? Sometimes its response is a reiteration. The shot of a gun, the clapping of the hands, the beating of a drum, the voice of a violin are sometimes repeated many times by the echo; as near Coblenz, where each sound has seventeen echoes. In 1766, a writer says that near Milan, Italy, there were seventy such reflections of sound to one snap of a pistol. Play a bugle near a lake of Killarney and the tune is played back to you as distinctly as when you played it. There is a well two hundred and ten feet deep at Carisbrooke Castle in the Isle of Wight. Drop a pin into that well, and the sound of its fall comes to the top of the well distinctly. A blast of an Alpine horn comes back from

the rocks of Jungfrau in surge after surge of reflected sound, until it seems as if every peak had lifted and blown an Alpine horn. But have you noticed that this echo in the natural world has its analogy in the moral and religious world? Have you noticed the tremendous fact that what we say and do comes back in recoiled gladness or disaster?

Parental teaching and example have their echo in the character of descendants. Exceptions? Oh, yes. So in the natural world there may be no echo, or a distorted echo, by reason of peculiar proximities, but the general rule is that the character of the children is the echo of the character of parents. The general rule is that good parents have good children and bad parents have bad children. If the old man is a crank, his son is apt to be a crank, and the grandchild a crank. The tendency is so mighty in that direction that it will get worse and worse unless some hero or heroine in that line shall rise and say, "Here!

By the help of God, I will stand this no longer. Against this hereditary tendency to queerness I protest." And he or she will set up an altar and a magnificent life that will reverse things and there will be no more cranks among that kindred. In another family the father and mother are consecrated people. What they do is right; what they teach is right. The boys may for some time be wild and the daughters worldly, but watch. Years pass on, perhaps ten years, twenty years, and you go back to the church where the father and mother used to be consistent members. You have heard nothing about the family for twenty years, and at the door of the church you see the sexton, and you ask him, "Where is old Mr. Webster?" "Oh! he has been dead many years." "Where is Mrs. Webster?" "Oh! she died fifteen years ago." "I suppose their son Joe went to the dogs?" "Oh! no," says the sexton. "He is up there in the elders' seat.

He is one of our best and most important members. You ought to hear him pray and sing. He is not Joe any longer; he is Elder Webster." "Well, where is the daughter, Mary? I suppose she is the same thoughtless butterfly she used to be?" "Oh! no," says the sexton, "she is the President of our Missionary Society and a director in the Orphan Asylum, and when she goes down the street all the ragamuffins take hold of her dress and cry, 'Auntie, when are you going to bring us some more books and shoes and things?' And, when, in times of revival, there is some hard case back in a church pew that no one else can touch, she goes where he is, and in one minute she has him a-crying, and the first thing we know she is fetching the hardened man up to the front to be prayed for, and says, 'Here is a brother who wants to find the way into the kingdom of God.' And if nobody seems ready to pray, she kneels down in the aisle beside him and says, 'Oh!

Lord!' with a pathos and a power and a triumph that seems instantly to emancipate the hardened sinner. Oh! no, you must not call her a thoughtless butterfly in our presence. You see we would not stand it." The fact is that the son and daughter of that family did not promise much at the start, but they are now an echo, a glorious echo, a prolonged echo, of parental teaching and example.

A Vermont mother, as her boy was about to start for a life on the sea, said, "Edward, I have never seen the ocean, but I understand the great temptation is strong drink. Promise me you will never touch it." Many years after that, telling of this in a meeting, Edward said: "I gave that promise to mother, and have been around the world, and at Calcutta, the ports of the Mediterranean, San Francisco, Cape of Good Hope, and North and South Poles, and never saw a glass of liquor in all those years that my mother's form did not appear before me, and I do not know how liquor

tastes. I never have tasted it, and all because of the promise I made to my mother." This was the result of that conversation at the gate of the Vermont farm-house.

But, here is a slipshod home. The parents are a godless pair. They let their children do as they please. No example fit to follow. No lessons of morality or religion. Sunday no better than any other day. The Bible no better than any other book. The house is a sort of inn where the older and younger people of the household stop for a while. The theory acted on, though perhaps not announced, is, "The children will have to do as I did, and take their chances. Life is a lottery anyhow, and some draw prizes and some draw blanks, and we will trust to luck." Skip twenty years and come back to the neighborhood where that family used to live. You meet on the street or on the road an old inhabitant of that neighborhood, and you say, "Can you tell me anything about



the Petersons who used to live here?" "Yes," says the old inhabitant, "I remember them very well. The father and mother have been dead for years." "Well, how about the children? What has become of them?" The old inhabitant replies, "They turned out badly. You know the old man was about half an infidel and the boys were all infidels. The oldest son married, but got into drinking habits, and in a few years his wife was not able to live with him any longer and his children were taken by relatives, and he died of delirium tremens on Blackwell's Island. His other son forged the name of his employer and fled to Canada. One of the daughters of the old folks married an inebriate with the idea of reforming him, and you know how that always ends—in the ruin of both the experimenter and the one experimented with. The other daughter disappeared mysteriously, and has not been heard of. There was a young woman picked out of the East River and put

in the Morgue, and some thought it was she, but I cannot say." "Is it possible?" you cry out. "Yes, it is possible. The family is a complete wreck." My hearers that is just what might have been expected. All this is only the echo, the dismal echo, the awful echo, the dreadful echo of parental obliquity and unfaithfulness. The old folks heaped up a mountain of wrong influences, and this is only "the sounding again of the mountains." Indeed our entire behavior in this world will have a resound. While opportunities fly in a straight line and just touch us once and are gone never to return, the wrongs we practice upon others fly in a circle, and they come back to the place from which they started.

So, also, the Judgment Day will be an echo of all our other days. The universe needs such a day, for there are so many things in the world that need to be fixed up and explained. If God had not appointed such a day all the nations would cry out, "O! God,

give us a Judgment Day." But we are apt to think of it and speak about it as a day away off in the future, having no special connection with this day or any other day. The fact is that we are now making up its voices ; its trumpets will only sound back again to us what we now say and do. That is the meaning of all that Scripture which says that Christ will on that day address the soul, saying, "I was naked and ye clothed me, I was sick and in prison and ye visited me." All the footsteps in that prison corridor as the Christian Reformer walks to the wicket of the incarcerated, yea all the whispers of condolence in the ear of that poor soul dying in that garret, yea all the kindnesses are being caught up and rolled on until they dash against the Judgment Throne and then they will be struck back into the ears of these sons and daughters of mercy. Louder than the crash of Mount Washington falling on its face in the world-wide catastrophe, and the boiling of the sea over the fur-

naces of universal conflagration will be the echo and re-echo of the good deeds done and the sympathetic words uttered and the mighty benefactions wrought. On that day all the charities, all the self-sacrifices, all the philanthropies, all the beneficent last wills and testaments, all the Christian work of all the ages, will be piled up into mountains, and those who have served God and served the suffering human race will hear "the sounding again of the mountains."

Eternity itself is only an echo of time. Mind you, the analogy warrants my saying this. The echo is not always exactly in kind like the sound originally projected. Lord Raleigh says that a woman's voice sounding from a grove was returned an octave higher. A scientist playing a flute in Fairfax County, Va., found that all the notes were returned, although some of them came in raised pitch. A trumpet sounded ten times near Glasgow, Scotland, and the ten notes were all repeated,

but a third lower. And the spiritual law corresponds with the natural world. What we do of good or bad may not come back to us in just the proportion we expect it, but come back it will; it may be from a higher gladness than we thought, or from a deeper woe, from a mightier conqueror or from a worse captive, from a higher throne or deeper dungeon. Our prayer or our blasphemy, our kindness or our cruelty, our faith or our unbelief, our holy life or our dissolute behavior, will come back somehow. Suppose the boss of a factory or the head of a commercial firm, some day comes out among his clerks or employees, and putting his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, says, with an air of swagger and jocosity, "Well, I don't believe in the Bible or the church. The one is an imposition and the other is full of hypocrites. I declare I would not trust one of those very pious people further than I could see him." That is all he says, but he has said enough.

The young men go back to their counters or their shuttles, and say within themselves, "Well, he is a successful man and has probably studied up the whole subject and is probably right." That one lying utterance against Bibles and churches has put five young men on the wrong track, and though the influential man had spoken only in half jest, the echo will come back to him in five ruined lifetimes and five destroyed eternities. You see the echoes are an octave lower than he anticipated. On the other hand, some rainy day, when there are hardly any customers, the Christian merchant comes out from his counting-room and stands among the young men, who have nothing to do, and says, "Well, boys, this is a dull day, but it will clear off after a while. There are a good many ups and downs in business, but there is an overruling Providence. Years ago I made up my mind to trust God and He has always seen me through." About noon the rain ceases and

the sun comes out and the clerks go to their places, and they say within themselves, "Well, he is a successful merchant, and I guess he knows what he is talking about, and the Christian religion must be a good thing. God knows I want some help in this battle with temptation and sin." The successful merchant who uttered the kind words did not know how much good he was doing, but the echo will come back in five lifetimes of virtue and usefulness, and five Christian death-beds, and five heavens. From all the mountains of rapture and all the mountains of glory and all the mountains of eternity, he will catch "the sounding again of the mountains."

Our own eternity will be a reverberation of our own earthly lifetime. What we are here we shall be there, only on a larger scale. Dissolution will tear down the body and embank it, but our faculties of mind and soul will go right on without the hesitancy of a moment and without any change except enlargement

and intensification. There will be no more difference than between a lion behind the iron bars and a lion escaped into the field, between an eagle in a cage and an eagle in the sky. Good here, good there; bad here, bad there. Time is only a bedwarped eternity. Eternity is only an enlarged time. In this life our soul is in dry dock. The moment we leave this life we are launched for our great voyage, and we sail on for centuries quintillion, but the ship does not change its fundamental structure after it gets out of a dry dock; it does not pass from brig to schooner, or from schooner to man-of-war. What we are when launched from this world, we shall be in the world to come.



## CROOKED THINGS MADE STRAIGHT.

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MUCH of the wealth of the world is in the hands of the profligate, while many of the best people are subjected to distressing privation ; and there is going to be a redistribution of property. If it were possible, it would be a bad thing to have things divided equally. Some men are able to endure more success than others, and prosperity that might not unbalance you might destroy me. The Declaration of American Independence declares that all men are born equal, but the opposite is the truth, for they are born unequal. In no respect is this more evident than in their capacity to endure success, financial or social. I have seen men by the acquisition of fifty thousand dollars made arrogant and overbearing, and I have known others with their millions of dollars child-like and

unassuming and Christian. We should all be affluent, but the Lord cannot trust us. I am glad there are those He can trust. Much is said against capitalists, but the world would be a very shaky world without them. Who built the great railroads which, while they give such facilities of travel, employ tens of thousands of laborers, supporting them and their families? Capitalists. Who built great ships that stir the rivers and bridge the ocean? Capitalists. Who reared the thousands of factories all over the land, in which hundreds of thousands of employees earn their daily bread? Capitalists. Who endowed your colleges, and opened free libraries, and built asylums for the orphan, the crippled, and the insane? Capitalists. But for them there would not be an Academy of Music, or a picture gallery, or a free library, or a steamboat, or a railroad in America. Who put the world on seventy-five years beyond what it would have been in enterprise, in comforts, in educational

advantage, in good things without number? Capitalists. The more money a man gets the better, if it come honestly and is employed righteously. Nevertheless we all see that there needs to be a redistribution of property. Communism proposes to make that distribution by torch and dagger and dynamite. Throw the midnight express train off the track and put the factory into conflagration. Disrupt society. Burglarize. Assassinate. Such people believe neither in God nor man nor woman, and they know how to make things worse but never have made and never can make anything better.

I tell you how there will come a redistribution of property: good people will get more alertness and acumen and assiduity. Many good people are kept in straitened circumstances because they have been indolent, or lacked courage to take honest advantage of circumstances, and were too stupid to get on. With the very same surroundings others went

on to competency. In the better days to come good men will have their faculties wakened, and will in consequence rise to larger share of prosperity. On the other hand, estates wrongfully accumulated will dissolve. If not the sons, then the grandsons will make the money fly, and it will gradually scatter in their hands, and become a part of the general wealth. Then, as to vast properties righteously gathered—and there are thousands of them—such estates will contribute toward helping the unfortunate, not more by charities than by helping struggling people into lucrative business, and the man who has amassed enough and a surplus will say, “There is a young merchant without any capital, I will start him on Fulton street ;” and, “There is a young mechanic who has no means of his own, and I will put him on the career of prosperity ;” and, “There is a farmer with too big a mortgage on his land, and I will help him lift the encumbrance.” The fact is that if

the kindness and generosity manifested by moneyed men toward the struggling during the last fifty years, increases in the same ratio for the next fifty years, there will be a condition of society paradisiac. We are going to have a multiplication of William E. Dodges, and Peter Coopers, and James Lenoxes, and George Peabodys. So will come redistribution, and the crooked will be made straight.

Mind this : God never yet undertook a failure. The old book which is worth all other books put together, makes it plain that God has undertaken to regulate this world by Gospel influences, and if He has the power He will do what He says He will, and no one who amounts to anything will deny His power. God has said a hundred times "I will," but never once has said, "I cannot." We may with our tack-hammers pound away, trying to mend and improve and straighten the financial condition of the world, and be disappointed in the result, because our arm is too

weak and the hammer we wield too small, but the most defiant difficulty will flatten and disappear when God with a hammer made of summer thunderbolts strikes it, saying, "The crooked shall be made straight."

In your business concerns there are influences perplexing. Your affairs may seem all right to outsiders, for business firms do not advertise their private troubles, but where one firm has everything just as they want it, there are a hundred firms at their wit's end what to do with that partner who draws more than his share of the profits, or with that stockholder who comes in just often enough to upset things, or with that disappearance of funds which you cannot account for, although you have suspicions you cannot mention ; or with that investment which was made contrary to your judgment because there was a determination to push it through, or because you are going behind month by month without any prospect of extrication. The trouble is put-

ting a wrinkle on your forehead that ought not to appear there for ten years yet, and you will be forty years old when you ought to be only thirty, or sixty when you ought to be fifty, or seventy when you ought to be only sixty. Stop worrying. Either by the dissolution of that firm, or by readjusting matters you will be brought safely through if you put your trust in God. When commercial houses fail the suspension is advertised, but of the tens of thousands of men who are every day extricated no public mention is made. Yesterday was Saturday, and I warrant that at the windows of banks and in counting-rooms of stores and on every street of every city, God appeared for the deliverance of good men, as certainly as when with His right foot He trod Lake Galilee into placidity and made Daniel as safe among the lions as though they had been house-dogs asleep on a rug before a winter's fire.

I never yet asked God to do anything but

He did it, if it were best, and in all the cases where my prayer has not been answered, I have found out afterward that it was best not to have been answered in my way. But none of us have tested the full power of prayer. It is a force very like some of the forces of nature, that were in existence but not employed. For ages electricity was thought good for nothing but to burn barns and kill people with fell stroke. The lightning rod on the top of houses was the spear with which the world charged on the thunderstorm, as much as to say, "If you dare to come this way I will hurl you into the ground." But now electricity lightens homes, and churches, and cities, and Christendom, and moves rail cars, and he is a rash man who mentions anything as impossible to this natural energy. So the power of prayer was to the world rather a frightful power, if it was any power at all. But that has been changed, and men begin to use it in some things, and the time will come when it



will be used in all things, and there will be a Bible in every counting-room and supplication will ascend from every commercial establishment ; and when business firms are formed the question will not only be asked as to how much this one and that one put in of capital, but the question will be asked, "Do you know how to pray?" Mightier agent than any natural force yet developed will be this Gospel electricity, flashing heavenward for help, flashing earthward with Divine response. God in business life. God in agricultural life. God in mechanical life. God in artistic life. God in every kind of life. Your religion for the most part is hung up so high you cannot reach it. It is hung up on the cloudy rafters of the sky, where you expect to snatch it up as you finally go through for heavenly residence. Oh, have your religion within easy reach now ! Religion is not for heaven, but for this world. Once in heaven, we shall need no prayer for we shall have everything we

want. We shall need no repentance, for we shall have forever got rid of our sins. We shall have no need of comfort, for there will be no trouble. The Christian religion is not for heaven where everything is all right, but for this world where so many things are all wrong.

## BLESSED IS DEATH.

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ONE of the grandest and mightiest mercies of the earth is our divine permission to quit it. Sixty-four persons every minute step off this planet. Thirty million people every year board this planet. As a steamer must unload before it takes another cargo, and as the passengers of a rail train must leave it in order to have another company of passengers enter it, so with this world. What would happen to an ocean steamer if a man, taking a stateroom, should stay in it forever? What would happen to a rail train if one who purchases a ticket should always occupy the seat assigned him? And what would happen to this world if all who came into it never departed from it? The grave is as much a benediction as the cradle. Suppose that all the people that have lived since the days of Adam

and Eve were still alive, what a cluttered up place this world would be ; no elbow room, no place to walk, no privacy, nothing to eat or wear, or if anything were left, the human race would, like a shipwrecked crew, have to be put on small rations, each of us having perhaps only a biscuit a day. And what chance would there be for the rising generations? The men and women who started when the world started would keep the modern people back and down, saying, "We are six thousand years old. Bow down. History is nothing, for we are older than history." What a mercy for the human race was death. Within a few years you can get from this world all there is in it. After you have had fifty or sixty or seventy spring-times, you have seen enough blossoms. After fifty or sixty or seventy autumns you have seen enough of gorgeous foliage. After fifty or sixty or seventy winters, you have seen enough snow storms and felt enough chills and wrapped

yourself in enough blankets. In the ordinary length of human life you have carried enough burdens, and shed enough tears, and suffered enough injustices, and felt enough pangs, and been clouded by enough doubts. We talk about the shortness of life, but if we exercised good sense we should realize that life is quite long enough. If we are the children of God, we are at a banquet, and this world is only the first course of the food, and we ought to be glad that there are other and better and richer courses of food to be handed on. We are here in one room of our Father's house, but there are rooms up-stairs. They are better pictured, better upholstered, better furnished. Why do we want to stay in the ante-room forever, when there are palatial apartments waiting for our occupancy? What a mercy that there is a limitation to earthly environments!

Death also makes room for improved physical machinery. Our bodies have wondrous

powers, but they are very limited. There are beasts that can outrun us, outlift us, outcarry us. The birds have both the earth and air for travel, yet we must stick to the one. In this world, which the human race takes for its own, there are creatures of God that far surpass us in some things. Death removes this slower and less adroit machinery and makes room for something better. These eyes that can see half a mile will be removed for those that can see from world to world. These ears, which can hear a sound a few feet off, will be removed for ears that can hear from zone to zone. These feet will be removed for powers of locomotion swifter than the reindeer's hoof, or eagle's plume, or lightning's flash. Then, we have only five senses and to these we are shut up. Why only five senses? Why not fifty, why not one hundred, why not a thousand? We can have, and we shall have them, but not until this present physical machinery is put out of the way. Do not think

that this body is the best that God can do for us. God did not half try when he contrived your bodily mechanism. Mind you, I believe with all anatomists and all physiologists and with all scientists and with the Psalmist that "we are fearfully and wonderfully made." But, I believe and I know that God can and will get us better physical equipment. Is it possible for man to make improvement in almost anything and God not be able to make improvements in man's physical machinery? Shall canal boat give way to limited express train? Shall slow letter give place to telegraphy, that places San Francisco and New York within a minute of communication? Shall the telephone take the sound of a voice sixty miles and instantly bring back another voice, and God, who made the man who does these things, not be able to improve the man himself with infinite velocities and infinite multiplication? Beneficent Death comes in and makes the necessary removal to make way for these supernatural improvements.

So also the slow process we now possess of getting information must have a substitute. Through prolonged study we learned the alphabet, and then we learned to spell, and then we learned to read. Then the book is put before us, and the eye travels from word to word and from page to page, and we take whole days to read the book, and, if from that book of four or five hundred pages, we have gained one or two profitable ideas, we feel we have done well. There must be some swifter way and more satisfactory way of taking in God's universe of thoughts and facts and emotions and information. But this cannot be done with your brain in its present state. Many a brain gives way under the present facility. This whitish mass in the upper cavity of the skull, and at the extremity of the nervous system—this centre of perception and sensation cannot endure more than it now endures. But God can make a better brain, and he sends Death to remove this in-



ferior brain that he may put in a superior brain. "Well," you say, "does not that destroy the idea of a resurrection of the present body?" Oh, no. It will be the old factory with new machinery, new driving wheel, new bands, new levers, and new powers. Don't you see? So I suppose the dullest human brain after the resurrectionary process will have more knowledge, more acuteness, more brilliancy, more breadth of swing than any Sir William Hamilton or Herschel or Isaac Newton or Faraday or Agassiz ever had in the mortal state, or all their intellectual powers combined. You see God has only just begun to build you. The palace of your nature has only the foundation laid, and part of the lower story, and only part of one window, but the great architect has made His draft of what you will be when the Alhambra is completed. Blessed be death ! for it removes all the hindrances. And who has not all his life run against hindrances?

We cannot go far up or far down. If we go far up we get dizzy, and if we go far down, we get suffocated. If men would go high up they ascend the Matterhorn or Mont Blanc or Himalaya, but what disasters have been reported as they came tumbling down. Or, if they went down too far, hark to the explosion of the fire-damps, and see the disfigured bodies of the poor miners at the bottom of the coal shaft.

Then there are the climatic hindrances. We run against unpropitious weather of all sorts, winter blizzard and summer scorch, and each season seems to hatch a brood of its own disorders. The summer spreads its wings and hatches out fevers and sun-strokes, and spring and autumn spread their wings and hatch out malarias, and winter spreads its wings and hatches out pneumonias and Russian gripes, and the climate of this world is a hindrance which every man and woman and child has felt. Death is to

the good transference to superior weather : weather never fickle, and never too cold and never too hot and never too light and never too dark. Have you any doubt that God can make better weather than is characteristic of this planet? Blessed is death ! for it prepares the way for change of zones, yea, it clears the path to a semi-omnipresence. How often we want to be in different places at the same time. How perplexed we get being compelled to choose between invitations, between weddings, between friendly groups, between three or four places we would like to be in the same morning or the same noon or the same evening. While death may not open opportunity to be in many places at the same time, so easy and so quick and so instantaneous will be the transference that it will amount to about the same thing. Quicker than I can speak this sentence you will be among your glorified kindred, among the martyrs, among the apostles, in the gate, on the

battlements, at the temple, and now from world to world as soon as a robin hops from one tree branch to another tree branch. Distance no hindrance. Immensity easily compassed. Semi-omnipresence! "But," says some one, "I cannot see how God is going to reconstruct my body in the Resurrection." Oh, that will be very easy as compared with what he has already done with your body four or six or ten times. All scientists tell us that the human body changes entirely once in seven years, so that if you are twenty-eight years of age you have now your fourth body. If you are forty-two years of age you have had six bodies. If you are seventy years of age you have had ten bodies. Do you not, my unbelieving friend, think if God could build for you four or five or ten bodies he could really build for you one more to be called the resurrection body? Ay! to make that resurrection body will not require half as much ingenuity and power as those other bod-

ies you have had. Is it not easier for a sculptor to make a statue out of silent clay than it would be to make a statue out of some material that is alive and moving, and running hither and thither? Will it not be easier for God to make the resurrection body out of the silent dust of the crumbled body than it was to make your body over five or six or eight times while it was in motion, walking, climbing, falling, or rising? God has already on your four or five bodies bestowed ten times more omnipotence than He will put upon the resurrection body. Yea, we have the foundation for the resurrection body in us now. Surgeons and physiologists say there are parts of the human body the uses of which they cannot understand. They are searching what these parts were made for, but have not found out. I can tell them. They are the preliminaries of the resurrection body. God does not make anything for nothing. The uses of those now surplus parts of the body will be

demonstrated when the glorified form is constructed.

Now, if Death clears the way for all this, why paint him as a hobgoblin? Why call him the King of Terrors? Why think of him as a great spook? Why sketch him with skeleton and arrows, and standing on a bank of dark waters? Why have children so frightened at his name that they dare not go to bed alone, and old men have their teeth chatter lest some shortness of breath hand them over to the monster? All the ages have been busy in maligning Death, hurling repulsive metaphors at Death, slandering Death. Oh, for the sweet breath of Easter to come down on the earth. Right after the vernal equinox, and when the flowers are beginning to bloom, well may all nations with song, and congratulation, and garlands celebrate the resurrection, and our own resurrection when Time is gone by and the trumpets pour through the flying clouds the har-

monies that shall wake the dead. By the empty niche of Joseph's mausoleum, by the rocks that parted to let the Lord come through, let our ideas of changing worlds be forever revolutionized. If what I have been saying is true, how differently we ought to think of our friends departed. The body they have put off is only as when entering a hall lighted and resounding with musical bands, you leave your hat and cloak in the cloak-room. What would a banqueter do if he had to carry those encumbrances of apparel with him into the brilliant reception? What would your departed do with their bodies if they had to be encumbered with them in the King's drawing-room? Gone into the light! Gone into the music! Gone into the festivity! Gone among kings and queens and conquerors! Gone to meet the kindred who preceded them! Why I should not wonder if they had a larger family group there than they ever had here. Oh! how many of them

have got together again. Your father and mother went years apart, but they have got together, and their children that went years ago got together again. 'Gone where they have more room! Gone where they have more jubilant society! Gone where they have mightier capacity to love you than when they were here! Gone out of hindrances into unbounded liberty! Gone out of January into June! Gone where they talk about you as we always talk about absent friends, and say, "I wonder when they will come up here to join us. Hark! the outside door of heaven swings open. Hark! there are feet on the golden stairs. Perhaps they are coming!"'

We should trust the Lord and be thrilled with the fact that our own day of escape cometh. If our lives were going to end when our heart ceased to pulsate and our lungs to breathe, I would want to take ten million years of life here for the first installment. But, my Christian friends, we cannot afford



always to stay down in the cellar of our Father's house. We cannot always be postponing the best things. We cannot always be tuning our violins for the celestial orchestra. We must get our wings out. We must mount. We cannot afford always to stand out here in the vestibule of the house of many mansions, while the windows are illuminated with the levee angelic, and we can hear the laughter of those forever free, and the ground quakes with the bounding feet of those who have entered upon eternal play. Ushers of heaven, open the gates! Swing them clear back on their pearly hinges! Let the celestial music rain on us its cadences. Let the hanging gardens of the King breathe on us their aromatics. Let our redeemed ones just look out and give us one glance of their glorified faces.

## THE GREAT HOMESTEAD.

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**N**EARLY all the Bible descriptions of heaven may be figurative. I am not positive that in all heaven there is a literal crown or harp or pearly gate or throne or chariot. They may be used only to illustrate the glories of the place, but how well they do it! The favorite symbol by which the Bible presents celestial happiness is a house. Paul, who never owned a house, although he hired one for two years in Italy, speaks of heaven as a "house not made with hands," and Christ in a familiar passage, the translation of which is a little changed, so as to give the more accurate meaning, says, "In my Father's house are many rooms."

This comparison of heaven to a great homestead of large accommodations I propose to carry out. In some healthy neighborhood a

man builds a very commodious habitation. He must have room for all his children. The rooms come to be called after the different members of the family. That is mother's room. That is George's room. That is Henry's room. That is Flora's room. That is Mary's room. And the house is all occupied. But time goes by, and the sons go out into the world, and build their own homes; and the daughters are married, or have talent enough singly to go out and do a good work in the world. After a while the father and mother are almost alone in the big house, and seated by the evening stand, they say, "Well, our family is no larger now than when we started together forty years ago." But time goes still further by, and some of the children are unfortunate, and return to the old homestead to live, and the grandchildren come with them, and, perhaps, great-grandchildren, and again the house is full. Millennia ago God built on the hills of heaven a great homestead

for a family innumerable, yet to be. At first He lived alone in that great house, but after a while it was occupied by a very large family, cherubic, seraphic, angelic. The eternities passed on, and many of the inhabitants became wayward, and left never to return. And many of the apartments were vacated. I refer to the fallen angels. Now these apartments are filling up again. There are arrivals at the old homestead of God's children every day, and the day will come when there will be no unoccupied room in all the house.

As you and I expect to enter it and make there eternal residence, I thought you would like to get some more particulars about that many-roomed homestead. "In my Father's house are many rooms." You see the place is to be apportioned off into apartments. We shall love all who are in heaven, but there are some very good people whom we would not want to live with in the same room. They may be better than we are, but they are of a

divergent temperament. We should like to meet with them on the golden streets, and worship with them in the temple, and walk with them on the river-banks, but I am glad to say that we shall live in different apartments. "In my Father's house are many rooms." You see, heaven will be so large that if one want an entire room to himself or herself, it can be afforded.

An ingenious statistician, taking the statement made in Revelation, twenty-first chapter, that the heavenly Jerusalem was measured and found to be twelve thousand furlongs, and that the length and height and breadth of it are equal, says that would make heaven in size 948 sextillion, 988 quintillion cubic feet; and then reserving a certain portion for the court of heaven and the streets, and estimating that the world may last a hundred thousand years, he ciphers out that there are over five trillion rooms, each room seventeen feet long, sixteen feet wide, fifteen feet high. But I have no

faith in the accuracy of that calculation. He makes the rooms too small. From all I can read the rooms will be palatial, and those who have not had enough room in this world will have plenty of room at the last. The fact is, that most people in this world are crowded, and though out on a vast prairie or in a mountain district people may have more room than they want, in most cases it is house built close to house, and the streets are crowded, and the cradle is crowded by other cradles, and the graves crowded in the cemetery by other graves, and one of the richest luxuries of many people in getting out of this world will be the gaining of unhindered and uncramped room. And I should not wonder if, instead of the room that the statistician ciphered out as only seventeen feet by sixteen, it should be larger than any of the rooms at the palace in Berlin, in St. James, or in the Winter Palace.

Let us join hands and go up to this majestic homestead and see for ourselves. As we ascend

the golden steps an invisible guardsman swings open the front door, and we are ushered to the right into the reception-room of the old homestead. That is the place where we first meet the welcome of heaven. There must be a place where the departed spirit enters, and a place in which it confronts the inhabitants celestial. The reception-room of the newly arrived from this world—what scenes it must have witnessed since the first guest arrived, the victim of the first fratricide, pious Abel! In that room Christ lovingly greeted all newcomers. He redeemed them, and He has the right to the first embrace on their arrival. What a minute when the ascended spirit first sees the Lord! Better than all we ever read about Him, or talked about Him, or sang about Him in all the churches and through all our earthly lifetime, will it be, just for one second to see Him. The most rapturous idea we ever had of Him on sacramental days or at the height of some great revival, or under

the uplifted baton of an oratorio are a bankruptcy of thought compared with the first flash of His appearance in that reception-room. At that moment when you confront each other, Christ looking upon you, and you looking upon Christ, there will be an ecstatic thrill and surging of emotion that beggars all description. Look! They need no introduction. Long ago Christ chose that repentant sinner, and that repentant sinner chose Christ. Mightiest moment of an immortal history—the first kiss of heaven! Jesus and the soul; the soul and Jesus.

But now into that reception-room pour the glorified kinsfolk. Enough of earthly retention to let you know them, but without their wounds or their sicknesses or their troubles. See what heaven has done for them! So radiant, so gleeful, so transportingly lovely! They call you by name; they greet you with an ardor proportioned to the anguish of your parting and the length of your separation.



Father! Mother! There is your child. Sisters! Brothers! Friends! I wish you joy. For years apart, together again in the reception-room of the old homestead. You see, they will know you are coming. There are so many immortals filling all the spaces between here and heaven that news like that flies like lightning. They will be there in an instant, though they were in some other world on errand from God, a signal would be thrown that would fetch them. Though you might at first feel dazed and overawed at their supernal splendor, all that feeling will be gone at their first touch of heavenly salutation, and we shall say, "O my lost boy!" "O my lost companion!" "O my lost friend, are we here together?" What scenes in that reception-room of the old homestead have been witnessed! There met Joseph and Jacob, finding it a brighter room than anything they saw in Pharaoh's palace; David and the little child for whom he once fasted and wept; Mary and Lazarus after the heart-

break of Bethany; Timothy and grandmother Lois; Isabella Graham and her sailor son. Alfred and George Cookman, the mystery of the sea at last made manifest; Luther and Magdalen, the daughter he bemoaned; John Howard and the prisoners whom he gossiped; and multitudes without number who once so weary and so sad, parted on earth but gloriously met in heaven. Among all the rooms of that house there is no one that more enraptures my soul than that reception-room.

Another room in our Father's house is the throne room. We belong to the royal family. The blood of King Jesus flows in our veins, so we have a right to enter the throne room. It is no easy thing on earth to get through even the outside door of a king's residence. During the Franco-German war, one eventide in the summer of 1870, I stood studying the exquisite sculpturing of the gate of the Tuileries, Paris. Lost in admiration of the wonderful art of that gate, I knew not that I was

exciting suspicion. Lowering my eyes to the crowds of people, I found myself being closely inspected by governmental officials, who from my complexion judged me to be a German, and that for some belligerent purpose I might be examining the gates of the palace. My explanations in very poor French did not satisfy them, and they followed me long distances until I reached my hotel, and were not satisfied until from my landlord they found that I was only an inoffensive American. The gates of earthly palaces are carefully guarded, and, if so, how much more the throne room! A dazzling place is it for mirrors and all costly art. No one who ever saw the throne room of the first and only Napoleon will ever forget the letter N embroidered in purple and gold on the upholstery of chair and window, the letter N gilded on the wall, the letter N chased on the chalices, the letter N flaming from the ceiling. What a conflagration of brilliance the throne room of Charles Immanuel of Sardinia, of Ferdinand of Spain, of Elizabeth of England, of Boniface of Italy! But the throne room of our Father's house hath a glory eclipsing all the throne rooms that ever saw sceptre

wave, or crown glitter, or foreign ambassador bow, for our Father's throne is a throne of grace, a throne of mercy, a throne of holiness, a throne of justice, a throne of universal dominion. We need not stand shivering and cowering before it, for our Father says we may yet one day come up and sit on it beside Him. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne." You see we are princes and princesses. Perhaps now we move about incognito, as Peter the Great in the garb of a ship carpenter at Amsterdam, or as Queen Tirzah in the dress of a peasant woman seeking the prophet for her child's cure; but it will be found out after a while who we are when we shall get into the throne room.

St. John and other Bible writers talk so much about the music of heaven that there must be music there, perhaps not such as on earth was thrummed from trembling string or evoked by touch of ivory key, but if not that, then something better. There are so many Christian harpists and Christian composers and Christian organists and Christian choristers and Christian hymnologists that have gone up from earth, there must be for

them some place of especial delectation. Shall we have music in this world of discords, and no music in the land of complete harmony? I cannot give you the notes of the first bar of the new song that is sung in heaven; I cannot imagine either the solo or the doxology. But heaven means music, and can mean nothing else. Occasionally that music has escaped the gate. Dr. Fuller dying at Beaufort, S. C., said, "Do you not hear?" "Hear what?" exclaimed the bystanders. "The music! Lift me up! Open the window!" In that music room of our Father's house, you will some day meet the old masters, Mozart and Handel and Mendelssohn and Beethoven; and Doddridge, whose sacred poetry was as remarkable as his sacred prose; and James Montgomery, and William Cowper, at last got rid of his spiritual melancholy; and Bishop Heber, who sang of "Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand;" and Dr. Raffles, who wrote of "High in yonder realms of light;" and Isaac Watts, who went to visit Sir Thomas Abney and wife for a week, but proved himself so agreeable a guest that they made him stay thirty-six years; and side by

side, Augustus Toplady, who has got over his dislike for the Methodists ; and Charles Wesley, freed from his dislike for Calvinists ; and George W. Bethune, as sweet as a song maker as he was great as a preacher, and the author of "The Village Hymns ;" and many who wrote in verse or song, in church or by eventide cradle ; and many who were passionately fond of music but could make none themselves. The poorest singer there more than any earthly prima donna, and the poorest players there more than any earthly Gottschalk. Oh, that music room, the headquarters of cadence and rhythm, symphony and chant, psalm and antiphon ! May we be there some hour when Haydn sits at the keys of one of his own oratorios, and David, the psalmist, fingers the harp, and Miriam of the Red Sea banks claps the cymbals, and Gabriel puts his lips to the trumpet, and the four and twenty elders chant, and Lind and Parepa render matchless duet in the music room of the old heavenly homestead.

The family room may correspond somewhat with the family room on earth. At morning and evening, you know, that is the place we now meet. Though each member

of the household has a separate room, in the family room they all gather, and joys and sorrows and experiences of all styles are there rehearsed. Sacred room in all our dwellings ! whether it be luxurious with ottomans and divans, and books in Russian lids standing in mahogany case, or there be only a few plain chairs and a cradle. So the family room on high will be the place where the kinsfolk assemble and talk over the family experiences of earth, the weddings, the births, the burials, the festal days of Christmas and Thanksgiving reunion. Will the children departed remain children there? Will the aged remain aged there? Oh, no ; everything is perfect there. The child will go ahead to glorified maturity, and the aged will go back to glorified maturity. The rising sun of the one will rise to meridian, and the descending sun of the other will return to meridian. However much we love our children on earth we should consider it a domestic disaster if they stayed children, and so we rejoice at their growth here. And when we meet in the family room of our Father's house, we shall be glad that they have grandly and gloriously matured ;

while our parents, who were aged and infirm here, we shall be glad to find restored to the most agile and vigorous immortality there. If forty or forty-five or fifty years be the apex of physical and mental life on earth, then the heavenly childhood will advance to that, and the heavenly old age will retreat to that. When we join them in that family room we shall have much to tell them. We shall want to know of them, right away, such things as these : Did you see us in this or that or the other struggle? Did you know when we lost our prosperity, and sympathize with us? Did you know we had that awful sickness? Were you hovering anywhere around us when we plunged into that memorable accident? Did you know of our backsliding? Did you know of that moral victory? Were you pleased when we started for heaven? Did you celebrate the hour of our conversion? And then, whether they know it or not, we shall tell them all. But they will have more to tell us than we to tell them. Ten years on earth may be very eventful, but what must be the biography of ten years in heaven? They will have to tell us the story of coronations, story of news



from all immensity, story of conquerors and hierarchs, story of wrecked or ransomed planets, story of angelic victory over diabolic revolts, of extinguished suns, of obliterated constellations, of new galaxies kindled and swung, of stranded comets, of worlds on fire, and story of Jehovah's majestic reign. If in that family room of our Father's house we have so much to tell them of what we have passed through since we parted, how much more thrilling and arousing that which they have to tell us of what they have passed through since we parted. Surely that family room will be one of the most favored rooms in all our Father's house. What long lingering there, for we shall never again be in a hurry! "Let me open a window," said an humble Christian servant to Lady Raffles, who, because of the death of her child, had shut herself up in a dark room and refused to see any one, "you have been many days in this dark room. Are you not ashamed to grieve in this manner, when you ought to be thanking God for having given you the most beautiful child that ever was seen, and instead of leaving him in this world till he should be worn with trouble, has

not God taken him to heaven in all his beauty? Leave off weeping, and let me open a window." So to-day I am trying to open upon the darkness of earthly separation the windows and doors and rooms of the heavenly homestead.

How would it do for my address to leave you in that family room to-day? I am sure there is no room in which you would rather stay than in the enraptured circle of your ascended and glorified kinsfolk. We might visit other rooms in our Father's house. There may be picture-galleries penciled not with earthly art but by some process unknown in this world, preserving for the next world the brightest and most stupendous scenes of human history. And there may be lines and forms of earthly beauty preserved for heavenly inspection in something whiter and chaster and richer than Venetian sculpture ever wrought. Rooms beside rooms. Rooms over rooms. Large rooms, majestic rooms, opalescent rooms, amethystine rooms. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

I hope none of us will be disappointed about getting there. There is room for us, if we will go and take it, but in order to reach it, it

is absolutely necessary that we take the right way, and Christ is the way ; and we must enter at the right door, and Christ is the door ; and we must start in time, and the only hour you are sure of is the hour the clock now strikes, and the only second the one your watch is now ticking. I hold in my hand a roll of letters inviting you all to make that your home forever. The New Testament is only a roll of letters inviting you, as the spirit of them practically says : “ My dying, yet immortal child in earthly neighborhood, I have built for you a great residence. It is full of rooms. I have furnished them as no palace was ever furnished. Pearls are nothing, emeralds are nothing, chrysoprasus is nothing ; illumined panels of sunrise and sunset, nothing ; the aurora of the northern heavens, nothing—compared with the splendor with which I have garnitured them. But you must be clean before you can enter there, and so I have opened a fountain where you may wash all your sins away. Come now ! Put your weary but cleansed feet on the upward pathway. Do you not see amid the thick foliage on the heavenly hill-tops the old family homestead ? ”

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