REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Facts Proved."

TEXT: "*We are witnesses.*"—Acts xv., 3.

In the days of George Stephenson, the perfecter of the locomotive engine, the scientists proved conclusively that a railway train could never be driven by steam power successfully and without peril; but the rushing express train from Liverpool to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh to London, have made all the nation witnesses of the splendid achievement. Machinists and navigators proved conclusively that a steamer could never cross the Atlantic ocean; but no sooner had they successfully proved the impossibility of such an undertaking than the work was done, and the passengers on the Cunard and the Inman and the National and the White Star lines are witnesses. There went up a guffaw of wise laughter at Professor Morse's proposition to make the lightning of heaven his errand boy, and it was proved conclusively that the thing could never be done; but now all the news of the wide world by Associated Press, put in your hands every morning and night, has made all nations witnesses.

So in the time of Christ it was proved conclusively that it was impossible for him to rise from the dead. It was shown logically that when he was dead he was dead, and the heart and the liver and the lungs having ceased to perform their offices, the limbs would be rigid beyond all power of friction or arousal. They showed it to be an absolute absurdity that the dead Christ should ever get up alive; but no sooner had they proved this than the dead Christ arose, and the disciples beheld him, heard his voice and talked with him, and they took the witness stand to prove that to be true which the wiseacres of the day had proved to be impossible; the record of the experiment and of the testimony is in the text: "Him hath God raised from the dead, whereof we are witnesses."

Now, let me play the skeptic for a moment. "There is no God," says the skeptic, for I have never seen Him with my physical eyesight. Your Bible is a pack of contradictions. There never was a miracle. Lazarus was not raised from the dead, and the water was never turned into wine. Your religion is an imposition on the credulity of the ages." There is an aged man moving in that pew as though he would like to respond. Here are hundreds of people with faces a little flushed at these announcements, and all through this house there is a suppressed feeling which would like to speak out in behalf of the truth of our glorious Christianity, as in the days of the text, crying out: "We are witnesses!"

The fact is, that if this world is ever brought to God, it will not be through argument, but through testimony. You might cover the whole earth with apologies for Christianity and learned treatises in defense of religion—you would not convert a soul. Lectures on the harmony between science and religion are beautiful mental discipline, but have never saved a soul, and never will save a soul. Put a man of the world and a man of the church against each other and the man of the world will in all probability get the triumph. There are a thousand things in our religion that seem illogical to the world, and always will seem illogical.

Our weapon in this conflict is faith, not logic; faith, not metaphysics; faith, not profundity; faith, not scholastic exploration. But then, in order to have faith, we must have testimony, and if 500 men, or 1,000 men, or 500,000 men, or 5,000,000 men get up and tell me that they have felt the religion of Jesus Christ a joy, a comfort, a help, an inspiration, I am bound as a fair minded man to accept their testimony. I want just now to put before you three propositions, the truth of which I think this audience will attest with overwhelming unanimity.

The first proposition is: We are witnesses that the religion of Christ is able to convert a soul.

The Gospel may have had a hard time to conquer us, we may have fought it back, but we were vanquished. You say conversion is only an imaginary thing. We know better. "We are witnesses." There never was so great a change in our heart and life on any other subject as this. People laughed at the missionaries in Madagascar because they preached ten years without one convert; but there are 33,000 converts in Madagascar today. People laughed at Dr. Judson, the Baptist missionary, because he kept on preaching in Burmah five years without a single convert; but there are 20,000 Baptists in Burmah to-day. People laughed at Dr. Morrison, in China, for preaching there seven years without a single conversion; but there are 15,000 Christians in China to-day. People laughed at the missionaries for preaching at Tahiti for fifteen years without a single conversion, and at the missionaries for preaching in Bengal seventeen years without a single conversion; yet in all those lands there are multitudes of Christians to-day.

But why go so far to find evidences of the Gospel's power to save a soul? "We are witnesses." We were so proud that no man could have humbled us; we were so hard that no earthly power could have melted us; angels of God were all around about us, they could not overcome us; but one day, perhaps at a Methodist anxious seat, or at a Presbyterian catechetical lecture, or at a burial, or on horseback, a power seized us, and made us get down, and made us tremble, and made us kneel, and made us cry for mercy, and we tried to wrench ourselves away from the grasp, but we could not. It flung us flat, and when we arose we were as much changed as Gourgis, the heathen, who went into a prayer meeting with a dagger and a gun to disturb the meeting and destroy it, but the next day was found crying: "Oh, my great sins! Oh! my great Saviour!" and for eleven years preached the gospel of Christ to his fellow mountaineers, the last words on his dying lips being "Free grace!" Oh, it was free grace.

There is a man who was for ten years a hard drinker. The dreadful appetite had sent down its roots around the palate and the tongue, and on down until they were interlinked with the vitals of the body, mind and soul; but he has not taken any stimulants for two years. What did that? Not temperance societies. Not prohibitory laws. Not moral suasion. Conversion did it. "Why," said one upon whom the great change had come, "sir, I feel just as though I were somebody else."

There is a sea captain who swore all the way from New York to Havana, and from Havana to San Francisco, and when he was in port he was worse than when he was on the sea. What power was it that washed his tongue clean of profanities and made him a psalm singer? Conversion by the Holy Spirit. There are thousands of people in this house to-night who are no more what they once were than a waterlily is nightshade, or a morning lark is a vulture, or day is night.

Now, if I should demand that all those people in this house who have felt the converting power of religion should rise, so far from being ashamed, they would spring to their feet with more alacrity than they ever sprang to the dance, the tears mingling with their exhilaration as they cried: "We are witnesses!" And if they tried to sing the old Gospel hymn they would break down with emotion by the time they got to the second line:

> Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend
> On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
> No! When I blush be this my shame,
> That I no more revere his name.

Again I remark that "we are witnesses" of the Gospel's power to comfort.

When a man has trouble the world comes in and says: "Now get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business." What poor advice. Get your mind off of it! when everything is upturned with the bereavement and everything reminds you of what you have lost. Get your mind off of it! They might as well advise you to stop thinking. You cannot stop thinking, and you cannot stop thinking in that direction. Take a walk in the fresh air! Why, along that very street or that very road she once accompanied you. Out of that grass plot she plucked flowers, or into that show window she looked, fascinated, saying: "Come, see the pictures." Go deeper into business! Why, she was associated with all your business ambition, and since she has gone you have no ambition left. Oh, this is a clumsy world when it tries to comfort a broken heart! I can build a Corliss engine, I can paint a Raphael's "Madonna," I can play a Beethoven's "Symphony" as easily as this world can comfort a broken heart. And yet you have been comforted. How was it done? Did Christ come to you and say: "Get your mind of this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business?" No. There was a minute when he came to you—perhaps in the watches of the night, perhaps in your place of business, perhaps along the street—and he breathed something into your soul that gave peace, rest, infinite quiet, so that you could take out the photograph of the departed one and look into the eyes and the face of the dear one, and say: "It is all right; she is better off; I would not call her back. Lord, I thank thee that thou hast comforted my poor heart."

There are Christian parents here who are willing to testify to the power of this Gospel to comfort. Your son had just graduated from school or college and was going into business, and the Lord took him. Or your daughter had just graduated from the young ladies' seminary and you thought she was going to be a useful woman and of long life; but the Lord took her and you were tempted to say: "All this culture of twenty years for nothing!" Or the little child came home from school with the hot fever that stopped not for the agonized prayer or for the skillful physician, and the little child was taken. Or the babe was lifted out of your arms by some quick epidemic, and you stood wondering why God ever gave you that child at all, if so soon he was to take it away. And yet you are not repining, you are not fretful, you are not fighting against God.

What has enabled you to stand all the trial? "Oh," you say, "I took the medicine that God gave my sick soul. In my distress I threw myself at the feet of a sympathizing God, and when I was too weak to pray or to look up, he breathed into me a peace that I think must be the foretaste of that Heaven where there is neither a tear, nor a farewell, nor a grave." Come, all ye who have been out to the grave to weep there—come, all ye comforted souls, get up off your knees. Is there no power in this Gospel to soothe the heart? Is there no power in this religion to quiet the worst paroxysm of grief! There comes up an answer from comforted widowhood and orphanage and childlessness, saying: "Aye, aye, we are witnesses!"

Again, I remark that we are witnesses of the fact that religion has power to give composure in the last moment. I shall never forget the first time I confronted death. We went across the cornfields in the country. I was led by my father's hand and we came to the farm house were the bereavement had come, and we saw the crowd of wagons and carriages; but there was one carriage that especially attracted my boyish attention, and it had black plumes. I said: "What's that? what's that? Why those black tassels at the top?" and after it was explained to me, I was lifted up to look upon the bright face of an aged Christian woman, who three days before had parted in triumph. The whole scene made an impression I never forgot.

In our sermons and in our lay exhortations we are very apt, when we want to bring illustrations of dying triumph, to go back to some distinguished personage—to a John Knox or a Harriet Newell. But I want you for witnesses.

I want to knew if you have ever seen anything to make you believe that the religion of Christ can give composure in the final hour. Now, in the courts, attorney, jury and judge will never admit mere hearsay. They demand that the witness must have seen with his own eyes, or heard with his own ears, and so I am critical in my examination of you now, and I want to know whether you have seen or heard anything that makes you believe that the religion of Christ gives comfort in the final hour.

"Oh, yes," you say, "I saw my father and mother depart. There was a great difference in their deathbeds. Standing by the one we felt more veneration. By the other there was more tenderness." Before the one you bowed perhaps in awe. In the other case you felt as if you would like to go along with her. How did they feel in that last hour? How did they seem to act? Were they very much frightened? Did they take hold of this world with both hands as though they did not want to give it up? "Oh, no," you say, "no, I remember as though it were yesterday; she had a kind word for us all, and there were a few mementoes distributed among the children, and then she told us how kind we must be to our father in his loneliness, and then she kissed us goodby and went asleep as a child in a cradle."

What made her so composed? Natural courage? "No," you say; "mother was very nervous. When the carriage inclined to the side of the road she would cry out. She was always rather weakly." What, then, gave her composure? Was it because she did not care much for you and the pang of parting was not great? "Oh," you say, "she showerd upon us a wealth of affection; no mother ever loved her children more than mother loved us. She showed it by the way she nursed us when we were sick, and she toiled for us until her strength gave out." What, then, was it that gave her composure in the last hour? Do not hide it. Be frank and let me know. "Oh," you say, "it was because she was so good. She made the Lord her portion, and she had faith that she would go straight to glory, and that we should all meet her at last at the foot of the throne."

Here are people who say: "I saw a Christian brother die, and he triumphed." And some one else: "I saw a Christian sister die, and she triumphed." Some one else will say: "I saw a Christian daughter die and she triumphed." Come, all ye who have seen the last moments of a Christian, and give testimony in this cause on trial. Uncover your heads, put your hand on the old family Bible from which they used to read the promises, and promise in the presence of high heaven that you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. With what you have seen with your own eyes, and from what you have heard with your own ears, is there power in this Gospel to give calmness and triumph in the last exigency? The response comes from all sides, from young, and old, and middle age!: "We are witnesses!"

You see, my friends, I have not put before you an abstraction, or a chimera, or anything like guess work. I present you affidavits of the best men and women, living and dead. Two witnesses in court will establish a fact. Here are not two witnesses but thousands of witnesses—on earth millions of witnesses, and in heaven a great multitude of witnesses that no man can number, testifying that there is power in this religion to convert the soul, to give comfort in trouble, and to afford composure in the last hour.

If ten men should come to you when you are sick with appalling sickness, and say they had the same sickness, and took a certain medicine, and it cured them, you would probably take it. Now, suppose ten other men should come up and say: "We don't believe there is anything in that medicine." "Well," I say: "have you ever tried it?" "No. I never tried it, but don't believe there is anything in it." Of course you discredit their testimony. The skeptic may come and say: "There is no power in your religion!" "Have your ever tried it?" "No, no." "Then avaunt!" Let me take the testimony of the millions of souls that have been converted to God and comforted in trial and solaced in the last hour. We will take their testimony as they cry: "We are witnesses!"

Some time ago Prof. Henry, of Washington, discovered a new star, and the tidings sped by submarine telegraph, and all the observatories were watching for that new star. Oh, hearer; looking out through the darkness of your soul, canst thou see a bright light beaming on thee? "Where?" you say, "Where? How can I find it?" Look along by the line of the cross of the Son of God. Do you not see it trembling with all tenderness and beaming with all hope? It is the Star of Bethlehem.

> Deep horror then my vitals froze,
> Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
> When suddenly a star arose—
> It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It is easier for you all to become Christians than it is to stay away from Christ and heaven. When Mme. Sontag began her mucical career she was hissed off the stage at Vienna by the friends of her rival, Amelia Steininger, who had already begun to decline through her dissipation. Years passed on, and one day Mme. Sontag, in her glory, was riding through the streets of Berlin, when she saw a little child leading a blind woman, and she said: "Come here, my little child, come here. Who is that you are leading by the hand?" And the little child replied: "That's my mother; that's Amelia Steininger. She used to be a great singer, but she lost her voice, and she cried so much about it that she lost her eyesight." "Give my love to her," said Mme. Sontag, "and tell her an old acquaintance will call on her this afternoon."

The next week in Berlin a vast assemblage gathered at a benefit for that poor blind woman, and it was said that Mme. Sontag sang that night as she had never sung before. And she took a skilled occulist, who in vain tried to give eyesight to the poor blind woman. Until the day of Amelia Steininger's death Mme. Sontag took care of her and her daughter after her. That was what the queen of song did for her enemy.

But, oh! hear a more thrilling story still. Blind, immortal, poor and lost—thou who, when the world and Christ were rivals for thy heart, didst hiss thy Lord away—Christ comes now to give thee sight, to give thee a home, to give thee heaven. With more than a Sontag's generosity he comes now to meet your need. With more than a Sontag's music he comes to plead for thy deliverance.

Thankful for Small Favors.

"No, Algernon, I cannot marry you. Papa will not allow it."

"Why not?"

"Because he says you are an actor."

"Your father is much kinder than the press."—*Washington Critic.*

TEMPERANCE.

The Drunkard.

What object is this lying stretched on the road?
Can this be a man in the image of God?
A man highly gifted; pride, honor and power,
To will and to reason his God-given dow'r?
But mark how he's fallen, the victim of lust,
His pride and his reason alike in the dust.
The front of his waistcoat's all glossy with dirt,
And horrible vermin crawl over his shirt;
In rags and in tatters his trousers remain—
Patched over and over again and again.
In tatters the jacket still clings to his back,
And gray is the hair which once was jet black—
His shoes, stringless and shabby, gaping with many a rent,
The soles and the uppers on parting are bent,
And his stockingless feet are plainly seen,
Protruding from where the uppers have been.
Brimless the hat which he wears on his head,
He's a being to whom all decency's dead.
He'd barter his soul for the means to get drink;
He is what he seems, a traveling sink.
His features are blotched, weather-beaten and scarr'd
For the best of his life he has fought and drank hard,
And he seems an old man; though he barely has passed
The spring-time of life, he is drifting fast
A-down life's stream, a wretched worn-out man.
Yet he will struggle and strive and plan
Strong drink to obtain, to lighten his care
And to brighten the darkness of his despair.
Yet 'twas not always thus with him I ween;
His soul once knew a sunny spot of green,
Ere broken hopes and aspirations blighted,
And fond, deep love and passion slighted,
Threw him from his pedestal of self-respect,
Desperate, despairing, ruined and wrecked.
Yet he once was a handsome, dark-haired boy,
A proud father's pride, a fond mother's joy,
And he grew up to manhood, manly and brave,
And no one dream'd he would e'er become slave
To the terrible demon, the enslaver of men,
Who'd engulf the whole world in his slimy den;
But he was tempted! he fell, as thousands will fall,
And the demon with glee will fetter them all.
Slowly he sank, lower and lower each day,
In the pride of his youth to the demon a prey,
Constantly drinking, a drunkard at last.
The respect of the world's but a dream of the past;
Strong drink to obtain he'd play ev'ry craft;
He'd barter his soul for the soul-scathing draught,
The draught of soul poison—manhood's night-shade—
To blight and to wither, to curse and degrade;
To shrivel the talents and genius drag down,
And bring to one level the peer and the clown.

—*Joseph Maize, in Labor Tribune.*

"What Would We Do With Our Grain?"

"I am a temperance man," said a well-to-do farmer friendly discussing with the writer, "and teach my boy not to drink, but I am opposed to prohibition. Stop," said he, "the making of whiskey in our State and there would be no market for corn; it would not be five cents a bushel." He failed to see that his own temperance principles, if acted out by everybody, would as effectually destroy the market for corn as the success of prohibition. If no one drinks none will be sold, none will be made, and if none is made no corn will be used that way.

Strange as it may seem, this is quite an objection; but I am sure those who make it have never seen how weak it is or they would never repeat it.

I have been at some trouble to look up the statistics on the question.

According to the census of 1880 the value of distilled spirits was $540,720. This at $1.20 a gallon gives 450,607 gallons; estimating three gallons to the gushel gives 150,202 bushels of grain in distillation, which, at 40 cents per bushel, gives $60,080.80. The entire product of the State is: Corn, 62,746,429 bushels; rye, 156,419 bushels; total, 62,902,848.

This at but 40 cents per bushel gives as the value of the entire crop of corn and rye $25,168,339.20.

Now, grant that the entire amount distilled is lost for want of a market, how would the account stand? The value of the remainder would be $25,108,258.40. This divided by the whole amount of grain gives 39.9 cents as the price per bushel, or a loss of one mill per bushel.

Thus the man who has 100 bushels for sale would lose 10 cents, the one with 500 would lose 50 cents, while to lose $1 the farmer must have 1,000 bushels.

Think of the extreme covetousness of a man who would rather have the greatest curse known in our country forever fixed upon the people than risk the loss of 10 cents, 50 cents or perhaps a dollar. But even this would not be lost, for the grain sold to the distiller if fed to animals for market would be of more value in the end.—*J. D. Floyd, in Home Journal.*

The Petition of 360 Convicts.

The names of the three hundred and sixty inmates of the Tennessee penitentiary are signed to a petition, asking the people of the State to vote against the liquor traffic, which they claim has brought them to their present low and degraded state.

The petition is addressed to the voters of Tennessee, and says:

"In all ages in the history of mankind, crimes, reformations, and revolutions have been the direct result of practical experiences by the human family!

"One of these experiences has taught the people of the State of Tennessee that their prisons are filled, their poor houses occupied, and their paupers created by the direct influences of that soul destroying demon, 'whisky.'

"We, the inmates of the State Penitentiary, knowing by observation, and convinced by undeniable facts, that liquor is the cause of all the misery we endure, of all the harships and privations we subject those to dependent upon us, do hereby most earnestly ask that the voters of this great State may seriously consider the question before them, and give their aid in word and deed, to the cause of 'Prohibition.'

"We do not say that every prisoner in the State is a habitual drunkard. We do not claim that every criminal act was perpetrated under the influence of whisky, but we earnestly assert that three-fourths confined in these walls can trace their downfall directly or indirectly to that cause.

"Wearing the garb of disgrace, being dishonored and counted unworthy to mingle with the people of our State, we yet have the same love for our wives, the same devotion to our mothers, the same affection for our sisters, and for their sake, and the sake of our children, we appeal to you to unite as one man, and free the State from a curse created by the hands of men, discountenanced by the law of God."

Preparing for the Funeral.

Rev. Sam Jones, who has been doing some very effective work for prohibition in Tennessee, in a late address delivered to an immense audience in Nashville, said:

"I was making a prohibition speech once in one of our Georgia towns, out on the streets, when all at once a mule standing near by commenced kicking a wagon all to pieces, and such kicking had scarcely ever been seen. A saloon-keeper who was present said: 'I would like to see that mule kick Sam Jones out of this town.' (Laughter.) 'Well,' I said to the audience, 'I have been saloon-kicked, but I have never been mule-kicked; but I will let all the mules in Georgia kick at me before I will let another saloon take a whack at me.' (Laughter.) I think Josh Billings was about right when he said that if he was going to preach the funeral of a mule he would stand at his head while funeralizing. (Laughter.) But if I wanted to preach the funeral of the hundreds of bar-rooms in this city, I would stand at the head of the columns of prohibition voters of the State and pray and work, and on the 29th day of September next we would have the saloons ready for funeralizing. I have promised to preach their funeral, and preach it for nothing and board myself. (Laughter.) And I've got a text for that occasion picked out, and it's a whopper, too (daughter), and I think I can move things up on that great text."

Practical Prohibition.

Derry Township, Chester Co., Penn., has no liquor sold in it, and has the opposition vested in the moral sense of its citizens. One good farmer, well known, especially shows his faith through his works, and his constant labors yield full crops, while his frugal wife and active son and daughters make their home attractive by various evidences of their handiwork. Every home in the land can be improved by Prohibition.—*Safe Ballot.*

RELIGIOUS READING.

"He Careth for You."

How strong and sweet my Father's care!
The word, like music in the air,
Comes answering to my whispered prayer,
"He cares for thee."

The thought great wonder with it brings,
My cares are all such little things;
But to the truth my glad faith clings,
He cares for me.

Yet keep me ever in Thy love,
Dear Father, watching from above,
And let me still Thy mercy prove
And care for me.

Cast me not off for all my sin,
But make me pure and true within,
And teach me how Thy smile to win
Who carest for me.

Oh, still in summer's golden glow,
Or wintry storms of wind and snow,
Love me, my Father; let me know
Thy care for me!

And I will learn to cast the care
Which, like a heavy load, I bear
Down at Thy feet in lowly prayer,
And trust in Thee,

For naught can hurt me, shade or shine,
Nor evil thing touch me or mine,
Since Thou, with tenderness divine,
Dost care for me.

—[Marianne Farningham.

Now, Not To-morrow.

In one of the meetings held in Edinburgh by Mr. Moody, was a miner in his working clothes, sitting near the front, very attentive and impressed. At the close of the meeting he rose to go away; but after walking down the passage, he turned and sat down again. His friend came up to him and said, "Come awa' hame, John." "No," said he, "I came here to get good, and I havena' taken it a' in yet." So he waited. There was more prayer and another hymn, and special conversation with himself. His heart was touched and changed; with his hard, rough grip, he shook the minister's hand, and said, "I have wondered if this might be true; I now believe it. It has brought peace to my soul. I know and trust my Saviour." On the next day, while working, a mass of coal or rock fell on him. The injuries were fatal. Death was close at hand. A fellow workman approached him. "Bend down your ear to me," said the dying man; and then he added, "Oh, Andrew, I'm thankful I settled it last night."

Choose Good Friends.

Few things, says the Presbyterian, have a more far-reaching influence on life than the companions and friends of one's early days. There should be always the most careful judging of character before one is admitted into the inner circle of friendship. Cowper's words may seem to set up too high a standard when he writes:

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with manners and fine sense (Yet wanting sensibility), the man
Who needlessly sets his foot upon a worm."

But little things are tell-tales of character, and heartlessness, shown even to a worm, tells of heartlessness which may crop out sometime when a worm is not the object. There is one test in all friendships which it seems safe to apply in every case: Never choose for your friends those who mock at sacred things. You will not want such near you in the hour of sorrow, or when you have to stand in the great mysteries of life, or when you are shut up in a sick-room, or when you lie on your bed of death. You will not want a jester or a scoffer at your side in such hours, but rather those who are grave and thoughtful, with reverent faith and humble trust in God. Choose for your friends in youth and all along your life those whom you will want about you in life's great hours of trial, and as you are about to pass into eternity.

Stop the Clock.

In one of the Eastern countries there lived a man of skeptical opinions and ungodly life. He was a clever workman, a man of considerable natural ability and general information, but who was blind to Divine things. Religion was in his view a mere delusion, imposing upon the weak and ignorant credulity of women and children; a mere superstition, which it was the interest of priests to maintain, but which all sensible men were bound to oppose.

At length the unhappy skeptic was stricken down by a disease which proved fatal in its issue. At length he is laid on a sick-bed which proved to be his bed of death. Anxious to know how long he had to live, he asked the medical man, who told him that he could not hold out very long. He then insisted on a more definite reply, upon which the doctor, pointing to a clock which stood in the room, said, "I do not think there is any probability of your being alive when that clock strikes twelve." The man has then but a few hours at most to live; he lies there watching the clock, conscious that his life is ebbing away, but giving no sign of altered feeling; the time mentioned by the doctor had now very nearly arrived, when the man suddenly starts up in convulsive, expiring energy, and crying out, "Stop the clock! Stop the clock!" falls back a corpse. The clock stopped, not in answer to his vain appeal, and if it had, he would have been nothing profited; for the last moment of life had come, and he was summoned from time to eternity, from a world where hope lingers to the last, to a world where hope never enters.

Reader, what will be your feelings when you know that the now narrow remnant of your life is being measured out by minutes and seconds rather than by weeks and months and years? How terrible will be your case if, having neglected through life all the means of salvation, you realize in death their importance as you never did before, and in the agony of a too late conviction, you put up the vain entreaty of this poor man—"Stop the clock! stop the clock!"

But this need not be the case. The good news is still sounding in your ears. The Gospel of the grace of God is still preached to you. The Lord Jesus Christ, clothed with pity and with power, stands before you "mighty to save;" "able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them." The Word is always, the Word is everywhere the same, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." "The Word is nigh thee, even in thy month, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shall believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." For the Scripture saith, "Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed. For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek; for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."—[Friendly Greetings.

Is Christ your one object? What are you living for? Can you say, "The life that I live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me?" Nothing less than this is worthy of a Christian young man. It is a poor, miserable thing to be content with being saved, and then go on with the world, and live for self-pleasing and self-interest—to accept salvation as the fruit of Christ's toil and passion, and then live at a distance from Himself. What should we think of a boy who only cared about the good things provided by his father's hand, and never sought his father's company—yea, preferred the company of strangers? We should justly despise him. But how much more despicable is the Christian young man, who owes his present and eternal all to the work of Christ, and yet is content to live at a cold distance from His blessed person, caring not for the furtherance of His cause or the promotion of His glory! Let each reader slowly and thoughtfully fill out the following sentence: For me to live is——

I wonder whether the subtle measuring of forces will ever come to measuring the force there would be in one beautiful woman whose mind was as noble as her face was beautiful—who made a man's passion for her rush in one current with all the great aims of his life.—[George Eliot.

A Confidence Game.

First confidence man—"How did you make it down in Kansas?"

Second ditto—"I lost all the money I took with me."

First ditto—"How?" Policeman grab you?"

Second ditto—"No, a real estate agent got hold of me."—*Detroit Free Press.*

About Bald Heads.

Mr. G. H. Wheeler, President of the British Trichological Association, writing from St. Leonards on the Sea to the London *Standard* on the subject of baldness, says:

Will you permit me, as a trichologist of over twenty years' experience and practice, to inform your readers that it is not a fact that the future man will be bald, any more than the coming man will be consumptive, gouty, or nervous. There will always be a certain number of bald persons, but if those suffering from loss of hair, before it gets too bad, would adopt rational hygiene, and give up fads and deleterious habits of keeping the hair and skin dry and free from oily substance, they would be taking the best means to prevent the increase of that number. I can prove that pure grease of any kind is a great assistance in maintaining the balance between waste and repair in the functions of the hair, and especially when induced by constipation, morbid digestion, or a morbid state of the nervous system. Bathing the head every day in cold water also causes loss of hair, and so does having cold water after hot when one is being shampooned, from the changes which it induces in the network of capillaries that surround the hair papillæ. Hair brushing by machinery, I am sure, is responsible for hundreds of bald heads.

At certain periods of life there is in some persons an innate disposition for the skin and hair follicles to take on a diseased action, as is proved by the different forms of atrophy and degeneration we so often meet with, even in the apparently robust, in our every-day practice. Our Materia Medica is rich in remedies, but we require to know more how to use them. I feel sure that many now bald need not be so.

A Miner's Reminiscences.

In the earlier days of Colorado mining camps there were some very stirring scenes and adventures, and the tenderfeet were broken in without much ceremony sometimes. I remember visiting a certain camp when it was quite new, and saving a man's life the very first night. He was in the bed next to mine in the tent, and about midnight an order came for him to get up, as he was wanted. He was asked to lose no time, as he was to be summarily tried for having shot a man. I jumped up and declared the man was innocent, but I was shown the muzzle of a 42-calibre and told to lie down. However, as there was no help for it, I said I would accompany the accused, who was nearly frightened out of his wits. We went down to one who was styled "the justice," and the complaint was lodged that the prisoner had shot a man. As he could say nothing in his own behalf, I spoke for him, and stated that at the time the shooting was said to have occurred the accused was soundly sleeping. Just then a stranger appeared and announced that he did the shooting, and proved that it was in self-defence, and the matter was all settled. Next day we were all treated to a little "fun." A tin can was tied to an unwelcome visitor's coat tail, and he was told to "git." He lost no time in striking a 2:40 gait, and as he flew down the road, the can dangling behind him, was a mark for all the rest of the boys to "take a crack at." More than one of them hit the can, too, and I am not sure but that I made it quiver myself. We thought it was very funny, and so did the poor victim—perhaps.—*Globe-Democrat.*

Parisian Fly Catchers.

Fly-catchers have a busy time of it in Paris during the summer season. The calling is not a recognized or classified one, nor do parents as a rule bring their sons up to it. But there are hundreds of experienced hands employed at it during the dog days, and a good haul of flies is often profitable enough. The London *Telegraph* says:

The fly-catcher is generally a good-for-nothing rascal from the suburban lanes and alleys, who does not want to leave Paris, and is too lazy to go into the country for the hay-making or the harvesting. Sometimes he is a person who unites in himself a variety of callings, being by turns a corner errand-runner, a boot-black, a dog-shaver and clipper, or even floor-waxer out of employment.

His method is as follows: He takes a tolerably large-sized box with a little hole in its top, and stations himself outside a grocer's shop where the winged insects are busily buzzing against the window panes on the lookout for stray drops of molasses or chance grains of brown sugar. These the catcher dexterously imprisons in his palm, in the schoolboy fashion, and, dislocating some of their antennæ, puts them into his box. Some times he is allowed to pursue his calling inside the shop when customers are not numerous, and is thus enabled to fill his box with celerity.

After a few hours of this exciting kind of work he goes off with his spoil and disposes of it to the people who sell or keep birds. His best and most open-handed customers are the frail denizens of the Quartier Breda or the Quastier de l'Europe, all of whom keep the feathered pets. They often pay so good a price to the fly-catcher for his spoil that he is enabled to go home after a successful day with ample means in his pocket to defray the cost of bed and board for half a week in one of his dingy haunts.

Raising Snails For Food.

The esculent snail is of various kinds; one inhabits damp meadows and is fed upon lettuce. Indeed, there are several varieties of these, judging from the character of their shells, which inhabit fresh water, or rather the banks of fresh water streams, and the low grassy meadows adjoining. At least one kind is a denizen of the salt water, and is found in the mud of tidal estuaries, and, as the "periwinkle," is largely consumed by Europeans and even by the English people. This latter species is boiled in salt water, and as the small, spiral shaped animal is drawn from its shell usually by means of a strong pin, the common name of it is the "pinpatch." A snail farm is quite a well conducted establishment in France, and is always surrounded by a close, safe fence to keep the stock from wandering abroad and getting lost. It is commonly sown with clover, lettuce, rape, and other tender herbage, upon which the snails feed, and is laid out with narrow paths for ease in gathering the daily supply which is sent to market.—*New York Times.*

Indians Preserving Their Traditions

Judge J. D. Walker, of Florence, Arizona, says that the Pima Indians select several promising youths of their tribe from time to time for repositories of their traditions, and they are carefully instructed in the historical legions pertaining to their tribe, being required to commit them faithfully to memory. They in turn instruct their successors, and thus preserve the traditions in the exact language recited by their ancestors of many years ago. They have knowledge of the tribe that built the old Casa Grande and other vast buildings, whose ruins now excite such curiosity.

UNDER THE LASH.

A CONVICT'S SEVERE PUNISHMENT IN CANADA.

Tied To a Whipping Post and Lashed Twenty-Five Times—How He Underwent the Ordeal.

On Saturday at nine A. M. John Grelish received the second and final instalment of twenty-five lashes at the Central Prison for the crime of which he was proven guilty two months ago, says a recent issue of the Toronto *Mail*. The punishment was inflicted in presence of Warden Massie, Deputy Warden Logan, Dr. W. T. Alkins, five newspaper reporters and about fifty prisoners. As on the former occasion Grelish was tied up to the whipping post in the corridor of the southern wing. He was stripped to the waist. The effect of the former lashes was scarcely noticeable. There were a few bruises which could be seen on a close examination. The bold front he presented on the first occasion had quite disappeared. He had then vowed that they would not make him wince, but when he was being tied up on Saturday by the apparently remorseless guards he was trembling and quivering in anticipation of the punishment about to follow. A guard stood by with the dreaded lash in his hand. Warden Massie looked on the proceeding, holding an official looking blue paper in his hand, which was the warrant for the punishment. Promptly at 9 o'clock everything was ready. The group of convicts who had been selected to act as an audience stood a short distance away under the charge of a guard. Close behind Grelish the other spectators stood. Warden Massie stepped forward, and looking at the blue paper said in a loud voice:

"John Grelish, you were convicted on the 30th of June at the High Court of Justice, of attempted assault on a girl under the age of ten years. You were sentenced to two months' imprisonment with twenty-five lashes on entering and twenty-five lashes two weeks before the end of the term. You are now about to receive the second instalment."

There was a moment's hush and everybody's eyes were fixed on the back of the prisoner.

"One," said Deputy Warden Logan.

The guard with the lash, who had been standing one pace from the prisoner, made a step backward, swung the lash around behind him with an under motion, and bringing it up again over his shoulder let it fall on his bare back. The lash had hardly touched him when Grelish shrieked and made a struggle backward to get away from the whipping post. But he was too firmly tied. There was only a small red mark on his back about four inches in length. With the regularity of a clock the Deputy Warden continued to count and the strokes fell with equal regularity. From the third lash Grelish yelled, "My God, Oh, my God, murder, murder." Then he called "Doctor, doctor," in hopes that the medical attendant would interfere. Slowly the flesh began to discolor. From a light red it went to a dark red. Then the lash drew up purple lines which soon assumed the appearance of an immense black bruise. Up till the twelfth stroke Grelish kept calling on the doctor, but got no succor from that source. When "No. 13" was struck he fell down, pretending to faint. But the whipping post supported him and the lashing continued. He ceased crying for a brief space of time, and his body shook like an aspen leaf. The nineteenth lash made him yell again, and from that time until the end his shrieks were terrible. When "twenty-five" was called Mr. Massie said 'hold," and the lashing stopped. Grelish again fell down apparently in a faint. The appearance of his back was just what it would be if a black patch were painted on it, occupying a space about six inches by ten inches. The skin was in furrows, but not broken in any place. After the guards had loosened his hands Grelish was told to put on his coat. He picked it off the floor and sullenly did as he was told. He then walked into a cell and lay down on the floor. Then he was locked up.

Warden Massie said that the worst part of the lashing was the anticipation. Before the first dose Grelish thought he could stand it all right, but afterward he was in mortal terror of the second instalment. These exhibitions had little or no effect on the prisoners who witnessed them. By simply laying on the lash without drawing it promptly away the skin was not broken. It was nevertheless a severe punishment, and felt like a burning fire consuming the flesh. Grelish was a strapping fellow, and could bear a good deal more than had been given him. He seemed to be more like a beast than a man.

The guard who had charge of Grelish said that he passed a wakeful night, but when breakfast came demanded full rations. He ate heartily, though it was evident that there was something preying on his mind. Grelish works in the machine shop, and was required to resume his duty in the afternoon.

Cannine Strategy.

He was a strategist of no mean order. In his daily rambles over the farm he found out the habitation of every delver on it. Under a huge stump in a remote field a woodchuck, old and gray, had his burrow. For years Turk had tried to capture him, but without success. I have seen him lie down in the tall clover and creep a hundred yards or more in the hope to get near enough before being discovered to capture him by a sudden rush. But at length his doggish brain formed a plan that was successful. Being in the vicinity of the burrow on one occasion he crept cautiously up to a small elevation, and from it, lying close to the ground, he watched till he saw Mr. Chuck leave it and let him get some distance from it before giving any sign of his presence, and when at length he did start, it was not for the game, but for the burrow, which he reached first. But "Old Chucky" was game, and a "battle royal" ensued, which could only end one way, and it was with panting breath that Turk looked on his dead foe. I have seen him use the same strategy when strange swine were depredating in a corn field, and he had found the place where they had entered.—*Outing.*

Sweden's Coast.

A number of barren gray boulders formed the first and rather disappointing impression of Sweden. The next morning, for miles along the shore, these bald granite islets, some small, some large, lie in serried rows with deep water between them and the mainland—a convenient arrangement that should be appreciated by yachtsmen, since it affords vessels of ordinary size an opportunity for coasting agreeably in smooth water, even when the Kattegat or the Skager Rack ontside are in a mood severely unpleasant.—*Cornhill.*

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

A copy of the finest edition of Walton's "Complete Angler," 1653, was sold lately at a London auction room for $975.

The war of the Revolution, between England and the American colonies, cost the former one hundred millions in treasure.

A sandhill crane belonging to an ex-Mayor of Tuscola, Ill., is said to give about twenty-four hours' notice of approaching storms by shrill calls that can be heard in all parts of the town.

A woman in Coweta County, Ga., picked a cabbage out of her garden the other day, and upon slicing it preparatory to cooking, found a bird's egg embedded in the vegetable. Some bird had made a nest in the cabbage.

There are now in the mission field 2,400 unmarried ladies, besides probably an equal number of the married. In the