REV. DR. TALMAGE.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "Plain People."

TEXT: "Salute Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia."—Romans xvi., 14, 15.

Matthew Henry, Albert Barnes, Adam Clark, Thomas Scott and all the commentators pass by these verses without any especial remark. The other twenty people mentioned in the chapter were distinguished for something and were therefore discussed by the illustrious expositors, but nothing is said about Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia. Where were they born? No one knows. Where did they die? There is no record of their decease. For what were they distinguished? Absolutely for nothing, or the trait of character would have been brought out by the apostle. If they had been very intrepid or opulent or hirsute or musical of cadence or crass of style or in anywise anomalous, that feature would have been caught by the apostolic camera. But they were good people, because Paul sent to them his high Christian regards. They were ordinary people, moving in ordinary sphere, attending to ordinary duty and meeting ordinary responsibilities.

What the world wants is a religion for ordinary people. If there be in the United States 65,000,000 people, there are certainly not more than 1,000,000 extraordinary, and then there are 64,000,000 ordinary, and we do well to turn our backs for a little while upon the distinguished and conspicuous people of the Bible and consider in our text the seven ordinary. We spend too much of our time in twisting garlands for remarkables and building thrones for magnates and sculpturing warriors and apotheosizing philanthropists. The rank and file of the Lord's soldiery need especial help.

The vast majority of people to whom this sermon comes will never lead an army, will never write a State constitution, will never electrify a Senate, will never make an important invention, will never introduce a new philosophy, will never decide the fate of a Nation. You do not expect to; you do not want to. You will not be a Moses to lead a Nation out of bondage. You will not be a Joshua to prolong the daylight until you can shut five kings in a cavern. You will not be a St. John to unroll an apocalypse. You will not be a Paul to preside over an apostolic college. You will not be a Mary to mother a Christ. You will more probably be Asyncritus or Phlegon or Hermas or Patrobas or Hermes or Philologus or Julia.

Many of you are women at the head of households. This morning you launched the family for Sabbath observance. Your brain decided the apparel, and your judgment was final on all questions of personal attire. Every morning you plan for the day. The culinary department of your household is in your dominion. You decide all questions of diet. All the sanitary regulations of your house are under your supervision. To regulate the food, and the apparel, and the habits and decide the thousand questions of home life is a tax upon your brain and nerve and general health absolutely appalling if there be no divine alleviation.

It does not help you much to be told that Elizabeth Fry did wonderful things mid the criminals of Newgate. It does not help you much to be told that Mrs. Judson was very brave among the Bornesian cannibals. It does not help you much to be told that Florence Nightingale was very kind to the wounded in the Crimea. It would be better for me to tell you that the Divine Friend of Mary and Martha is your friend, and that He sees all the annoyances and disappointments and abrasions and exasperations of an ordinary housekeeper from morn till night, and from the first day of the year to the last day of the year and at your call He is ready with help and re-enforcements.

They who provide the food of the world decide the health of the world. One of the greatest battles of this century was lost because the commander that morning had a fit of indigestion. You have only to go on some errand amid the taverns and the hotels of United States and Great Britain to appreciate the fact that a vast multitude of the human race are slaughtered by incompetent cookery. Though a young woman may have taken lessons in music and may have taken lessons in painting and lessons in astronomy, she is not well educated unless she has taken lessons in dough. They who decide the apparel of the world and the food of the world decide the endurance of the world.

An unthinking man may consider it a matter of little importance—the cares of the household and the economies of domestic life—but I tell you the earth is strewn with the martyrs of kitchen and nursery. The health shattered womanhood of America cries out for a God who can help ordinary women in the ordinary duties of housekeeping. The wearing, grinding, unappreciated work goes on, but the same Christ who stood on the bank of Galilee in the early morning and kindled the fire and had the fish already cleaned and broiling when the sportsmen stepped ashore, chilled and hungry, will help every woman to prepare breakfast, whether by her own hand or the hand of her hired help.

The God who made indestructible eulogy of Hannah, who made a coat for Samuel, herson, and carried it to the temple every year, will help every woman in preparing the family wardrobe. The God who opens the Bible with the story of Abraham's entertainment of the three angels on the plains of Mamre will help every woman to provide hospitality, however rare and embarrassing. It is high time that some of the attention we have been giving to the remarkable women of the Bible—remarkable for their virtue or want of it or remarkable for their deeds—Deborah and Jezebel and Herodia and Athaliah and Dorcas and the Marys, excellent and abandoned—it is high time some of the attention we have been giving to these conspicuous women of the Bible be given to Julia of the text, an ordinary woman amid ordinary circumstances, attending to ordinary duties and meeting ordinary responsibilities.

Then there are the ordinary business men. They need divine and Christian help. When we begin to talk about business life, we shoot right off and talk about men who did business on a large scale, and who sold millions of dollars of goods a year, but the vast majority of business men do not sell a million dollars of goods, nor half a million, nor a quarter of a million, nor the eighth part of a million. Put all the business men of our cities, towns, villages and neighborhoods side by side, and you will find that they sell less than $50,000 worth of goods. All these men in ordinary business life want divine help. You see how the wrinkles are printing on the countenance the story of worriment and care. You cannot tell how old a business man is by looking at him. Gray hairs at thirty. A man at forty-five with the stoop of a nonogenarian. No time to attend to improved dentistry, the grinders cease because they are few. Actually dying of old age at forty or fifty when they ought to be at the meridian.

Many of these business men have bodies like a neglected clock to which you come, and you wind it up, and it begins to buzz and roar, and then the hands start around very rapidly, and then the clock strikes five or ten, or forty, and strikes without any sense, and then suddenly stops. So is the body of that wornout business man. It is a neglected clock, and though by some summer recreation it may be wound up, still the machinery is all out of gear. The hands turn around with a velocity that excites the astonishment of the world. Men cannot understand the wonderful activity, and there is a roar, and a buzz, and a rattle about these disordered lives, and they strike ten when they ought to strike five, and they strike twelve when they ought to strike six, and they strike forty when they ought to strike nothing, and suddenly they stop. Post mortem examination reveal the fact that all the springs and pivots and weights and balance wheels of health are completely deranged. The human clock has simply run down. And at the time when the steady hand ought to be pointing to the industrious hours on a clear and sunlit dial the whole machinery of body, mind and earthly capacity stops forever. The cemeteries have thousands of business men who died of old age at thirty, thirty-five, forty, forty-five.

Now, what is wanted is grace—divine grace for ordinary business men, men who are harnessed from morn till night and all the days of their life—harnessed in business. Not grace to lose $100,000, but grace to lose $10. Not grace to supervise 250 employes in a factory, but grace to supervise the bookkeeper and two salesmen and the small boy that sweeps out the store. Grace to invest not the $80,000 of net profit, but the $2500 of clear gain. Grace not to endure the loss of a whole shipload of spices from the Indies, but grace to endure the loss of a paper of collars from the leakage of a displaced shingle on a poor roof.

Grace not to endure the tardiness of the American Congress in passing a necessary law, but grace to endure the tardiness of an errand boy stopping to play marbles when he ought to deliver the goods; such a grace as thousands of business men have to-day, keeping them tranquil whether goods sell or do not sell, whether customers pay or do not pay, whether the tariff is up or tariff is down, whether the crops are luxuriant or a dead failure, calm in all circumstances and amid all vissicitudes—that is the kind of grace we want. Millions of men want it, and they may have it for the asking. Some hero or heroine comes to town, and as the procession passes through the street the business men come out and stand on tiptoe on their store steps and look at some one who in arctic clime or in ocean storm or in day of battle or in hospital agonies did the brave thing, not realizing that they, the enthusiastic spectators, have gone through trials in business life that are just as great before God. There are men who have gone through freezing arctics and burning torrids and awful Marengos of experiences without moving five miles from their doorsteps. Now, what ordinary business men need is to realize that they have the friendship of that Christ who looked after the religious interests of Matthew, the custom house clerk, and helped Lydia of Thyatira to sell the dry goods, and who opened a bakery and fish market in the wilderdess of Asia Minor to feed the 7000 who had come out on a religious picnic, and who counts the hairs of your head with as much particularity as though they were the plumes of a coronation, and who took the trouble to stoop down with His finger writing on the ground, although the first shuffle of feet obliterated the divine caligraphy, and who knows just how many locusts there were in the Egyptian plague and knew just how many ravens were necessary to supply Elijah's pantry by the brook Cherith, and who as floral commander leads forth all the regiments of primroses, foxgloves, daffodils, hyacinths and lilies which pitch their tents of beauty and kindle their camp fires of color all around the hemisphere; that that Christ and that God know the most minute affairs of your business life, and, however inconsiderable, understanding all the affairs of that woman who keeps a thread and needle store as well as all the affairs of a Rothschild and a Stewart.

Then there are all the ordinary farmers. We talk about agricultural life, and we immediately shoot off to talk about Cincinnatus, the patrician, who went from the plow to a high position, and after he got through the dictatorship in twenty-one days went back again to the plow. What encouragement is that to ordinary farmers? The vast majority of them, none of them, will be patricians. Perhaps none of them will be Senators. If any of them have dictatorships, it will be over forty or fifty or 100 acres of the old homestead. What those men want is grace to keep their patience while plowing with balky oxen and to keep cheerful amid the drought that destroys the corn crop and that enables them to restore the garden the day after the neighbor's cattle have broken in and trampled out the strawberry bed and gone through the lima bean patch and eaten up the sweet corn in such large quantities that they must be kept from the water lest they swell up and die; grace in catching weather that enables them without imprecation to spread out the hay the third time, although again and again and again it has been almost ready for the mow; a grace to doctor the cow with a hollow born, and the sheep with the footrot, and the horse with the distemper, and to compel the unwilling acres to yield a livelihood for the family, and schooling for the children, and little extras to help the older boy in business, and something for the daughter's wedding outfit, and a little surplus for the time when the ankles will get stiff with age and the breath will be a little short, and the swinging of the cradle through the hot harvest field will bring on the old man's vertigo. Better close up about Cincinnatus. I know 500 farmers just as noble as he was.

What they want is to know that they have the friendship of that Christ who often drew His similes from the farmer's life, as when He said, "A sower went forth to sow," as when He built His best parable out of the scene of a farmer's boy coming back from his wanderings, and the old farmhouse shook that night with rural jubilee, and who compared Himself to a lamb in the pasture field, and who said the eternal God is a farmer, declaring, "My Father is the husbandman."

Come, now, let us have a religion for ordinary people in professions, in occupations, in agriculture, in the household, in merchandise, in everything. I salute across the centuries Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia.

Take the few extraordinary railroad men of our time and see what abuse comes upon them while thousands of stockholders escape. All the world took after Thomas Scott, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, abused him until he got under the ground. Thousands of stockholders in that company. All the blame on one man. The Central Pacific Railroad. Two or three men get all the blame if anything goes wrong. There are 10,000 in that company.

I mention these things to prove it is extraordinary people who get abused while the ordinary escape. The weather of life is not so severe on the plain as it is on the high peaks. The world never forgives a man who knows or gains or does more than it can know or gain or do. Parents sometimes give confectionery to the children as an inducement to take bitter medicine, and the world's sugar plum precedes the world's aqua fortis. The mob cried in regard to Christ, "Crucify Him, crucify Him!" and they had to say it twice to be understood, for they were so hoarse, and they got their hoarseness by crying a little while before at the top of their voice, "Hosanna!" The river Rhone is foul when it enters Lake Leman, but crystalline when it comes out on the other side. But there are men who have entered the bright lake of worldly prosperity crystalline and came out terribly riled. If, therefore, you feel that you are ordinary, thank God for the defenses and the tranquility of your position.

Then remember, if you have only what is called an ordinary home, that the great deliverers of the world have all come from such a home. And there may be seated reading at your evening stand a child who shall be potent for the ages. Just unroll the scroll of men mighty in church and state, and you will find they nearly all come from log cabin or poor homes. Genius almost always runs out in the third or fourth generation. You cannot find in all history an instance where the fourth generation of extraordinary people amount to anything. Columbus from a weaver's hut, Demosthenes from a cutler's cellar, Bloomfield and Missionary Carey from a shoemaker's bench, Arkwright from a barber's shop, and He whose name is high over all in earth and air and sky from a manger.

Let us all be content with such things as we have. God is just as good in what He keeps away from us as in what He gives us. Even a knot may be useful if it is at the end of a thread.

At an anniversary of a deaf and dumb asylum one of the children wrote upon the blackboard words as sublime as the "Iliad," the "Odyssey" and the "Divina Commedia" all compressed in one paragraph. The examiner, in signs of the mute language, asked her, "Who made the world?" The deaf and dumb girl wrote upon the blackboard, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." The examiner asked her, "For what purpose did Christ come into the world?" The deaf and dumb girl wrote upon the blackboard, "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The examiner said to her, "Why were you born deaf and dumb while I hear and speak?" She wrote upon the blackboard, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight." Oh, that we might be baptized with a contented spirit! The spider draws poison out of a flower; the bee gets honey out of a thistle, but happiness is a heavenly elixir, and the contented spirit extracts it not from the rhododendron of the hills, but from the lily of the valley.

Made Insane by Face Powder.

Miss Mary Belcher, a young woman who lives at Sugar Grove, Ky., is a mental wreck, owing to the use of complexion powder. She was a very pretty girl, but suddenly grew pale and bought the powder to hide it. After using the powder for a while coarse black hair began cropping out all over her face, and shaving only made it worse. She was a most popular girl, but when the hair continued to grow she worried so over it that her mind gave way, and it is feared she will never recover her reason.

Cuban Sympathizers in This Country.

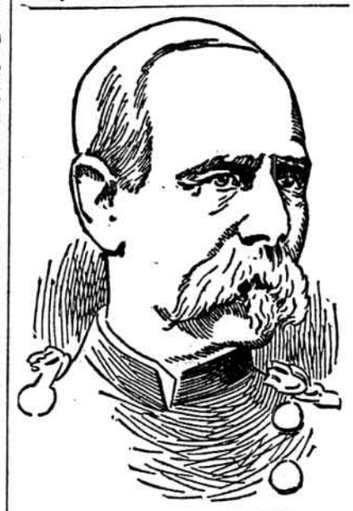
It is said that the Cuban revolutionists are receiving the sinews of war at the rate of half a million a month from their sympathizers in this country.

TO SUCCEED WOLSELEY.

Lord Roberts Appointed to the Command of the Forces in Ireland.

It is officially announced that Queen Victoria has approved the appointment of Field Marshal Lord Roberts to the command of her Majesty's forces in Ireland.

Frederick Sleigh Roberts, Lord Roberts of Candahar and Waterford, who has been gazetted to succeed Lord Wolseley as commander of the forces in Ireland, is the most popular officer in the British Army, and it is the earnest hope of his fellow countrymen that his present appointment is only preliminary to his elevation to the post of Commander-in-Chief of the Army on the approaching retirement of the Duke of Cambridge. He has served in many wars, but is chiefly known abroad for the part he took in



FIELD MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS.
(The new commander of the forces in Ireland).

the Afghan campaign of 1878, when he performed a series of feats, which showed him to be one of the ablest commanders and most brilliant soldiers in the service of his country. In 1885 he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army of India, in which position he conducted the Burmese campaign. He was created a Peer in 1892, and in the following year resigned his Indian command and returned to England.

THE NEW YORK AT KIEL.

The Germans Awarded Her and Her Sister Ships the Palm.

Captain Robley D. Evans, commanding the war ship New York, in a letter to the Navy Department gives an enthusiastic account of the magnificent reception given the American representatives at the naval celebration recently held at Kiel, Germany. To use Captain Evans's own expression the American war ships took all of the "blue ribbons" during the festivities, so far as the naval display was concerned. The cruiser New York was the object of special attention and admiration by the representatives of the German and English navies, and they pronounced her the best appearing ship present at the celebration. They admired the construction of the vessel, her armament, her equipment and the discipline maintained by the "Yankee" crew. The German newspapers printed column after column of extravagant comments upon the display made by the American ships.

The German Emperor was particularly impressed with the New York. He made several visits aboard, and never seemed to grow weary of admiring her. He made several close inspections of her guns, her machinery and her general equipment, and he was freely quoted in the German newspapers as complimenting the American navy.

Even the English officers were profuse in their admiration of the New York, and they admitted that the Americans made the most attractive display with their four ships, the New York, the San Francisco, the Columbia, and the Marblehead.

The comments upon the American ships made in the German newspapers were not sent out by the news associations at Kiel, as they are controlled by Englishmen. Captain Evans's letter contained numerous clippings from the papers referred to, and they show that the German press was not backward in awarding the palm to the American vessels and officers.

SEVEN ITALIANS MURDERED.

Their Fellow Countrymen in Louisiana Say the Mafia is to Blame.

The third of a series of Italian assassinations was reported from Elmhall plantation in Ascension Parish, near Donaldsonville, La. The assassin was supposed to be the man Naska who fired into the house of Giordano, killing three and seriously wounding four persons. This occurred in St. John Parish. In St. James, the neighboring parish, and but a few miles away from the scene of the first crime. Vincent Uido and his wife were waylaid on the public road by an unidentified assassin and were killed.

Next day an Italian entered the Italian quarters at Elmhall plantation, in Ascension Parish, the next one to St. James, and without the slightest provocation fired into the cabin of Filipo Ruiso, mortally wounding him and also his four-year-old boy.

The assassin left a plain trail behind him, and the Sheriff, with a posse, following it, arrested an Italian, who gave his name as Salvadore Puglisi. The authorities had every reason to believe that he committed the three murders in St. John Parish, and perhaps is the murderer of the Uidos. The Italians along the coast are much alarmed by these murders. They all say that the Mafia is at the bottom of them.

NEARLY 2,000,000 BIBLES.

American Bible Society Distributes Them at Home and Abroad.

Over 1,500,000 Bibles and portions of the Bible were printed during the year by the American Bible Society, according to its seventy-ninth annual report. More than a million were printed on the presses in the Bible House, New York City, and over half a million in foreign lands. Through purchases of additional volumes the total number disposed of by the society during the year reached 1,958,674.

More volumes were distributed in China than during any other year since the society began its work there. Excellent work was done among the Japanese soldiers. All barriers to the introduction of the Bible into the army and navy there have been removed and the distribution, the report says, has the express sanction of the highest officers of the empire.

In the home field over 845,000 volumes were distributed during the year.

A Fatal Fall From a Dizzy Height.

William Williams, an expert rigger, was killed while working upon the City Hall tower at Philadelphia, Penn., which is over 500 feet from the ground. Missing his hold, he fell from a scaffold to a platform in midair, forty feet below, and was dead when picked up.

The Record on the Pacific.

The second vessel of the Portland-China steamer line, the Asloun, just arrived at Victoria, British Columbia, made the voyage in the record-breaking time of fifteen days from Yokohama, Japan.

Murder Results From the "Tip" System.

William Buford and Gordon Ewing, colored waiters in the Southern Hotel, Chicago, Ill., quarrelled as to who should serve a guest known to be liberal with tips. Buford shot Ewing, who died instantly.

To Protect American Interests.

Secretary Herbert ordered a United States warship to Panama to protect American interests in the dock laborers' strike.

Battle With Indians.

Reports from Pocatello, Idaho, announced a fight between Indians and settlers near Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, in which three white men and six Indians were killed.

RELIGIOUS READING.

PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE.

When I was a lad trying to learn my multiplication table, the teacher gave us some examples to do which were intended to put the knowledge already acquired into practice and develop facility in using it. Each example seemed an insuperable task—a harder one I have not met with since. I would struggle over the first product, and after that was obtained by recurrence to memory or reference to the text-book—usually the latter—repeat the same process, and so on till after the slowest possible progress the final result was reached, and then that was as likely to be wrong as it was to be right: but after I had become perfectly familiar with the tables after I had wrought them into the very fibre of my brain and made them a part of my mental consciousness, multiplication became an easy, almost an involuntary thing, and the examples about did themselves. So it is hard to fulfill the commissions we carry, to be altruists and consecrate our lives to others to work the works of God in the earth, as long as we do it all mechanically or by rule; but let love, which is the soul of God, enter our hearts and become a part of them, and obeying God, blessing our fellow-men, doing our life-work, translating our self-consciousness into character and conduct, will be the easiest tasks of our lives, the natural and necessary functions of our being, the sure, inevitable goal of all our attempts and attainments.—Rev. John Balcom Shaw, D. D.

AWAKE.

There was an old turnpike man on a quiet country road, whose habit was to shut his gate at night and take his nap. One dark, wet midnight I knocked at his door, calling, "Gate! Gate!"

"Coming," said the voice of the old man.

Then I knocked again, and once more the voice replied, "Coming."

This went on for some time, till at length I grew quite angry, and jumping off my horse, opened the door and demanded why he cried "Coming" for twenty minutes and never came.

"Who's there?" said the old man in a quiet, sleepy voice, rubbing his eyes, "What d'ye want, sir?" Then awakening, "Bless ver, sir, and yer pardon; I was asleep; I get so used to hearing 'em knock that I answer 'coming' in my sleep, and takes no more notice about it."

So it is with too many hearers of the Gospel, who hear by habit, and answer God by habit, and at length die with their souls asleep. Awake, O sleeper, for God "hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath appointed;" and then your idle answers will all be brought to light.—The Watchword.

TESTING.

This matter of testing reaches to the heart of our daily living and affects nearly everything with which we have to do. The food that we eat, the cloth in our garments, the wagons or cars in which we ride—all are in some way tested or proven before we make use of them. We can each cite a multitude of cases that come to our notice every day. And as we are given to passing judgment upon the material things about us, so we are being judged and proven by a higher power than ourselves. The great question is: Are we likely to stand the final great test of God's day of judgment when every secret work is to be passed upon? Christ is the standard by which our lives are to be tested. He is "the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." If we have taken him as our personal Saviour, are trusting in him and keeping his commandments, we shall be able to pass the required examination, to stand the test. In him we find the way.—Selected.

PERFECT HARMONY.

One may imagine a musical instrument left in some old castle deserted during political revolutions, standing warped and cracked with heat and dampness—unstrung, untuned and voiceless. But at length the owner returns, and the tuner is summoned to put the instrument in order. He lifts the cover and the dust rolls back in clouds. "Ah!" he says, "it is a noble instrument, by the grandest of makers." He strikes a chord—a hideous discord, rather—which drives all hearers from the place. And now, as he begins to screw and turn, to bring up each key to its proper pitch, what wailings and screechings fill the room! People would say, "That a musical instrument?" But the tuner says, "Wait, all will be right in time." And when the long work is completed, and he sits down to draw forth from those strings some melody, or one of Beethoven's majestic harmonies, children and servants flock to listen in amazement and wonder. Thus it is with us in the world. Oh, be patient while God is tuning you! Now the wailing and the discord, by-and-by the full and perfect harmony.—Henry Ward Beecher.

SYMPTOMS.

Does your spirit faint? The Divine promises are a drooping honeycomb, better than Jonathan's. Dip your pilgrim staff into their richness, and put your hand to your mouth like him, and your faintness shall pass away. Are you thirsty? They are the flowing stream of the water of life, of which you may drink by the way, and lift up your head. Are you overcome by the sultry burden of the day? They are as the cool shadow of a giant rock in a weary land. Have your steps well-nigh slipped? They are a staff in your hand, on top of which, betimes, like Jacob, you may lean, and worship God. Are you sad? There are no such songs to beguile the road, and to bear you on with gladness of heart. Put but a promise under your head by night, and were your pillow a stone like that at Bethel, you shall have Jacob's vision. The thirstiest wilderness will become an Elim, with palm-trees and wells of water.—Andrew Gelkie.

TALK ABOUT IT.

He who is determined to become "rich toward God," and to that end is looking carefully after the various sources of spiritual revenue, will by no means neglect opportunities for religious conversation. He will feel that he cannot afford to lose the stimulus to his zeal and the enlargement of his religious knowledge that comes from comparing experiences with others. "Iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." They that fear the Lord should certainly speak often one to another about the things lying nearest their hearts. If religion is steadily ignored as a topic of conversation among those who meet socially or privately day after day, how is it possible they should consider each other to be really in earnest after likeness to Jesus? There is pressing need of a change of habit in this regard among professing Christians.

DIVINE UNION.

Nothing is of more importance, if we would rapidly grow good, than the habit of making all the petty trials, annoyances, and griefs of every-day occurrence a means of uniting the will more fully with God's. This is the true mission of trials, and only as we use them to this high end are we using them aright. Alas! most people find it a very long and difficult lesson. Nevertheless it can assuredly be learned. The trifling disappointments and sorrows, the crossings of our will or inclination that come so constantly, may yield, each of them, but a trifling gain; but the total sum shall be glorious indeed. Every time we utter down deep within a hearty "amen" to any of these minute manifestations of God's will, the union between us and God is made a little closer.

We are exhorted to the sacrifice of our bodies unto God—the mouth to proclaim His word; the eyes to gaze on His works; the hands to do Him service; the feet to walk on His errands.—Goulburn.

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.—Spangel

A Miraculous Escape.

Charles Kent, of Milwaukee, the construction foreman of the Guaranty building, Buffalo, N. Y., who fell from the nine-story girders to the cellar on July 5, will recover. No bones were broken, though he was terribly cut and bruised. His escape from instant death is looked upon as miraculous.

A Ghastly Incident.

Shanghai (China) papers report a ghastly incident at a recent execution. Just at the moment of the execution the victim's hands nervously grasped the garment of the executioner and held on after decapitation. Before the grip could be loosened the executioner died of fright.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR AUGUST 11.

Lesson Text: "The Brazen Serpent," Num. xxi., 4-9—Golden Text: John iii., 14—Commentary.

4. "And they journeyed from Mount Hor by the way of the Red Sea, to compass the land of Edom, and the soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way." Edom was Esau, Jacob's brother. So the Edomites were near kinsmen of Israel, according to the flesh. Yet they refused to allow Israel to pass through their land, although Israel offered to pay for the water they might use while passing through (xx., 18-21). In the previous chapter we have also an account of the death of Miriam in the first month, and the death of Aaron in the fifth month of the fortieth year. See chapter xxxiii., 38. We find Israel in this lesson about where we saw them in the last lesson, but it is thirty-eight years later in the story. Hundreds of thousands have died in the wilderness, and a new generation has grown up, yet of those thirty-eight years of wanderings because of their unbelief we know scarcely anything. They were out of fellowship, and it was lost time. We are reminded of the thirteen years of Abram's life of which we know nothing (Gen. xvi., 16; xvii., 1), and of the lost time of the Nazarite (Num. vi., 12). When we are out of fellowship with God through unbelief or worldliness, the time is lost. We are reminded that the journey of life is often a weary one to the flesh, but if we are in Christ, who is "the way" (John xiv., 6), and will continually "consider Him" and "look unto Him" (Heb. xii., 2, 3), we will be greatly helped and strengthened and will not be discouraged, even through our own relations turn against us. Think of the brother of Abel, the brethren of Joseph and of David, and even the brethren of Jesus did not at one time believe in Him (John vii., 5).

5. "And the people spake against God and against Moses, Wherefore have ye brought us up out of Egypt to die in the wilderness? for there is no bread, neither is there any water, and our soul loatheth this light bread." Ps. lxxviii. tells the story of their sin from beginning to end. In Deut. ix., 24, Moses says, "Ye have been rebellious against the Lord from the day that I knew you." In Num. xi., 1, it is written that "when the people complained, it displeased the Lord." And in Ps. xcv., 10, the Lord Himself says, "Forty years long was I grieved with this generation." What a relief to turn to Him of whom it is said by the Father, "This is My Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," and to hear the Son Himself say, "I do always those things that please Him (Math. xvii., 5; John viii., 29). The Word for us is, "Do all things without murmurings or disputings." "Be content with such things as ye have" (Phil. ii., 1-4; Heb. xiii., 5; see also I Cor. x., 6-13).

6. "And the Lord sent fiery serpents among the people, and they bit the people and much people of Israel died." In James iii., 8, it is said that the tongue is an unruly evil full of deadly poison, and of sinners it is said in Rom. iii., 13, "The poison of asps is under their lips." The people had been slandering God with the poison of their tongues and now they are reaping as they sowed. They sowed the wind and they are reaping the whirlwind (Gal. vi., 7; Hos. viii., 7). Sometimes a swift reckoning overtakes the sinner, as in the case of Korah and his companion, Achan also, and Ananias and Sapphira, but it is always preceded by much long suffering and patient forbearance, as in the days of Noah. "He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed and that without remedy" (Prov. xxix., 1). "Because there is wrath, lest He take thee away with His stroke; then a great ransom cannot deliver thee" (Job. xxxvi., 18.)

7. "Therefore the people came to Moses and said, We have sinned, for we have spoken against the Lord and against thee. Pray unto the Lord that He take away the serpents from us. And Moses prayed for the people." In Ps. cvii. we read again and again that they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He heard and delivered them. He is full of compassion and forgiveness, and for us it is written that "if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (I John i., 9). There is a better way to live, however, than that of constant sinning and repenting. We may walk in the light as He is in the light, have fellowship with Him and rejoice in the blood that cleanseth from all sin (I John i., 7). We shall never on this side of the glory cease to need that cleansing blood, but we may have wonderful victory over sin and fellowship with God.

8. "And the Lord said unto Moses, Make thee a fiery serpent and set it upon a pole, and it shall come to pass that every one that is bitten when he looketh upon it shall live." How strange the remedy, a likeness of that which slew them! How suggestive of the Lord Jesus, who took upon Him our likeness, the likeness of sinful flesh and was made sin for us (Rom. viii., 3, II Cor. v., 21). The serpent brought death, and the likeness of the serpent brought life. By Adam came sin and death and the curse. By the Son of God, in the likeness of Adam made a curse for us, come life and health and peace (Rom. v., 12, 17; Gal. iii., 13). How simple the way of life! Though all but dead from the serpent's bite, if but the glazing eye could see the brazen serpent there was life.

9. "And Moses made a serpent of brass and put it upon a pole, and it came to pass that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived." In John iii., 14, 15, see the Saviour's application of this to Himself. Write your own name in full in John iii., 16, instead of the words "the world" and "whosoever," and believe that God means you, and the believing look upon Him who died for you, in the light of John i., 12, will surely bring you life. If C. H. Spurgeon, now resting from his labors, passed from death to life by a look, in obedience to Isa. xlv., 22, you can do the same if you will. The atonement has been made: the work of providing redemption has been finished. Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures; He was delivered for our offenses and raised again for our justification, and now the penitent sinner who honestly receives Him is instantly justified from all things and made accepted in the Beloved (I Cor. xv., 3; Rom. iv., 35; Eph. i., 6, 7; Acts xiii., 38, 39).—Lesson Helper.

DOUBLE TURRET PROVED SAFE.

Navy Department Settles a Vexatious Question by an Experiment.

The double-turreted United States monitor Amphitrite has just returned to Hampton Roads, after a trial of her great guns at sea. She was sent out with instructions to fire the big ten-inch guns directly across her decks with full service charges, the purpose being to settle a doubt as to whether this could be done without injury to the decks from the blast of the guns. A telegram sent to the Navy Department from the commander of the vessel contained the gratifying information that this had been done with satisfactory results, hence there is no longer any doubt as to the efficiency of this battery as now placed.

With four healthy sheep tied up on the fore and aft decks, while her great ten-inch rifles wore fired and tested at sea, Secretary Herbert demonstrated the falsity of the theory that the guns' concussion alone would kill.

A Record-Breaking Crop.

Crop reports from all parts of Kansas are to the effect that the corn yield this year will be the largest in the history of the State. Competent and well-posted grain experts say that the State will produce 400,000,000 bushels of corn. This enormous amount will be utilized for the most part in fattening cattle and hogs. Farmers are buying cattle now in anticipation of a big corn crop.

Drank Twenty Gallons of Whitewash.

Veterinary surgeons are surprised at the recovery of a fancy mare of Danville, Ky., after drinking fifteen or twenty gallons of whitewash. Several gallons of oil and three dozen raw eggs were poured down the mare's throat in order to save her.

The Trolley on Country Highways.

A trolley railroad running for fifty miles along country highways, and connecting six Indiana towns with Chicago, is soon to be built. It will be the longest trolley road in Indiana, and one of the longest in the country.

TEMPERANCE.

THE VOICE OF TEMPERANCE.

Hear the voice of Temperance calling
In her clearest, sweetest tones,
Clear as sparkling waters falling
Over flowers and precious stones.

Chorus.

Like some holy inspiration,
Sweeping down the heavenly plains,
Temperance comes to save the Nation,
Free her slaves, and break their chains.

Everywhere her armies rally,
Everywhere poor victims wait
Thronging avenue and alley,
Hovel door, and palace gate.

Chorus.

List! the holy inspiration
Sweeping down the heavenly plains,
Temperance comes to save the Nation,
Free her slaves and break their chains.

Men and women, youth and maiden,
In the tempter's toils are found,
Weak and helpless, sorrow-laden,
Demon-led, and horror-bound.

Chorus.

List! the holy inspiration,
Sweeping down the heavenly plains,
Temperance comes to save the Nation,
Free her slaves and break their chains.

See God's image, scarred, degraded,
Reeling through the templed street,
'Neath the sacred spires paraded
Where the dens of misery reek.

Chorus.

List! the holy inspiration,
Sweeping down the heavenly plains,
Temperance comes to save the Nation,
Free her slaves and break their chains.

Soul of manhood! heart of woman!
With the Christ-love which constrains,
Cast this hydra-headed demon
Out of man, and break his chains.

Chorus.

List! the holy inspiration,
Sweeping down the heavenly plains,
Temperance comes to save the Nation.
Free her slaves and break their chains.

MISTAKEN IDEAS.

It is a common idea that alcohol produces a warming effect in cold weather; this feeling of warmth depends, in the first place, on the fact that the paralysis of the central nervous system causes an increased blood-supply to the surface of the body; and, secondly, in all probability, on the blunting of the sensibility of the central organs which are concerned in the sensation of cold. The stimulating action which alcohol appears to exert on the physical functions is also only a paralytic action. Again, there is a strong belief that alcohol gives new strength and energy after fatigue has set in; the sensation of fatigue is one of the safety-valves of our machine. To stifle the feeling of fatigue, in order to be able to work on, is like forcibly closing the safety-valve so that the boiler may be overheated and explosion result. The belief that alcohol gives strength to the weary is particularly dangerous to the class of people whose income is already insufficient to procure subsistence and who are misled by this prejudice into spending a large part of their earnings on alcoholic drinks, instead of purchasing good and palatable food, especially meal, cheese, milk, meat and other nitrogenous food-stuffs, which alone can give them strength for their hard work. It is commonly thought that alcoholic drinks aid digestion, but in reality the contrary would appear to be the case, for it has been proved that a meal, without alcohol, is more quickly followed by hunger than when it is taken.

DRINKERS AND CHILDREN.

The Sanitarium for May has this almost astounding paragraph (astounding if certainly would be if we had not become familiar with the facts of this nature) under the heading of "Drinkers and Children":

"A distinguished specialist in children's diseases (quoth the American Practitioner and News) has carefully noted the difference between twelve families of drinkers and twelve families of temperate ones during a period of twelve years, with the result that he found that the twelve drinking families produced in those years fifty-seven children, while the temperate ones were accountable for sixty-one. Of the drinkers twenty-five children died in the first week of life, as against six on the other side. The latter deaths were from weakness, while the former were attributable to weakness, convulsive attacks, or œdema of the brain and membranes. To this cheerful record is added five who were idiots; five so stunted in growth as to be really dwarfs; five, when older, became epileptics; one, a boy, had grave chorea, ending in idiocy; five more were diseased and deformed, and two of the epileptics became by inheritance drinkers. Ten, therefore, of this fifty-seven only showed during life normal disposition and development of body and mind. On the part of the temperates, as before stated, five died in the first weeks of weakness, while four in later years of childhood had curable nervous diseases. Two only showed inherited nervous defects. Thus fifty were normal, in every way sound in body and mind."

THE RESULT OF A DRINK.

A crowd of men recently went into a saloon at Shamokin, Penn., with Joseph Swartz, to see him drink a quart of whisky for a wager, and they emerged in a little while bearing his corpse. It was a tradition that Swartz could drink two quarts of the reddest liquor at one time, and the question arose as to whether he could swallow the quart, Joe shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. Without ceremony he ordered the fiery liquid. Down his throat coursed the stuff and his eyes sparkled. Finally the last drop was down and Joe cast a triumphant glace at his companions. Then he sang a song and danced a jig. His brain had been turned, and he said his nerves tingled as though a thousand needles were pricking him. Faster went his feet, until he suddenly threw his arms in the air and grew deathly pale. He groaned, dropped to the floor, and the merry shouts of his comrades died into exclamations of alarm. They rushed to his side, and he seemed in awful agony, but unable to speak. He became senseless in a few minutes, and then died.

DRUNKARD, BUT YET MOTHER.

She was a drunkard and dissipated, but still had a mother's instinct, if not a mother's love, for her child. She was Mrs. Annie Ganley, and was arrested for drunkenness. With her was her babe in arms.

When arraigned she could not speak clearly, and Justice Ryan sent her to sober up. The child was not then taken from her. It was so young that it was thought to require a mother's care.

Subsequently, she acted so strangely that Keeper Lynch decided that the child should be taken from her. When he attempted to do it she became frantic, and believing she was to be taken to prison and separated from her child, seized it, and but for the efforts of Lynch would have strangled it. It took two men to get the babe from her.—New York Advertiser.

RUM'S RAVAGES IN AFRICA.

Bishop Tugwell, of Western Africa, has sounded a cry of alarm concerning the ravages of rum among the natives of Western Equatorial Africa. He says that gin and rum are being poured into that country in alarming quantities, and in some places where there is a rich trade in native products, European manufactures are hardly to be seen. They have been driven out by the traffic in strong drink. Its effects upon the people are disastrous in the last degree; in some cases it is actually destroying the excellent work of missions. He points out that the result must be the utter destruction, unless the traffic is checked, of the African races and of European comm