

# THE BROOKLYN MAGAZINE

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## A POET IN HIS DECLINE.

By EDWARD DUFFY.

In a large and luxuriously furnished apartment in a four story brown-stone house on State Street, in the city of Albany, and almost within a stone's throw of the great Capitol, sits, or walks, or reclines throughout the day a man of seventy years of age. With hair that is silvery white, a full beard that is gray-white, a form that is bent and emaciated, a step that is slow and tottering, and a cheek that is pallid and shrunken—his blue eyes yet full and lustrous alone indicate the strength and pride of other days. This man is John Godfrey Saxe, the poet.

It is only a few years since the verses of Saxe were eagerly accepted by the leading periodicals, and his services as a lecturer were everywhere popular. In his day he was a bright member of many a literary gathering, being known personally to all of the most prominent of contemporary poets and prose writers. He was the nation's wit and humorist, whose delicious rhymes brought to himself fame and a competence, and to many a household the cheerful smile or hearty laugh. Even across the sea he was known as "the Thomas Hood of America."

Yet alas! how intensely pathetic is the rounding out of this man's days! For some years he has been dead to all the world. Few people know that he is yet alive; few of his numerous former ardent admirers think of him now other than as one who has been, but who no longer moves among his kind. The


victim of a deep-seated, ever-present melancholy, his closing years are touchingly sad and uneventful, the never-ceasing care of the few relatives that are spared him even failing to rid him of the deep gloom in which unhappily his mind is now shrouded.

Up to the year 1875 John G. Saxe was a splendid and conspicuous specimen of virile manhood. He stood six feet two inches tall, proudly erect and muscular, with a large, round and finely poised head set upon broad and stalwart shoulders. The latest photograph of him, now possessed by his family, represents his face in profile—a broad, high, intellectual forehead, wavy brown hair in abundance, large, keen eyes set in deeply, and with strong and suggestive feature outlines set off by a mustache and "Burnside" whiskers. Less than a dozen years ago this picture was fully justified by its subject.

The beginning of the end was the poet's dreadful experience and remarkable escape from a revolting death in a Western railway disaster in the spring of 1875, while on his return to Brooklyn at the conclusion of a lecture tour in the South. The sleeping-car in which he had a berth was thrown down a steep embankment, and he was rescued therefrom by the merest chance. As he lay wedged in between the broken timbers, stunned and bruised, a fellow-passenger who had escaped bethought him of a sum of money which he had left behind him. On returning to the car,

# DR. TALMAGE'S OUT-OF-TOWN SERMONS.

AUTHORIZED AND REVISED PUBLICATION OF THE SERMONS DELIVERED  
BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., DURING HIS SUMMER  
VACATION, JUNE—SEPTEMBER, 1886, AT VARIOUS  
PARTS OF THE COUNTRY.

 *The reports of Dr. Talmage's sermons delivered during the past summer vacation, printed in the recent and current numbers of THE BROOKLYN MAGAZINE, are furnished for this publication under special arrangements with the Tabernacle pastor, and receive his personal authorization and revision in every instance.*

MEASURED BY YOUR OWN YARDSTICK.

DELIVERED ON BATTERY PARK GROUNDS, ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, SUNDAY MORNING,  
JULY 25, 1886.

TEXT: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."—MATTHEW vii. 2.

In the greatest sermon ever preached—a sermon about fifteen minutes long, according to the ordinary rate of speech—a sermon on the Mount of Olives, the Preacher sitting while He spake, according to the ancient mode of oratory, the people were given to understand that the same yardstick that they employed upon others would be employed upon themselves. Measure others by a harsh rule and you will be measured by a harsh rule. Measure others by a charitable rule and you will be measured by a charitable rule. Give no mercy to others and no mercy will be given to you. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

There is a great deal of unfairness in the criticism of human conduct. It was to smite that unfairness that Christ uttered the words of the text, and my sermon will be a re-echo of the divine sentiments. In estimating the misbehavior of others we must take into consideration the pressure of circumstances. It is never right to do wrong, but there are degrees of culpability. When men misbehave or commit some atrocious wickedness we are disposed indiscriminately to tumble them all over the bank of condemnation. Suffer they ought

and suffer they must, but in difference of degree.

In the first place, in estimating the misdoing of others we must take into calculation the hereditary tendency. There is such a thing as good blood, and there is such a thing as bad blood. There are families that have had a moral twist in them for a hundred years back. They have not been careful to keep the family record in that regard. There have been escapades and maraudings and scoundrelisms and moral deficits all the way back, whether you call it kleptomania or pyromania or dipsomania, or whether it be in a milder form and amount to no mania at all. The strong probability is that the present criminal started life with nerve, muscle, and bone contaminated. As some start life with a natural tendency to nobility, and generosity, and kindness and truthfulness, there are others who start life with just the opposite tendency, and they are born liars, or born malcontents, or born outlaws, or born swindlers.

There is in England a school that is called the Princess Mary school. All the children in that school are the children of convicts. The school is supported by high patronage. I had the pleasure of being present at one of their anniversaries in 1879, presided over by the Earl of Kintore. By a wise law in England, after parents have committed a certain

of those who were astray? Don't you remember when you ought to have given a helping hand you employed a hard heel? Mercy? You must misspeak yourself when you plead for mercy here. Mercy for others, but no mercy for you. Look," say the scribes of heaven, "look at that inscription over the

throne of judgment, the throne of God's judgment. See it coming out letter by letter, word by word, sentence by sentence, until your startled vision reads it and your remorseful spirit appropriates it, 'With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. Depart, ye cursed!'"

## THE BIBLE: THE KING OF BOOKS.

DELIVERED AT LAKESIDE, OHIO, SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 1, 1886.

TEXT: "The statutes of the Lord are right."—PSALM xix. 8.

Old books go out of date. When they were written they discussed questions which were being discussed; they struck at wrongs which had long ago ceased, or advocated institutions which excite not our interest. Were they books of history, the facts have been gathered from the imperfect mass, better classified and more lucidly presented. Were they books of poetry, they were interlocked with wild mythologies which have gone up from the face of the earth like mists at sunrise. Were they books of morals, civilization will not sit at the feet of barbarism; neither do we want Sappho, Pythagoras, and Tully to teach us morals. What do the masses of the people care now for the pathos of Simonides, or the sarcasm of Menander, or the gracefulness of Philemon, or the wit of Aristophanes? Even the old books we have left, with a few exceptions, have but very little effect on our times. Books are human; they have a time to be born; they are fondled; they grow in strength; they have a middle life of usefulness. Then comes old age; they totter and they die. Many of the national libraries are merely the cemeteries of dead books. Some of them lived flagitious lives and died deaths of ignominy. Some were virtuous and accomplished a glorious mission. Some went into the ashes through inquisitorial fires. Some found their funeral pile in sacked and plundered cities. Some were neglected and died as foundlings at the door of science. Some expired in the author's study; others in the publisher's hands. Ever and anon there comes into your possession an old book, its author forgotten and its usefulness done, and with leathern lips it seems to say, "I wish I were dead." Monuments have been raised over poets and philanthropists. Would that some tall shaft might be erected in honor of the world's buried books. The

world's authors would make pilgrimage thither, and poetry and literature and science and religion would consecrate it with their tears.

Not so with one old book. It started in the world's infancy. It grew under theocracy and monarchy. It withstood storms of fire. It grew under prophet's mantle and under the fisherman's coat of the apostles. In Rome and Ephesus, and Jerusalem and Patmos, tyranny issued edicts against it and infidelity put out the tongue and Mohammedanism from its mosques hurled its anathemas, but the old Bible lived. It crossed the British Channel and was greeted by Wickliffe and James I. It crossed the Atlantic and struck Plymouth Rock, until, like that of Horeb, it gushed with blessedness. Churches and asylums have gathered all along its way, ringing their bell and stretching out their hands of blessing, and every Sabbath there are ten thousand heralds of the cross with their hands on this open, grand, free old English Bible. But it will not have accomplished its mission until it has climbed the icy mountains of Greenland, until it has gone over the granite cliffs of China, until it has thrown its glow amid the Australian mines, until it has scattered its gems among the diamond districts of Brazil, and all thrones shall be gathered into one throne, and all crowns by the fires of revolution shall be melted into one crown, and this book shall at the very gate of heaven have waved in the ransomed empires—not until then will this glorious Bible have accomplished its mission.

In carrying out, then, the idea of my text—"the statutes of the Lord are right"—I shall show you that the Bible is right in authentication, that it is right in style, that it is right in doctrine, that it is right in its effects. Can you doubt the authenticity of the Scriptures? There is not so much evidence that Walter Scott wrote "The Lady of the Lake," not so much evidence that Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet," not so much evidence that John Milton

wrote "Paradise Lost," as there is evidence that the Lord God Almighty by the prophets, evangelists, and apostles wrote this book.

Suppose a book now to be written which came in conflict with a great many things and was written by bad men or impostors, how long would such a book stand? It would be scouted by everybody. And I say if that Bible had been an imposition—if it had not been written by the men who said they wrote it—if it had been a mere collection of falsehoods, do you not suppose that it would have been immediately rejected by the people? If Job and Isaiah and Jeremiah and Paul and Peter and John were impostors, they would have been scouted by generations and nations. If that Book has come down through fires of centuries without a scar, it is because there is nothing in it destructible. How near have they come to destroying the Bible? When they began their opposition there were two or three thousand copies of it. Now there are two hundred millions, as far as I can calculate. These Bible truths, notwithstanding all the opposition, have gone into all languages—into the philosophic Greek, the flowing Italian, the graceful German, the passionate French, the picturesque Indian, and the exhaustless Anglo-Saxon. Under the painter's pencil the birth and the crucifixion and the resurrection glow on the walls of palaces, or under the engraver's knife speak from the mantel of the mountain cabin, while stones, touched by the sculptor's chisel, start up into preaching apostles and ascending martyrs. Now, do you not suppose if that book had been an imposition and a falsehood it would have gone down under these ceaseless fires of opposition?

Further, suppose that there was a great pestilence going over the earth, hundreds of thousands of men were dying of that pestilence, and some one should find a medicine that cured ten thousand people, would not everybody acknowledge that that must be a good medicine? Why, some one would say, "Do you deny it? There have been ten thousand people cured by it!" I simply state the fact that there have been hundreds of thousands of Christian men and women who say they have felt the truthfulness of that Book and its power in their souls. It has cured them of the worst leprosy that ever came down on our earth—namely, the leprosy of sin; and if I can point you to multitudes who say they have felt the power of that cure, are you not reasonable enough to acknowledge the fact that there must be some power in the medicine? Will you take the evidence of millions of patients who have been cured, or will you

take the evidence of the sceptic who stands aloof and confesses that he never took the medicine?

The Bible intimates that there was a city called Petra built out of solid rock. Infidelity scoffed at it. "Where is your city of Petra?" Buckhardt and Laborde went forth in their explorations, and they came upon that very city. The mountains stand around like giants guarding the tomb where the city is buried. They find a street in that city six miles long, where once flashed imperial pomp, and which echoed with the laughter of light-hearted mirth on its way to the theatre. On temples fashioned out of colored stones—some of which have blushed into the crimson of the rose, and some of which have darkened into the blue of the sky, and some of which have paled into the whiteness of the lily—aye, on column and pediment and entablature and statuary, God writes the truth of that Bible.

The Bible says that Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed by fire and brimstone. "Absurd." Infidels year after year said, "It is positively absurd that they could have been destroyed by brimstone. There is nothing in the elements to cause such a shower of death as that." Lieutenant Lynch—I think he was the first man who went out on the discovery, but he has been followed by many others—Lieutenant Lynch went out in exploration and came to the Dead Sea, which, by a convulsion of nature, has overflowed the place where the cities once stood. He sank his fathoming line and brought up from the bottom of the Dead Sea great masses of sulphur, remnants of that very tempest that swept Sodom and Gomorrah to ruin. Who was right—the Bible that announced the destruction of those cities, or the sceptics who for ages scoffed at it?

The Bible says there was a city called Nineveh and that it was three days' journey around it, and that it should be destroyed by fire and water. "Absurd," cried out hundreds of voices for many years, "no such city was ever built that it would take you three days' journey to go around. Beside, it could not be destroyed by fire and water; they are antagonistic elements." But Layard, Botta, Bononi, and Keith go out, and by their explorations they find that city of Nineveh, and they tell us that by their own experiment it is three days' journey around (according to the old estimate of a day's journey), and that it was literally destroyed by fire and water—two antagonistic elements—a part of the city having been inundated by the river Tigris (the brick material in those times being dried clay instead of burned), while in other parts they find the

remains of the fire in heaps of charcoal that have been excavated and in the calcined slabs of gypsum. Who was right—the Bible or infidelity?

Moses intimated that they had vineyards in Egypt. "Absurd," cried hundreds of voices, "you can't raise grapes in Egypt; or, if you can, it is a very great exception that you can raise them." But the traveller goes down, and in the underground vaults of Eilithya he finds painted on the wall all the process of tending the vines and treading out the grapes. It is all there, familiarly sketched by people who evidently knew all about it and saw it all about them every day; and in those underground vaults there are vases still encrusted with the settlings of the wine. You see the vine did grow in Egypt, whether it grows there now or not.

Thus you see that while God wrote the Bible, at the same time He wrote this commentary that "the statutes of the Lord are right" on leaves of rock and shell, bound in clasps of metal and lying on mountain tables and in the jewelled vase of the sea. In authenticity and in genuineness "the statutes of the Lord are right."

Again, the Bible is right in style. I know there are a great many people who think it is merely a collection of genealogical tables and dry facts. That is because they do not know how to read the book. You take up the most interesting novel that was ever written, and if you commence at the four hundredth page to-day, and to-morrow at the three hundredth, and the next day at the first page, how much sense or interest would you gather from it? Yet that is the very process to which the Bible is subjected every day. An angel from heaven, reading the Bible in that way, could not understand it. The Bible, like all other palaces, has a door by which to enter and a door by which to go out. Genesis is the door to go in, and Revelation the door to go out.

The Epistles of Paul the Apostle are merely letters written, folded up, and sent by postmen to the different churches. Do you read other letters the way you read Paul's letters? Suppose you get a business letter, and you know that in it there are important financial propositions, do you read the last page first and then one line of the third page and another of the second and another of the first? No; you begin with "Dear Sir" and end with "Yours truly." Now, here is a letter written from the throne of God to our lost world; it is full of magnificent hopes and propositions, and we dip in here and there and we know nothing about it. Beside that, people read the Bible

when they cannot do anything else. It is a dark day and they do not feel well, and they do not go to business, and after lounging about awhile they pick up the Bible—their mind refuses to enjoy the truth. Or they come home weary from the store or shop, and they feel, if they do not say, it is a dull book. While the Bible is to be read on stormy days and while your head aches, it is also to be read in the sunshine, and when your nerves, like harp-strings, thrum the song of health. While your vision is clear, walk in this paradise of truth, and while your mental appetite is good pluck these clusters of grace.

I am fascinated with the conciseness of this book. Every word is packed full of truth. Every sentence is double-barrelled. Every paragraph is like an old banyan tree with a hundred roots and a hundred branches. It is a great arch; pull out one stone and it all comes down. There has never been a pearl-diver who could gather up one half of the treasures in any verse. John Halsebach, of Vienna, for twenty-one years, every Sabbath expounded to his congregation the first chapter of the Book of Isaiah, and yet did not get through with it. Nine tenths of all the good literature of this age is merely the Bible diluted.

Goethe, the admired of all sceptics, had the wall of his house at Weimar covered with religious maps and pictures. Milton's "Paradise Lost" is part of the Bible in blank verse. Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" is borrowed from the Bible. Spenser's writings are imitations of the parables. John Bunyan saw in a dream only what St. John had before seen in apocalyptic vision. Macaulay crowns his most gigantic sentences with Scripture quotations. Through Addison's "Spectator" there glances in and out the stream that broke from the throne of God clear as crystal. Walter Scott's best characters are Bible men and women under different names. Meg Merrilies, the Witch of Endor. Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth was Jezebel. Hobbes stole from this castle of truth the weapons with which he afterward assaulted it. Lord Byron caught the ruggedness and majesty of his style from the prophecies. The writings of Pope are saturated with Isaiah, and he finds his most successful theme in the Messiah. The poets Thomson and Jonson dipped their pens in the style of the inspired Orientals; Thomas Carlyle is only a splendid distortion of Ezekiel; and wandering through the lanes and parks of this imperial domain of Bible truth, I find all the great American, English, German, Spanish, Italian poets, painters, orators, and rhetoricians.

Where is there in the world of poetic description anything like Job's champing, neighing, pawing, lightning footed, thunder-necked war-horse? Dryden's, Milton's, Cowper's tempests are very tame compared with David's storm that wrecks the mountains of Lebanon and shivers the wilderness of Kadish. Why, it seems as if to the feet of these Bible writers the mountains brought all their gems and the seas all their pearls, and the gardens all their frankincense, and the spring all its blossoms, and the harvests all their wealth, and heaven all its grandeur, and eternity all its stupendous realities, and that since then poets and orators and rhetoricians have been drinking from exhausted fountains and searching for diamonds in a realm utterly rifled and ransacked.

This Book is the hive of all sweetness. It is the armory of all well-tempered weapons. It is the tower containing the crown jewels of the universe. It is the lamp that kindles all other lights. It is the home of all majesties and splendors. It is the marriage ring that unites the celestial and the terrestrial, while all the clustering white-robed denizens of the sky hovering around rejoice at the nuptials. This Book—it is the wreath into which are twisted all garlands; it is the song into which are struck all harmonies; it is the river into which are poured all the great tides of hallelujah; it is the firmament in which suns and moon and stars and constellations and galaxies and immensities and universes and eternities wheel and blaze and triumph. Where is the young man's soul with any music in it that is not stirred with Jacob's lament, or Nahum's dirge, or Habakkuk's dithyrambic, or Paul's march of the resurrection, or John's anthem, where the elders with doxology on their faces respond to the trumpet blast of the archangel as he stands with one foot on the sea and the other foot on the land, swearing by Him that liveth forever and ever that time shall be no longer?

I am also amazed at the variety of this Book. Mind you, not contradiction or collision, but variety. Just as in the song you have the basso and alto and soprano and tenor—they are not in collision with each other, but come in to make up the harmony—so it is in this Book, there are different parts of this great song of redemption. The prophet comes and takes one part, and the patriarch another part, and the evangelist another part, and the apostles another part, and yet they all come into the grand harmony—the song of Moses and the Lamb. If God had inspired men of the same temperament to write this Book it might have been monotonous; but David and Isaiah and Peter and Job and Ezekiel and Paul and John

were men of different temperaments, and so, when God inspired them to write, they wrote in their own style.

God prepared the Book for all classes of people. For instance, little children would read the Bible, and God knew that, so He allows Matthew and Luke to write sweet stories about Christ with the doctors of the law, Christ at the well, and Christ at the cross, so that any little child can understand them. Then God knew that the aged people would want to read the Book, and so He allows Solomon to compact a world of wisdom in that book of Proverbs. God knew that the historian would want to read it, so He allows Moses to give the plain statement of the Pentateuch. God knew that the poet would want to read it, and so He allows Job to picture the heavens as a curtain; and Isaiah the mountains as weighed in a balance, and the waters as held in the hollow of the Omnipotent hand, and God touched David until in the latter part of the Psalms he gathers a great choir standing in galleries above each other—beasts and men in the first gallery; above them, hills and mountains; above them, fire and hail and tempest; above them sun and moon and stars of light; and then on the highest gallery arrays the hosts of angels; and then standing before this great choir, reaching from the depths of earth to the heights of heaven, like the leader of a great orchestra, he lifts his hands crying, "Praise ye the Lord, let everything that hath breath praise the Lord;" and all earthly creatures in their song, and mountains with their moving cedars, and tempests in their thunder, and rattling hail, and stars on all their trembling harps of light, and angels on their thrones respond in magnificent acclaim, "Praise ye the Lord, let everything that hath breath praise ye the Lord."

God knew that the pensive and complaining world would want to read it, and so He inspires Jeremiah to write, "Oh, that my head were waters and mine eyes fountains of tears!" God knew that the lovers of the wild, the romantic, and the strange would want to read it, so He lets Ezekiel write of mysterious rolls and winged creatures and flying wheels of fire. God prepared it for all zones—for the arctic and the tropics as well as for the temperate zone. Cold-blooded Greenlanders would find much to interest them, and the tanned inhabitants at the equator would find his passionate nature boil with the vehemence of heavenly truth. The Arabian would read it on his dromedary, and the Laplander, seated on his swift sled, and the herdsman of Holland guarding the cattle in the grass, and the Swiss girl

reclining amid the Alpine crags. Oh, when I see that the Bible is suited in style, exactly suited to all ages, to all conditions, to all lands, I cannot help repeating the conclusion of my text, "The statutes of the Lord are right"!

I remark again: The Bible is right in its doctrines. Man, a sinner, Christ, a Saviour—the two doctrines. Man must come down—his pride, his self-righteousness, his worldliness. Christ, the anointed, must go up. If it had not been for the setting forth of the atonement, Moses would never have described the creation; prophets would not have predicted; apostles would not have preached. It seems to me as if Jesus in the Bible were standing on a platform in a great amphitheatre, and as if the prophets were behind Him, throwing light forward on His sacred person, and as if the apostles and evangelists stood before Him, like footlights, throwing up their light into His blessed countenance, and then as if all the earth and heaven were the applauding auditory. The Bible speaks of Pisgah and Carmel and Sinai, but makes all mountains bow down to Calvary. The flocks led over the Judean hills were emblems of "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world," and the lion leaping out of its lair was an emblem of "the lion of Judah's tribe." I will in my next breath recite to you the most wonderful sentence ever written, "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." No wonder that when Jesus was born in Bethlehem, heaven sympathized with earth and a wave of joy dashed clean over the battlements and dripped upon the shepherds in the words, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." In my next sentence every word weighs a ton: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Show me any other book with such a doctrine—so high, so deep, so vast.

Again: the Bible is right in its effects. I do not care where you put the Bible, it just suits the place. You put it in the hand of a man seriously concerned about his soul. I see people often giving to the serious soul this and that book. It may be very well, but there is no book like the Bible. He reads the commandments and pleads to the indictment, "Guilty." He takes up the Psalms of David and says, "They just describe my feelings." He flies to good works. Paul startles him out of that by the announcement, "A man is not justified by works." He falls back in his dis-

couragement. The Bible starts him up with the sentence, "Remember Lot's wife. Grieve not the Spirit. Flee the wrath to come." Then the man in despair begins to cry out, "What shall I do? Where shall I go?" and a voice reaches him saying, "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Take this Bible and place it in the hands of men in trouble. Is there anybody here in trouble? Ah, I might better ask are there any here who have never been in trouble? Put this Bible in the hands of the troubled. You find that as some of the best berries grow on the sharpest thorns, so some of the sweetest consolations of the Gospel grow on the most stinging afflictions. You thought that Death had grasped your child. Oh, no! It was only the heavenly shepherd taking a lamb out of the cold. Christ bent over you as you held the child in your lap, and putting His arms gently around the little one said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Put the Bible in the school. Palsied be the hand that would take the Bible from the college and the school. Educate only a man's head and you make him an infidel. Educate only a man's heart and you make him a fanatic. Educate them both together and you have the noblest work of God. An educated mind without moral principle is a ship without a helm, a rushing rail-train without brakes or reversing rod to control the speed.

Put the Bible in the family. There it lies on the table, an unlimited power. Polygamy and unscriptural divorce are prohibited. Parents are kind and faithful, children polite and obedient. Domestic sorrows lessened by being divided, joys increased by being multiplied. O father, O mother, take down that long-neglected Bible and read it yourselves, and let your children read it.

Put the Bible on the rail-train and on ship-board till all parts of this land and all other lands shall have its illumination. This hour there rises the yell of heathen worship, and in the face of this day's sun smokes the blood of human sacrifice. Give them the Bible. Unbind that wife from the funeral pyre, for no other sacrifice is needed since the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.

I am preaching this sermon because there are so many who would have you believe that the Bible is an outlandish book and obsolete. It is fresher and more intense than any book that yesterday came out of the great publishing houses. Make it your guide in life and your pillow in death.

After the battle of Richmond a dead soldier

was found with his hand lying on the open Bible. The summer insects had eaten the flesh from the hand, but the skeleton finger lay on these words: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." Yes, this book will become in your last days, when you turn away from all other books, a solace for your soul. Perhaps it will be your mother's Bible, perhaps the one given you on your wed-

ding day, its cover now worn out and its leaf faded with age; its bright promises will flash upon the opening gates of heaven.

"How precious is the Book divine,  
By inspiration given;  
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,  
To guide our souls to heaven.

"This lamp, through all the tedious night  
Of life, shall guide our way,  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of an eternal day."

## THE MIDNIGHT REVEL.

DELIVERED BEFORE AN OPEN-AIR MEETING, HELD AT MONONA, WISCONSIN, SUNDAY MORNING,  
AUGUST 8, 1886.

TEXT: "In that night was Belshazzar, the King of the Chaldeans, slain."—DANIEL v. 30.

Feasting has been known in all ages. It was one of the most exciting times in English history when Queen Elizabeth visited Lord Leicester at Kenilworth Castle. The moment of her arrival was considered so important that all the clocks of the castle were stopped, so that the hands might point to that one moment as being the most significant of all. She was greeted to the gate with floating islands, and torches, and the thunder of cannon, and fireworks that set the night ablaze, and a great burst of music that lifted the whole scene into perfect enchantment. Then she was introduced in a dining-hall the luxuries of which astonished the world; four hundred servants waited upon the guests; the entertainment cost five thousand dollars each day. Lord Leicester made that great supper in Kenilworth Castle.

Cardinal Wolsey entertained the French ambassadors at Hampton Court. The best cooks in all the land prepared for the banquet; purveyors went out and travelled all the kingdom over to find spoils for the table. The time came. The guests were kept during the day hunting in the king's park, so that their appetites might be keen, and then in the evening, to the sound of the trumpeters, they were introduced into a hall hung with silk and cloth-of-gold, and there were tables aglitter with imperial plate, and laden with the rarest of meats, and ablush with the costliest of wines; and when the second course of the feast came it was found that the articles of food had been fashioned into the shape of men, birds, and beasts, and groups dancing, and jousting parties riding against each other with

lances. Lords and princes and ambassadors out of cups filled to the brim drank the health first to the King of England, and next to the King of France. Cardinal Wolsey prepared that great supper in Hampton Court.

But my text takes us to a more exciting banquet. Night was about to come down upon Babylon. The shadows of her two hundred and fifty towers began to lengthen. The Euphrates rolled on, touched by the fiery splendors of the setting sun; and gates of brass, burnished and glittering, opened and shut like doors of flame. The hanging gardens of Babylon, wet with heavy dew, began to pour from starlit flowers and dripping leaf a fragrance for many miles around. The streets and squares were lighted for dance, and frolic, and promenade. The theatres and galleries of art invited the wealth, and pomp, and grandeur of the city to rare entertainments. Scenes of riot and wassail were mingled in every street; and godless mirth and outrageous excess and splendid wickedness came to the King's palace to do their mightiest deeds of darkness.

A royal feast to-night at the King's palace! Rushing up to the gates are chariots upholstered with precious cloths from Dedan, and drawn by fire-eyed horses from Togarmah, that rear and neigh in the grasp of the chariot-eers; while a thousand lords dismount, and women dressed in all the splendor of Syrian emerald, and the color blending of agate, and the chasteness of coral, and the sombre glory of Tyrian purple, and princely embroideries brought from afar by camels across the desert and by ships of Tarshish across the sea. Open wide the gates and let the guests come in! The chamberlains and cup-bearers are all ready. Hark to the rustle of the silks and to the carol of the music! See the blaze of the