REV. DR. TALMAGE.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "Business Troubles."

TEXT: "These were thy merchants in all sorts of things."—Ezekiel xxvii., 24.

We are at the opening door of returning National prosperity. The coming crops, the re-establishment of public confidence and, above all, the blessing of God will turn in upon all sections of America the widest, greatest prosperity this country has ever seen. But that door of success is not yet fully open, and thousands of business men are yet suffering from the distressing times through which we have been passing.

Some of the best men in the land have faltered, men whose hearts are enlisted in every good work and whose hands have blessed every great charity. The church of God can afford to extend to them her sympathies and plead before heaven with all availing prayer. The schools such men have established, the churches they have built, the asylums and beneficent institutions they have fostered will be their eulogy long after their banking institutions are forgotten. Such men can never fail. They have their treasures in banks that never break and will be millionaires forever. But I thought it would be appropriate to-day and useful for me to talk about the trials and temptations of our business men and try to offer some curative prescriptions.

In the first place, I have to remark that a great many of our business men feel ruinous trials and temptations coming to them from small and limited capital in business. It is everywhere understood that it now takes three or four times as much to do business well than it once did. Once a few hundred dollars were turned into goods. The merchant would be his own storekeeper, his own salesman, his own bookkeeper. He would manage all the affairs himself, and everything would be net profit. Wonderful changes have come. Costly apparatus, extensive advertising, exorbitant store rents, heavy taxation, expensive agencies are only parts of the demand made upon our commercial men, and when they have found themselves in such circumstances with small capital they have sometimes been tempted to run against the rocks of moral and financial destruction. This temptation of limited capital has ruined men in two ways. Sometimes they have shrunk down under the temptation. They have yielded the battle before the first shot was fired. At the first hard dun they surrendered. Their knees knocked together at the fall of the auctioneer's hammer. They blanched at the financial peril. They did not understand that there is such a thing as heroism in merchandise and that there are Waterloos of the counter and that a man can fight no braver battle with the sword than he can with the yardstick. Their souls melted in them because sugars were up when they wanted to buy and down when they wanted to sell, and unsalable goods were on the shelf and bad debts in their ledger. The gloom of their countenances overshadowed even their dry goods and groceries. Despondency, coming from limited capital, blasted them. Others have felt it in a different way. They have said: "Here I have been trudging along. I have been trying to be honest all these years. I find it is of no use. Now it is make or break." The small craft that could have stood the stream is put out beyond the lighthouse on the great sea of speculation. He borrows a few thousand dollars from friends who dare not refuse him, and he goes bartering on a large scale. He reasons in this way: "Perhaps I may succeed, and if I don't I will be no worse off than I am now, for $100,000 taken from nothing, nothing remains."

Stocks are the dice with which he gambles. He bought for a few dollars vast tracts of Western land. Some man at the East, living on a fat homestead, meets this gambler of fortune and is persuaded to trade off his estate for lots in a Western city, with large avenues, and costly palaces, and lake steamers smoking at the wharves, and rail trains coming down with lightning speed from every direction. There it is all on paper! The city has never been built nor the railroads constructed, but everything points that way, and the thing will be done as sure as you live. Well, the man goes on, stopping at no fraud or outrage. In his splendid equipage he dashes past, while the honest laborer looks up and wipes the sweat from his brow and says, "I wonder where that man got all his money?" After a while the bubble bursts. Creditors rush in. The law clutches, but finds nothing in its grasp. The men who were swindled say, "I don't know how I could have ever been deceived by that man," and the pictorials, in handsome woodcuts, set forth the hero who in ten years had genius enough to fail for $150,000!

And that is the process by which many have been tempted through limitation of capital to rush into labyrinths from which they could not be extricated. I would not want to chain honest enterprise. I would not want to block up any of the avenues for honest accumulation that open before young men. On the contrary, I would like to cheer them on and rejoice when they reach the goal, but when there are such multitudes of men going to ruin for this life and the life that is to come through wrong notions of what are lawful spheres of enterprise it is the duty of the Church of God, and the ministers of religion, and the friends of all young men, to utter a plain, emphatic, unmistakable protest. These are the influences that drown men in destruction and perdition.

Again, a great many of our business men are tempted to overanxiety and care. You know that nearly all commercial businesses are overdone in this day. Smitten with the love of quick gain, our cities are crowded with men resolved to be rich at all hazards. They do not care how money comes if it only comes. Our best merchants are thrown into competition with men of more means and less conscience, and if an opportunity of accumulation be neglected one hour some one else picks it up. From January to December the struggle goes on. Night gives no quiet to limbs tossing in restlessness nor to a brain that will not stop thinking. The dreams are harrowed by imaginary loss and flushed with imaginary gains. Even the Sabbath cannot dam back the tide of anxiety, for this wave of worldliness dashes clear over the churches and leaves its foam on Bibles and prayer books. Men who are living on salaries or by the cultivation of the soil cannot understand the wear and tear of the body and mind to which our merchants are subjected when they do not know but that their livelihood and their business honor are dependent upon the uncertainties of the next hour. This excitement of the brain, this corroding care of the heart, this strain of effort that exhausts the spirit, sends a great many of our best men in middle life into the grave, their life dashed out against money safes. They go with their store on their backs. They trudge like camels, sweating, from Aleppo to Damascus. They make their life a crucifixion. Standing behind desks and counters, banished from the fresh air, weighed down by carking cares, they are so many suicides. Oh, I wish I could to-day rub out some of these lines of care; that I could lift some of the burdens from the heart; that I could give relaxation to some of these worn muscles. It is time for you to begin to take it a little easier. Do your best and then trust God for the rest. Do not fret. God manages all the affairs of your life, and He manages them for the best. Consider the lilies. They always have robes.

Behold the fowls of the air! They always have nests. Take a long breath. Bethink betimes that God did not make you for a pack horse. Dig yourselves out from among the hogsheads and the shelves, and in the light of the holy Sabbath day resolve that you will give to the winds your fears, and your fretfulness, and your distresses. You brought nothing into the world, and it is very certain you can carry nothing out. Having food and raiment, be therewith content. The merchant came home from the store. There had been a great disaster there. He opened the front door and said in the midst of his family circle: "I am ruined. Everything is gone. I am all ruined." His wife said, "I am left," and the little child threw up its hands and said, "Papa, I am here." The aged grandmother, seated in the room, said, "Then you have all the promises of God beside, John." And he burst into tears and said: "God forgive me that I have been so ungrateful! I find I have a great many things left. God forgive me!"

Again, I remark that many of our business men are tempted to neglect their home duties. How often it is that the store and home clash, but there ought not to be any collision. It is often the case that the father is the mere treasurer of the family, a sort of agent to see that they have dry goods and groceries. The work of family government he does not touch. Once or twice in a year he calls the children up on a Sabbath afternoon, when he has a half hour he does not exactly know what to do with, and in that half hour he disciplines the children and chides them and corrects their faults and gives them a great deal of good advice, and then wonders all the rest of the year that his children do not do better when they have the wonderful advantage of that semi-annual castigation.

The family table, which ought to be the place for pleasant discussion and cheerfulness, often becomes the place of perilous expedition. If there be any blessing asked at all, it is cut off at both ends and with the hand on the carving knife. He counts on his fingers, making estimates in the interstices of the repast. The work done, the hat goes to the head, and he starts down the street, and before the family have arisen from the table he has bound up another bundle of goods and says to the customer, "Anything more I can do for you to-day, sir?" A man has more responsibilities than those which are discharged by putting competent instructors over his children and giving them a drawing master and a music teacher. The physical culture of the child will not be attended to unless the father looks to it. He must sometimes lose his dignity. He must unlimber his joints. He must sometimes lead them out to their sports and games. The parent who cannot forget the severe duties of life sometimes, to fly the kite and trundle the hoop and chase the ball and jump the rope with his children, ought never to have been tempted out of a crusty and unredeemable solitariness. If you want to keep your children away from places of sin you can only do it by making your home attractive. You may preach sermons and advocate reforms and denounce wickedness, and yet your children will be captivated by the glittering saloon of sin unless you can make your home a brighter place than any other place on earth to them. Oh, gather all charms into your house. If you can afford it, bring books and pictures and cheerful entertainments to the household. But above all teach those children, not by half an hour twice a year on the Sabbath day, but day after day and every day teach them that religion is a great gladness; that it throws chains of gold about the neck, that it takes no spring from the foot, no blitheness from the heart, no sparkle from the eye, no ring from the laughter, but that "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." I sympathize with the work being done in many of our cities by which beautiful rooms are set apart by our Young Men's Christian Associations, and I pray God to prosper them in all things. But I tell you there is something back of that and before that. We need more happy, consecrated, cheerful Christian homes everywhere.

Again I remark that a great many of our business men are tempted to put the attainment of money above the value of the soul. It is a grand thing to have plenty of money. The more you get of it the better, if it come honesty and go usefully. For the lack of it sickness dies without medicine, and hunger finds it coffin in the empty bread tray, and nakedness shivers for lack of clothes and fire. When I hear a man in canting tirade against money—a Christian man—as though it had no possible use on earth and he had no interest in it at all, I come almost to think that the heaven that would be appropriate for him would be an everlasting poorhouse. While, my friends, we do admit there is such a thing as the lawful use of money—a profitable use of money—let us recognize also the fact that money cannot satisfy a man's soul; that it cannot glitter in the dark valley; that it cannot pay our fare across the Jordan of death; that it cannot unlock the gate of heaven. There are men in all occupations who seem to act as though they thought that a pack of bonds and mortgages could be traded off for a title to heaven and as though gold would be a lawful tender in that place where it is so common that they make pavements out of it. Salvation by Christ is the only salvation. Treasures in heaven are the only incorruptible treasures.

Have you ever ciphered out in the rule of loss and gain the sum, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" However fine your apparel, the winds of death will flutter it like rags. Home spun and a threadbare coat have sometimes been the shadow of coming robes made white in the blood of the Lamb. The pearl of great price is worth more than any gem you can bring from the ocean, than Australian or Brazilian mines strung in one carcanet. Seek after God, find His righteousness, and all shall be well here—all shall be well hereafter.

Some of you remember the shipwreck of the Central America. That noble ship had, I think, about 500 passengers aboard. Suddenly the storm came, and the surges tramped the decks and swung into the hatches, and there went up a hundred voiced death shriek. The foam on the jaw of the wave. The pitching of the steamer as though it were leaping a mountain. The dismal flare of the signal rockets. The long cough of the steam pipes. The hiss of extinguished furnaces. The walking of God on the wave! The steamer went not down without a struggle. As the passengers stationed themselves in rows to bail out the vessel, hark to the thump of the buckets, as men unused to toil, with blistered hands and strained muscle, tug for their lives. There is a sail seen against the sky. The flash of the distress gun is noticed; its voice heard not, for it is choked in the louder booming of the sea. A few passengers escaped, but the steamer gave one great lurch and was gone! So there are some men who sail on prosperously in life. All's well, all's well. But at last some financial disaster comes—a eurocldon. Down they go! The bottom of the commercial sea is strewn with shattered hulks. But because your property goes do not let your soul go. Though all else perish, save that, for I have to tell you of a more stupendous shipwreck than that which I just mentioned. God launched this world 6000 years ago. It has been going on under freight of mountains and immortals, but one day it will stagger at the cry of fire. The timbers of rock will burn, the mountains flame like masts, and the clouds like sails in the judgment hurricane. Then God shall take the passengers off the deck, and from the berths those who have long been asleep in Jesus, and He will set them far beyond the reach of storm and peril. But how many shall go down will never be known until it shall be announced one day in heaven. The shipwreck of a world! So many millions saved! So many millions drowned! Oh, my dear hearers, whatever you lose, though your houses go, though your lands go, though all your earthly possessions perish, may God Almighty, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, save all your souls!

GERMAN FARMERS WANT SILVER.

The Government Will Not Urge an International Conference.

The new German Ambassador to the United States, Baron von Thielman, when asked what he thought of the prospects that Germany would participate in an International Monetary Conference, he said:

"Let me ask what the United States will do? It is doubtless problematical in both cases. To be sure, the American Congress has provided for delegates from this country if there is to be a conference, but it is yet to be determined that one will be called. I was present at the last conference and was not deeply impressed with the character of its deliberations or with its results."

Baron von Thielman is known in Germany as a gold man, though the Conservative party, to which he belongs, is favorable to silver.

"The agitation for silver," the Baron continued, "came mainly from the agrarian population of the North of Germany and was largely due to the low prices of farm products." He did not believe the Imperial Government would take any step toward the calling of an International Monetary Conference until after the Reichstag had assembled in November, and a great deal would depend upon that body.

When asked if Germany intended to remove the restrictions put in force last summer against American cattle the Ambassador replied that this would not be delayed after Germany was assured that our cattle were free from Texas fever. He denied very positively that Germany's policy respecting American cattle was in retaliation for the differential duty levied by the American tariff law on German sugars.

The Grasshopper Crop.

Professor Otto Lugger, State Entomologist of Minnesota, called at the Governor's office and made a report on the grasshopper killing in Chicago County with the hopper dozers. They have over 400 of these machines at work and are gathering in 8000 bushels of grasshoppers daily. Thus far the hoppers have not invaded the grain fields. The frequent rains have kept the grass green and tender, and they have contented themselves feeding on this.

RELIGIOUS READING.

CHARACTER FORMATION.

The process of character-formation goes on through the action and interaction of many forces. The totality of a life, at any moment, is the product mainly of little things. Trifling choices, insignificant exercises of will, unimportant acts often repeated, things seemingly of small account—these are the thousand tiny sculptors that are carving away constantly at the rude block of life, giving it shape and feature. Indeed, the formation of character is much like the work of an artist in stone. The sculptor takes a rough, unshapen mass of marble, and with strong, rapid strokes of mallet and chisel quickly brings into view the rude outline of his design, but after the outline appears, then comes hours, days perhaps even years, of patient, minute labor. A novice might see no change in the statue from one day to the other; for though the chisel touches the stone a thousand times, it touches as lightly as the fall of a raindrop, but each touch leaves a mark. A friend of Michael Angelo called on the great artist while he was finishing a statue; some days afterward he called again, and the sculptor was still at the same task. The friend, looking at the statue, exclaimed:—

"Have you been idle since I saw you last?"

"By no means," replied Angelo. "I have retouched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb."

"Well, well!" said his friend, all these are trifles."

"It may be so," replied Angelo; "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

So it is with the shaping of character; each day brings us under the play of innumerable little influences. Every one of these influences does its work for good or ill; and all do their work through our consent. By-and-by appears the full and final result.—Rev. Philip S. Moxom, in "The Aim of Life."

SUNNY PEOPLE.

There's a certain old lady, who lives in a little old house, with very little in it to make her comfortable. She is rather deaf and she connot see very well, either. Her hands and feet are all out of shape and full of pain because of her rheumatism. But in spite of all this, you would find her full of sushine, and as cheery as a robin in June, and it would do you good to see her. I found out one day what keeps her so cheerful.

"When I was a child," she said, "my mother taught me every morning before I got out of bed, to thank God for every good thing that I could think of that he had given me—for a comfortable bed; for each article of clothing; for my breakfast; for a pleasant home; for my friends; and for all my blessings, calling each by name; and so begin every day with a heart full of praise to God for all He has done and is doing for me."

Here is the secret, then, of a happy life—this having one's heart full of praise; and when we do as this dear little old lady does—that is, count our blessings every day, in a spirit of thanksgiving for them—we shall find many a reason why we should praise God.—Buffalo Christian Advocate.

POWER OF STANDING.

You cannot turn in any direction, but a moment's thought brings your testimony to the value of this power of standing. It robs calamities of half their terrors simply to stand and face them. Half the terrors of life are mere uncertain shapes, which a good steady look perceives to be not the threatening ghosts they seemed, but mere, dim, fantastic shapes of rock or tree. Even when the danger is real, stand and face it, and you will often disarm it. What a good story that is of Charles Wesley at Sheffield. Preaching among the rude cutlers there, suddenly an army officer ran at him through the crowd with his sword drawn, and crying, "Let me kill him!" Charles Wesley stood, with no defence but that old armor of God which has so often stood His saints in good stead, and throwing open his coat, said: "Well, sir, I fear God and honor the king! What will you do?" What could he do? Before that steadfastness the man's rage fell back disarmed, and, from an enemy, he became one of the Wesleys' stanchest supporters.—Brooke Herford, D. D., in "Sermons of Courage and Cheer."

"I AM HIS."

It does one good to read and think over these words of Solomon: "My beloved is mine and I am His." We can never exhaust the immortal meaning of these great words, "I am His." Try to get into the deep meaning of this terse phrase. Does it mean, I am His child? It does if the heart be linked to His by the bands of a love begotten by the Holy Spirit. You are, then, the eternal child of the eternal Father. What a relationship! If you were the child of Queen Victoria, you would not, of course, be at all ashamed of it. You would be pleased to have everybody know it. You would like to have all men know that you belonged to the greatest royal family on earth. But you are the child of one infinitely greater than England's noble Queen.

Then, too, you are His beloved child. You are getting the benefit of matchless love. God loves you with all His wonderful heart. You almost shrink from such a thought. It seems too great to believe, but it is indeed true.

THE INNER HEART.

"In the past you have been striving, perhaps, to grow into grace. Now, you must put 'growing' into the hands of the Lord as well as all things else. Never worry or fret over the 'growing,' but just grow and trust as the baby does in its mother's loving arms; as the lily grows, without thought or anxiety. The past leave in the hands of the Lord. Let Him do with your efforts, your failures, your mistakes what he will. Give them to him as you do your present cares, or worries, or trials; just as you do yourself. Do this today, tomorrow, every today and every tomorrow. Whenever a worry or care comes, wherever you are, just there lay it at Jesus' feet. Rest in him. Get into the inner heart of God's love and stay there; be enveloped by it, rejoice in it; grow day by day in the knowledge of it."—Mrs. F. C. Wilder.

TRUTH IS TOUGH.

Said the late Oliver Wendell Holmes: "Truth is tough. It will not break, like a bubble, at a touch, nay, you may kick it about all day, like a football, and it will be round and full at evening." This is why gospel truth endures the assault of the ages. Infidels have been kicking at it ever since it was proclaimed, but it is so tough that it hurts their heels without being itself hurt. Faint hearts have feared lest the truth should suffer from infidel attacks, but their fears are groundless. Not till men can kill God, can they kill his truth. Firmer than the stars, stronger than the mountains, the truth of God will abide forever.

There is a little light in us, and that which we have we often lose by our negligence. I do not know what it is, or of what spirit we are led, or what we pretend, we that seem to be called spiritual, that we take so much pains and are so full of anxiety about transitory and mean things, while we scarcely at all, or but seldom, think of our own inward concernments with full recollection of mind. —Thomas a Kempis.

Most people dread far more the social frown which follows the doing of something conventionally wrong than they do the qualms of conscience which follow the doing of something intrinsically wrong.—Herbert Spencer.

As we hold a candle to the flame until it is fully lighted, so we must hold ourselves to Christ and his word by meditation.—Bengel.

Largest Mississippi Raft.

It is said that the largest raft ever floated down the Mississippi River is now on its way to St. Louis. It consists, with its load, of over 7,000,000 feet of lumber, mostly white pine. If carried by rail this lumber would make nearly six hundred carloads. Allowing forty feet to the car, the train would be over four and a half miles long.

A Flagrant Pensica Fraud.

A most flagrant penson fraud has just been discovered at Macon, Mo., by a special agent from Washington. The alleged veteran had secured a pension of $10,000 on account of total blindness, but the special agent found that the man could see with both his eyes, and was not even debarred from following his business by his alleged disability. He is to be prosecuted for the fraud.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR JULY 28.

Lesson Text: "Journeying to Canaan," Num. x., 29-36—Golden Text: Num. x., 29—Commentary.

29. "And Moses said unto Hobab, the son of Raguel the Midianite, Moses's father-in-law, We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it to you: come thou with us, and we will do thee good, for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel." They had been encamped at Horeb many months. On the first day of the first month of the second year the tabernacle was erected and accepted by God and filled with His glory (Ex. xl., 17, 34). Just fifty days later the cloud lifted, and they journeyed from Sinai (Num. x., 11, 12) in the order described in this chaper. Raguel, or Ruel, or Jethro (Ex. ii., 18; iii., 1) was the father of Zipporah, Moses's wife. Hobab is here said to be his son and was probably an intimate friend of Moses in the days of his shepherd life. Truly the Lord had spoken good concerning Israel, as in Ex. vi., 6-8, that wondrous sevenfold, "I will," beginning and ending with "I, Jehovah." Moses believed the word of the Lord. He had respect unto the recompense of the reward (Heb. xi., 26), and because of it had forsaken all his prospects in Egypt. Being fully persuaded of the good things awaiting Israel, he would fain have Hobab to enjoy them too. Have we this spirit?

30. "And he said unto him, I will not go, but I will depart to my own land and to my kindred." Hobab saw no such prospect as opened up to the mind of Moses, and as far as appearances went he felt that he would be better off with his own people. It is difficult for many to esteem the reproach of Christ greater riches than the visible treasures of this world. The young man whom Jesus told to sell all that he had, and take up the cross and follow Him, went away grieved because he had great possessions. Jesus and His sufferings now, with glory hereafter, is the programme for the Christian. If we prefer the world and its pleasures now, we must not complain if we lose the kingdom hereafter.

31. "And he said, Leave us not, I pray thee, forasmuch as thou knowest how we are to encamp in the wilderness, and thou mayest be to us instead of eyes." Moses is now seeking good from Hobab instead of, as a moment ago, offering him good from God. In this Moses is surely wrong. It looks as if for the moment he was forgetting God, and His cloud, and His unerring guidance. So unstable is man even at his best. We think of Simon Peter one moment confessing that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of the Living God, and the next acting as satan's mouthpiece to tempt the Lord to pity Himself and turn from the cross (Math. xvi., 16, 23). How we do need to pray, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."

32. "And it shall be if thou go with us, yea, it shall be, that what goodness the Lord shall do unto us the same will we do unto thee." Moses now talks more correctly, for we are fully authorized to offer all the riches of God's grace and glory to all who will accept Him through Jesus Christ, but we are not expected to seek any help or guidance from those who are not His. As to offering to others the same goodness He bestows upon us, we remember that Jesus said in His prayer (John xvii., 22), "The glory which Thou gavest me, I have given them." Again he said, "All things that the Father hath are mine." (John xvi., 15). And again it is written "All are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." (I Cor. iii., 23). Now since God is willing to give His grace and glory to every one who will come to Him through Jesus Christ, what must He think of us who know this, and yet do little or nothing to make it known to the millions who are still in heathen darkness?

33. "And they departed from the Mount of the Lord three days' journey, and the ark of the covenant of the Lord went before them in the three days' journey, to search out a resting place for them." This was surely better than the eyes or the wisdom of Hobab. How could Moses seem to forget that God had led them and would still lead them? Yet we are apt to do this very thing—we do forget so soon. Three days is very suggestive of resurrection, as in the story of Abraham and Isaac, Jonah, our Lord Jesus, etc. God would have us rest in Jesus crucified and risen. If He be not risen, there is no salvation for any one (I Cor. xv., 14-18). But since He died and rose again and ever liveth, He becomes a resting place for all who receive Him. This rest becomes a glorious reality when we, having accepted Him, see ourselves as crucified and risen with Him, and seated with Him in the heavenlies (Eph. ii., 4-6). Ceasing from our own works, we rest in His finished work (Hab. iv., 3, 10), and wherever He pitches our tent He is our rest.

34. "And the cloud of the Lord was upon them by day when they went out of the camp." The cloud was the visible symbol of the Lord's presence with them, and He by it was their guide, their light, their shield, their avenger, their oracle, their covering (Ex. xiii., 21; xiv., 19, 20, 24-28; Num. ix., 15-23; x., 34; xiv., 14), in fact, all that they needed for all the journey. In the New Testament story we think of the cloud on the Mount of Transfiguration, the cloud that received Him as He ascended from Olivet and the clouds with which He will come again. If we are truly His, we have the assurance that He is with us all the days: that He will never leave us nor forsake us; that He will instruct us in the way in which we should go; that He will hold our hand and help us, and that He will perfect that which concerneth us (Math. xxviii., 20; Heb. xiii., 5; Ps. xxxii., 8; Isa. xli., 13; Ps. cxxxviii., 8). The comfort of all this comes by simply believing it.

35. "And it came to pass, when the ark set forward, that Moses said, Rise up, Lord, and let Thine enemies be scattered, and let them that hate Thee flee before Thee." David, by the spirit, afterward embodied this in at least two of the psalms (Ps. lxviii., 1, 2; Ps. cxxxii., 8). In Joshua iii., 13, the ark is called "the ark of the Lord, the Lord of all the earth." When the people relied upon God who dwelt between the cherubim, their enemies fled before them, but when they relied upon the ark (which was only the symbol of His presence) then their enemies obtained the victory (I Sam. iv., 3, 11). If we rely upon anything but upon the Lord Himself, we will not have peace or victory.

36. "And when it rested, he said, Return, O Lord, unto the many thousands of Israel." Thus, whether on the march or at rest, the great reality of Israel's life was Jehovah in their midst. In proportion as they realized this and acted accordingly, they prospered, but when they forgot Him they failed. It is so with us. He says, "Lo, I am with you always," and when we believe, and thus realize His presence, and count on Him, we have joy and peace and victory, but when we forget His presence we fail.—Lesson Helper.

DIVED FROM A HIGH BUILDING.

Harmon Turned a Back Somersault and Struck the Water Evenly.

Harry A. Harmon leaped from the top of the Fort Dearborn Spice Company's building into the Chicago River at Chicago, a distance of 110 feet. The dive was the result of a wager of $50 between George A. Ginn, who bet that Harmon could, and John E. Kane, who bet he could not. The diver was to dive into the Chicago River from any place that could be secured, and turn a somersault backwards as he fell.

At the hour named persons on the Rush street bridge were startled by seeing a tall figure, clad in pink shirt and sash and purple tights, step upon a jutting plank on the roof of the adjoining building. Turning his back to the water with his hands on his hips. Harmon balanced himself on his toes on the end of the plank, glanced over his shoulder at the water below, and, falling backwards, turned a somersault mid-distant, and landed feet first in the water. The backward revolution in mid air was made full length, without drawing up of the limbs or body, and without apparent effort. He soon reappeared, and seizing a line thrown to him, was safely drawn ashore.

Harmon is twenty-six years old and weighs 158 pounds. He has been diving for several years, principally at San Francisco, his native town.

A New Woman's Fourth.

In Winnemucca, Cal., the entire Fourth of July celebration was turned over to the ladies. A lady was grand marshal and all her staff were pretty girls. A lady delivered the oration and read the Declaration, etc. All the men had to do was to foot the bills.

TEMPERANCE.

DRINK AND RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

The Quarterly Journal of Inebriety says:

"Recently, a great railroad corporation gathered all the facts concerning the men and the conditions of every accident which had occurred on its lines for five years. When tabulated, it appeared that forty per cent. of all accidents were due altogether, or in part, to the failures of men who were drinking; that in eighteen per cent. there was strong suspicion of similar causes, yet no clear proof. In one year over a million dollars' worth of property was destroyed by the failures of beer-drinking engineers and switchmen. The company's rules requiring temperate men for all positions are more and more rigorously enforced. Engineers find that practically they are unable to do good work while using spirits even in small doses. The coolness and presence of mind so essential in their work is broken up by alcohol in any form.

"Trainmen, men exposed to the weather, reach the same conclusion, if they are practical men. The startling mortality of brakemen is referable in many cases to the use of alcohol to drive out the cold, or keep awake in long hours of service. Each year the duties and responsibilities of railroad men increase, and men more temperate, accurate, prompt and careful in their work are required. Only absolutely temperate men can do this work for any length of time; all others fail and are dangerous in their weakness.

"A Western road permitted an inebriate, who was really an able man, to continue as a claim agent adjusting accounts against the company. His drinking was supposed to be an aid in the settlement of claims with other drinking men. After his death a temperate man who filled his place saved several thousand dollars a year by doing the same work, repeating the common experience that inebriates are always more or less incompetent."

NO BEER IN THAT BUCKET.

The following is a "true story" that actually happened: A man from the new house near by came in at the alley gate and to the kitchen where a mother was working for the comfort of her family. He asked for a bucket. The men working on the brick wall were thirsty, and he would take them a drink. The bucket was brought. The lady, remarking on the discomfort of working in the hot sun that midsummer day, offered to fill the bucket at her well. The water was so cool men from offices and stores near by often came or sent for water from that well.

Reaching out for the bucket the man declined the water, saying in a friendly tone that the men would like beer better than water—he only wanted a bucket to carry it in. Steadily the bucket was held back as the lady said: "I am sorry, I cannot loan a bucket of mine for beer. Why, I dare not. I have three boys, and what would they think if I let beer be carried in anything from my kitchen. I am sorry you wanted it for that. Should my boys drink liquor when they are grown they must not say they ever saw beer in anything belonging to their mother—not with her consent. Good day." "Good day."

A TEMPERANCE DECALOGUE.

The temperance society of Odessa, Russia, has published in its Listok the following Ten Commandments:

1. Thou shalt try to lead a sober life.
2. Thou shalt not treat the fellows with spirituous drinks.
3. Thou shalt not rent any part of thy house, thy store or thy shop as a place for the sale of spirituous drinks.
4. Thou shalt not trade in spirituous drinks.
5. Thou shalt not engage in the manufacture of intoxicating liquors and wines of any kind.
6. Thou shalt preach against drunkenness.
7. Thou shalt persuade all thy friends and acquaintances to join the temperance society.
8. Thou shalt never repeat or circulate an opinion in favor of the drinking of intoxicating beverages.
9. Thou shalt do all that is in thy power to prevent others drinking intoxicating beverages.
10. Thou shalt watch the doings of those who trade in spirituous drinks and promptly report to the authorities any of the actions by which they criminate themselves before the law.—The Templar.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

Is the liquor dealer alone responsible for the criminality involved in the business he conducts? Is not society criminally allied with him? Is not the community which not only stands by and tacitly consents to the continuance of the liquor traffic as now carried on, but by forms of law legalizes it and shares its bloody revenue, criminally responsible for the evils it inflicts? In the case of one of the Homestead rioters, Judge McGee, of Pittsburg, said: "I wish to say that the law makes every man who stands idly by without any effort to suppress the riot and disorder, guilty of rioting. Such a man is responsible for all the consequences of disorder and rioting, whether such rioting results in the loss of property or the loss of life. No matter what the results, such a man is equally guilty for such degree of crime as the facts and results warrant." If the liquor traffic, as now carried forward, is a crime, then, according to the reasoning of Judge McGee, all who stand "idly by without any effort to suppress" this traffic, are guilty of the crime of liquor selling, and are responsible for all the evil consequences that flow from the selling.

INCAPABLE OF CONCEALMENT.

When a man allows himself to drink always in company so much as he may think he can bear without awakening in others the suspicion of inebriation, he will deceive himself, and no one else. For abused nature herself will publish the excess in the bloated countenance and flushed visage, the tainted breath and inflamed eye: and were all these banners of intemperance struck, the man with his own tongue will reveal his shame. At first there will be something strange, in his appearance or conduct, to awaken observation and induce scrutiny, until, at length, with all his carelessness, in some unguarded moment he will take more than he can bear. And now the secret is out, and these unaccountable things are explained; these exposures will become more frequent, the unhappy man still dreaming that though he erred a little, he took such good care to conceal it that no one knew it but himself. He will even talk when his tongue is palsied, to ward off suspicion, and thrust himself into company, to show that he is not drunk.

ALL FOR THE BEST.

General Wolseley is doing all in his power to promote temperance in the British army. His experience in Egypt, India and South Africa have proved to his satisfaction that total abstainers from intoxicants can endure far more hardship than those who are in the habit of drinking even in moderate quantities. He will not attempt to cut off the grog of the soldiers peremptorily, but suggests that those who choose to abandon its use be compensated by extra rations of other kinds or by a money payment. His efforts in this direction have thus far met with encouraging success.

AN EVIL DEVICE.

A clever bit of advertising, though at the same time very costly, involving 70,000 "treats" and the expenditure of $700 for postage stamps in one day, is the latest device of a St. Paul brewer for drawing custom. He mailed in one day 35,000 circular-letters to as many homes in that city, calling attention to a certain brand of beer, and inclosed in each circular two coupons, which entitled the holder to "one glass of beer if presented at any bar." The evil one himself must have inspired this cunningly-devised plan for attacking the homes and winning recruits for the army of drunkards.—National Temperance Advocate.

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES.

Every place which offers for sale as a beverage any kind of intoxicating liquor, tries to get young people to drinking it.

If for ten years England could get rid of drink she would at that time become such a paradise as men would hardly recognize.—John Bright.

The best way to destroy the saloon is to deprive it of support. This can be done by reforming the drinker and training the boys to total abstinence.—Mid-Continent.

Over a saloon in Cleveland, Ohio, may be seen the sign: "A Hamburger steak free with every drink." This is the bait set for the silly workman, who, like the rat bought with cheese, finds himself in a trap from which there is no escape.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

TO REMOVE STAINS.

The many stains which come upon the table linen and the summer dresses of the children are a constant source of annoyance to the housekeeper, and as these become permanent disfigurements if left upon the goods when they are washed, it is necessary to know the immediate remedy in order to deal with them at once. A list of the most common stains, with the treatment which will remove each, is a convenient clipping to paste into a fly-leaf of the cook book, or other place of ready reference.

Fruit stains, when fresh, may be removed by pouring boiling water through the stained portion until the spot disappears.

Old fruit stains may be removed with oxalic acid. Wash the stained portion in the acid till clear; rinse at once in rain water, as the acid will attack the fabric if left upon it. Now wet the spot in ammonia and give a final rinsing.

Grass stains should be rubbed with molasses thoroughly and then washed out as usual. Another treatment is to rub with alcohol and then wash in water.

Rust and iron stains should be rubbed with juice of lemon, and the spot then covered with salt and the cloth placed in the sun. If this treatment does not serve to remove the stain, or it the fabric is colored and so cannot be treated with the lemon juice, oxalic acid may be used as for old fruit stains. Still another treatment is to apply a mixture of two parts tartar and one part powdered alum; this latter is good for a variety of stains which fail under other methods.

Ink that is freshly spilt upon a carpet should be covered with common or coarse salt or Indian meal. If all the stain is not absorbed, rub with lemon juice.

Mildew is often a very stubborn thing to get rid of. Cut ordinary soap into shavings and cook it to a paste with rain water. Spread the paste upon the spot, scatter upon it finely powdered potash and spread the fabric upon the grass for twenty-four hours. Wash in rain water and in all ordinary cases the spot will have disappeared. If it is not entirely gone, repeat the process. The same treatment is effectual in the case of wine or fruit stains.

Wagon grease, pitch or tar may be removed by spreading lard upon the spot, rubbing it well in and then washing out as usual.

The same kind of stain upon silk may be removed by rubbing with a mixture of equal parts of oil of turpentine and ether until all impurities seem removed, then cover the spot with fuller's earth or French chalk, cover with a blotting paper and press with a hot iron. Repeat this until the spot entirely disappears.

Tea, coffee and undoubtedly cocoa stains, even those which have been previously washed, may be rubbed in lavalle water, if the fabric stained be white, otherwise the color will be bleached. Take a half-pint of the lavalle water to a quart of clear water, and let the stained portion of the cloth soak in it for several hours, then rinse thoroughly in three waters.

Colors which have been changed by the application of acids may be restored by sponging with chloroform or ammonia. While colors changed by alkalies may be given an acid treatment.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

RECIPES.

Rhubarb Custard Pie — One-half pint of finely chopped rhubarb, spread evenly over a rich pie paste. Make a custard as for custard pies and pour over it. Bake slowly until the rhubarb is tender and the custard browned.

Orange Jelly—The juice of four oranges, the grated rind of one lemon, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar. Put one-half box of gelatine into cold water, let it stand two hours, add a pint of boiling water and the other ingredients, pour in molds and set on ice to cool.

Mock Oyster Soup—Place a teacup of shredded codfish in a quart of water. Simmer one-half hour. Add one pint of stewed tomatoes and a pinch of soda. Boil five minutes, strain, add one quart of milk, salt, pepper and butter. Serve with crackers or croutons.

Corn Pone—Scald the meal over night, as if making thin mush. Add cold water until lukewarm, and thicken with meal until stiff. Add one teaspoonful of sugar and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Place it in a covered dish where it will be warm over night. In the morning bake in a hot oven.

Rice Biscuits — Sift together two and one-half cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, yolks of two eggs beaten lightly, three-fourths of a cup of milk, one-half cup of steamed or boiled rice. Cut in last the whites of two eggs beaten stiff. Bake in gempans in a hot oven.

Fresh Pineapple—Cut it round two inches from the top. Cut the lower piece lengthwise, just through the skin, then peel round without breaking the skin. Lift the outside off and slice the inside around. Sprinkle pulverized sugar between each layer and cover with the rind again. Put a small piece on top, then it will look like the uncut pineapple. Serve, using a fork to lift out the layers.

Meat Jelly—Take pieces of cold meat—ham, beef, etc., that has been left over—three-quarters of a cupful. When hashed fine add four small spiced gherkins, cut in fine pieces, and half a box of gelatine, soaked in half a cup of cold water, till soft. Add boiling water, one pint, half a cup of spiced vinegar from the pickles—more if the vinegar is not strong. Stir in the meat and pickle. Pour in the molds. Serve when hard.

Strawberry Mosse—Mash one quart of berries and one cup of sugar in a bowl. Let stand two hours. Meanwhile soak one-quarter of a box of gelatine in water to cover it. Press fruit through the sieve. Add one-third of a cup of boiling water to the gelatine, and when dissolved add the fruit. Set on ice and cool, stirring until the contents thicken. Add whipped c