REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Does Religion Prolong Life?"

TEXT: "*With long life will I satisfy him.*"—Psalms xci., 16.

Through the mistake of its friends religion has been chiefly associated with sick beds and graveyards. The whole subject to many people is odorous with chlorine and carbolic acid. There are people who cannot pronounce the word religion without hearing in it the clipping chisel of the tombstone cutter. It is high time that this thing were changed and that religion, instead of being represented as a hearse to carry out the dead, should be represented as a chariot in which the living are to triumph.

Religion, so far from subtracting from one's vitality, is a glorious addition. It is sanative, curative, hygienic. It is good for the eyes, good for the ears, good for the spleen, good for the digestion, good for the nerves, good for the muscles. When David, in another part of the Psalms, prays that religion may be dominant he does not speak of it as a mild sickness, or an emaciation, or an attack of moral and spiritual cramp; he speaks of it as "the saving health of all nations;" while God, in the text, promises longevity to the pious, saying: "With long life will I satisfy him."

The fact is that men and women die too soon. It is high time that religion joined the hand of medical science in attempting to improve human longevity. Adam lived nine hundred and thirty years. Methuselah lived nine hundred and sixty-nine years. As late in the history of the world as Vespasian, there were at one time in his empire forty-five people one hundred and thirty-five years old. So far down as the Sixteenth century, Peter Zartan died at one hundred and eighty-five years of age. I do not say that religion will ever take the race back to ante-diluvian longevity, but I do say the length of human life will be greatly improved

It is said in Isaiah: "The child shall die a hundred years old." Now, if according to Scripture the child is to be a hundred years old, may not the men and women reach to three hundred and four hundred and five hundred? The fact is that we are mere dwarfs and skeletons compared with some of the generations that are to come. Take the African race. They have been under bondage for centuries. Give them a chance and they develop a Frederick Douglass or a Toussaint L'Ouverture. And if the white race shall be brought from under the serfdom of sin, what shall be the body? What shall be the soul? Religion has only just touched our world. Give it full power for a few centuries, and who can tell what will be the strength of man and the beauty of woman and the longevity of all.

My design is to show that practical religion is the friend of long life. I prove it, first, from the fact that it makes the care of our health a positive Christian duty. Whether we shall keep early or late hours, whether we shall take food digestible or indigestible, whether there shall be thorough or incomplete mastication, are questions very often deferred to the realms of whimsicality; but the Christian man lifts this whole problem of health into the accountable and the divine. He says: "God has given me this body, and He has called it the temple of the Holy Ghost, and to deface its altars or mar its walls or crumble its pillars is a God defying sacrilege."

He sees God's caligraphy in every page—anatomical and physiological. He says: "God has given me a wonderful body for noble purposes."

That arm with thirty-two curious bones wielded by forty-six curious muscles, and all under the brain's telegraphy; 350 pounds of blood rushing through the heart every hour, the heart in twenty-four hours beating 100,000 times, during the twenty-four hours overcoming resistances amounting to 234,000,000 pounds of weight, during the same time the lungs taking in fifty-seven hogsheads of air, and all this mechanism not more mighty than delicate and easily disturbed and demolished?

The Christian man says to himself: "If I hurt my nerves, if I hurt my brain, if I hurt any of my physical faculties I insult God and call for dire retribution." Why did God tell the Levites not to offer to him in sacrifice animals imperfect and diseased? He meant to tell us in all the ages that we are to offer to God our very best physical condition, and a man who through irregular or gluttonous eating ruins his health is not offering to God such a sacrifice. Why did Paul write for his cloak at Troas? Why should such a great man as Paul be anxious about a thing so insignificant as an overcoat? It was because he knew that with pneumonia and rheumatism he would not be worth half as much to God and the church as with respiration easy and foot free.

An intelligent Christian man would consider it an absurdity to kneel down at night and pray and ask God's protection while at the same time he kept the windows of his bed room tight shut against fresh air. He would just as soon think of going out on the bridge between New York and Brooklyn, leaping off and then praying to God to keep him from getting hurt. Just as long as you defer this whole subject of physical health to the realm of whimsicality or to the pastry cook or to the butcher or to the baker or to the apothecary or to the clothier, you are not acting like a Christian. Take care of all your physical forces—nervous, muscular, bone, brain cellular tissue—for all you must be brought to judgment.

Smoking your nervous system into fidgets, burning out the coating of your stomach with wine logwooded and strychnined, walking with thin shoes to make your feet look delicate, pinched at the waist until you are well nigh cut in two, and neither part worth anything, groaning about sich headache and palpitation of the heart, which you think came from God, when they came from your own folly.

What right has any man or woman to deface the temple of the Holy Ghost? What is the ear? Why, it is the whispering gallery of the human soul. What is the eye? It is the observatory God constructed, its telescope sweeping the heavens. What is the hand? An instrument so wonderful that when the Earl of Bridgewater bequeathed in his will $40,000 for treatises to be written on the wisdom, power and goodness of God, Sir Charles Bell, the great English anatomist and surgeon, found his greatest illustration in the construction of the human hand, devoting his whole book to that subject. So wonderful are these bodies that God names his own attributes after different parts of them. His omniscience—it is God's eye. His omnipresence—it is God's ear. His omnipotence—it is God's arm. The upholstery of the midnight heavens—it is the work of God's fingers. His life giving power—it is the breath of the Almighty. His dominion—"the government shall be upon his shoulder." A body so divinely honored and so divinely constructed, let us be careful not to abuse it.

When it becomes a Christian duty to take care of our health, is not the whole tendency toward longevity? If I toss my watch about recklessly and drop it on the pavement and wind it up any time of day or night I happen to think of it, and often let it run down, while you are careful with your watch and never abuse it and wind it up just at the same hour every night and put in a place where it will not suffer from the violent changes of atmosphere, which watch will last the longer? Common sense answers. Now the human body is God's watch. You see the hands of the watch, you see the face of the watch, but the beating of the heart is the ticking of the watch. Oh, be careful and do not let it run down!

Again, I remark that practical religion is a friend of longevity in the fact that it is a protest against dissipations which injure and destroy the health. Bad men and women live a very short life. Their sins kill them. I know hundreds of good old men, but I do not know half a dozen bad old men. Why? They do not get old. Lord Byron died at Missolonghi at thirty-six years of age, himself his own Mazeppa, his unbridled passions the horse that dashed with him into the desert. Edgar A. Poe died at Baltimore at thirty-eight years of age. The black raven that alighted on the bust above his chamber door was delirium tremens—

Only this and nothing more.

Napoleon Bonaparte lived only just beyond midlife, then died at St. Helena, and one of his doctors said that his disease was induced by excessive snuffing. The hero of Austerlitz, the man who by one step of his foot in the center of Europe shook the earth, killed by a snuff box. Oh, how many people we have known who have not lived out half their days because of their dissipations and indulgences! Now practical religion is a protest against all dissipation of any kind.

"But," you say, "professors of religion have fallen, professors of religion have got drunk, professors of religion have misappropriated trust funds, professors of religion have absconded." Yes; but they threw away their religion before they did their morality. If a man on a White Star line steamer bound for Liverpool in mid-Atlantic jumps overboard and is drowned, is that anything against the White Star line's capacity to take the man across the ocean? And if a man jumps over the gunwale of his religion and goes down never to rise, is that any reason for your believing that religion has no capacity to take the man clear through? In the one case if he had kept to the steamer his body would have been saved; in the other case, if he had kept to his religion his morals would have been saved.

There are aged people who would have been dead twenty-five years ago but for the defenses and the equipoise of religion. You have no more natural resistance than hundreds of people who lie in the cemeteries today, slain by their own vices. The doctors made their case as kind and pleasant as they could, and it was called congestion of the brain, or something else, but the snakes and the blueflies that seemed to crawl over the pillow in the sight of the delirious patient showed what was the matter with him. You, the aged Christian man, walked along by that unhappy one until you came to the golden pillar of a Christian life. That is all the difference between you. Oh, if this religion is a protest against all forms of dissipation, then it is an illustrious friend of longevity. "With long life will I satisfy him."

Again, religion is a friend of longevity in the fact that it takes the worry out of our temporalities. It is not work that kills men, it is worry. When a man becomes a genuine Christian he makes over to God not only his affections but his family, his business, his reputation, his body, his mind, his soul—everything. Industrious he will be, but never worrying, because God is managing his affairs. How can he worry about business when in answer to his prayers God tells him when to buy and when to sell; and if he gain that is best, and if he lose that is best?

Suppose you had a supernatural neighbor who came in and said: "Sir, I want you to call on me in every exigency; I am your fast friend; I could fall back on $20,000,000; I can foresee a panic ten years; I hold the controlling stock in thirty of the best monetary institutions of New York; whenever you are in trouble call on me and I will help you, you can have my money and you can have my influence; here is my hand in pledge for it." How much would you worry about business? Why, you would say: "I'll do the best I can, and then I'll depend on my friend's generosity for the rest."

Now more than that is promised to every Christian business man. God says to him: "I own New York and London and St. Petersburg and Pekin, and Australia and California are mine; I can foresee a panic a million years; I have all the resources of the universe, and I am your fast friend; when you get in business trouble or any other trouble, call on me and I will help; here is my hand in pledge of omnipotent deliverance." How much should that man worry? Not much. What lion will dare to put his paw on that Daniel? Is there not rest in this? Is there not an eternal vacation in this?

"Oh," you say, "here is a man who asked God for a blessing in a certain enterprise, and he lost five thousand dollars in it. Explain that." I will. Yonder is a factory, and one wheel is going north and the other wheel is going south, and one wheel plays laterally and the other plays vertically. I go to the manufacturer and I say: "O manufacturer, your machinery is a contradiction. Why do you not make all the wheels go one way?" "Well," he says, "I made them to go in opposite directions on purpose, and they produce the right result. You go downstairs and examine the carpets we are turning out in this establishment and you will see." I go down on the other floor and I see the carpets, and I am obliged to confess that though the wheels in that factory go in opposite directions they turn out a beautiful result; and while I am standing there looking at the exquisite fabric an old Scripture passage comes into my mind: "All things work together for good to them who love God." Is there not rest in that? Is there not tonic in that? Is there not longevity in that?

Suppose a man is all the time worried about his reputation. One man says he lies, another says he is stupid, another says he is dishonest, and half a dozen printing establishments attack him, and he is in a great state of excitement and worry and fume, and cannot sleep; but religion comes to him and says: "Man, God is on your side; he will take care of your reputation; if God be for you, who can be against you?" How much should that man worry about his reputation? Not much. If that broker who some years ago in Wall street, after he had lost money, sat down and wrote a farewell letter to his wife before he blew his brains out—if instead of taking out of his pocket a pistol he had taken out a well read New Testament there would have been one less suicide. Oh, nervous and feverish people of the world, try this almighty sedative. You will live twenty-five years longer under its soothing power. It is not chloral that you want, or morphine that you want; it is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. "With long life will I satisfy him."

Again, practical religion is a friend of longevity in the fact that it removes all corroding care about a future existence. Every man wants to know what is to become of him. If you get on board of a rail train you want to know at what depot it is going to stop; if you get on board a ship you want to know into what harbor it is going to run, and if you shall tell me you have no interest in what is to be your future destiny, I would in as polite a way as I knew how tell you I did not believe you. Before I had this matter settled with reference to my future existence the question almost worried me into ruined health. The anxieties men have upon this subject put together would make a martyrdom. This is a state of awful unhealthiness. There are people who fret themselves to death for fear of dying.

I want to take the strain off your nerves and the depression off your soul, and I make two or three experiments. Experiment first: When you go out of this world it does not make any difference whether you have been good or bad, or whether you believed truth or error, you will go straight to glory. "Impossible," you say; "my common sense as well as my religion teaches that the bad and the good cannot live together forever. You give me no comfort in that experiment." Experiment the second: When you leave this world you will go into an intermediate state where you can get converted and prepared for heaven. "Impossible," you say; "as the tree falleth so it must lie, and I cannot postpone to an intermediate state reformation which ought to have been effected in this state." Experiment the third: There is no future world; when a man dies that is the last of him. Do not worry about what you are to do in another state of being; you will not do anyihing. "Impossible," you say; "there is something that tells me that death is not the appendix, but the preface; there is something that tells me that on this side of the grave I only get started, and that I shall go on forever; my power to think says 'forever,' my affections say 'forever,' my capacity to enjoy or suffer, 'forever.'"

Well, you defeat me in my three experiments. I have only one more to make, and if you defeat me in that I am exhausted. A mighty One on a knoll back of Jerusalem one day—the skies filled with forked lightnings and the earth filled with volcanic disturbances—turned His pale and agonized face toward the heavens and said: "I take the sins and sorrows of the ages into my own heart. I am the expiation. Witness earth and heaven and hell, I am the expiation." And the hammer struck him, and the spears punctured him, and heaven thundered: "The wages of sin is death!" "The soul that sinneth it shall die!" "I will by no means clear the guilty!" Then there was silence for half an hour, and the lightnings were drawn back into the scabbard of the sky, and the earth ceased to quiver, and all the colors of the sky began to shift themselves into a rainbow woven out of the fallen tears of Jesus, and there was red as of the blood shedding, and there was blue as of the bruising, and there was green as of the heavenly foliage, and there was orange as of the day dawn. And along the line of the blue I saw the words: "I was bruised for their iniquities." And along the line of the red I saw the words: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." And along the line of the green I saw the words: "The leaves of the tree of life for the healing of all nations." And along the line of the orange I saw the words: "The day spring from on high hath visited us."

And then I saw the storm was over, and the rainbow rose higher and higher, until it seemed retreating to another heaven, and planting one column of its colors on one side the eternal hill and planting the other column of its colors on the other side of the eternal hill, it rose upward and upward, "and behold there was a rainbow about the throne."

Accept that sacrifice and quit worrying. Take the tonic, the inspiration, the longevity of this truth. Religion is sunshine, that is health. Religion is fresh air and pure water, they are healthy. Religion is warmth, that is healthy. Ask all the doctors and they will tell you that a quiet conscience and pleasant anticipations are hygienic. I offer you perfect peace now and hereafter.

What do you want in the future world? Tell me, and you shall have it. Orchards? There are the trees with twelve manner of fruits, yelding fruit every month. Water scenery? There is the River of Life, from under the throne of God, clear as crystal, and the sea of glass mingled with fire. Do you want music? There is the oratorio of the Creation led on by Adam, and the oratorio of the Red Sea led on by Moses, and the oratorio of the Messiah led on by St. Paul, while the archangel with swinging baton controls the one hundred and forty-four thousand who make up the orchestra.

Do you want reunion? There are your dead children waiting to kiss you, waiting to embrace you, waiting to twist garlands in your hair. You have been accustomed to open the door on this side of the sepulchre. I open the door on the other side of the sepulchre. You have been accustomed to walk in the wet grass on the top of the grave. I show you the under side of the grave; the bottom has fallen out, and the long ropes with which the pall bearer let down your dead let them clear through into heaven.

Glory be to God for this robust, healthy religion. It will have a tendency to make you live long in this world, and in the world to come you will have eternal life. "With long life will I satisfy him."

TEMPERANCE

Watch the Boys.

They laid him down with happy smiles
In his tiny, curtained bed,
They gently smoothed the pillow fair
Where reposed his little head,
And loving words from every one
Gave greeting of joy to the first-born son.

They watched around him day by day,
Till the little limbs grew strong;
They taught in simple, childlike words
Of the ways of right and wrong,
And loving hearts kept record sure
Of each baby action so sweet and pure.

They laid him down, with faces grave,
In his coffin, cold and dread;
No loving hand to spread the pall
O'er the strangely silent dead,
No word of hope—in speechless awe
They gazed on the face they should see no more.

Far, far from home, in foreign soil,
He was hid from mortal eye;
No record of his life on earth,
But 'tis written up on high—
The story of a drunkard's shame,
His wasted life and his blighted fame.

—*Marietta A. Cassell.*

A German Medical View.

At the recent Seventh Congress of Internal Medicine, held at Weisbaden, Germany, in connection with a discussion upon the use of alcoholic liquors in medicine, Dr. Binz, of Boon, acting as chairman, is reported as saying:

"In order to define our position as physicians in our relation to the temperance and prohibition societies, I would express myself thus: All that I have said pertains to the sick. The healthy man has no need of alcohol, and if he indulges in ardent spirits he does this solely for his own pleasure and at his own risk. I place alongside of the whisky nuisance the beer nuisance. The habit of taking alcoholic stimulants apart from meals is a public evil from a sanitary, economic, and intellectual point of view. The inveterate beer-drinker is as much under the dominion of alcohol as the brandy, or whisky-drinker, and the greater sinner of the two."

Marshall Parting with the Bottle.

A Congressional abstinence society was formed and Marshall swore off drinking. He made a speech before the Society which is perhaps the most eloquent temperance effort ever delivered in the Congressional halls, though the sentence containing it is as long as one of Senator Evarts' longest. It ran:

"I would not exchange the physical sensations, the mere sense of animal being, which belong to a man who totally refrains from all that can intoxicate his brain or derange his nervous structure, the elasticity with which he bounds from the couch in the morning, the sweet repose it yields him at night, the feeling with which he drinks in, through his clear eyes, the beauty and the grandeur of surrounding nature; I say, sir, I will not exchange my conscious being as a strictly temperate man, the sense of renovated youth, the glad play with which my pulses now beat a healthful music, the bounding vivacity with which the life blood courses its exulting way through every fiber of my frame, the communion high which my healthful ear and eye now hold with all the gorgeous universe of God, the splendors of the morning, the softness of the evening sky, the bloom, the beauty, the verdure of the earth, the music of the air and of the waters; with all the grand associations of external nature reopened to the five avenues of sense; no, sir, though poverty dog me, though scorn pointed its slow finger at me as I passed, though want and destitution and every element of earthly misery, save only crime, met my waking eye from day to day; not for the brightest and noblest wreath that ever encircled a statesman's brow; not if some angel commissioned by heaven, or some demon sent fresh from hell to test the resisting strength of virtuous resolution, should tempt me back, with all the wealth and all the honors which a world can bestow; not for all that time and earth can give, would I cast from me this precious pledge of a liberated mind, this talisman against temptation, and plunge again into the dangers and horrors which once beset my path. So help me heaven, as I would spurn beneath my very feet all the gifts the universe could offer, and live and die as I am, poor, but sober."

Nothwithstanding this speech, however, Marshall broke his pledge, and there is a man still living at Washington who took care of him during some of his after-attacks of delirium tremens. It is said that his first drinking was caused by a disappointment in love, and it may have been that he would have been a sober man had this not occurred.

—*New York Sun.*

Coffee Rooms.

It is said that many of the liquor dealers in Philadelphia who have been refused licenses by the excise court have determined to continue their places as milk and luncheon shops. It would certainly seem as though the closing up of fourteen or fifteen hundred beer and "free lunch" resorts in one city ought to leave some openings for a trade like that now proposed. It is natural to suppose that at least a few of the men who have been in the custom of quenching their thirst or satisfying their hunger in the saloons will now turn for the same purpose to the more convenient eating-houses. The saloons, however, hold out certain inducements to wayfaring men that the ordinary milk and luncheon shops do not possess. The former furnish not only food and drink, but they furnish the refreshment of rest. The saloon answers to its patron many of the purposes of a club-house, a place of rendezvous, of social entertainment. He must patronize the bar to a greater or less extent, but after that the privileges of the place are open to him; he may read the papers or play cards, or tell stories with his boon companions. The restaurants do not offer these privileges to their patrons. As soon as the latter have completed the particular business on which they came, they are expected to make way for others. The restaurant does not hold itself out as a place for anything else than the furnishing of food and drink, and for this reason it does not take the place of the saloon. This leads us to the consideration of the question whether some substitute can not be found for the saloon which will include such harmless and proper accompaniments as the saloon may possess without its dangerous and degrading ones. In England this question has been answered very satisfactorily in the establisement of coffee-houses, places that combine the features of a restaurant with those of an unpretentious but inviting club-room. It will be remembered that an attempt was made about two years ago to introduce a coffee-house system in New York, modeled after the English plan. A committee of prominent citizens was appointed to take the subject under consideration. After carefully looking over the ground they came to the conclusion that the scheme was not a practicable one, and was therefore dropped. In spite of this, however, we believe that coffee houses are needed in our large cities to-day as much as they are in England, and that in this way lies one of the most practical and effective agencies for the overthrow of the saloon power. In a city like New York, where there is always a large floating population, where many are forced to live amid the cheerless and forbidding surroundings of the tenements and lodging houses, some provision must be made for meeting the social needs of the people. The saloon meets them to some extent, and herein lies a large part of its power for evil. Statistics show that the coffee houses of England have had a decided effect in decreasing drunkenness and crime. We are confident that like results would follow their introduction here. In the establishment of an American coffee house system there is an opportunity for a large and noble philanthropic effort.—*New York Observer.*

RELIGIOUS READING.

His Care.

God holds the key of all unknown,
And I am glad;
If other hands should hold the key,
Or if he trusted it to me,
I might be sad.

What if tomorrow's cares were here
Without its rest?
I had rather he unlock the day,
And as the doors swing open say,
"My will is best."

The very dimness of my sight
Makes me secure,
For groping in my misty way,
I feel his hand—I hear him say,
"My help is sure."

I cannot read his future plan,
But this I know,
I have the smiling of his face,
And all the refuge of his grace,
While here below.

Enough; this covers all my want,
And so I rest:
For what I cannot he can see,
And in his care I soon shall be,
Forever blest.

Toplady's Conversion on the Lord's Day.

More than a hundred years have passed since a young man in England, who belonged to a pious family, but was himself, far from God, was to find God by strange means. He had been the child of many prayers, but to all the entreaties of his pious mother and others he answered by inwardly resolving not to become a Christian. When he and his mother were on a visit to Ireland, on the Lord's day, they went to a place where a good man was going to preach. He was very earnest in his sermon, and put the question to the unsaved present, whether they would give themselves to Christ or remain rebels? Every time the young man said in his own heart, "I will not yield, I will not yield." His heart was hardened against God's grace, and at the close of the sermon it seemed to be harder than ever it had been. When the sermon was finished, the minister gave out a hymn. It begins:

"Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded; sick and sore."

The congregation, stirred by the earnest sermon, sung the hymn with their whole heart. And what a sermon could not do, the singing of the hymn did. It broke the hard, unyielding heart. He found God and gave himself to him. He lived to be an honored preacher of the gospel. He was Augustus Toplady, the author of the great hymn—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

—[Exchange.

Trouble in Israel.

National sin had brought national punishment and threatened national ruin. Elijah, directed by Jehovah's spirit, had rebuked both king and kingdom, by locking the heavers with the hand of prayer. For three years and six months no drop of rain or dew had fallen. Those three years were mostly spent in a bootless search for the weird Tishbite, whom the Lord had hidden. At last he meets the haughty, angry Ahab in the dusty highway. "Art thou he that troubleth Isreal?" snorted the king, in a paroxysm of rage. All unmindful of his sin in leading Israel to worship Baal and Ashteroth, which had brought this great calamity upon the land, he was cursing the prophet who had the courage to speak out in reproof. With placid dignity the prophet replied: "I have not troubled Israel; but thou and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and thou hast followed Baal," (1 Kings 18: 17, 18). Who was the cause of the trouble, the faithful prophet of righteousness, or the unfaithful, wicked, adolatrous monarch.

But history repeats itself. There are still sinners in Zion. These disturb the peace of the church. And if any one, be he bishop, pastor, or editor, says a reproving word, straightway he is accused of "troubling Israel" and "hammering the erring brethren," and so creating discord! Strange casuistry this! It would be much better to repent of the sins which disturb the peace of the church, than to scold and curse the prophets who speak earnest words of truth on the situation.—[Evangelical Messenger.

Any One but Jesus.

This sentiment was involved in the choice of those Jews who, when asked by Pilate; "Shall I crucify your king?" replied "We have no king but Cæsar." The boast of their Talmud was, "Israel has no king but God." Their submission to Cæsar was forced. Fain would they have broken his hated yoke. Yet, so much greater was their hatred of Jesus that they could answer Pilate as they did. Meaning a lie, they spoke a truth. For, casting off allegiance to God by rejecting his Son, and acknowledging Cæsar as their king, they had chosen an earthly rather than the heavenly ruler, and temporal in preference to eternal blessings. With so sensual a choice, Cæsar was a fit king for them. Pilate's question had brought Jesus and Cæsar into direct competition. Knowing their hatred towards his emperor, the wily Roman may have intended to force upon them this humiliating choice. Be this as it may, their answer expresses their purpose to submit to any humiliation, rather than to own Jesus as their king. Any one but Jesus—this was the language of their hearts.

This spirit was again shown when Pilate proposed to release, at their choice, either the notorious criminal, Barabbas, or the faultless Jesus. Pilate did not think it possible they could make choice of so black a criminal. But he had not calculated the depth of their hate towards the Christ, for no sooner had he pointed to the latter and asked if he should release him, than they cried out, "Not this man, but Barabbas." Barabbas or Jesus as a companion? Cæsar or Christ as king? These were the two choices that were given these people, to test their spirit; and when they promptly decided for Barabbas and Cæsar, they showed that they were determined to choose any one but Jesus.

This choice may seem shocking; and yet it is paralleled by the moral disposition which now denies or withholds allegiance from the Christ. This may be seen by reflecting upon some of Christ's requirements and the way multitudes treat them. He calls upon all to repent and trust in him for salvation; but Satan tempts them to stand upon their personal merit and they adopt the pleasing suggestion. Or, though they may not realize the fact, they turn away from Jesus, and choose the leadership of Satan. Any one but Jesus.

Jesus also offers himself to these as their hope; but the world steps forward as his competitor. A choice they must make: Jesus or the world—which shall it be? A hope whose anchor is cast in the sea of this life, or that hope whose anchor is cast within the veil, whither, as a forerunner, Jesus entered for us? These rival hopes have contended for their choice and with what result? Alas! the world has been chosen and the Son of God stands before them as the rejected rival. Any one but Jesus.

In a word, Jesus has come to every one and claimed His allegiance. The founder of a spiritual kingdom and their rightful sovereign, He has claimed the loyalty of all hearts. Or He comes to all now, as He did to those who first rejected Him. His claim to allegiance now and then is the same. Then it was to acknowledge His kingly right to reign supremely over souls. Now it is exactly the same. Then His claim to allegiance was rejected with the declaration, "We have no king but Cæsar." And how many now are treating His claim in the same way? To an earthly Cæsar, rather than to the heavenly Christ, is their allegiance paid. And this constant choice of submission to some other authority than to that of King Jesus can mean only this—anyone but Jesus. O, that God by His Spirit would make all the rejecters of His Son to see the enormity of their sin.—[Religious Herald.

The Only Proper Attitude.

The quadrennial address of the Bishops delivered at the M. E. Conference in New York, dealt with the liquor traffic as follows: "The liquor traffic is so pernicious in its bearings, so inimical to the interests of honest trade, so repugnant to the moral sense, so injurious to the peace and order of society, so hurtful to the home, to the church, and to the body politic, and so utterly antagonistic to all that is precious in life, that the only proper attitude toward it for Christians is that of relentless hostility. It can never be legalized without sin. No temporary device for regulating it can become a substitute for prohibition. License, high or low, is vicious in principle, and powerless as a remedy."

An Indian, who is "in love with American firewater," has been arrested forty times at Port Huron, Michigan, for drunkenness.

QUAINT SANTA FE.

OBJECTS OF INTEREST IN AN OLD MEXICAN TOWN.

Old Adobe Structures Erected Before America's Discovery—The Remarkable Santa Fe Trail—Spanish Chiefly Spoken.

An Atlanta *Constitution* correspondent sends the following graphic pen picture of Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico:

When old St. Augustine, down in Florida, was but a barren stretch of sand and Melendez was a child, Santa Fe was a town of considerable importance, although the face of a white man had never been seen by any of the inhabitants. There are now standing some of the adobe structures that were erected here long before Christopher Columbus was born, and, if the stories of the old priests are to be believed, the church of San Miguel was built before Ferdinand and Isabella ascended the Spanish throne. When the Spaniards came here, in 1582, they found a town of four or five hundred inhabitants, which was then, to all appearances, several centuries old. Its altitude—6862 feet—assured an equable climate the year through, and the Indians who built the town had cultivated the plateau on which the city now stands, and made it fertile as well as beautiful. As a rule, the North American Indians were nomads, but the Zuni, Moqui and Pueblo tribes were more domestic in their habits, and they built the first villages on the North American continent. It is supposed that the Zunis built Santa Fe and gave it the name Pueblo, meaning "a settlement." From this the residents were called Pueblos, after a while taking this name to distinguish themselves from the main body of Zunis, who had moved northward and founded the towns of Moqui, Trinidad and Pueblo—the two latter in Colorado. Between these Indian villages were well beaten bridle paths, the unerring instinct of the Indians having led them to find the shortest and easiest route through the Rocky Mountains, between Raton and Trinidad. When the Spaniards came here, in 1582, they were greatly astonished to find a large adobe structure—used by the Zunis for a council chamber—and they straightway proceeded to turn it into a church, calling it San Miguel. This is the building which still stands, and which is believed to be the oldest structure in the United States.

In 1680 the Indians came to the conclusion that the Spaniards, who had changed the name of their city and had seized their council chamber and turned it into a church, were a sort of nuisance, and they rose in rebellion against further innovations. Finally, they masacred every Spaniard whom they could lay hands upon, burned the church saints in the plaza, forbade the use of the Spanish language, put aside the wives to whom they had been married by Catholic rites and washed themselves in the river to purify themselves from the baptism of the church. In 1692 the Spaniards recaptured the town, and since that time they have had things pretty much their own way. To-day the city has a population of 6500, of whom 5500 are Mexicans, many of whom do not understand a word of English. It is the only city of its size in this country without a steam engine in its limits. There are but few frame buildings—everything is adobe.

The adobe house, or "doby," as it is called, is familiar to all Western tourists, but it is seen at its very best here. The wealthiest people live in structures which, from the outside, seem scarcely habitable, but within are cosy and, in many instances, luxurious. Judge Thornton, a wealthy mine owner, has a "doby" house near the plaza, or public square. In the center of the building is a square court yard, filled with magnificent flowers, with a fountain in the center. The doors of each apartment in the house open on the wide veranda which runs around the court-yard, and the effect is very charming. The walls of the building are nearly three feet in thickness, giving opportunity for deep, cushioned window seats. These thick walls keep out cold in winter and heat in the summer, and there are, therefore, but two fire-places in the whole house—for use in the event of extraordinary severe weather. The decorations of the dwelling are such as one finds in Atlanta's Peachtree street homes—beautiful pictures and statuary, imported carpets and rugs, rare bric-a-brac and potteries—everything that money can buy. Of course, all this makes the change from the outside atmosphere of squalor the more marked. Judge Thornton's home is but the type of hundreds of others owned by wealthy Spaniards, Mexicans or Americans, who have settled here because of this incomparable climate.

Reference has been made to the old church of San Miguel. Here is to be seen the bell cast in 1556, brought to Mexico by Cortez and transported hither by Indian slaves from the City of Mexico after Montezuma's power was no more. Three of the altar pieces are over seven hundred years old and were painted in Barcelona and sent hither through the officers of the church in Mexico. From the door of San Miguel starts the path to Trinidad, hundreds of miles away; the trail which so astonished the Spaniards, away back in 1582 and which, as late as 1848, astounded the civil engineers who surveyed it and gave it the name it has since borne—the Santa Fe trail.

Antiquarians tell us that the Santa Fe trail is one of the most remarkable pieces of engineering of primeval origin. It runs in the most direct possible line to Trinidad and thence to Pueblo, near Denver. Through the mountains the grades have been chosen with such skill that, notwithstanding the fact that more than two hundred surveys have been made by competent engineers to find a better route, no one has yet been able to find an easier grade through the Rocky Mountains than was located by these nomads hundreds and hundreds of years ago. The line is so direct that "the old Santa Fe trail" has been followed closely in the building of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad, from Kansas City to the far West.

Colonel A. B. Steele, an archæologist of repute, says of the Santa Fe trail: "When you see the old road from the car windows you may reflect that you are looking upon the unused paths of prehistoric wanderers. The roads that lead to Mecca, the sand-drifted highways of the Sahara, the very footsteps of Christ, are not more ancient." The old trail is plainly visible, since it was the only route for years to the Pacific coast and soon became a broad well-worn road, with stage houses at intervals and civilization wherever such a thing was possible.

The Governor's palace, a long adobe structure, a couple of hundred or more years old, contains the territorial offices and many choice relics, and, in addition to this, there are two free museums and curiosity shops by the score. The city surrounds a plazza (pronounced plat-za) a large square fenced in and covered with grass and trees. There is no architectural beauty except in the capitol, a new building of brick and granite, as yet rather bare looking. The territorial legislature is composed principally of men whose parents are Mexican, and the almost universal language is Spanish, all of which tends to make one forget he is still in the United States.

The Climate of Siberia.

From George Kennan's account of the "Plains and Prisons of Western Siberia" in the *Century* we quote the following: "It is hardly necessary to say that a country which has an area of five and a half million square miles, and which extends in latitude as far as from the southern extremity of Greenland to the island of Cuba, must present great diversities of climate, topography, and vegetation, and cannot be everywhere a barren arctic waste. A mere glance at a map is sufficient to show that a considerable part of western Siberia lies further south than Nice, Venice, or Milan, and that the southern boundary of the Siberian province of Semirechinsk is nearer the equator than Naples. In a country which thus stretches from the latitude of Italy to the latitude of central Greenland one would naturally expect to find, and as a matter of fact one does find, many varieties of climate and scenery. In some parts of the province of Yakutsk the mean temperature of the month of January is more than 50 degrees below zero, Fahr., while in the province of Semipalatinsk the mean temperature of the month of July is 72 degrees above; and such maximum temperatures as 95 and 100 degrees in the shade are comparatively common. On the Taimyr peninsula, east of the Gulf of Ob, the permanently frozen ground thaws out in summer to a depth of only a few inches, and supports but a scanty vegetation of berry bushes and moss, while in the southern part of western Siberia watermelons and cantaloupes are a profitable crop, tobacco is grown upon thousands of plantations, and the peasants harvest annually more than 50,000,000 bushels of grain. The fact which I desire especially to impress upon the mind of the reader is that Siberia is not everywhere uniform and homogeneous. The northern part of the country differs from the southern part quite as much as the Hudson Bay Territory differs from Kentucky; and it is as great a mistake to attribute the cold and barrenness of the Lena delta to the whole of Siberia as it would be to attribute the cold and barrenness of King William Land to the whole of North America.

"To the traveler who crosses the Urals for the first time in June nothing is more surprising than the fervent heat of Siberian sunshine and the extraordinary beauty and profusion of Siberian flowers. Although we had been partly prepared, by our voyage up the Kama, for the experience which awaited us on the other side of the mountains, we were fairly astonished upon the threshold of western Siberia by the scenery, the weather, and the flora. In the fertile, blooming country presented to us as we rode swiftly eastward into the province of Tobolsk, there was absolutely nothing even remotely to suggest an arctic region. If we had been blindfolded and transported to it suddenly in the middle of a sunny afternoon, we could never have guessed to what part of the world we had been taken. The sky was as clear and blue and the air as soft as the sky and air of California; the trees were all in full leaf; birds were singing over the flowery meadows and in the clumps of birches by the roadside; there were a drowsy hum of bees and a faint fagrance of flowers and verdure in the air; and the sunshine was as warm and bright as that of a June afternoon in the most favored part of the globe."

Romance of the Humble Cotton Seed.

The "Cotton-Seed Romance" is thus told by the Atlanta *Constitution:* Was there ever a history, this side of Cinderella, of the uprising of humanity like that of the cotton-seed?" For seventy years despised as a nuisance, and burned or dumped as garbage; then discovered to be the very food for which the soil was hungering, and reluctantly admitted to the rank of ugly utilities. Shortly afterward found to be nutritious food for beast as well as soil, and thereupon treated with something like respect. Once admitted to the circle of farm husbandries, found to hold thirty-five gallons of pure oil to the ton, worth, in its crude state, fourteen dollars to the ton, or forty million dollars for the whole crop of seed. But then a system was devised for refining this oil up to a value of one dollar a gallon, and the frugal Italians placed a cask of it at the root of every olive tree, and then defied the Boreas breath of the Alps. And then experience showed that the ton of cotton-seed was a better fertilizer and a better stock when robbed of its thirty-five gallons of oil than before. And that the hulls of the seed made the best of fuel for feeding the oil-mill engine. And that the ashes of the hulls scooped from the engine's drift had the highest commercial value as potash. And that the "refuse" of the whole made the best and purest soap-stock to carry to the toilet the perfumes of Lubin or Colgate. About this time we began to spell cotton-seed with capital letters. And how it traveled abroad in its various dresses! As meal-cakes it whitened the meadows of England with woolly fleeces, and fattened the British cattle under the oaks; it sputtered on the stoves of the Dutch in lieu of lard; it glistened in the cafes of Paris as olive oils, under seals and signatures it could not even pronounce to save its life, and from under the dikes in Holland it went forth to parade in all the bravery of butter and butterine. In our own country it renewed the wasting strength of the Southern fields, and clad them with whiteness that would shame the fleeces of England, or yellow that would pale the fleeces of Argonauts. It knocked the Western hog into spots, and poured the Western lard out of the frying-pan into the fire. And about this time Congress jumped on to cotton-seed with both feet, and proposed to check its further career by a prohibitory tax.

Ghoulish Practice of Egyptians.

A disclosure exceedingly uncomfortable for the relatives and friends of the English soldiers killed in Egypt has been made by the captain of the Austrian vessel Dub, which arrived at Aberdeen, Scotland, the other day, loaded with bones for fertilizing purposes. The captain said he had got his load from Alexandria, and that the bones all came from Cairo. He thought they were the bones of giraffes, antelopes, etc., but he was obliged personally to watch the loading of his ship and reject complete human skeletons that were brought to him. The natives were very indignant at his refusal to accept the bones of Christians, and said it was their custom to dig on battle fields and pull the bodies out of shallow trenches. It has been found that in spite of the captain's precautions the cargo of the Dub contains the bones of many English soldiers, the natives having resorted to the simple method of pulling the skeletons to pieces, and presenting them minus heads and hands, when they found complete frameworks to be unaccepted.—*New York Sun.*

A WOMAN'S CRIME.

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