REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

"Sharpened Axes" (Preached at Madison, Wis.).

TEXT: "*Now, there was no smith found throughout all the land of Israel,*" *etc.*—1 Samuel xiii., 19-21.

My loving and glad salutation to this uncounted host, Chautauquans, Christian Endeavors, gospel workers and their friends from all parts of Wisconsin and America, saints and sinners! My text is gloriously appropriate. What a galling subjugation the Israelites were suffering! The Philistines had carried off all the blacksmiths and torn down all the blacksmiths' shops and abolished the blacksmith's trade in the land of Israel.

These Philistines had a particular grudge against blacksmiths, although I have always admired them and have sometimes thought I ought to have been one myself. The Philistines would not even allow these parties to work their valuable mines of brass and iron, nor might they make any swords or spears. There were only two swords left in all the land. Yea, these Philistines went on until they had taken all the grindstones from the land of Israel, so that if an Israelitish farmer wanted to sharpen his plow or his ax he had to go over to the garrison of the Philistines to get it done. There was only one sharpening instrument left in the land, and that was a file. The farmers and the mechanics having nothing to whet up the coulter, and the goad, and the pickax save a simple file, industry was hindered and work practically disgraced.

The great idea of these Philistines was to keep the Israelites disarmed. They might get iron out of the hills to make swords of, but they would not have any blacksmiths to weld this iron. If they got the iron welded, they would have no grindstones on which to bring the instruments of agriculture or the military weapons up to an edge. Oh, you poor, weaponless Israelites, reduced to a file, how I pity you! But these Philistines were not forever to keep their heel on the neck of God's children. Jonathan, on his hands and knees, climbs up a great rock beyond which were the Philistines, and his armor bearer, on his hands and knees, climbs up the same rock, and these two men, with their two swords, hew to pieces the Philistines, the Lord throwing a great terror upon them. So it was then; so it is now. The two men of God on their knees mightier than a Philistine host on their feet.

I learn first from this subject how dangerous it is for the church of God to allow its weapons to stay in the hands of its enemies. These Israelites might again and again have obtained a supply of swords and weapons, as for instance, when they took the spoils of the Ammonites, but these Israelites seemed content to have no swords, no spears, no blacksmiths, no grindstones, no active iron mines, until it was too late for them to make any resistance. I see the farmers tugging along with their pickaxes and plows, and I say, "Where are you going with those things?" They say, "Oh, we are going over to the garrison of the Philistines to get these things sharpened." I say, "You foolish men; why don't you sharpen them at home?" "Oh," they say, "the blacksmiths' shops are all torn down, and we have nothing left us but a file."

So it is in the church of Christ to-day. We are too willing to give up our weapons to the enemy. The world boasts that it has gobbled up the schools, and the colleges, and the arts, and the sciences, and the literature, and the printing press. Infidelity is making a mighty attempt to get all our weapons in its hand and then to keep them. You know it is making this boast all the time, and after a while, when the great battle between sin and righteousness has opened, if we do not look out we will be as badly off as these Israelites, without any swords to fight with and without any sharpened instruments.

I call upon the superintendents of literary institutions to see to it that the men who go into the classrooms to stand beside the Leyden jars, and the electric batteries, and the microscopes or telescopes be children of God, not Philistines. The atheistic thinkers of this day are trying to get all the intellectual weapons of this century in their own grasp. What we want is scientific Christians to capture the science, and scholastic Christians to capture the scholarship, and philosophic Christians to capture the philosophy, and lecturing Christians to take back the lecturing platform.

We want to send out against Scheakel and Strauss and Renan of the past men like the late Theodore Christlieb of Bonn, and against the infidel scientists a God worshiping Silliman and Hitchcock and Agassiz. We want to capture all the philosophical apparatus and swing around the telescopes on the swivel until through them we can see the morning star of the Redeemer, and with mineralogical hammer discover the "Rock of Ages," and amid the flora of the realms find the "Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley."

We want a clergy learned enough to discourse of the human eye, showing it to be a microscope and telescope in one instrument, with 800 wonderful contrivances and lids closing 30,000 or 40,000 times a day, all its muscles and nerves and bones showing the infinite skill of an infinite God, and then winding up with the peroration, "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?" And then we want to discourse about the human ear, its wonderful integuments, membranes and vibration, and its chain of small bones, and its auditory nerves, closing with the question, "He that planted the ear, shall He not hear?"

And we want some one able to expound the first chapter of Genesis, bringing to it the geology and the astronomy of the world, until, as Job suggested, "the stones of the field shall be in league" with the truth, and "the stars in their courses shall fight against Sisera." Oh, church of God, go out and recapture these weapons. Let men of God go out and take possession of the platform. Let all the printing press of this country speak out for Christ, and the reporters, and the typesetters, and the editors and publishers swear allegiance to the Lord God of truth.

Ah, my friend, that day must come, and if the great body of Christian men have not the faith, or the courage, or the consecration to do it, then let some Jonathan on his busy hands and on his praying knees climb up on the rock of hindrance, and in the name of the Lord God of Israel slash to pieces those literary Philistines. If these men will not be converted to God, then they must be destroyed.

Again, I learn from this subject what a large amount of the church's resources is actually hidden and buried and undeveloped. The Bible intimates that that was a very rich land—this land of Israel. It says, "The stones are iron, and out of the hills thou shalt dig brass," and yet hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of this metal was kept under the hills. Well, that is the difficulty with the church of God at this day. Its talent is not developed. If one-half of its energy could be brought out, it might take the public iniquities of the day by the throat and make them bite the dust. If human eloquence were consecrated to the Lord Jesus Christ, it could in a few years persuade this whole earth to surrender to God.

There is enough undeveloped Christian energy in the United States to bring the whole world to Christ, but it is buried under strata of indifference and under whole mountains of sloth. Now, is it not time for the mining to begin, and the pickaxes to plunge, and for this buried metal to be brought out and put into the furnaces and be turned into howitzers and carbines for the Lord's host? The vast majority of Christians in this day are useless. The most of the Lord's battalion belong to the reserve corps. The most of the crew are asleep in the hammocks. The most of the metal is under the hills.

Oh, is it not time for the church of God to rouse up and understand that we want all the energies, all the talents and all the wealth enlisted for Christ's sake? I like the nickname that the English soldiers gave to Blucher, the commander. They called him "Old Forwards." We have had enough retreats in the church of Christ; let us have a glorious advance. And I say to you now as the general said when his troops were affrighted. Rising up in his stirrups, his hair flying in the wind, he lifted his voice until 20,000 troops heard him, crying out, "Forward, the whole line!"

Again, I learn from this subject that we sometimes do well to take advantage of the world's sharpening instruments. These Israelites were reduced to a file, and so they went over to the garrison of the Philistines to get their axes, and their goads, and their plows sharpened. The Bible distinctly states in the context that they had no other instruments now with which to do this work, and the Israelites did right when they went over to the Philistines to use their grindstones. My friends, is it not right for us to employ the world's grindstones? If there be art, if there be logic, if there be business faculty on the other side, let us go over and employ it for Christ's sake

The fact is we fight with too dull weapons, and we work with too dull implements. We hack and we maul when we ought to make a clean stroke. Let us go over among sharp business men and among sharp literary men and find out what their taste is, and then transfer it to the cause of Christ. If they have science and art, it will do us good to rub against it. In other words, let us employ the world's grindstones. We will listen to their music, and we will watch their acumen, and we will use their grindstones, and we will borrow their philosophical apparatus to make our experiments, and we will borrow their printing presses to publish our Bibles, and we will borrow their rail trains to carry our Christian literature, and we will borrow their ships to transport our missionaries.

That was what made Paul such a master in his day. He not only got all the learning he could get of Dr. Gamaliel, but afterward standing on Mars hill and in crowded thoroughfares quoted their poetry and grasped their logic and wielded their eloquence and employed their mythology until Dionysius, the Areopagite, learned in the schools of Athens and Heliopolis, went down under his tremendous powers.

That was what gave Thomas Chalmers his power in his day. He conquered the world's astronomy and compelled it to ring out the wisdom and greatness of the Lord, until for the second time the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. That was what gave to Jonathan Edwards his influence in his day. He conquered the world's metaphysics and forced it into the service of God, until not only the old meeting house in Northampton, Mass., but all Christendom, felt thrilled by his Christian power.

Well, now, my friends, we all have tools of Christian usefulness. Do not let them lose their edges. We want no rusty blades in this fight. We want no colter that cannot rip up the glebe. We want no ax that cannot fell the trees. We want no goad that cannot start the lazy team. Let us get the very best grindstones we can find, though they be in the possession of the Philistines, compelling them to turn the crank, while we bear down with all our might on the swift revolving wheel until all our energies and faculties shall be brought up to a bright, keen, sharp, glittering edge.

Again, my subject teaches us on what a small allowance Philistine iniquity puts a man. Yes, these Philistines shut up the mines, and then they took the spears and the swords, then they took the blacksmiths, then they took the grindstones, and they took everything but a file. Oh, that is the way sin works. It grabs everything. It begins with robbery, and it ends with robbery. It despoils this faculty and that faculty and keeps on until the whole nature is gone. Was the man eloquent before, it generally thickens his tongue. Was he fine in personal appearance, it mars his visage. Was he affluent, it sends the sheriff to sell him out. Was he influential, it destroys his popularity. Was he placid and genial and loving, it makes him splenetic and cross, and so utterly is he changed that you can see he is sarcastic and rasping and that the Philistines have left him nothing but a file.

Oh, "the way of the transgressor is hard." His cup is bitter. His night is dark. His pangs are deep. His end is terrific. Philistine iniquity says to that man, "Now, surrender to me, and I will give you all you want—music for the dance, swift steeds for the race, imperial couch to slumber on, and you shall be refreshed with the rarest fruits in baskets of golden filigree." He lies. The music turns out to be a groan. The fruits burst the rind with rank poison. The filigree is made up of twisted snakes. The couch is a grave. Small allowance of rest, small allowance of peace, small allowance of comfort. Cold, hard, rough—nothing but a file. So it was with Voltaire, the most applauded man of his day:

> The Scripture was his jestbook, whence he drew
> Bonmots to gall the Christian and the Jew;
> An infidel when well, but what when sick?
> Oh, then a text would touch him to the quick.

Seized with hemorrhage of the lungs in Paris, where he had gone to be crowned in the theater as an idol of all France, he sends a messenger to get a priest that he may be reconciled to the church before he dies. A great terror falls upon him. He makes the place all round about him so dismal that the nurse declares that she would not for all the wealth of Europe see another infidel die. Philistine iniquity had promised him all the world's garlands, but in the last hour of his life, when he needed solacing, sent tearing across his conscience and his nerves a file, a file.

So it was with Lord Byron, his uncleanness in England only surpassed by his uncleanness in Venice, then going on to his brilliant misery at Missolonghi, and fretting at his nurse, Fletcher, fretting at himself, fretting at the world, fretting at God, and he who gave to the world "Childe Harold," and "Sardanapalus," and "The Prisoner of Chillon," and "The Siege of Corinth," reduced to nothing but a file!

Oh, sin has great facility for making promises, but it has just as great facility for breaking them. A Christian life is the only cheerful life, while a life of wicked surrender is remorse, ruin and death. Its painted glee is sepulchral ghastliness. In the brightest days of the Mexican Empire Montezuma said he felt knawing at his heart something like a canker. Sin, like a monster wild beast of the forest, sometimes licks all over its victim in order that the victim may be more easily swallowed; but generally sin rasps and galls and tears and upbraids and flies. Is it not so, Herod? Is it not so, Hildebrand? Is it not so, Robespierre? Aye! aye! it is so; it is so. "The way of the wicked He turneth upside down."

History tells us that when Rome was founded, on that day there were 12 vultures flying through the air, but when a transgressor dies the skies is black with whole flocks of them. Vultures! When I see sin robbing so many people, and I see them going down day by day and week by week, I must give a plain warning. I dare not keep it back lest I risk the salvation of my own soul. Rover, the pirate, pulled down the warning bell on Inchcape rock, thinking that he would have a chance to despoil vessels that were crushed on the rocks, but one night his own ship crashed down on this very rock, and he went down with all his cargo. God declares, "When I say to the wicked thou shalt surely die, and thou givest him not warning, that same man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thy hands."

I learn from this subject what a sad thing it is when the church of God loses its metal. These Philistines saw that if they could only get all the metallic weapons out of the hands of the Israelites all would be well, and therefore they took the swords and the spears. They did not want them to have a single metallic weapon. When the metal of the Israelites was gone, their strength was gone. This is the trouble with the church of God today. It is surrendering its courage. It has not got enough metal. How seldom it is that you see a man taking his position in a pew, or in pulpit, or in a religious society, and holding that position against all oppression, and all trial, and all persecution, and all criticism.

The church of God to-day wants more backbone, more defiance, more consecrated bravery, more metal. How often you see a man start out in some good enterprise, and at the first blast of newspaperdom he has collapsed, and all his courage gone, forgetful of the fact that if a man be right all the newspapers of the earth, with all their columns pounding away at him, cannot do him any permanent damage! It is only when a man is wrong that he can be damaged. Why, God is going to vindicate His truth, and He is going to stand by, you, my friends, in every effort you make for Christ's cause and the salvation of men.

I sometimes say to my wife: "There is something wrong: the newspapers have not assaulted me for three months! I have not done my duty against public iniquities, and I will stir them up next Sunday." Then I stir them up, and all the following week the devil howls and howls, showing that I have him very hard. Go forth in the service of Christ and do your whole duty. You have one sphere. I have another sphere. "The Lord of Hosts is with us, and the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah."

We want more of the determination of Jonathan. I do not suppose he was a very wonderful man, but he got on his knees and clambered up the rock, and with the help of his armor bearer he hewed down the Philistines, and a man of very ordinary intellectual attainments, on his knees, can storm anything for God and for the truth. We want something of the determination of the general who went into the war, and as he entered his first battle his knees knocked together, his physical courage not quite up to his moral courage, and he looked down at his knees and said, "Ah, if you knew where I was going to take you, you would shake worse than that!"

There is only one question for you to ask and for me to ask. What does God want me to do? Where is the field? Where is the work? Where is the anvil? Where is the prayer meeting? Where is the pulpit? And finding out what God wants us to do go ahead and do it—all the energies of our body, mind and soul enlisted in the undertaking. Oh, my brethren, we have but little time in which to fight for God. You will be dead soon.

Put in the Christian cause every energy that God gives you. "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might, for there is neither wisdom nor device in the grave whither we are all hastening." Oh, is it not high time that we wake out of sleep? Church of God lift up your head at the coming victory! The Philistines will go down, and the Israelites will go up. We are on the winning side. Hear that—on the winning side!

I think just now the King's horses are being hooked up to the chariot, and when He does ride down the sky there will be such a hosanna among His friends and such a wailing among His enemies as will make the earth tremble and the heavens sing. I see now the plumes of the Lord's cavalrymen tossing in the air. The archangel before the throne has already burnished his trumpet, and then he will put its golden lips to his own, and he will blow the long, loud blast that will make all Nations free. Clap your hands, all ye people! Hark! I hear the falling thrones and the dashing down of demolished iniquities.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

GOVERNOR RUSSELL, of Massachusetts rides a bicycle.

GENERAL ALEJANDRO RODRIGUEZ ARIZ, Governor-General of Cuba, is dead.

GENERAL MELLINET, aged ninety-five, still holds a commission in the French army, being stationed at Nantes.

GENERAL EDWARD JARDINE, hero of many battles and the New York draft riots, died at a New York hotel a few days since.

COLONEL C. C. JONES, JR., historian of Georgia, died a few days ago of Bright's disease at Augusta. He was sixty-two years old.

COLONEL JAMES CLAY, of Bourbon County, Kentucky, owns more blue grass land than any man in the world, being assessed on 4295 acres.

THE decadence of the popularity of the bull fight in Spain is largely responsible for the Duke of Veragua's threatened bankruptcy. He raises fighting bulls.

MAJOR ELIJAH W. HALFORD, who was Private Secretary to President Harrison, has been stationed at the Department of the Platte headquarters, Omaha, Neb., as assistant paymaster.

A ROYAL personage has been added to the list of operatic singers by the debut in France of the Princess Ahmadee, who is said to be a descendant of the house of Delhi. Unlike the rest of her immediate family, this Indian aristocrat is a Christian.

THE inventor of the now important art of lithography, Alvis Senefelder, was born in Prague in 1771. He died, almost unknown, at Munich in 1834, having benefited little by his discovery. A monument has at last been erected to him at Berlin.

FINDING that Cluny Castle would be too small to accommodate his summer guests in Scotland Andrew Carnegie has rented Craigdhu House, two miles distant. This is the place which John Morley once described as an ideal Highland residence.

THE Corean Minister and his wife are members of the Presbyterian Church. Mr. and Mrs. Ye determined to identify themselves with Christianity shortly after the death of their first child. Except on state occasions they wear American clothes.

Two or three years ago, against the advice of all her friends, the wife of Senator Stewart, of Nevada, bought a silver mine in Mexico. Then she went for a trip around the world, and recently returned to find herself the owner of a bonanza that almost equals anything Nevada ever knew. She is now building a large villa near Washington.

THE late Senator Stanford always wore a little butterfly necktie, one of the kind that is fastened on a short ended bow and fastens to the collar button with a rubber loop. For many years that was the only cravat in the Senator's possession. He parted with it only when it was completely worn out and his wife made him get another. The portrait by Meissonier, which cost $15,000, has him wearing this tie.

CALIFORNIA'S SENATOR.

George C. Perkins, Who Succeeds the Late Leland Stanford.

George C. Perkins, appointed United States Senator from California to succeed the late Leland Stanford by Governor Markham, is a representative American merchant. He was born August 23, 1839, in Kennebunkport, Me. When twelve years old he ran away to sea. In 1855 he went to California as a sailor. He engaged in farming and mining in Butte County and prospered. In 1870 he was elected State Senator, and three years later became a member of the firm of Goodall, Nelson & Perkins, which has since become the Pacific Coast Steamship Company. In 1879 Mr. Perkins was elected by the Republicans Governor of California. He is still an active partner in the steamship company.

CLAIMS AGAINST CHILE.

Commission to Adjudicate the Claims of Americans for Damages.

The commission appointed under the treaty of 1892 to adjust the claims of the citizens of the United States and Chile against each other's Governments met at the State Department at Washington for organization. The members are Alfred de Claparede, Minister from Switzerland; Don Domingo Gana, Minister from Chile, and John Goode, of Virginia, representing the United States.

The commission is limited to six months in which to perform its labors. The committee will handle and adjudicate every claim for damages arising from Chilean and United States citizens since the foundation of the Chilean Republic in 1818, excepting the Baltimore claims, which have been paid. The amount of claims presented will run probably into the millions.

EATING UP FORESTS.

Timber Worms Destroy the Trees in Two Townships.

Capitalists of Portland, Oregon, owning timber along the Hoquiam River, in Chehalis County, Washington, are greatly worried over reports that a small measuring worm has made its appearance in myriads in that section and is devastating the forest. The great fir, spruce and hemlock trees are alike suffering. J. H. Baker, of Montesano, one of the most capable and reliable timber men in the State, asserts the worm is destroying a tract of timber equal to two whole townships along the Hoquiam River.

THE POINT OF VIEW.—"Tennis is a splendid game, don't you think so, Miss Highflyer?" "Yes, indeed; my brother Tom, who is great on foot ball, you know, says tennis is simply immense—for girls and duffers."—Boston Beacon.

FOND HUSBAND—"Sweetest, you are an angel." Pretty Wife—"I don't want ever to be an angel." Fond Husband—"Why?" Pretty Wife—"Because I have found that feathers are not becoming to me."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

TWO BROTHERS named Hall went to New York to buy counterfeit money. They did not get any, of course, but the trip was not wholly fruitless. They shot a green-goods man, and this was something.

SOME people imagine that they deserve a month's rest every time they do right.—Galveston News.

RELIGIOUS READING.

IS GOD BEAUTIFUL?

How great is his beauty?"—ZECH. ix. 17.

"Mother," said little Fanny to her mamma, as she was sitting in her lap one evening, "Is God beautiful?"

"Yes my child," replied the mother, "God our father is very beautiful."

"How does he look?" replied Fanny.

The mother drew back the curtain and told little Fanny to look out at the sky. "Yes," she said, "those bright colored clouds, and those others that look like beds of roses, and that shining white one—how beautiful and bright they all lie together, and above them is a great dark purple one with silver edges. Is it not very beautiful?"

"Yes, mother."

"And what makes them beautiful?"

"I do not know."

"It is the brightness of the sun which you can not see, because he is sunk down in the sky; you do not see the sun, but you see how beautiful he makes the clouds, and you know that he is brighter than they are. So you can not see God, but you see a great many bright and lovely things that he has made, and you know that he is more bright and lovely than any of them." Then Fanny's mother's took a fair white lily from the vase and bade her look at the leaves; see how they are all made of little bright shining grains.

"Yes," said Fanny, "they look like little white grains of snow, and how sweet it is.

"Still mother, you do not tell me how he looks?"

"Do you remember, Fanny, how beautiful you thought the moon was the other night when you saw her looking into your window?"

"Oh yes, mamma, but does God look like the moon?"

"No, my child, God is far more beautiful than the moon!"

"Does he look like the blue sky when it is full of stars, mother?"

"No, dear child, God is more beautiful than the clear sky and the stars."

"Oh, mother, I saw a rainbow the other day, it was the most beautiful thing I ever saw. Does God look like the rainbow?"

"No, my dear child, God is far more beautiful than the rainbow, a thousand times more beautiful."

"Mother, our garden is full of flowers, are there any of them as beautiful as God is? Oh mother, some of our flowers are very beautiful."

"No, my child, God is more beautiful than all the flowers you ever saw."

"Mother, I want to *see* God;" said little Fanny; "will anybody ever see him?"

"See here," replied her mother, opening the Testament, "what our dear Saviour says:"

"Blessed are the *pure in heart*, for they shall *see God*."

"Mother, am I pure in heart?"

"No," replied her mother, "you are not and I am not."

"And shall we never see God, then, mother,—can't we grow to be pure?"

"Dear child," said her mother, "our kind Saviour left his heavenly home and came to live in our world, to make us pure in heart, that we might see God, and all those who love and trust in him are made pure, so that they can see him."

"How does he make us pure?"

"By loving us, and teaching us to love him, till we learn to love all that he loves, and to hate all that he hates, and then when we die he takes us to his own beautiful home, and there we are never tempted to sin any more."

"Oh Jesus," said the little girl earnestly, "love me too, and make me *pure in heart*."

ARE YOU A WONDER?

The sweet singer of Israel—the man so singularly exalted by Providence and distinguished by grace forsaking his palace, fleeing from the city, ascending Mt. Olivet, weeping as he went, patiently receiving the curses of Shimei—says of himself. (Ps. lxxi, 7) "I am as a wonder unto many."

The prophets and pious men of old were "men wondered at." Men beheld their patience under afflictions, their perseverance amid difficulties, their zeal in seasons of declension, their constancy and fortitude under persecution, their blamelessness in life, and their holy joy in death, and wondered at them.

John the Baptist was wondered at—the Lord of life and glory in his walks of humiliation and suffering, and reproach and death, was wondered at—the disciple of Gamaliel, condescending to unite with the followers of the Nazarene, and devoting his talents to the promulgation of the doctrines of one who suffered an ignominous death in Jerusalem was often wondered at.

Such was Henry Martyn, and Harriet Newell, in modern times have been wondered at. —Any one, indeed, who cordially embraces the doctrine of the Cross, consecrating his time, talent and influence to the upbuilding of a kingdom "which cometh not with observation," is a wonder unto many.

Many who are among the professed followers of Jesus, however, are not subjects of wonder. Their conversation differs little from that of the world; they seem as much engaged in the pursuit of worldly aggrandizement as any; they are as much devoted to vain pleasure as ever—their lives resemble that of the multitude around them.

Fellow disciple! Do men plainly discern a distinction between the life which you now live, and that before you became a Christian? And has the distinction become so marked, that you are wondered at? Are you living in the midst of unconverted friends, exposed daily to annoyances and hindrances, and is your meek and quiet spirit, your holy, steady, christian life wondered at?

If those who endeavor to live godly in Christ Jesus, are a 'wonder unto many' now, it is only for a season; a day is coming when 'fools for Christ's sake' will be accounted the only wise persons in the world. Rejoice, then, though your name be cast out as evil; for yours is the kingdom of Heaven.

If the eye of an impenitent friend rests on these lines, permit me to say that the language of the Psalmist may be employed by you.—"Well does it become you to say, I am a wonder unto many." The angels wonder at you; all holy beings wonder at you; your pious friends wonder at you. They wonder that you choose the way to death; they wonder that you devote your time and your talents to the acquisition of that which cannot profit; they wonder to see you living without God, without hope, without prayer, without pardon, without Christ, without Heaven. Continuing in your present course, you will never cease to be a wonder. The devoted Christian, it is true, may be a wonder, but only for a few days. He is not a wonder in Heaven. Would you not rather, if the choice be such, be a wonder for awhile here, and be among the wise, "who shall shine as the firmament, and the stars for ever and ever.—[New York Presbyterian.

THE LIPS IN WINNING SOULS.

The successful soul winner must have a special quality in his speech, a power of spiritual impression that no elocutionist or rhetorician can teach. Jesus had it. While there was probably nothing specially impressive in His personal appearance it seems that when He spoke there was that which people noticed at once, and at which they marveled (Luke iv. 22; John viii. 46). A verse of an old song which was not understood until Jesus came well describes it. "Grace is poured into thylips." "Ps. xlv, 2). The soul winner that has grace in his lips is much like his Master.

He will need the grace of a gentle speech. It is a delicate matter to unveil faults and sins. Our sins are our own. They bear our personality stamped upon them. If we touch a person in his fault or sin, we touch him in his sense of individual freedom. We seem to arrest him. We do it, however, in order to free and heal him. It must therefore be done gently, as a shepherd tenderly and firmly puts his hands on a lamb in a thorny bush, parting the branches carefully lest he should wound and tear afresh. Grace in our lips will cleanse from anger, bitterness, impatience, latent contempt and from a tone of biting criticism.—[Rev. S. P. Cook in Golden Rule.

WHEN bicycles were novelties in Scotland, the question of regulating their speed was brought up before the local authorities of a southern town. A learned officer of the town gravely informed the court that the new mode of rapid transit came under the traction-engine law, and that every bicycle, unless he showed consideration, could be compelled to send a man on ahead, on foot, with a red flag, to warn pedestrians.

A "DEAR, SWEET THING"—the sugar trust.—Philadelphia Record.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR AUGUST 13.

Lesson Text: "Paul at Jerusalem," Acts xxi., 27-39 — Golden Text: Phil. i., 29 — Commentary.

27. "And when the seven days were almost ended the Jews which were of Asia, when they saw him in the temple, stirred up all the people and laid hands on him." After parting with the elders of Ephesus Paul and his companions continued their voyage and in due time landed at Tyre in Syria; then on to Cæsarea, where they tarried some days with Philip and his daughters, after which they continued on to Jerusalem and were gladly received by the brethren. Then that Paul might not seem to the zealous lawkeepers to disregard any of the laws and so prevent their anger he does a questionable thing, which does not accomplish any good. Both at Tyre and at Cæsarea Paul was warned by the Holy Spirit not to go to Jerusalem (verses 4, 11), but he would not be persuaded (verse 14).

28. "Crying out, Men of Israel, help! This is the man that teacheth all men everywhere against the people, and the law, and this place." Not a word of truth in either of these charges or in the one following. So that Paul could truly say, "They laid to my charge things that I knew not."

29. "For they had seen before with him in the city Trophimus and Ephesian whom they supposed that Paul had brought into the temple." Their last charge, therefore, was grounded on mere supposition. In their fancied zeal for God they were disobeying the very commands of Gods. for it is written, "Let none of you imagine evil against his brother in your heart" (Zech. vii., 10; viii., 17). They knew nothing of the love which thinketh no evil, is not easily provoked, rejoiceth in the truth, hopeth all things (I Cor. xiii., 5-7).

30. "And all the city was moved, and the people ran together, and they took Paul and drew him out of the temple, and forthwith the doors were shut." How much of the devil there may be under the cloak religion and apparent zeal for God! What righteous indignation (?) and the whole city moved, but it is all the work of the wicked one. Be calm, Paul, for the unseen Almighty One careth, and legions of angels are ready to do His bidding. See II Kings vi, 16, 17, Ps. xxxiv., 7, Math. xxvi., 53.

31. "And as they went about to kill him tidings came unto the chief captain of the band that all Jerusalem was in an uproar." Death is the devil's last and worst that he can do to a child of God, but even then he is only a black servant to usher us into the presence of our Lord, who has taught us not to fear them which kill the body (Math. x., 28). He has taught us not to be offended if we are put out of the company of religious people, and even if they kill us (John xvi., 1, 2.)

32. "And when they saw the chief captain and the soldiers they left beating of Paul." This was probably one of the three beatings which he speaks of in II Cor. xi., 25. His back had many a scar ere this, but he took pleasure in all distresses for Christ's sake if only the power of Christ might rest upon him (II Cor. xii., 9, 10). We do well always to consider Him that endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself lest we be wearied and faint in our minds, for not many of us have, like Paul, resisted unto blood (Heb. xiii., 3, 4).

33. "Then the chief captain came near and took him and commanded him to be bound with two chains and demanded who he was and what he had done." Of these bonds also he had been forewarned (verse 11 and chapter xx., 23), but these were neither his first nor his last chains for Jesus's sake (chapter xxviii., 20; II Tim. i., 16). These chains were but for a time and for the glory of God, but we read of everlasting chains for lost spirits (Jude 6; II Pet. ii., 4). Not present suffering, but the eternal is to be feared (Math. x., 28; xxv., 30, 41; Rev. xiv., 10, 11; xx., 15; xxi., 8)

34. "And some cried one thing, some another, among the multitude, and when he could not know the certainty for the tumult he commanded him to be carried into the castle." This is very suggestive of the tumult of to-day among religious people. There is such a crying of one thing and another by higher and lower and no critics, by the different denominations and by the posts and press that it would almost seem impossible to know the certainty of anything, but those who cling to the book may know and will know if they only take God at His word (Isa. viii., 20 R. V.).

35. "And when he came upon the stairs so it was that he was borne of the soldiers for the violence of the people." Violence and strife in the city, sure enough (Ps. lv., 9). But the day will come when Jerusalem shall be called a city of truth; when her walls shall be salvation and her gates praise; when the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever (Zech. viii., 3; Isa. lx., 18; xxxii., 17).

36. "For the multitude of the people followed after, crying, Away with him!" So they cried out concerning his Master (Luke xxiii. 18, John xix., 19), and He taught us that we must expect His treatment if faithful unto Him (John xv., 20). How few of us in these days seem to be counted worthy of this honor! Is it because we are so little like Him, so unfaithful to testimony, so mixed up with the world, or is it because we fear suffering for His sake?

37. "And as Paul was to be led into the castle he said unto the chief captain, May I speak unto thee? Who said, Canst thou speak Greek?" During this uproar and tumult Paul was doubtless communing with his unseen Friend and Master. His heart would be saying "I am Thine, O Lord, for Thy service. What wilt Thou have me to do? (chapter xxvii., 23; ix., 6)? Captain and soldiers and angry mob were nothing to him as compared with his own Captain.

38. "Art not thou that Egyptian which before these days madest an uproar and ledest out into the wilderness 4000 men that were murderers?" Here is a compliment for a faithful follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. A man who preached peace and went about rescuing people from the hands of the father of all liars and murderers (John viii., 44) to be accused of being the leader of 4000 murderers—that is a feather for your cap, Paul, more fellowship with your Master. Blessed privilege to be misunderstood and falsely accused if only for His sake.

39. "But Paul said, I am a man which am a Jew of Tarsus, a city in Cilicia, a citizen of no mean city, and I beseech thee suffer me to speak unto the people." Though suffering in body from the beating and the rough handling, his heart longed to tell if possible once more the story of Jesus. The false accusation was not worth noticing, but it was worth while to get another opportunity to speak of Jesus. Fellow believer we are citizens of no mean city Compare Phil. iii., 20, with Rev. xxi., 2. Is your heart so stirred by this heavenly citizenship that you long above all things to speak of Him?—Lesson Helper.

A Day in Bed.

A French mother has hit upon a plan to preserve the health and beauty of her daughter, and has given it to her friends, with the strength of her endorsement as to its efficacy. She declares that "the young lady went to a party six days a week, but on Sundays stayed in bed, rising only for five o'clock tea and retiring again at an early hour. The results of this system were very happy. When the time came for going to the seaside, she was the only one of her companions who did not need its benefits. She was like a country girl, as fresh as a rose." This experiment, by the way, has been tried elsewhere, but not in the un-Christian Gallic manner, and has been found efficacious; two sisters, with arduous household duties, made a practice of spending one day each week—say Tuesday or Thursday—in bed, with the result that they were never ill, and for that matter, never tired, never requiring a vacation or a change.—New York Dispatch.

Of all the different varieties of bees, the most profitable and the best all round bee is the Italian.

TEMPERANCE

A LITTLE TEMPERANCE MAN.

Yes, I'm a little temperance man,
Not very big or old;
But mamma says she wouldn't sell
Me for Australia's gold.

Yet, dear and precious though I am,
I might be ruined quite
If I should let old satan tempt
Me from the path of right

If I should smell, or touch or taste
His wicked, sinful bowl,
Which spoils the body, we can see,
And, God's Word says, the soul!

NO CONSOLATION FOR THEM.

"Let liquor alone and it won't hurt you," says the wise fool. But the sailors who had formed a Good Templar lodge on board the Victoria were sent to a watery death by the reckless act of a drinking commander, and their mothers, wives and children will derive very little consolation out of the wise fool's saying.—The Voice.

TEMPERANCE PROGRESS IN INDIA.

There are over twenty thousand members in the Army Temperance Association of India. This is nearly one-third of the whole strength of the British forces serving in India. At Singapore, where intoxicating drinks are cheap and particularly injurious, there are one hundred artillerymen out of a total strength of two hundred. Such signs of progress in the temperance cause among soldiers must be gratifying to the more far-seeing of English statesmen.—New York Observer.

A "TEMPERANCE" UNIVERSITY.

A novel educational movement has been begun at Harriman, Tenn. Under the leadership of Dr. J. F. Spence, late Chancellor of Grant University, at Athens and Chattanooga, in that State, and with the co-operation of other well known educators, the "American Temperance University" has been chartered.

A site and building materials have been donated to the value of $50,000, several thousand dollars have been subscribed towards the support of the school the first year and the new university will open its doors on the 12th of September next.

It is believed that the various temperance organizations of the South and North will give to this new non-sectarian, non-sectional institution their support, and that its growth will mean great things for the promotion of education, morality and fraternity in the land.

Temporary buildings have been secured for use until the first permanent university hall shall be complete, some time next year, and Dr. Spence and his coadjutors look to the erection there, at an early day, of a magnificent group of college edifices dedicated to science, literature, liberal art, law, medicine, technology, etc, with temperance the corner-stone of each and all comprising one grand university that shall be well equipped and liberally endowed.

SAVE THE YOUNG.

The Journal of Hygiene publishes a suggestive article, entitled "The Greater Temperance," by Charles H. Shepard, M. D., in which the writer says: "Judging from past experience, there seems but little hope for the adult inebriate, but we may at least save some of the younger generation." He adds: "When children shall have been taught and thoroughly indoctrinated with right principles on this subject there will be a regenerated mankind." Dr. Shepard thus indicates what should impress more fully the friends of temperance everywhere, the fundamental importance of juvenile temperance work.

In the same article Dr. Shepard takes occasion to say "The drink curse is not an accident or theory, but a condition—the direct result of cause and effect, and can be successfully grappled with only by the application of physiological laws and forces." These laws and forces the consumer of intoxicants defies, and though heredity fastens the unhappy consequences of his self indulgent conduct upon succeeding generations. Illustrating this vital point, Dr. Shepard cites the remark of an eminent physician who once said "The proper way to treat such cases is to begin with the grandparents." The children of to-day are the grandparents of the future.—National Temperance Advocate.

ENGLAND'S DRUNKARDS.

The British Parliament has before it the report of a committee recommending a much more drastic method of dealing with drunkards than British law now permits. This committee was appointed under the Salisbury Government and has among it members several eminent physicians and the Superintendent of the Broadmore Criminal Lunatic Asylum Under an act passed in 1879 there were established some retreats or reformatories for the treatment and cure of drunkards who chose to go to them voluntarily. This committee finds that a considerable part of the drunkards who enter these reformatories are cured and that more would be if they remained longer; therefore, they recommend that Parliament give magistrates the power to send these disseminators to these retreats for a period not exceeding two years.

This commitment may be made on petition of the relatives of the inebriate or at the discretion of the magistrate, and it subjects the drunkard to a rigorous discipline and close confinement if necessary. A drunkard may still be admitted to these retreats on his own petition, but once in he must stay there until discharged as cured. He may select his own retreat, whether sentenced or voluntarily going there, and such property as he has would be liable for his and his family's maintenance during his confinement. The poorer classes are to be provided for out of the public treasury or in public asylums.

The semi-criminal class of habitual drunkards with whom the police have to deal are to be subject to an indeterminate sentence, which shall not be less than a year, upon their third conviction for drunkenness or being proved guilty of ill treatment or neglect of their families. It is also proposed to give the police in the large towns and cities the power to arrest without a warrant all persons found drunk on the public streets or in public places and lock them up until they can be tried before a magistrate.

These last suggestions of the committee are regarded as bold and almost revolutionary, for the right of the Briton to be drunk on the streets has been regarded as an inalienable one. Public sentiment is said, however, to approve the recommendations of this committee, which are largely based on the legislation in force in several of our States, and they are likely to be enacted by the Commons, and probably by the Lords also.—New York Advertiser.

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES.

More people die of alcoholism in Stockholm than in any other city in the world.

The scorpion is a total abstainer. If a drop of whisky be placed on one's back it will immediately sting itself to death.

It is noteworthy that in a long obituary list of foreign brewers, given in the Brewers' Journal of the 1st ult., nearly