REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Jealousy."

TEXT: "*Jealousy is the Rage of a Man.*"—Proverbs, vi., 34.

Some subjects a religious teacher touches one thousand times, now coming on them from one direction, now from another. But here is a Bible theme that for some reason is left teetotally alone. This morning, asking your prayers and in the strength of God, I want to grapple it.

There is an old sin, haggard, furious, monstrous and diabolical, that has for ages walked and crawled the earth. It combines all that is obnoxious in the races, human, quadrupedal, ornithological, reptilian and insectile, horned, tusked, hoofed, fanged, stinged; the eye of basilisk, the tooth of an adder, the jaws of a crocodile, the crushing folds of an anaconda, the slyness of a scorpion, the tongue of a cobra, and the coil of the worm that never dies. It is in every community, in every church, in every legislative hall, in every monetary institution, in every drawing room levee, in every literary and professional circle. It whispers, it hisses, it lies, it debauches, it blasphemes, it damns. My text names it when it says: "Jealousy is the rage of a man." It is grief at the superiority of others; their superiority in talent or wealth or beauty or elegance or virtue or social or professional or political recognition. It is the shadow of other people's success. It is the shiver in our pocket book because it is not as fat as some one else's pocket book. It is the twinge in our tongue because it is not as eloquent as some one else's tongue. It is the flutter in our robes because they are not as lustrous as some one else's robes. It is the earthquake under our house because it is not as many feet front and deep as our neighbor's house. It is the thunder of other people's popularity souring the milk of our kindness. It is the father and mother both of one-half of the discontent and outrages and detractions and bankruptcies and crimes and woes of the human race.

It was antediluvian as much as it is postdiluvian. It put a rough stick in the hands of the first boy that was ever born, and said to him: "Now, Cain, when Abel is looking the other way crush in his skull, for his sacrifice has been accepted and yours rejected." And Cain picked up the stick as though just to talk with it, and while Abel was watching some bird in the tree top, or gazing at some waterfall, down came the blow of the first assassination, which has had its echo in all the fratricides, matricides, uxoricides, homicides, infanticides and regicides of all ages and all nations. This passion of jealousy so disturbed Caligula at the prominence of some of the men of his time that he cut a much admired curl from the brow of Cincinnatus, and took the embroidered collar from the neck of Torquatus, and had Ptolomaeus killed because of his purple robe, which attracted too much attention. After Columbus had placed America as a gem in the Spanish crown, jealousy set on the Spanish courtiers to depreciate his achievement, and aroused animosities till the great discoverer had his heart broken. Urged on by this bad passion, Dionysius flayed Plato because he was wiser than himself, and Philoxenius because his music was too popular. Jealousy made Korah lie about Moses, and Succoth depreciate Gideon.

Jealousy made the trouble between Jacob and Esau. That hurled Joseph into the pit. That struck the twenty-three fatal wounds into Julius Cæsar. That banished Aristides. That fired Antony against Cicero. Tiberius exiled an architect because of the fame he got for a beautiful porch, and slew a poet for his fine tragedy. That set Saul in a rage against David. How graphically the Bible puts it when it says: "Saul eyed David." It seems to take possession of both eyes and makes them flash and burn like two port holes of hell. "Saul eyed David." That is he looked at him as much as to say: "You little upstart, how dare you attempt anything great? I will grind you under my heel. I will exterminate you, I will, you miserable homunculus. Crouch, crawl, slink into that rat hole. I will teach those women to sing some other song, instead of "Saul has slain his thousands but David his tens of thousands." When Voltaire heard that Frederick the Great was forgetting him and putting his literary admiration on Bacaulard d'Arnaud, the old infidel leaped out of his bed and danced the floor in a maniacal rage, and ordered his swiftest horses hooked up to carry him to the Prussian palace.

That despicable passion of jealousy led Napoleon the First to leave in his will a bequest of 5000 francs to the ruffian who shot at Wellington when the victor at Waterloo was passing through Paris. That stationed the grouty elder brother at the back door of the homestead when the prodigal son returned, and threw a chill on the family reunion while that elder brother complained, saying: "Who ever heard of giving roast veal to such a profligate?" Ay, that passion rose up and under the darkest cloud that ever shadowed the earth and amid the loudest thunder that ever shook the mountains, and amid the wildest flash of lightning that ever blinded or stunned the nations, hung up on two pieces of rough lumber back of Jerusalem, the kindest, purest, lovingest nature that heaven could delegate, and stopped not until there was no power left in hammer or bramble or javelin to hurt the dead Son of God.

That passion of jealousy, livid, hungry, unbalked, rages on, and now pierces the earth like a fiery diameter and encircles it like a fiery circumference. It wants both hemispheres. It wants the heavens. It would, if it could, capture the palace of God, and dethrone Jehovah, and chain the Almighty in eternal exile, and after the demolition of the universe would cry: "Satisfied at last, here I am! Alone, the undisputed and everlasting I, Me, Mine, Myself." That passion keeps all Europe perturbed. Nations jealous of Germany, of England, of Russia, and those jealous of each other, and all of them jealous of America.

In our land this passion of jealousy keeps all the political world aboil. There are at least 500 people who are jealous of Governor Hill, and would like to be his successor; about 5000 who are jealous of Grover Cleveland, and would like to relieve him of the cares of office, and after the nominations of next summer have been made a whole pandemonium of defamation, scurrility, hatred, revenge, falsehood, profanity and misrepresentation will be turned upon this land. The tariff, about the raising or lowering or reformation of which many of them care nothing except as to its effect on votes, will be discussed from a thousand platforms, and the people of Louisiana will be told that the tariff will be arranged to suit American sugar, the people of Virginia will be told that the tariff will be arranged to suit American tobacco, and the people of Pennsylvania will be told that the tariff will be arranged to suit American iron, and the people of Ohio that the tariff will be arranged to suit American wool, while Massachusetts and Connecticut will be promised protection for manufactures, and all the monetary interests, north, south, east and west, will be told in each neighborhood that the taxes and tariff will be fixed to suit them, irrespective of anybody else; and, the Presidential election over, all will settle down as it was before. If you think that all this discussion in public places is from any desire of the welfare of the dear people and not for political effect, you are grievously mistaken.

Go into all occupations and professions, and if you want to know how much jealousy is yet to be extirpated, ask master builders what they think of each other's houses, and merchants what their opinion is of merchants in the same line of business in the same street, and ask doctors what they think of doctors, and lawyers what they think of lawyers, and ministers what they think of ministers, and artists what they think of artists. As long as men and women in any department keep down and have a hard struggle they will be faintly praised, and the remark will be: "Oh, yes; he is a good, clever sort of a fellow." "She is rather, yes, somewhat quite—well, I may say, tolerable nice kind of a woman." But let him or her get a little too high, and off goes the aspiring head by social or commercial decapitation.

Remember that envy dwells more on small deficits of character than on great forces, makes more of the fact that Domitian amused himself by transfixing flies with his penknife than of his great conquests; of the fact that Handel was a glutton than of the fact that he erected imperishable oratorios; more of Coleridge's opium habit than of his writing "Christabel" and "The Ancient Mariner;" more of the fact that Addison drank too much than of the fact that he was the author of the "Spectator;" more of a man's peccadilloes than of his mighty energies; more of his defeats than of his victories.

Look at the sacred and heaven descended science of healing, and then see Dr. Mackenzie, the English surgeon, who prolonged the life of the Crown Prince of Germany until he became Emperor, and, I hope, may yet cure him, so that he may for many years govern that magnificent German nation, than which there is no grander. Yet so great are the medical jealousies that Dr. Mackenzie dare not walk the streets of Berlin. He is under military guard. The medical students of Germany can hardly keep their hands off of him. The old doctors of Germany are writhing with indignation. The fact is that in saving Frederick's life Dr. Mackenzie saved the peace of Europe. There was not an intelligent man on either side the ocean that did not fear for the result if the throne passed from wise and good old Emperor William to his inexperienced grandson. But when, under the medical treatment of Dr. Mackenzie, the Crown Prince Frederick took the throne, a wave of satisfaction and confidence rolled over Christendom. What shall the world do with the doctor who saved his life? "Oh," cried out the medical jealousies of Europe, "destroy him, of course, destroy him."

What a brutal scene of jealousy we had in this country when President Garfield lay dying. There were faithful physicians that sacrificed their other practice and sacrificed their health for all time in fidelity to that deathbed. Drs. Bliss and Hamilton and Agnew went through anxieties and toils and fatigues such as none but God could appreciate. Nothing pleased many of the medical profession. The doctors in charge did nothing right. We who did not see the case knew better than those who agonized over it in the sick room for many weeks. I, who never had anything worse than a run-round on my thumb, which seemed to me at the time was worthy all the attention of the entire medical fraternity, had my own ideas as to how the President ought to be treated. And in proportion as physicians and laymen were ignorant of the case they were sure the treatment practiced was a mistake. And when in post mortem the bullet dropped out of a different part of the body from that in which it was supposed to have been lodged, about 20,000 people shouted: "I told you so." "There, I knew it all the time." There are some doctors in all cities who would rather have the patient die under the treatment of their own schools than have them get well under some other pathy.

Yea; look at the clerical profession. I am sorry to say that in matters of jealousy it is no better than other professions. There are now in all denominations a great many young clergymen who have a faculty for superior usefulness. But they are kept down and kept back and crippled by old ministers who look askance at these rising evangelists. They are snubbed. They are jostled. They are patronizingly advised. It is suggested to them that they had better know their place. If here and there one with more nerve and brain and consecration and divine force go past the seniors who want to keep the chief places, the young are advised in the words of Scripture: "Tarry at Jericho till their beards are grown." They are charged with sensationalism. They are compared to rockets that go up in a blaze and come down sticks, and the brevity of their career is jubilantly prophesied. If it be a denomination with bishops, a bishop is implored to sit down heavily on the man who will not be molded; or if a denomination without bishops, some of the older men with nothing more than their own natural heaviness and theological avoirdupois are advised to flatten out the innovator. In conferences and presbyteries and associations and conventions there is often seen the most damnable jealousies. Such ecclesiastical tyrants would not admit that jealousy had any possession of them, and they take on a heavenly air, and talk sweet oil and sugar plums and balm of a thousand flowers, and roll up their eyes with an air of unctuous sanctity when they simply mean the destruction of those over whom they pray and snuffle. There are cases where ministers of religion are derelict and criminal, and they must be put out.

But in the majority of cases that I have witnessed in ecclesiastical trials there is a jealous attempt to keep men from surpassing their theological fellows, and as at the presidental elections in country places the people have a barbecue—which is a roasted ox, round which the people dance with knives, cutting off a slice here, and pulling out a rib there, and sawing a beefsteak yonder, and having a high time—so most of the denominations of Christians keep on hand a barbecue in which some minister is roasted, while the church courts dance around with their sharp knives of attack, and one takes a finger, another a hand, another a foot, and it is hard to tell whether the ecclesiastical plaintiffs of this world or the demons of the nether world most enjoy it. Albert Barnes, than whom no man has accomplished more good in the last 1000 years, was decreed to sit silent for a year in the pew of his own church while some one else occupied his pulpit, the pretended offense that he did not believe in a limited atonement, but the real offense the fact that all the men who tried him put together would not equal one Albert Barnes.

Yes, amid all professions and business and occupations and trades, and amid all circles, needs to be heard what God says in regard to envy and jealousy, which, though not exactly the same, are twins: "Envy is the rottenness of the bone." "Where envy and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work." "Jealousy is the rage of a man." My hearers, if this evil passion is in any of your souls, cry mightily unto God for its expulsion. That which has downed kings and emperors and apostles and reformers and ministers of religion and thousands of good men and women, is too mighty for you to contend against unaided. The evil has so many roots, of such infinite convolution, that nothing but the enginery of omnipotence can pull it out. Tradition says that when Moses lifted up his hand to pray it was all encrusted with manna, and no sooner do you pray than you are helped. Away with the accursed, stenchful, blackening, damning crime of jealousy. Allow it to stay and it will eat up and carry off all the religion you can pack into your soul for the next half century. It will do you more harm than it does any one it leads you to assail. It will delude you with the idea that you can build yourself up by pulling somebody else down. You will make more out of the success of others than out of their misfortunes. Speak well of everybody. Stab no man in the back. Be a honey bee rather than a spider; be a dove rather than a buzzard.

Surely this world is large enough for you and all your rivals. God has given you a work to do. Go ahead and do it. Mind your own business. In all circles, in all businesses, in all professions there is room for straightforward successes. Jealousy entertained will not only bedwarf your soul but it will flatten your skull, bemean your eye, put pinchedness of look about your nostril, give a bad curl to the lip, and expel from your face the divine image in which you were created. When you hear a man or woman abused, drive in on the defendant's side. Watch for excellences in others rather than for defects, morning glories instead of nightshade. If some one is more beautiful than you, thank God that you have not so many perils of vanity to contend with. If some one has more wealth than you, thank God that you have not so great stewardship to answer for. If some one is higher up in social position, thank God that those who are down need not fear a fall. If some one gets higher office in Church or State than you, thank God there are not so many to wish for the hastening on of your obsequies.

The Duke of Dantzig, in luxurious apartments, was visited by a plain friend, and to keep his friends from jealousy the Duke said: "You can have all I have if you will stand twenty paces off and let me shoot at you a hundred times." "No, no," said his friend. "Well," said the Duke, "to gain all my honors I faced on the battle field more than a thousand gunshots fired not more than ten paces off."

A minister of a small congregation complained to a minister of a large congregation about the sparseness of his attendants. "Ah," said the one of large audience, "my son, you will find in the day of judgment that you had quite enough people for whom to be held accountable."

Substitute for jealousy an elevating emulation. Seeing others good, let us try to be better. Seeing others industrious, let us work more hours. Seeing others benevolent, let us resolve on giving larger percentage of our means for charity. May God put congratulations for others in our right hand and cheers on our lips for those who do brave and useful things. Life is short at the longest; let it all be filled up with helpfulness for others, work and sympathy for each other's misfortunes, and our arms be full of white mantles to cover up the mistakes and failures of others. If an evil report about some one come to us, let us put on it most favorable construction, as the Rhone enters Lake Leman foul and comes out crystalline. Do not build so much on the transitory differences of this world, for soon it will make no differences to us whether we had $10,000,000 or ten cents, and the ashes into which the tongue of Demosthenes dissolved are just like the ashes into which the tongue of the veriest stammerer went.

If you are assailed by jealousy make no answer. Take it as a compliment, for people are never jealous of a failure. Until your work is done you are invulnerable. Remember how our Lord behaved under such exasperations. Did they not try to catch him in his word? Did they not call him the victim of intoxicants? Did they not misinterpret him from the winter of the year to the spring of the year 33; that is, from his first infantile cry to the last groan of his assassination? Yet he answered not a word! But so far from demolishing either his mission or his good name, after near nineteen centuries he outranks everything under the skies, and is second to none above them and the archangel makes salaam at his footstool. Christ's bloody antagonists thought they had finished him when they wrote over the cross his accusation in three languages, Hebrew and Greek and Latin, not realizing that they were by that act introducing him to all nations, since Hebrew is the holiest language, and Greek the wisest of tongues, and Latin the widest spoken.

You are not the first man who had his faults looked at through a microscope and his virtues through the wrong end of a telescope. Pharaoh had the chief butler and baker endungeoned, and tradition says that all the butler had done was to allow a fly in the king's cup, and all the baker had done was to leave a gravel in the king's bread. The world has the habit of making a great ado about what you do wrong and forgetting to say anything about what you do right; but the same God will take care of you who provided for Merlin, the Christian martyr, when hidden from his pursuers in a hay mow in Paris, and a hen came and laid an egg close by him every morning, thus keeping him from starvation. Blessed are they that are persecuted, although persecution is a severe cataplasm. Ointment may smart the wound before healing it. What a soft pillow to die on if when we leave the world we can feel that, though 1000 people may have wronged us, we have wronged no one; or, having made envious and jealous attack on others, we have repented of the sin and as far as possible made reparation. The good resolution of Timothy Poland in his quaint but exquisite hymn, entitled "Most Any Day," we might well unanimously adopt.

We'll keep all right and good within,
Our work will then be free from sin;
Upright we'll walk through thick and thin
Straight on our way.
Deal just with all; the prize we'll win
Most any day.

When He who made all things just right
Shall call us hence to realms of light,
Be it morn or noon or e'en or night,
We will obey;
We'll be prepared to take our flight
Most any day.

Our lamps we'll fill brim full of oil
That's good and pure, that would not spoil,
And keep them burning all the while
To light our way;
Our work all done, we'll quit the soil
Most and day.

TEMPERANCE.

The Christian's Wacht am Rhein.

What sounds are these like thunder peal,
With tramp of feet and clash of steel?
The Rhine! The Rhine! The Christian's Rhine!
On, Freemen! on to guard the line!
O Day Divine, have thou no fear;
Thy faithful Watch is always here.

The shopman closes till and store:
The workman's tool is heard no more;
Sweet bells with music fill the air;
They call the land to praise and prayer.
O Day Divine, have thou no fear;
Thy faithful Watch is always here.

What malcontents are these we meet,
Low discord growling through the street!
Freedom they ask, with beer and wine,
To desecrate the Day Divine.
O Day Divine, have thou no fear;
Thy faithful Watch is always here.

Look up! Look up! A spirit band,
Our fathers sentinel the land.
This day of rest is their bequest;
Its shield shall be the Christian's breast.
O Day Divine, have thou no fear;
Thy faithful watch is always here.

So long as Christian pulses beat;
So long as Christian freemen meet;
We lift our gauntlets to the sky,
And swear to guard the legacy.
O Day Divine, have thou no fear;
Thy faithful Watch is always here.
—*Albany Argus.*

The Good Templars.

Among the educational temperance agencies of the present era the Good Templar organizations, numerically the largest in the world, hold a place of first importance. It is said that since their introduction in Norway the liquor consumption in that country has been reduced from sixteen litres (five litres to a gallon) to about three litres per head; and that with the increased sobriety of Norway there has been a marked diminution of crime, recent statistics showing that the annual convictions for crime are now only one in every six hundred and forty-one of the population. As another illustration of the helpfulness of Good Templar influence in a different direction, a late number of the *League Journal*, of Glasgow, Scotland, mentions that fermented wine has been banished, and unfermented wine substituted for the sacrament at Throckley Wesleyan Chapel at the instance of the Good Templar Lodge, which has one hundred members, fifty-one of whom are now communicants, and thirty are Sunday-school teachers. Many other churches in all countries wherein the Good Templar organization has gained a foothold have doubtless been similarly helped by it to throw off the alcoholic wine bondage. May the organization be abundantly prospered in all countries.—*National Advocate.*

The Saloon.

The saloon has few friends—none to be proud of. There is nobody, whose presence is not a menace to the community, who would not like to see the saloon go, and go to stay. It has been a law breaker. It has been a place that has thrived either on the wickedness or vice of humanity. It has not given value received. It has been the rendezvous of the criminal, the friend of no one but the poor-house and the prison. If all this was not enough to condemn it and to secure sentence of punishment, then let it be remembered that the saloon has not the decency of conscious indecency. It thrust itself forward, and, a law breaker itself, sought to dictate legislation. The foe of good government, it brought its stench and its ill-gotten pelf into politics, and actually commanded all parties to do obeisance to it. It forced the issue. In its foolhardiness it left the choice between its supremacy and extinction. If it had possessed the modesty even of half common sense, it might have lingered in Iowa for some years yet. It was as impudent as vile, and now it has gotten it in the neck, and good enough for it. Even its victims are glad to hear the door of the saloon go shut with a vigorous bang. Those, too, who served it in fear, laugh at his calamity. The friends of the saloon—who are they anyhow? —*Iowa Home Journal.*

W. C. T. U. Notes.

The International Temperance Congress will be held next year in Norway.

The Queen of Amatonga, Southern Africa, has forbidden the sale of liquor by her subjects.

The sale of intoxicating liquors at county fairs will hereafter be prohibited in New York.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson says that the way to get into the house of Lords is to go into a brewery.

The Franz Bewery in Soux City, Iowa, managed by John Arensdorf, at the time of Rev. Haddock's murder, has become a butter and egg depot.

The *Brewers' Journal* is authority for the statement that the output of the breweries in the United States for 1887 was 24,199,741 barrels, a net increase over 1886 of 2,287,318 barrels.

The Supreme Court of Hawaii has rendered a decision giving the King a veto power. As he is strongly opposed to all reform movements, all hope of legislation favorable to temperance during his administration has been dispelled.

"The Cup That Cheers."

An interesting token of the growth of the temperance sentiment in Great Britain is furnished by a correspondent of *The St. James's Gazette*. He shows that during the past forty-seven years the average annual consumption of tea per capita of the entire population has increased from less than a pound and a quarter to nearly five pounds, and of cocoa, from about an ounce and a quarter to nearly half a pound, while the use of coffee has fallen off slightly, from seventeen ounces to thirteen ounces. The total consumption of these three leading nonalcoholic drinks has thus increased nearly three-fold: the exact figures are from 38.08 ounces to 99.04 ounces per capita annually. This may not indicate a fully corresponding decrease in the consumption of strong drink; but it must mean a considerable decrease, and it proves that the people are learning to appreciate the "cup that cheers but does not inebriate."—*New York Tribune.*

RELIGIOUS READING.

The Sin of Omission.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you've left undone,
Which gives you a bit of a heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts tonight.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say;
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone,
That you had no time nor thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

The little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind;
These chances to be angels
Which every mortal finds,—
They come in night and silence,—
Each chill, reproachful wraith,—
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion,
That tarries until too late.
And it's not the thing you do dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
—[Margaret Sangster.

Expectation.

We have "expectation" beyond this life. Do we not expect when we lie on the bed of sickness that He will send angels to carry us to His bosom—when the pulse is faint and the heart beats heavily, that some angelic messenger shall stand and look with loving eyes upon us, and whisper, "Sister spirit, come away?" As we approach the heavenly gates we expect to hear the welcome invitation, "Come, ye ble sed." We are expecting harps of gold and crowns of glory. We are hoping soon to be amongst the multitude of shining ones before the throne. We are looking forward and longing for the time when we shall be like our glorious Lord, for "we shall see Him as He is."

There is nothing so grand to me as the singing of a multitude such as meet in Spurgeon's Tabernacle. Think, then, what must be the sound across the boundless plains of heaven, when myriads of sinless voices, unbroken by one sob or sigh of old earth's sorrows, sing praises unto Him!—[From Memorials of Eliza Fletcher.

"Want."

A short word with a big meaning. Four letters spell it, but the whole alphabet cannot explain it. Etymology will give its origin, but only experience its exposition. The "Imperial Dictionary of the English Language" tells us that it is an Anglo-Saxon word, a derivative from "wana," deficiency. That it is akin to "wane" and "wan," and that it describes "the state of not having." This is clear and concise as far as it goes. There is a waning of all possessions until there is a wanting, and that lands the man into "the state of not having." Admirable definition!

"Want" is the short history of thousands. Their life consists of "not having." The hands want work, the heart wants sympathy, the body wants bread, the mind wants light, the face wants a smile, the spirit wants hope, the nerves want rest, the conscience wants peace, the soul wants Christ.

While many of the wants of the poor are beyond the power of human supply, there are so many that can be met, that none need say "There is nothing I can do." The deepest, however, of all their wants, is too deep for any of us to supply. We can but turn to God and plead with him out of His "all fullness" to fill the void. The great multitudes need a knowledge of sin; a sense of their want of a Saviour's comprehension of God's divinely simple plan of salvation. In a word, they want Christ, and want a knowledge of that deepest want. The weary heart wants that rest he only gives, the anxious mind wants that perfect peace which is the first-born child of trust, the homes want that brightness which only the face of Infinite Love bestows. With love in the face and mercy in the hand, let us tell them of Him who meets the every want of every soul. Then shall they join the song:

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find."
—[Rev. A. G. Brown.

How to Reach the Non-Church-Goers.

The answer is plain and definite. It is within reach. No algebraic formula need be used, nor need the alphabet be exhausted in finding it. If the laboring classes will not come to the gospel, the gospel must be taken to them. If the masses will not wait on the ministry, the ministry must wait on the masses. The preachers will vainly wait in church for them, if they do not wait on them at their homes.

It would be an immense saving of the church's men and machinery and means, if the people would be accommodating and come and hear and heed and be converted, as verily they ought to do. But a large portion of the population is obdurate, indifferent and provokingly negligent of their duty toward God. The natural mind is enmity against God, and does not take to pure religion. Yet the commission remains to preach the gospel to every creature. The commission is not for the foreign field only, for Christ says that repentance and remission of sins were to be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem. And then there is the command to go out into the highways and hedges to gather guests for the gospel feast. The churches of Christ come far short of the obedience due to these commands which they could render if they would. As at present constituted many of our churches are too much of the order of religious clubs or societies for the spiritual welfare, enjoyment and culture of their members. Little complaint is heard if the pew rents meet the expenses, if the audience room is filled once or possibly twice on a Sunday, if there be enough brethren at the week-night prayer service to take part, if additions by letter and confession of faith offset the losses by deaths and dismissals. Zion does not travail for souls.

Intercession.

If we love our heavenly Father, there is a gentle constraint upon us to hunger for His glory; and souls are His honor, and sin His dishonor. Now, we may not be able to preach, or to write books, or to traverse distant lands as missionaries, or to give money to send others there. It may be little indeed, that of ourselves, by our actions, we can do for God's glory or the conversion of souls. But intercession reaches everywhere. Neither time nor place bounds it. Ignorance cannot keep it out, nor superstition silence it, nor sin refuse to stay within its influence. Wherever grace can come, prayer can reach. We hear of some land where God's glory is endangered. Or, again, we read with burning eyes and heart of the spiritual destitution of the slaves or aborigines in certain countries. Or of the impenetrable provinces of China and Japan, or of cities of scandalous profligacy, or of disedifying controversies and foolish parties and silly questions. There is no saying to what an extent God's glory is compromised by any one of these things. We may be the weakest and most obscure among the churches' children: yet we can reach all this by intercession, and reach it, too, with efficacy and power. We may work for it without interruption; our ordinary actions may go to it; we may do more than all the embassadors and legates that ever were, and yet not for an hour be distracted from our profession, or our trade. We shall never know till it meets us at the judgment, a goodly show, a beautiful vision, how much glory we have thus gained for God, without cost, without toil, almost without advertence, yet with such infinite and eternal recompense. —[Frederick William Faber, D. D.

The Rum Seller's Profits.

The National Bureau of Statistics shows that on the $700,000,000 which annually passes into the tills of the retailers of intoxicating liquors in this country there is a profit of one hundred and thirty-three and one fourth per cent. If poor people had to pay such a tax as that on bread, there would be a rebellion. But when a man tosses off a glass of whisky and pays five cents for the drink, and seven or eight cents to the barkeeper for the trouble of handing it to him, he generally thinks the barkeeper an awfully good fellow.—*Springfield Union.*

Utah has fifteen Loyal Temperance Legions aggregating over four hundred members, and five W. C. T. Unions with one hundred members.

GOTHAM'S HORSES.

WHERE SHE RECRUITS 100,000 STEEDS EVERY YEAR.

Scenes Around Old Bull's Head Market—The Demand for Street Car Animals and How They are Selected.

The Bull's Head of to-day is a very business-like place even for New York, although it is a trifle more quiet than it used to be. The horse market now covers about three square blocks, and it as quiet and orderly a locality as one can find. Nevertheless, without noise or bustle, some $15,000,000 worth of horse flesh is bought and sold here every year. This may not be so big a business as is done by some of the markets of Paris, where horses are sold for a more humane purpose than to be subjected to a long line of hard work and hard knocks, but it is, all things considered, a pretty big business. It is the common impression that steam and electricity are lessening the usefulness of the horses. This is a mistake. The traffic in horses is now larger than it ever has been, and is steadily increasing. There are now in New York city, working in one capacity and another, for the not always nobler animal, man, 600,000 horses. This would give a horse to every third person in New York. The New York market yearly demands and obtains 100,000 horses, and pretty nearly all of these are sold around the Bull's Head. No more auctions are held. Formerly all kinds of stock were taken at this market. The best were sold to individual dealers, and the refuse were sent to the public market at Seventy-fourth street, on the East side, and sold in open auction. Now a strictly individual business is done around the Bull's Head. Each dealer has his own customers, and each has agents in the stock regions in the West and South, who are able to fill an order for one or 1000 horses of any kind upon the receipt of a two-line telegraph dispatch. The business is now reduced to a system. The greatest customers that the Bull's Head dealers have are the surface car companies. Probably half of the horses that come to New York go direct to the street car companies.

Few persons would believe that the animals that drag the street cars are picked horses. But, sorry looking though they may be, they are carefully selected for this very work.

It may be that the Broadway and Seventh Avenue Railroad Company finds that it needs horses. It immediately communicates with a dealer at the Bull's Head and the dealer communicates with his agent somewhat as follows:

To Colt, Peoria, Ill.:
Send one carload three-fourths—good.
BLANK.

The agent understands this; the reader may not. Blank simply wants a carload of three-fourth horses, and a three-fourth horse is a horse that is neither big nor little, the only kind of a horse that is of any use in the street-car business.

It is a rough mill that car horses tread, and they don't last long. When the car horse is bought he is usually worth $175 or $180. On an average he lasts five years, and at the end of that period some Long Island or Westchester county farmer can have him for any sum ranging from $5 to $30, and in his prematurely old age he can drag a plow or a harrow and become an equine philosopher.

Car horses come from Iowa, Illinois and Indiana principally. Breeding stock is being reduced to a science in the West, and the much-derided county fair has had not a little to do with this. But there are other sorts of horses bought and sold around the Bull's Head. You couldn't have seen such horses there twenty years ago. There are big, strong, mild-eyed Percherons and equally big Clydesdales that accept their surroundings with that easy, good nature that sometimes characterizes big men. There are clean-limbed horses from West Virginia and the blue grass meadows of Kentucky, and handsome animals from Maine. There are some very handsome beasts in the long row of stalls, some of them fit to draw a King's chariot, if indeed, it were not true that almost any kind of a horse is not too good to drag the Kings who are now posing nervously before the world. In the next stalls to the big Percherous in the Bull's Head may be seen some small, mischievous ponies from the Indian Territory. Very short of limb are these animals, but they are deep of flank and chest, and could carry a man 120 miles in a day without a great deal of distress. They are all the rage now. Most of them will command fancy prices. They are wanted now for another purpose than that of carrying festive bucks on a hunt for scalps, and this summer they will figure in the more dangerous game of polo, and will be ridden by a class of bucks different from the dirtbesmeared gentlemen who formerly bestrode them, and fair ladies will applaud their strength and quickness at Newport. The Percherons and Clydesdales, big as they are, do not command as high a price as a few of the ponies. They range in price from $800 to $1200 per team, and they are bought mainly by the big brewers. They come, in the main, from Michigan, where stock breeders have crossed the breeds of big horses with wonderful success. These equine Anacks are easily led. When they go to work drawing brewery wagons, they are said to succumb to surrounding influences, to learn to drink beer out of a bucket and to aquire other bad habits. They never become addicted to profanity, however. They grow stout and lazy, but live to a ripe old age.

Good horses come from West Virginia, Kentucky and Indiana, and a man with from five to eight hundred dollars in his pocket can get a good carriage or riding horse from any of these States sent direct to the Bull's Head.

Honesty and business methods prevail in this horse market now. There was a time when an unsuspecting farmer would buy a horse high stepping and proud of mien at the Bull's Head and proudly imagine he had secured a bargain until a few days later the unfortunate horse would lose color, droop and die. Then the farmer would realize that the horse had been "doctored." They don't "doctor" them any more. Henry Bergh used to watch them too closely, and besides it doesn't pay.

The Bull's Head market now deals in nothing but fresh stock. No played-out horses are sold here. In addition to supplying New York city, it furnishes the farmers of New York State, Connecticut, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, with a large share of the horses they use. In this line, however, it has rivals in the street car companies. All their cast-off horses are bought by farmers. They are not of any use for heavy work, but can be useful in a variety of ways around a farm. Sometimes, although rarely, they bring $50. The usual price is $10—sometimes it is less.

And so the 100,000 horses that come to New York every year are distributed. Some go to the farm, some drag horse cars, some carry festive young men through the intricacies of polo, some pull brewery wagons, some propel carriages and cabriolets and 8000 of them die every year because they can do nothing else.

The Orchid Craze.

The trade in orchids has reached enormous proportions in England. Larger sums have been paid for orchid roots than were ever given for any specimen of live stock. The most expensive flowers are not always the finest. The price of plants range in the order of their scarcity. Some specimens that readily brought 100 guineas ten years ago can now be bought for a few shillings. Every person who is trying to get a large collection will endeavor to obtain it.

Every portion of the tropics is now being searched by orchid hunters sent out by the London importers, who have grown rich in the business of obtaining rare specimens. One dealer has sixteen collectors in various parts of tropical South America, Africa, Asia and the islands in the Pacific and Indian Oceans. Their salaries and expenses amount to over $100,000 a year. In their travels and explorations they employ many natives. One of our consuls in Venezuela reports that the orchid trade is rendering the country prosperous. A poor man will often obtain more for an orchid root procured from a swamp or the branch of a tree than he received for hard labor during a dozen years.

Collecting orchids is attended by many dangers and great losses of property. Several collectors in the jungles of India have been devoured by tigers, bitten by venomous serpents or drowned in bogs. Quite a number have been overturned while in canoes, and it is presumed that several have been roasted and eaten by cannibals in Polynesia. Many valuable specimens are lost on account of lack of facilities for transportation. One London dealer lately received a notice from Port Said, informing him that 10,000 orchid roots had been killed by exposure to the sun on the Red Sea or by being knocked about during a storm.

A collector on one of the Philippine Islands got together 20,000 specimens, which he spread out upon the beach to dry, but an unusually high tidal wave swept them all into the sea. Another collector in Peru had his roots in sacks on the backs of mules, which were confiscated by a party of soldiers, who declared that they had immediate use of the animals. The soldiers laughed about the orchids having any value.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Walrus Hunting.

Walrus hunting is by no means a novelty in marine adventures, says the San Francisco *Call*, since it has been carried on from time out of mind, but in the past the beasts were slaughtered merely for their tusks and blubber, their hides being thrown away as worthless. Modern ingenuity, has discovered an important use for walrus hide, and to-day that which was once regarded as offal is looked upon as the most useful part of the animal. Emery wheels, so generally in use, are, when constructed on the old method, liable, when run at high speed, to burst into fragments, endangering the lives of those who work around them, and, consequently, experiments have been made from time to time to devise some substitute for the ordinary emery wheel.

After various substances had been tried, giving greater or less satisfaction, it was ascertained that walrus hide was the most suitable material for that purpose, possessing, as it does, the qualities of toughness, durability, and susceptibility—i. e., it is strong, does not wear out, and readily receives and retains the emery powder. This is applied by pressing it into the porus substance of the hide, and of this the entire emery wheel of to-day is made. As these wheels are in great demand, the price of walrus hide has advanced to a corresponding ratio, until they now sell for 15 cents per pound, and as a single hide will weigh from 500 to 1000 pounds, they are well worth taking. Walrus hunting has, therefore, become an important industry, and although now in its infancy, will, beyond doubt, become a rival of whaling in the near future. Nor is the hide the only valuable part of the walrus, as a fine oil is obtained from the blubber, of equal value with whale oil, and with the great diminution in the production of elephant ivory, the tusks are daily enhancing in value as an important article of commerce.

Coral.

The ladies of Russia and both sexes among the oriental nations prefer coral to many precious stones. The Russians have a predilection for the round coral, which is, however, the coarser variety; while the Chinese will have none but the pink. The nabobs of India decorate the interior of their dwellings with large pieces of coral beautifully carved and polished, for which they often pay enormous prices. Coral ornaments are also held in high esteem by the dusky beauties of Africa, who find that they wonderfully lighten up the effect produced by their dark skins.

Like all fashions in gems, that of wearing coral has had many ups and downs. The taste for it is almost universal, and when it has been in disfavor in one part of the world, it has generally been the rage somewhere else. It is now quite a long time since there has been any pronounced taste for coral jewelry in this country, and I therefore shouldn't be surprised if before long it should become quite fashionable again.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

Cooling by Magnetism.

It is reported as an observed fact that the heat usually produced by friction is absent whenever the bodies brought in contact are magnetized. An explanation of the cause has not yet been found. A striking example is described in a late number of a scientific periodical:

A workman fastened two powerful magnets to his lathe, to hold more securely a piece of metal which he wished to drill and turn. The presence of the magnets kept the metal so cold that no water was needed to keep the drill cool.

Such an observation as this may lead to important discoveries. Not only may it throw some light upon the relations of heat and magnetism, but it may be put to practical use. The extra risk of fire in mills and factories arises largely from the difficulty of securing constant lubrication of the machinery.

If magnetizing gudgeons or their bearings will prevent heat from friction, then this danger may be avoided.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Puzzle.

There's one thing I don't understand;
It really seems to me so queer
That my mamma last night should say,
"Be sure and always mind, my dear."

And when I got that dreadful fall
This very morning, from a chair,
Should pick me up and cuddle me,
And pat my cheeks, and smooth my hair.

And press her face down close to mine,
That I might hear her whisper, kind—
The while she kissed my tears away—
"There, there! my darling; never mind!"
—*Youth's Companion.*

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Electricity has been found to travel 288,000 miles per second, under favorable circumstances.

Lake Huron is lower than the oldest residents ever saw it. The water is two feet below the lowest point of a year and a half ago.

A late plan for treating sewage with electricity has brought out the fact that such schemes have been quite numerous, one patent involving eight electrical methods dating back to 1858.

It is stated that recent observations on the heights of various peaks of the Andes show a considerable diminution in their height as compared with well-authenticated meas