### REV. DR. TALMAGE.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "War."

TEXT: "The tower of David builded for an armory, whereon there hung a thousand buckles, all shields of mighty men."-Solo-

mon's Song iv., 4. The church is here compared to an armory, the walls hung with trophies of dead heroes. Walk all about this tower of David and see the dented shields, and the twisted swords and the rusted hemlets of terrible battle. So at this season, a month earlier at the south, a month later at the north, the American churches are turned into armories adorned with memories of departed braves. Blossom and bloom, O walls, with stories of self sacrifice and patriotism and prowess!

By unanimous decree of the people of the United States of America the graves of all the northern and southern dead are every year decorated. All acerbity and bitterness have gone out of the national solemnity, and as the men and women of the south one month ago floralized the cemeteries and graveyards so yesterday we, the men and women of the north, put upon the tombs of our dead the kiss of patriotic affection. Bravery always appreciates bravery, though it fight on the other side, and if a soldier of the Federal army had been a month ago at Savannah he would not have been askamed to march in the floral processions to the cemetery. And if yesterday a Confederate soldier was at Arlington he was glad to put a sprig of heartsense on the silent heart of our dead.

our dead.

In a battle during our last warthe Confederates were driving back the Federals, who were in swift retreat, when a Federa! officer dropped wounded. One of his men stopped at the risk of his life and put his arms around the officer to carry him from the field. Fifty Confederato muskets were aimed at the young man who was picking up the officer. But the Confederate captain shouted, "Hold! Don't fire! That fellow is too brave to shoot." And as the Federal officer. held up by his private soldier, went limping slowly off the field the Confederate soldiers gave three cheers for the brave private, and just before the two disappeared behind a barn both the wounded officer and the brave

para both the wounded officer and the brave private lifted their caps in gratitude to the Confederate captain. Shall the gospel be less generous than the world? We stack arms, the bayonet of our northern gun facing this way, the bayonet of the southern gun facing the other way, and as the gray of the morning melts into the blue of noon, so the typical gray and blue of old war times have blended at last, James's translation without any revision, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth

regions to God in the ingless, and on eath peace, good will to men." Now, what do we mean by this great observance?

First, we mean instruction to one whole generation. Substract 1885, when the war ended, from our 1896, and you will realize what a vast number of people were born since the war, or were so young as to have no vivid appreciation. No one under forty-one years of age has any adequate memory of that prolonged horror. Do you remember it? "Well," you say, "I only remember that mother swooned away while she was read-ing the newspaper, and that they brought my father home wrapped in the flag, and that a good many people came in the house to pray, and mother faded away after that until again there were many people in the house and they told me she was dead."

There are others who cannot remembe the roll of a drum or the tramp of a regi-ment or a sigh or a tear of that tornado of woe that swept the nation again and again until there was one dead in each house. Now, it is the religious duty of those who do re-member it to tell those who do not. My young friends, there were such partings at rail car windows and steamboat wharfs, and at front doors of comfortable homes as I pray God you may never witness. Oh, what a time it was when fathers and mothers gave up their sons, never expecting to see them again and never did see them again until they came back mutilated and crushed and

Four years of blood. Four years of hos-Four years of blood. Four years of nostile experiences. Four years of ghastliness. Four years of gravedigging. Four years of funerals, coffins, shrouds, hearses, dirges. Mourning! mourning! I was hell let loose. What a time of waiting for news! Morning paper and evening paper scrutinized for intelligence from the boys at the front. First, announcement that the hattle must occur the next day. Then the news of the battle's going on. On the following day still going on. Then the news of 30,000 slain, and of the names of the great of the arrogative may not so may be the some of the arrogating and not know that Barnegat lighthouse will not yet look off upon a hostile navy. I do not know but that a half dozen nations, envious of our prosperity, may want to give us a wrestle. During our civil war there were two or three nations that could hardly keep their hands off us. It is very easy to pick national quarrels, and if our natior escapes much longer lowing day still going on. Then the news of 30,000 slain, and of the names of the great generals who had fallen, but no news about the private soldiers. Waiting for news! Af-ter many days a load of wounded going through the town or city, but no news from our boy. Then a long list of wounded an a long list of the dead, and a long list of the

missing, and among the last list our boy. When missing? How missing? Who saw him last? Missing, missing! Was he in the woods or by the stream? How was he hurt? Missing, missing! What burning prayers that he may yet be heard from! In that awful waiting for news many a life perished The strain of anxiety was too great. That wife's brain gave way that first week after the battle, and ever and anon she walks the floor of the asylum or looks out of the window as though she expected some one to

come along the path and up the steps as she solitoquizes, "Missing, missing!"
What made matters worse, all this might have been avoided. There was no more need of that war than at this moment I should plunge a dagger through your heart. There were a few Christian philanthropists in those days, scoffed at both by north and south, who had the right of it. If they had been heard on both sides, we should have had no war and no slavery. It was advised by those war and no slavery. It was advised by those Christian philanthropists, "Let the north pay in money for the slaves as property and set them free." The north said, "We cannot afford to pay." The south said, "We will not sell the slaves anyhow." But the north did pay in war expenses enough to purchase the slaves and the south was compalled to the slaves, and the south was compelled to give up slavery anyhow. Might not the north better have paid the money and saved the lives of 500,000 brave men, and might not the north better have between the save and might not the save between the save and sa the south better have sold out slavery and saved her 500,000 brave men? I swear you the graves of your fathers and brothers and sons to a new batred for the champion

curse of the universe—war!
O Lord God, with the hottest bolt of Thine omnipotent indignation strike that monster down forever and ever! Imprison it in the deepest dungeon of the eternal penitentiary. Bolt it in with all the iron ever forged in cannon or moulded into howitzers. Cleave it with all the sabers that ever gittered in battle and wring its soul with all the pangs which it ever caused. Let it feel all the con flagrations of the homesteads it ever destroyed. Deeper down let it fall and in flercer flame let it burn, till it has gathered into its heart all the suffering of eternity as well as time. In the name of the millions of graves of its victims. I denounce it. The nations need more the spirit of treaty and

less of the spirit of war.

War is more ghastly now than once, not only because of the greater destructiveness of its weaponry, because now it takes down the best men, whereas once it chiefly took down the worst. Bruce, in 1717, in his "Institutions of Military Law," said of the European armies of his day, "If all infamous persons and such as have committed capital crimes, heretics, atheists and all dastardly feminine men were weeded out of the army it would soon be reduced to a pretty moder ate number." Flogging and mean pay made them still more ignoble. Officers were appointed to see that each soldier drank his ration of a pint of spirits a day. There were noble men in battle, but the moral character of the army was then ninety-five per cent. lower than the moral character of an army to-day. By so much is war now the mor detestable because it destroys the picked

men of the nations.

Again, by this national ceremony we mean to honor courage. Many of these departed soldiers were volunteers, not conscripts, and many of those who were drafted might have provided a substitute or got off on furlough or have deserted. The fact that they lie in their graves is proof of their bravery. Brave at the front, brave at the cannon's mouth, brave on lonely picket duty, brave in cavalry charge, brave before the surgeon, brave in the dying message to the home circle. yesterday put a garland on the brow of cour-

age. The world wants more of it.

tenderness. The Christ of Mary and Martha
The church of God is in woeful need of and Lazarus will infold you in His arms. men who can stand under fire. The lion of derision roars and the sheep tremble. In great reformatory movements at the first shot how many fall back! The great the first shot how many fall back! The great obstacle to the church's advancement is the inanity, the vacuity, the soft prettiness, the mamby pabyism of professed Christians.

Great on a parade, cowards in battle. Afraid of getting their plumes ruffied, they carry a parasol over their helmet. They go into battle not with warrior's gauntlet, but with

battle not with warrior's gauntet, our with kid gloves, not clutching the sword hilt too tight less the gloves split at the back.

In all our reformatory and Christian work the great want is more backbone, more mettle, more daring, more prowess. We would in all our churches like to trade off a bundled dar extring for one do everything. hundred do nothings for one do everything.
"Quit yourselves like men; be strong."

The saints in all this glorious war Shall conquer, though they die. They see the triumph from afar And seize it with their eye.

Again, we mean by this national observance to honor self sacrifice for others. To all these departed men home and kindred were as dear as our home and kindred are to us. Do you know how they felt? Just as you and I would feel starting out to-morrow morning with nine chances out of ten against our returning alive, for the intelligent soldier sees not only battle ahead, but malarial sickness and exhaustion. Had these men chosen they could have spent last night in their homes and to-day have been seated where you are. They chose the camp not because they liked it better than their own house, and followed the drum and fife not because they were better music than the voices of the domestic circle. South Mountain and Mur-freesboro and the swamps of Chickahominy

were not playgrounds.

Those who visited the national cemeteries at Arlington Heights and at Richmond and Gettysburg saw one inscription on soldiers' tombs oftener repeated than any other—"Unknown." When, about twenty-one years ago, I was called to deliver the oration at Arling-ton Heights, Washington, I was not so much impressed with the minute guns that shook the earth or with the attendance of president and cabinet and foreign ministers and genand caoinet and foreign ministers and gen-erals of the army and commodores of the navy as with the pathetic and overwhelming suggestiveness of that epitaph on so many graves at my feet, "Unknown!" "Unknown!" It seems to me that the time must come when the government of the United States shall take off that opitaph. They are no more unknown! We have found them out at last. They are the beloved sons of the republic. Would it not be well to take the statue of

the heathen goddess off the top of the capi-tol (for I have no faith in the morals of a heathen goddess) and put one great statue in all our National cometeries—a statue of liberty in the form of a Christian woman with her hand on an open Bible and her foot on the Rock of Ages, with the other hand pointing down to the graves of the unknown, saying, "These are my sons who died that I might live." Take off the misnomer. Everybody knows them. It is of comparatively little importance what was the name given them in baptism of water. In the holier and mightier buptism of blood we know them, and yesterday the Nation put both arms around them and hugged them to her heart,

crying, "Mine forever!"
Again, by this national ceremony we mean the future defense of this nation. By every wrenth of flowers on the soldiers' graves we say. "Those who die for the country shall not be forgotten." and that will give enthusiasm to our young men in case our nation should in the future need to defend itself in battle. We shall never have another war between north and south. We are floating off farther and farther from the possibility of

sectional strife. No possibility of civil war. But about for-No possibility of civil war. But about for eign invasion I am not so certain. When I spoke against war, I said nothing against self defense. An inventor told me that he had invented a style of weapon which could be used in self defense, but not in aggressive warfare. I said, "When you get the nations to adopt that weapon, you have introduced the millenium." I have no right to go on my neighbor's premises and assauit him, but it some ruffian break into my house for the assassination of my family, and I can borrow a gun and load it in time and aim it straight enough, I will shoot him.

enough, I will shoot him.

There is no room on this continent for any other nation except Canada, and a better neighbor no one ever had. If you don't think so go to Montreal and Toronto and see how well they will treat you. Other than that there is absolutely no room for than that there is absolutely no room for any other nation. I have been across the continent again and again, and know that we have not a half inch of ground for the goury foot of foreign despotism to stand on. But I am not so sure that some of the arrogrels, and if our nation escapes much longer it will be the exception.

If foreign foe should come, we want men like those of 1812 and like those of 1862 to meet them. We want them all up and down the coast. Pulaski and Fort Sumter in the same chorus of thunder as Fort Lafayette and
Fort Hamilton—men who will not only
know how to fight, but how to die. When such a time comes, if it ever does come, the generation on the stage of action will say: My country will care for my family as they did in the soldiers' asylum for the orphans in the Civil War, and my country will honor my dust as it honored those who preceded me in patriotic sacrifice, and once a year at any rate, on Decoration Day, I shall be resected into the remembrance of those for whom I died. Here I go for God and my

country! Huzza!"

If foreign foe should come, the old sectional animosities would have no power.

Here go our regiments into the battlefield— Fifteenth New York volunteers, Tenth Alabama cavalry, Fourteenth Pennsylvania riflemen, Tenth Massachusetts artillery, Seventh South Carolina sharpshoopers. I do not know but it may require the attack of some from but it may require the attack of some foreign foe to make us forget our absurd sec-tional wrangling. I have no faith in the cry. "No north, no south, no east, no west!" Let all four sections keep their peculiarities and their preferences, each doing its own work and not interfering with each other, work and not interfering with each of the four carrying its part in the great harmony—the bass, the alto, the tenor, the soprano—in the grand march of Union.

Once more, this great national ceremony means the beautification of the tombs,

whether of those who fell in battle or accident, or who have expired in their beds, or in our arms, or on our laps. I suppose you have noticed that many of the families take this season as the time for the adornment of their family plots. This national observance has secured the arboriculture and floriculture of the cemeteries, the straightening up of many a slab planted 30 or 40 years ago. and has swung the scythe through the long grass and has brought the stoneculter to call out the half obliterated epitaph. This day is the benediction of the resting place of father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sis-

It is all that we can do for them now. Make their resting places attractive, not absurd with costly outlay, but in quiet remembrance. You know how. If you can afford only one flower, that will do. It shows what you would do if you could. One blossom from you may mean more than the Duke of Wellington catafalque. Oh, we cannot afford to forget them. They were so lovely to us. We miss them so much We will never get over it. Blessed Lord Jesus, comfort our broken hearts. From every bank of flowers breathes promise of

resurrection.
In olden times the Hebrews, returning from their burial place, used to pluck the grass from the field three or four times, then throw it over their heads, suggestive of the resurrection. We pick not the grass, but the flowers, and instead of throwing them over our heads we place them before our eyes, is ht down over the silent heart that once beat with warmest love toward us, or over the still feet that ran to service, or over the lips from which we took the kiss at the an-guish of the last parting.

But stop! We are not infidels. Our bodies will soon join the bodies of our departed in the tomb and our spirits shall join their spirits in the land of the rising sun. We cannot long be separated. Instead of cry-ing with Jacob or Joseph, "I will go down into the grave unto my son, mourning, let us cry with David, "I shall go to him." On one of the gates of Greenwood is the quaint inscription, "A night's lodging on the way to the city of New Jerusalem."
Comfort one another with these words. May the hand of Him who shall wipe away all tears from all eyes wipe your cheek with its softest tenderness. The Christ of Mary and Martha The white robed angel who sat at the tomb of Jesus will yet roll the stone from the door of your dead in radiant resurrection. The

## RELIGIOUS READING.

THE HAUNTING PAST.

In the last analysis there is only one thing, after all, of which a human being is afraid—and that is his own past life, with its accruing results. Most men are not really afraid of death per se, or of pain, or of any catastrophe which is likely to befal them. These facts are proven a thousand times a day. Recklessness and indifference are far more prevalent than cowardice and dread. But there is hardly a man or woman in the world who does not look back with more or less of apprehension and trembling upon past life as registered in the individual consciousness. The world may not understand—the world may even secount them saints from infancy; but they know how God looks upon them, and how they look upon themselves. How rare— In the last analysis there is only one thing, they look upon themselves. How rare— how almost inhumanly rare— is the man who has no haunting past! To every soul, who has no hathoring past to produce in the production of the future life—whether that soul be avowedly Christian or not—the chance of salvation seems to rest upon the righting, in some way, of a condemning past. So long as that hangs about a man's neck like a mails about a man's new that a millstone, there is no possible tendency for him, in time or eternity, but down, down, forever down. Somehow that incubus must be thrown off; somehow the past must be washed out or made right before any man can be saved. This is the instinctive contribute of the matter what may conviction of the race, no matter what may be the form of its religious, or irreligious, belief. Superstition must even have its sac-rifices made and its message sung for the soul that has already passed to its account. On all hands men are crying out, and striv-ing, and being cried and striven for, to get rid of their own accusing past. It is to this vast, troubled, yearning multi-It is to this vast, troubled, yearning muta-tude that Jesus Christ comes, with His won-derful, precious message of hope. What does He say to the sin-burdened, sin-haunted soul? The message is strangely brief and simple, yet how marvelously sweet and sufficient: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. The invitation is personal and direct. We are simply to come and cast the burden of our guilt upon Him, and He will personally assume it, and forever remove it from us. The solution of the whole casuistical problem is so simple, when this light or perfect love falls upon it! By reason of His divine nature Christ has a seriest poral right and power to assume perfect moral right and power to assume your sin-burden and mine—just as much right as your creditor has to assume or remit your debt to him. We have sinned against Christ, and He, and He alone, can against Christ, and He, and He alone, can unsin us. Where in all the history of human thought, is there so sure and logical an answer to the universal problem, "How shall a man escape his condemning past?" None was ever offered that brought the peace and assurance of Christ's personal invitation and promise. Oh, all ye who are laboring under the dread and discouragement of past sin, unforgiven, come and taste the sweet, immediate peace of the Divine forgiveness! There is no other escape from this haunting sense of condemnation for soul-recorded evil. There is no other spiritual peace save the peace of God other spiritual peace save the peace of God In vain many men labor to atone in Christ. In vain many mentator to atome for past ill deeds and thoughts by present virtue. In vain may they strive to reason God, and a future, and a judgment, out of the universe. A thought, a consciousness, a premonition, will unceasingly torment them; and they will know that it is not well with and they will know that it is not well with them unless they are forgiven. No soul ever got rid of its haunting past until it yielded it up to the loving, burden-bearing Son of God.

CONTEMPLATION.

A lady sat at her window on a balmy spring morning. The sun was out without a cloud, the blooming flowers were sending forth their fragrance to perfume and bless the earth, and the birds sang their songs of gladness as they went forth to their daily toil. Soon the lady saw that a little worker had chosen a rosebush for its home and was had chosen a rosebush for its home and was very busy bringing in sticks and hair and feathers and other material to make its house. "Ah, you pretty little creature," said the lady, "you are building too low. Soon the destroyer will come and break up your sweet home." And so it was. The days passed by: the nest was sinished, and then four big mouths were open whenever the low chirp of the mother anand then four big mouths were open whenever the low chirp of the mother announced that that she had something for them to eat. One day the lady sat by the window sewing. Suddenly she heard the cry of the birds, in the deepest distress, and she looked out to see what was the matter. There was a great snake that had crawled There was a great snake that had crawled up and was devouring the helpless little ones, while just above them the poor heart-broken mother fluttered about in the wildest distraction. But it was too late: her chil-dren were gone, and her home was left deso-late, a sad reminder of her folly in building so near the ground. So I think it is with people who have no higher ambition than earthly pleasures, wealth or nonors. They build too low. Their heart's home is in build too low. Their heart's home is in easy reach of death and the devii; and de-pend upon it, the destroyer will come, soon or late.—H. M. Wharton.

### THE PERIL OF A BOOK RELIGION.

A book religion such as ours-that is, religion based on written records—has, it is well to remember, perils as well as benefits. One of the benefits is that a people with this kind of a system cannot be altogether illit-erate or uncultured. They are compelled to lead and hence to think. It is necessary that they know much concerning books in general before they can properly understand one book. And from this latter truth arises the peril. Many, who have very little ac-quaintance with books, wholly fail to comprehend how very easy a thing it is to misunderstand the thought and mis-interpret the words of writers many centuries away and many thousands of miles distant from their own time and place. They do not realize how poor a medium for con-veyeig thought words alone must ever be. Hence they suppose the words must have meant to the writer just what they seem to the reader; and they suppose they have the authority of prophet or apostle or of Jesus Himself, for what is wholly, or at any rate partially, the product of their imagination. It is a very grave peril to be constantly kept in mind. The Bible is a wonderful help if properly used-read with discrimination and discretion.

### PRECIOUS RESULTS.

Is it at all unreasonable to suppose that the contemplation of God will yield us greater, more precious results than the con-sideration of anything or of everything in this world that He has made? You are wrapt in the study of mineralogy or botany or conchology; and have no time to spare for the cultivation of your acquaintance with God. . . You, my friend, have a great dread of being found imperfectly acquainted with a certain literature and think nothing of devoting whole nights to the acquisition of it; but your conscience is visible to be a considered to the constitution of the consti ed by no painful sense of your defective knowledge of him from whom is every good gift. Indifference and ignorance are here indissolubly linked as are also knowledge and thirst for knowledge. "Then we shall know if we follow on to know the Lord."-George Bowen.

### ALONE WITH GOD.

We must make time to be alone with God. The closet and the shut door are indispen-sable. We must escape the din of the world to become accustomed to the accents of the still, small voice. Like David we must sit before the Lord. Happy are they who have an observatory in their heart house to which they can often retire beneath the which they can often retire beneath the great heart of eternity, turning their telescopes to the mighty constellation that burn beyond life's fever, and reaching regions where the breath of human applause or censure cannot follow -F. B. Meyer.

### BICYCLING FATALITIES.

Dreadful Accidents Occurring Frequently

in England. At Earlswood, Surrey, England, a London cyclist going at a fast pace on a level road broke his chain, thus losing control of his machine which was without a brake. ran against a telegraph pole by the roadside, dashing his brains out.

dashing his brains out.

A farmer's daughter riding near Canterbury ran down a hill against a wall at a sharp turning, was thrown over it and broke her neck. She was picked up dead.

A fisherman of Colwyn Bay, North Wales rode out on the sand to get some fishing lines. His machine got stuck and during his efforts to save it he was surrounded by the

incoming tide and drowned.

# SABBA'TH SCHOOL.

ETERNATIONAL LESSON FOR JUNE 21.

Lesson Text: "The Risen Lord," Luke xxiv., 36-53-Golden Text: Luke xxiv., 34 -Commentary.

36. "Peace be unto you." Thus spake Jesus as He stood in the midst of the disciples as they were gathered together in Jeru-salem on that first evening after the resur-He appeared first to Mary Magdarection. rection. He appeared list to Mary Institulene, then to the other women, then to Simon
and to the two who walked to Emmaus and
now to the disciples with these comforting
words. They might possibly think of His
words the night before the crucifixion,
"Peace I leave with you; My peace I give
unto you" (John xiv., 27). "He is our
peace," and a mind staid on Him has perfect peace (Eph. il., 14; Isa. xxvl., 3).
37, 38. "Why are ye troubled, and why do
thoughts arise in your hearts?" They were
frightened when they saw Him, and He
asks; "Why?" for if they had believed His
own words, or if they had believed the women who had seen Him that day, they might
have shouted for joy, saying: "Here He is!
Here is our Lord!" Why are we troubled
when He says, "Let not your heart be
troubled," and "See that ye be not troubled?"
(John xiv., 1, 27; Math. xxiv., 6). Why do lene, then to the other women, then to Simon

(John xiv., 1, 27; Math. xxiv., 6). Why do thoughts arise when His thoughts to us are all thoughts of peace? (Jer. xxix., 11).

39. "It is I myself." "Jesus Himself" (verses 15, 26). "This same Jesus" (Acts 1., 11). "The Lord Himself" (I Thess. iv., 16). "His own self" (I Pet. ii., 24). How can we think of death, or some great event, or even the Edel Selection of the selection o the Holy Spirit, as being the same as "the Lord Himself?" What the difference was be-tween the body of flesh and blood in which He died and this body of flesh and bones in which He now was we shall know some day when our bodies have become like His (Phil. iii., 21). We are sure that His resurrection body was material and tangible, and in it He could walk and eat. Ours shall be like His.

40-43. "He showed them His hands and His feet." And there they would see the prints of the nails, evidence that He was the same Jesus who had been crucified and that this was the same body that Joseph and Nico-demus had carefully laid in the tomb. It is not likely that the resurrection body will need to eat, but we will in that, as in other matters, be able to "Do as occasion serve

matters, be able to "Do as occasion serve us" to the glory of God.

44. "All things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning Me." On the way to Emmaus He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself (verse 27). May we remember that all the Scriptures concern Him, and that all things must be fulfilled. If one should ask in what manner the unfulfilled parts are to be fulfilled, let the answer be, exactly after the fashion of the words already

fulfilled.
45. "Then opened He their understandings that they might understand the Scriptures. Inasmuch as He is still the very same Lor that they might understand the Scriptures." Inasmuch as He is still the very same Lord Jesus, why not trust Him to open our understandings to understand the Scriptures; ask Him to read the book with us, and by His Spirit instruct us? When we count upon Him, He will not disappoint us, for He has given us His Spirit to guide us interest. given us His Spirit to guide us into all truth, and who teacheth like Him (John xiv., 26;

and who teacheth like Him (John xiv., 26; xvi., 18: Job xxxvi., 22).

46. "Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day." Every detail of His sufferings and resurrection, as recorded so fully in Ps. xxii.; Isa. lili.; Ps. xvi., and elsewhere, was fulfilled to the letter. When we stand upon what is written, as it is written, we are on safe ground, but the least adding to, or taking from, or altering or weakening or handling deceitfully is all forbidden.

47. "And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all Nations, beginning at Jerusalem." This all Nations, beginning at Jerusalem.' This is why He suffered and died and rose again that He might obtain eternal redemption for that He might obtain eternal redemption for all who will accept Him. Up to the time of His death the preaching was limited, with rare exceptions, to Israel, but after His resurrection the command is to all Nations in all the world and to every creature. The message now is that through this Man is preached the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things (1) the life of the life

(Acts xiii.; xxxiii., 39; x., 43).
48. "And ye are witnesses of these things." A witness is one who is sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and he must tell only what he knows to be so, not what he thinks or supposes or imagines. In Isa xliii., 10, 12 we read, "Ye are My wifnesses, saith the Lord, that I am God." They had heard His voice, had seen His works and were qualified to bear witness that He was the only true God. The Lord Jesus, by His life and words and works, bore witness to the Father, and now we, by our lives and words and works, are to bear witness unto Him that He has served us, and that He keeps us, and that He will do the same for all who believe on Him.

49. "And behold I send the promise of My

49. "And behold I send the promise of My Father upon you, but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high." They had received the Spirit, they had been with the greatest of Spirit, they had been with the greatest of tetchers for over two years, perhaps for three years, but they needed a special enducement of the Spirit for service. Therefore He said, "Ye shall receive the power of the Holy Spirit coming upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto Me" (Acts i., 8, margin).

gin). 50. 51. "While He blessed them He was parted from them and carried up into heaven." So Enoch and Elijah were taken up, body and soul, and so all the saints will be taken at His coming. When He came as a babe to Bethlehem, He brought blessing When He came as to the shepherds, to whom the angels told the glad tidings, and now, as He leaves the earth, it is with blessing upon His disciples. Wherever He went He brought blessing. Himself is the sum and substance blessing. Therefore we may well sing, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in the heavenliness in Christ" (Eph. L. 3.)

52, 53. "Continually in the temple, prais-

ing and blessing God." They returned to Jerusalem with great joy. How could they when they actually saw Him leave them and ascend into heaven, remembering that when He died they were filled with such sadness? The secret of their joy is found in the message of the angels whom He sent back to say, "This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven (Acts i., 11). Therefore they gladly witnessed unto a risen Christ and joyfully waited for His return.—Lesson Helper.

### CREAT BRITAIN'S ACRICULTURE.

The Returns for 1895 Reveal Some Remarkable Facts.

Great Britain's agricultural returns for 1895 reveal some remarkable facts. heat acreage has diminished by 510,000 acres in a single year. The total diminution since 1875 has been just under 2,000,000 acres, of which two-thirds was in the last five years, leaving now less than 1,500,000 than 1,500,000 acres, or which the last five years, leaving now less than 1,500,000 acres, or which the last five years, leaving now less than 1,500,000 acres, leaving now less than 1,500,000 acres, leaving now less than 1,500,000 acres, leaving now less than 1,500,000 acres acres than 1,500,000 acres acres to the leaving now less than 1,500,000 acres acres acres acres acres acres acres acres acres acre acres under wheat all told. To some extent barley and fruit have taken the place of wheat, but the bulk of the land has gone to Notwithstanding this, dead meat imports continue to mount up, over 600,000 tons, of which three-fifths was from the United States, coming in last year. The United States, coming in last year. The total annual imports of wheat and flour have now reached the tremendous figure of \$150,-000,000. When, however, it is realized that the British farmers are so unenterprising as to allow \$20,000,000 worth of for ign eggs to be brought into the country yearsy, simply be-cause they will not bother with poultry, it is lifficult to get up any deep sympathy for

HE CREW WEALTHY ON \$1.25 A DAY.

Competence Amassed by a Frugal Laborer From the Green Isle.

Bernard Carville, of New Castle, Penn. has solved the problem of getting rich on \$1.25 a day. Thirty-three years ago he ar-rived here from Ireland without a cent, and to-day he is worth \$30,000. Since his arrival he has tolled incessantly in a mill as a la-borer. He amassed his fortune by strict economy and by investing his savings in real estate. Until last week he lived in the most frugal manner, but, be oming ill, his physician pointed out the folly of a man seventy years old sacrifleing his life to hoard treasure. Carville has decided to quit work and has left for Iowa to visit a sister and will t in a palace car. He will then go to York, whence he will sail for his native land. Carville's wife is dead, but he has one son who will inherit his wealth.

#### TEMPERANCE.

A WOMAN'S WORDS-AN OLD FAVORITE. Go, feel what I have felt, Go, bear what I have borne. Sink 'neath a blow father dealt And the cold, proud world's scorn. Thus struggle on from year to year. Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, kneel as I have knelt, Implore, beseach and pray, Strive the besotted heart to melt, The downward course to stay: Be cast with bitter curse aside. Thy prayers buriesqued, thy tears defied.

Go, hear what I have heard-The sobs of sad despair.
As memory's feeling fount hath stirred,
And its revea ings there
Have told him what he might have beer Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go, hear and see, and feel and know All that my soul bath felt and known Then look within the wine-cup's glow See if its brightness can atone: Think if its flavor you would try If all proclaimed, 'Tis drink and die

THE FASHIONABLE WINE GLASS Some years ago the editor of the Advoc. while passing through one of the worst one white passing through one of the worst dis-tricts of New York, saw a woman emerge from a dark, narrow alley. It was early in the morning. She looked haggard, pale and flithy; was bare-headed and almost bare-footed. She was a pitiable object. The night she had spent on the hard stones. She passed him and entered a low grog-shop. Placing some pennies on the counter, she took in her trembling hand the glass and drank, and then passed out, and with uneven steps went down the street. A policeman on being spoken to said she was a common drunkard, that like as not would be in the station house ere night, and that night she

slept there. And who was this degraded creature? How came she so low? Had she always been a child of poverty? Oh, no, it was drink that child of poverty? child of poverty: Oh, no, it was drink that did it. Once that poor outcast was a beautiful, accomplished young lady; once at the head of a fashionable young lady's school; once a teacher of youth with few superiors, whose society was courted and her friendship valued. But fashionable wine drinking proved her pure Sha signed. wine drinking proved her ruin. She sipped, she drank, yet all went well, till one day she crossed the line of propriety—she entered her school-room under the influence of wine. Then the friends that had taught her to drink lifted up their false hands in holy terror, ashamed, disgraced. She left the place, came to New York, where, giving way to the appetite, her degradation was soon com-plete, and to-day she sleeps in a pauper's

grave. Would to God that she had been the last victim, but she was not. To-day the cup still flashes its light in beauty's face, to-day it yet touches female lips, it still drags its victims down to the grave.-Temperance Advocate.

#### TWO PROCESSIONS.

I saw the street sweepers parade. It was a wonderfully creditable display, and I was attracted by the faces of the men. In the aggregate they represented a high type of humanity. Men who will faithfully perform humble but most useful and beneficial labor humble but most useful and beneficial labor. to earn an honest living are to be honored. Carlyle would have honored them. John Ruskin (wisest and most eloquent of teachers) would honor them, for he performed their labor himself, in cleaning the flitby stairway of an Italian inn, which fact he re-lates with pride in one of his lectures.

lates with pride in one of his lectures.

Some eight or nine years ago I saw another kind of parade. The liquor sellers of this town had turned out to show our citizens "their strength." It was a procession of open carriages, and the occupants loiled back in indolent ease, proud of their good clothes, their white linen, their silk hats and diamonds. The type of countenance there represented was requisive, coarse, cunning represented was repulsive, coarse, cunning and sensual: the faces of men who would descend to the depths of mental and moral degradation to make money easily and rapidly. But this procession was incomplete. The poor souls who had paid for those carriages and silk hats and diamonds, where were they? If they had only fallen into line, what a procession of convicts, paupers and ragged, half starved women and children it ragged, hair starved women and chindred would have been! They were not intended to form a portion of the display of "strength," yet every thoughtful man who witnessed it saw them with his mind's eye. -Letter in New York Tribune.

WHAT CURED HIM.

"I have tried many methods of livelihood "I have tried many methods of livelihood in my time." observed a gentleman to a writer in Cassell's Journal the other day, "but strange as it may seem to some people the one I most abhorred was that of being wine-taster to an Eastcheap wine merchant. I was with him for about two years, and other I would taste as many as forty samples. often I would taste as many as forty samples in one day. Of course, I did not swallow the wine. But even then, and with the adthe wine. But even then, and with the additional precaution of removing the taste by the use of water afterwards, my tasting work soon began to tell upon me. The effects, indeed, after about ifficen months, became very marked, and very similar to the results of alcoholism. My nerves got bad, then my chest troubled me—seeming as though an oppressive weight were on it. Then when I retired to bed at night a strange buzzing and confusion in my head would banish and confusion in my head would banish sleep from me. Later my appetite failed, and, as I was unable to take sufficient food, my nerves got worse. One very remarkable symptom of my nervousness was the frequency with which I shed tears. The slightest excitement and the "water works would be turned on"-as Sam Weller would say. Although I had a very lucrative berth I had to give it up; and now, when I remember my state of health at the time, I feel that would not become a wine-taster again for ten thousand a year. As I am now, I never touch alcohol in any form. Those two years cured me."

A GOOD BARGAIN. At a temperance meeting, where several relate; their experiences, a humorous Irishman who spoke, was acknowledged to be the chief speaker. He had on a pair of fine new boots. Said he:

"A week after I signed the pledge I met an old triand and he save." (Them's a fine pair old friend, and he says: 'Them's a fine pair of boots you have on.' 'They are,' says I, 'and by the same token 'twas the saloon

keeper who gave them to me.'
"'That was generous of him,' says he.
"'It was,' says I, 'but I made a barg with him. He was to keep his drink an with him. He was to keep his drink and I was to keep my money. My money bought me those fine boots. I got the best of the bargain, and I'm going to stick to it.

MOST COSTLY OF ALL.

An exchange says: "Some one estimates that getting born costs the people of the United States \$225,000,000 annually; getting United States \$225,000,000 annually; getting married, \$300,000,000 annually; getting buried, \$75,000,000. We might add that getting drunk costs the people of the United States more than \$1,525,00,000 annually, or more than one and one-half times as much as getting born, married and buried put together. -Sacred Heart Review.

WHEN IT WILL BE SOLVED. The National Temperance Union recently said that the problem of hard times will be said that the problem of hard thines will be solved "when the workingmen of America boycott the saloon and stop drinking liquor. boycolt the saloon and stop drinking liquor. About \$400,000,000 a year go to the saloons from the hard earned wages of working-men. This money, turned into the channels of industry and commerce, would bring comfort and happiness and plenty to millions of households.' Imagine \$400,000,'00 a year transmuted

from drink into life insurance

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES. Five more towns in Connecticut vote no icense this year than last. The saloon burns up \$23,000,000 of our National resources every week.

The deaths from alcoholism in Sweden ount to ninety per thousand. This is the highest rate in the world, says the Medical Record. The drink bill of the members of the Eng-lish House of Commons, according to the latest returns, amounted to \$32,500 in five

months. Dr. Prinzing, of Ulm, Germany, has shown that more than thirty per cent. of all suicides committed by men in the prime of life

are due to drunkenness. The vital statistics of Germany show that wine merchants, inn keepers and retail ven-ders of spirits have a high death rate, es-pecially after thirty years of age, when diseases of the kidneys are very common.

## AGRICULTURAL

TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

COST OF EGGS AND MEAT.

The nutritive value of eggs and the cheapness of their production are scarcely realized by the public. It may seem rather improbable to state that but it generally leaks in summer and when meat is twenty-five cents a pound, the food value of eggs is about thirty-seven and a half cents a dozen, yet this seems to be the fact. A hen may be calculated to consume one bushel of corn yearly, and to lay twelve or eighteen pounds of eggs. This is equivalent to saying that three and a tenth pounds of corn will produce, when fed to this hen, one pound of eggs. A pound of pork, on the contrary, requires about five and a third pounds of corn for its produc-Judging from these facts, eggs tion. must be economical, and especially fitted for the laboring man in replac-ing meat.---Scientific American.

ENSILAGE FOR DAIRY COWS.

The New York Agricultural Experiment Station has recently issued a bulletin on the value of corn ensilage for feeding milch cows from which we extract the following: The average results secured in a large number of feeding trials reported in this bulletin show that corn ensilage is a decidedly valuable food for milk production. In general there was found an increase in milk flow accompanying the use of corn ensilage in the ration, and at the same time an increase of the amount of fat, the percentage of fat in the milk not diminishing. Milk was generally produced at lower cost, and the cost of fat production was lower while corn ensilage was fed. Tabulated data show the amount of each food used in the different rations, the chemical composition of the rations, the amount of the different constituents digestible, and also the amount and composition of milk produced. Smaller tables show the composition of each food. Attention is called to the necessity of the farmer giving more than superficial attention to records of feeding trials, for local conditions are so varying that all generalizations must be modified considerably to be applied with individual profit. It is important to know what standard rations may be calculated to bring out the greatest product at the greatest average profit .- American Cultivator.

#### CALVES AND GRAZING

Grazing is ordinarily desirable for cattle. It is not always best for calves under the age of four months. While the dam that furnishes it milk is grazing on new tender grass, the calf is better dieted with bright, dry hay, if old enough to eat anything in the way of provender. The milk in such a case is strongly permeated by the grass and the calf requires the dry food to meet the loosening effect on the bowels. Dry oats ground and bran, equal parts, mixed with hay chopped into fine bits, makes an excellent ration for calves when the milk is made entirely from grass in the spring.

It should be an established rule for the dieting of calves under three months old in spring, that the dams should have a daily ration of oats and bran if grazing, or the calves must ed; twenty-five per cent. of the Hol-have if they will eat the ground oats land, and five per cent. of the Denand bran mixed with hay. It is an advantage, as a rule, if both

the cows and their young are supplied with all the dry, clear hay or bright ply of butter. -Atlanta Constitution. oats straw that they will eat during the entire grazing season. The amount required will be small, as a rule. But the digestion will often be aided, and a tendency to bloat, diarrhoea, and other ills will be averted. The straw stack in the pasture has saved a great amount of trouble on many stock The observing stock breeder gives

faithful attention to the wants of the grazing youngsters. - Farm, Field and Fireside.

THE EARLIEST SOILING CROP. To begin soiling early in the season you need to prepare the year before, either with a piece of clover to be cut early, or better still, winterrye, which is fit for cutting much earlier than clover can be cut and make good feed. Our staple soiling crop, Indian corn, cannot be planted with advantage much before the 10th of May, and it will take fully sixty days after before it is fit to feed. Millet and Hungarian grass mature more quickly than corn, but they require still hotter weather to develop rapidly in, and if planted as early as it will do to plant corn, the it is not so good feed as corn fodder when in tassel and with ears starting put from its sides. If you combine ensilage feeding in winter with soiling in summer, the best plan is to put up enough corn silage one season to last until June, by which time clover can be ready to cut. If there is enough clover, pieces of this can be cut in succession until the early-planted corn is ready to take its place. On rich land four and even five cuttings of clover may be made in a season, each one to be cut just as the clover is getting ready to blossom. If delayed much after this, the number of cuttings may not be more than two or Cultivator. THE AVERAGE FARMER'S HEN.

The day ought to be forever gone by when farmers undertake a thing, as we say, on general principles. The rule in the business world is to calculate in cold figures the cost of an average undertaking, on the one side, and the advantages supposed to accrue on the other. But how many farmers have we ever heard of were ever known to wonder even as to the probable cost of keeping a hundred hens a year according to the slipshod methods common to the ordinary farm? The man who never figures on the cost of a thing never figures either on what he is going to get out of it. Where there is very apt to be little of any- to make its high flying kites for the thing else except loss. There is every benefit of the boys of the country.

reason to believe that the farm hen should be the most profitable of all hens if her efforts to do a man a good turn were only guided by an intelligent and attentive hand. Because of a lack of any suspicion that the hen would ever be the means of making him any money, the farmer permits her to shift for herself under all circumstances. To be sure, some farmers have a building they call a henhouse, is a bleak place in winter. It is not a place for comfort nor health. Consequently the hens do not do good work. They run to the open cribs often and get too fat for laying eggs. A little every-day attention would remedy all these things. There is nothing like giving the hens a chance. Give the hen clean, dry quarters, plenty of good exercise regularly, the right kind of food, and make her comfortable generally, and you have a machine that will tarn you out more money on the investment than any other on the farm. The only question is will you do it?-Nebraska Farmer.

#### OUR AMERICAN BUTTER.

Though America has carried off the palm in many contests few are doubtess aware of the fact that the finest butter in the world is produced by the dairy farms of the United States.

This is not a mere idle boast but a sober statement which is capable of proof. And the best part of it is that England, which has never been accused of excessive fondness for this country, is forced to admit the superiority of the American product. Several months ago the British Board of Agriculture decided to make

a test of all the butter imported into England, for the purpose of ascertaining which country was entitled to the highest award of merit. This investigation continued for no less than eight months, during which time as many as 995 samples of butter

tries, were subjected to the rigid process of examination agreed upon by the Board as the best method of obtaining the information desired. As the result of this test it was found that six out of the twelve countries had furnished adulterated samples, while the remaining six had furnished

furnished by twelve different coun-

absolutely pure samples. The countries which failed to stand the test were Belgium, Denmark, Germany, Holland, Norway and Sweden, counted as one, and Russia. Of these Belgium furnished five samples, one of which was adulterated; Denmark 182 samples, eight of which were adulterated, Germany 154 samples, with forty-three adulterations; Holland 250 samples, with sixty-six adulterations; Norway and Sweden 100 samples, only two of which were adulterated, and Russia forty-nine samples, with five

adulterations. On the other hand, those countries which furnished absolutely pure butter were Argentina, four samples; Austria, fifty-seven samples; Canada, thirtynine samples; France, sixty-two samples; New Zealand, twenty-one samples, and the United States, sixty-

three samples. Of these countries the United States furnished the greatest number of samples and is, therefore, entitled to the first place on the roll of honor.

From the foregoing figures it will be observed that thirty-four per cent. of the German butter was adulterated; twenty-five per cent. of the Holmark. The last named country has always been the favorite market from which England has obtained her sup-

GROWING POLL LIMA BEANS.

The Lima bean as now raised may be divided into dwarf, bush and poll sorts, but dwarf and bush sorts originsted in part from the pole lima. In Lima bean production, California leads the world, the output being 17, 500 tons in 1893 and 12,200 in 1895. In the East, Lima beans are much raised in New Jersey. The natural home of the Lima bean is in warm countries and they require a long season to mature. In the North, the season should be shortened by the selections of earlier varieties and of soil, and giving more attention to cultivation. Light, quick soils are best. Soils naturally sandy and loose but enriched with manure in previous years, are excellent, especially if they have a warm exposure. The soil should also be dry. Coarse, raw manure should be avoided as it tends to make too rank and late a growth. If fertilizer is applied the year in which beans are planted, it should be such as will become available very quickly and tend to hasten maturity of the crop. Concentrated fertilizers, those especrop will be lessened. Winter rye can cially rich in potash and phosphoric be grown large enough to cut by the acid and with a low per cent. of nitromiddle to 20th of May, according to gen, are best suited. Plant an inch the season. But rye is a very unsatis- deep in hills about three feet apart factory soiling crop. Its season is and the rows about four feet apart, very short, for, after it shoots up to dropping seven or eight beans in each head, the straw quickly becomes hill. When well up and danger from woody and unpalatable. At its best, bad weather and cutworms is past, pull out all but three or four. Poles should not be over six feet high as on longer poles the vines run too high and grow too late. Clipping back the vines is unnecessary when strong fertilizers are withheld. The California practice of bean growing varies greatly in that the crop is not infrequently raised from planting to harvesting without a shower. Machine planters plant two to four rows at a time, forty inches apart. Instead of setting poles. the plants grow over and completely cover the ground. The plants are cut in late September just below the surface of the ground, are forked into piles and allowed to dry a fortnight. three, but the quality of the clover A piece of ground sixty to eighty feet for feeding will be better. -Boston is hardened and two or three big wagon loads are placed in a ring. Horses attached to light wagons, are driven over them, the beans threshed and the vines forked off, and more similarly threshed. The process of threshing by large steam machines. which clean up from fifty to seventy-

American Agriculturist. The weather bureau has issued an there is no thought, no plan, no push, | illustrated pamphlet, describing how

five acres of beans per day, has more

recently been adopted by most of the

large growers in the West. Such

machinery has been on the market but

a few seasons, and is therefore quite

expensive. While all consumers wel-

come cheap methods of production,

the average farmer should continue to

plant a good-sized family garden .--