

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Forbidden Honey.

"I did but taste a little honey with the end of the rod that was in my hand, and lo, I must die."—1 Sam. 14: 43.

The honey bee is a most ingenious architect, a Christopher Wren among insects, a geometer, drawing hexagons and pentagons, a freebooter, robbing the fields of pollen and aroma, a wondrous creature of God, whose biography written by Huber and Swammerdam, is an enchantment for any lover of nature. Virgil celebrated the bee in his fable of Aristaeus, and Moses, and Samuel, and David, and Solomon, and Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, and St. John, used the delicacies of the bee-manufacture as

A BIBLE SYMBOL.

A miracle of formation is the bee; five eyes, two tongues, the outer having a sheath of protecting hairs on all sides of its tiny body to brush up the particles of flowers, its flight so straight that all the world knows of the bee line. The honey-comb is a palace such as no one but God could plan, and the honey bee constructs; its cells sometimes a dormitory, and sometimes a storehouse, and sometimes a cemetery. These winged toilers first make eight strips of wax, and by their antennae, which are to them hammer, and chisel, and square, and plumb-line, fashion them for use. Two and two, these workers shape the wall. If an accident happens they put up buttresses or extra beams to remedy the damage. When about the year 1776 an insect, before unknown, in the night time attacked the bee-hives all over Europe, and the men who owned them were in vain trying to plan something to keep out the invader that was the terror of the bee-hives of the continent, it was found that everywhere the bees had arranged for their own protection, and built before their honeycombs an especial wall of wax with portholes through which the bees might go to and fro, but not large enough to admit the winged combatant, called the Sphinx Atropos.

Do you know that the swarming of the bees is

DIVINELY DIRECTED?

The mother bee starts for a new home, and because of this the other bees of the hive get into an excitement which raises the heat of the hive some four degrees, and they must die unless they leave their heated apartments, and they follow the mother bee and alight on the branch of a tree, and cling to each other and hold on until a committee of two or three have explored the region and found the hollow of a tree or rock not far off from a stream of water, and they here set up a new colony, and ply their aromatic industries, and give themselves to the manufacture of the saccharine edible. But who can tell the chemistry of that mixture of sweetness, part of it the very life of the bee and part of it the life of the fields?

Plenty of this luscious product was hanging in the woods of Beth-aven during the time of Saul and Jonathan. Their army was in pursuit of an enemy that by God's command must be exterminated. The soldiery were positively forbidden to stop to eat anything until the work was done. If they disobeyed they were accursed. Coming through the woods they found a place where the bees had been busy.

A GREAT HONEY MANUFACTORY:

Honey gathered in the hollow of the trees until it had overflowed upon the ground in great profusion of sweetness. All the army obeyed orders and touched it not, save Jonathan, and, he not knowing the military order about abstinence, dipped the end of a stick he had in his hand into the candied liquid and as, yellow, and brown, and tempting, it glistened on the end of the stick, he put it to his mouth and ate the honey. Judgment fell upon him, and but for special intervention, he would have been slain. In my text Jonathan announces his awful mistake: "I did but taste a little honey with the end of the rod that was in my hand, and lo, I must die." Alas, what multitudes of people in all ages have been damaged by forbidden honey, by which I mean temptation, delicious and attractive, but damaging and destructive!

CORRUPT LITERATURE.

Literature, fascinating, but deathful, comes in this category. Where one good, honest, healthful book is read now, there are one hundred made up of rhetorical trash consumed with avidity. When the boy on the cars comes through with a pile of publications, look over the titles and notice that nine out of ten of the books are depleting and injurious. All the way from New York to Chicago or New Orleans notice that objectionable books dominate. Taste for pure literature is poisoned by this scum of the publishing houses. Every book in which sin triumphs over virtue, or in which a glamour is thrown over dissipation, or which leaves you at its last line with less respect for the marriage institution and less abhorrence for the paramour, is a depression of your own moral character. The book-binding may be attractive, and the plot dramatic and startling, and the style of writing sweet as the honey that Jonathan dipped up with his rod, but your best interests forbid it, your moral safety forbids it, your God forbids it, and one taste of it may lead to such bad results that you may have to say at the close of the experiment, or at the close of a misimproved life-time: "I did but taste a little honey with the rod that was in my hand, and lo, I must die."

Corrupt literature is doing more today for the disruption of domestic life than any other cause. Elopements, marital intrigues, sly correspondence, fictitious names given at post-office windows, clandestine meetings in parks, and at ferry gates and in hotel parlors, and conjugal perjuries are among

THE DAMNABLE RESULTS.

When a woman, young or old, gets her head thoroughly stuffed with the modern novel, she is in appalling peril. But some one will say: "The heroes are so adroitly knavish, and the persons so bewitchingly untrue, and the turn of the story so exquisite, and all the characters so enrapturing, I cannot quit

them." My brother, my sister, you can find styles of literature just as charming that will elevate and purify, and ennoble, and Christianize while they please. The devil does not own all the honey. There is a wealth of good books coming forth from our publishing houses that leaves no excuse for the choice of that which is debauching to the body, mind and soul. Go to some intelligent men or women, and ask for a list of books that will be strengthening to your mental and mortal condition. Life is so short, and your time for improvement so abbreviated, that you cannot afford to fill up with husks, and cinders, and debris.

In the intervals of business that young man is reading that which will prepare him to be a merchant prince, and that young woman is filling her mind with an intelligence that will yet either make her the chief attraction of a good man's home or give her an independence of character that will qualify her to build her own home, and maintain it in a happiness that requires no augmentation from any of our rougher sex. That young man or young woman can by the right literary and moral improvement of the spare ten minutes, here or there in every day, rise head and shoulders in prosperity and character and influence above the loungers who read nothing, or read that which bedwards. See all the forests of good American literature dripping with honey. Why pick up the honey-combs that have in them the fiery bees, which will sting you with an eternal poison while you taste it?

ONE BOOK MAY DECIDE EVERYTHING for you or me, for this world or the next. It was a turning point with me when in Wynkoop's bookstore, Syracuse, one day I picked up a book called "The Beauties of Ruskin." It was only a book of extracts, but it was all pure honey, and I was not satisfied until I purchased all his works, at that time expensive beyond an easy capacity to own them, and what a heaven I went through in reading his "Seven Lamps of Architecture," and his "Stones of Venice," it is impossible for me to describe, except by saying that it gave me a rapture for good books and an everlasting disgust for decrepit or immortal books that will last me while my immortal soul lasts. All around the church and the world to-day there are busy hives of intelligence occupied by authors and authoresses, from whose pens drip a distillation which is the very nectar of heaven, and which will you thrust your rod of inquisitiveness into the deathful saccharine of perdition?

STIMULATING LIQUIDS

also come into the category of temptations, delicious but deathful. You say: "I cannot bear the taste of intoxicating liquor, and how any man can like it is to me an amazement." Well then, it is no credit to you that you do not take it. Do not brag about your total abstinence, because it is not from any principle that you reject alcoholism, but for the same reason that you reject certain styles of food—you simply don't like the taste of them. But multitudes of people have a natural fondness for all kinds of intoxicants. They like it so much that it makes them smack their lips to look at it. They are dyspeptic, and they take it to aid digestion, or they are annoyed by insomnia, and they take it to produce sleep, or they are troubled, and they take it to make them oblivious, or they feel good, and they must celebrate their hilarity. They begin with mint julep, sucked through two straws on the Long Branch piazza, and end in the ditch, taking from a jug a liquid half kerosene and half whisky. They not only like it, but it is

AN ALL-CONSUMING PASSION

of body, mind and soul, and after a while have it they will, though one wine glass of it should cost the temporal and eternal destruction of themselves and all their families and the whole human race. They would say: "I am sorry it is going to cost me, and my family, and all the world's population so very much, but here it goes to my lips, and now let it roll over my parched tongue and down my heated throat, the sweetest, the most inspiring, the most rapturous thing that ever thrilled mortal or immortal."

TO CURE THE HABIT

before it comes to its last stages, various plans were tried in olden times. This plan was recommended in the books: When a man wanted to reform he put shot or bullets into the cup or glass of strong drink—one additional shot or bullet each day, that displaced so much liquor. Bullet after bullet added day by day, of course the liquor became less and less, until the bullets would entirely fill up the glass, and there was no room for the liquid, and by that time it was said the inebriate would be cured. Whether any one ever was cured in that way I know not; but by long experiment it is found that the only way is to stop short off, and when a man does that he needs God to help him. And there have been more cases than you can count when God has so helped the man, that he quit forever, and I could count a score of them here to-day, some of them pillars in the house of God.

One would suppose that men would take warning from some of the

OMINOUS NAMES

given to the intoxicants, and stand off from the devastating influence. You have noticed for instance that some of the restaurants are called "The Shades," typical of the fact that it puts a man's reputation in the shade, and his morals in the shade, and his prosperity in the shade, and his wife and children in the shade, and his immortal destiny in the shade. Now, I find on some of the liquor signs in all our cities the words "Old Crow," mightily suggestive of a carcass, and the filthy raven that swoops upon it. "Old Crow!" Men and women without numbers slain of rum, but unburies, this evil is pecking at their glazed eyes and pecking at their destroyed manhood and womanhood, thrusting beak and claw into the mortal remains of what was once gloriously alive, but now morally dead. "Old Crow!"

But alas, how many take warning. They make me think of Caesar on his way to assassination, fearing nothing; though his statue in the hall crashed into fragments at his feet, and a scroll containing all the names of the conspirators was thrust into his hands, yet walking right on to meet the dagger

that was to take his life. This infatuation of strong drink is so mighty in many a man that though his fortunes are crashing, and his health is crashing, and his domestic interests are crashing, and he hand him a long scroll containing the names of perils that await him, he goes straight on to physical and mental and moral assassination. In proportion as any style of alcoholism is pleasant to your taste, and stimulating to the nerves, and for a time delightful to all your physical and mental constitution, is the peril awful. Remember Jonathan and the forbidden honey in the woods of Beth-aven.

Furthermore, the gamester's indulgence must be put in the list of temptations, delicious but destructive. I have crossed the ocean eight times, and always one of the best rooms, has from morning till late at night, been given up to

GAMBLING PRACTICES.

I heard of many men who went on board with enough money for European excursion, who landed without enough money to get their baggage up to the hotel or railroad station. To many there is a complete fascination in games of hazard or the risking of money on possibilities. It seems as natural for them to bet as to eat. Indeed the hunger for food is often over-powered with the hunger for wagers, as in the case of Lord Sandwich, a persistent gambler, who not being willing to leave the dice table long enough for the taking of food, invented a preparation of food that he could take without stopping the game; namely, a slice of beef between two slices of bread, which was named after Lord Sandwich.

It is absurd for those of us who have never felt the fascination of the wager to speak slightly of the temptation. It has slain a multitude of intellectual and moral giants, men and women stronger than you or I. Down under its power went glorious Oliver Goldsmith, and Gibbon the historian, and Charles Fox the statesman; and in olden times famous senators of the United States, who used to be as regularly at the gambling-house all night, as they were in the halls of legislation by day. Oh, the tragedies of the faro table! I know persons who began with a slight stake in a lady's parlor, and ended with the suicide's pistol at Monte Carlo. They played with the squares, pieces of bone with black marks on them, not knowing that Satan was playing for their bones at the same time, and was sure to sweep all the stakes off on his side of the table. The last New York legislature, sanctioned the mighty evil last spring, by passing a law for its defense at the race tracks, and many young men in these cities lost all their wages at Coney Island this summer, and this fall are borrowing from the money tills of their employers, or arranging by means of false entry, to adjust their demoralized finances. Every man who voted for the Ives' Pool Bill, has on his hands and forehead the blood of these souls.

But in this connection some young converts say to me:

"IS IT RIGHT TO PLAY CARDS?"

Is there any harm in a game of whist or euchre? Well, I know good men who play whist and euchre, and other styles of game without any wagers. I had a friend who played cards with his wife and children, and then at the close said: "Come, now, let us have prayers." I will not judge other men's consciences, but I tell you that cards are in my mind so associated with temporal and eternal damnation of splendid young men, that I should no sooner say to my family, "Come let us have a game of cards," than I would go into a menagerie and sit down by a marble slab, say to the grave diggers: "Come, let us have a game of skulls." Conscientious young ladies are silently saying to me while I speak: "Do you think card playing will do us any harm?" Perhaps not, but how will you feel in the great day of eternity, when we are asked to give an account of our influence, some man shall say to you: "I was introduced to games of chance in the year 1887, in Brooklyn, at your house, and I went on that sport to something more exciting, and went on down until I lost my business, and lost my morals and lost my soul, and these chains that you see on my wrists and feet are the chains of a gamester's doom, and I am on my way to a gambler's hell." Honey at the start, eternal catastrophe at the last.

STOCK GAMBLING

comes into the same catalogue. It must be very exhilarating to go into Wall Street, New York, or Boston, or New York, or Philadelphia, and depositing a small sum of money, run the risk of taking out a fortune. Many men are doing an honest and safe business in the stock market, and you are an ignoramus if you do not know that it is just as legitimate to deal in stocks as to deal in coffee or sugar or flour. But nearly all the outsiders who go there on a little financial excursion lose all. The old spiders eat up the unsuspecting flies. I had a friend who put his hand on his hip pocket and said to me in substance: "I have there the value of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars." His home is to-day penniless. What was the matter? Wall Street. Of the vast majority who are victimized, your hear not one word. One great stock firm goes down, and whole columns of newspapers discuss their fraud or their disaster, and we are presented with their features and their biography. But where one such famous firm sinks, five hundred unknown men sink with them. The great steamer goes down, and all the little boats are swallowed in the same engulfment. Gambling is gambling, whether in stocks or bread-stuffs, or dice or race-track betting. Exhilaration at the start and a raving brain and a shattered nervous system and a shattered property, and a destroyed soul at the last.

Young man, buy no lottery tickets; purchase no prize packages; bet on no baseball games or yacht racing.

HAVE NO FAITH IN LUCK;

answer no mysterious circulars proposing great income for a small investment; shoo away the buzzards that hover around our hotels trying to entrap strangers. Go out and make an honest living. Have God on your side and be a candidate for heaven. Remember all the paths of sin are banked with flowers at the start, and there are plenty of helpful hands to fetch the gay charger

to your door and hold the stirrup while you mount. But further on the horse plunges to the bit in a slough inextricable. The best honey is not like that which Jonathan took on the end of the rod and brought to his lip, but that which God puts on the banquet table of Mercy, at which we are all invited to sit.

I was reading of a boy among the mountains of Switzerland ascending

A DANGEROUS PLACE

with his father and the guides. The boy stopped on the edge of the cliff and said: "There is a flower I mean to get." "Come away from there," said the father, "You will fall off." "No," said he, "I must get that beautiful flower," and the guides rushed toward him to pull him back, when they heard him say, "I almost have it," as he fell two thousand feet. Birds of prey were seen a few days after circling through the air and lowering gradually to the place where the corpse lay. Why seek flowers off the edge of a precipice when you may walk knee deep amid the full blooms of the very Paradise of God? When a man may sit at a king's banquet, why will he go down the steps and contend for the gristle and bones of a hound's kennel?

The poet Hesiod tells of an ambrosia and a nectar, the drinking of which would make men live forever, and one sip of this honey from the Eternal Rod will give you immortal life with God. Come off the

MALARIAL LEVELS

of a sinful life. Come and live on the uplands of grace where the vineyards sun themselves. Oh, taste and see that the Lord is gracious. Be happy now and happy forever. For those who take a different course the honey will turn to gall. For many things I have admired Percy Shelley, the great English poet, but I deplore the fact that it was a great sweetness to him to dishonor God. The poem "Queen Mab," has in it the maligning of the Deity. The infidel poet was impious enough to ask for Rowland Hill's Surrey Chapel that he might denounce the Christian religion. He was in great glee against God and the truth. But he visited Italy, and one day on the Mediterranean with two friends in a boat, he was coming toward shore when a squall struck the water. A gentleman standing on shore, through a glass saw many boats tossed in this squall, but all outrode the terror except one, that in which Shelley, the infidel poet, and his two friends were sailing. That never came ashore, but the bodies of two of the occupants were washed upon the beach, one of them the poet. A funeral pyre was built one the sea shore by some classic friends, and the two bodies were consumed. Poor Shelley! He would have no God while he lived, and he probably had no God when he died. "The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish."

Castle Garden.

When the immigrants come into the garden first, they slip their names are taken, and if there is any mail for them they get it at the spot. Their tickets are then examined and they are then shipped off to their various destinations. Those intending to remain in the city are permitted to go to the boarding houses and hotels. None but licensed hotel runners are allowed to enter the garden, and none but those whose hotels are selected and examined by the emigrant commission appointed by the State. On each side of the garden is a refreshment counter. Solid food can be obtained here at prices regulated by the emigrant commission, and schedules of prices are stuck in different parts of the garden. According to recent testimony in the investigation some of these prices are pretty high. The immigrant gets many privileges at Castle Garden which he undoubtedly would have to pay more for if he went out into the city. He can eat and sleep there after a fashion, and his average daily expenses for a week would probably not be more than 50 cents. The functions of Castle Garden are more those of lodging and eating house than anything else. The kiosk of the hotel clerk is not to be seen there, and bell-boys are not numerous, but the guest are there, and they relish their course food as keenly as they would if it were cooked by a French chef.

Castle Garden, the immigrant's doorway to America, is an interesting place to visit.

A Curious Epitaph.

Down in Houston County there is an ancient village called Old Winer. In its most prosperous days there was a big school there, and a teacher came from the North to take charge of the academy. His name was Moore. He lost his wife, whom he loved very dearly. He had her buried in the old burying-ground of Winer, and out of his meagre funds he erected a marble tombstone at the head of her grave. As it was in the wild wood, as cemeteries generally were then, it was a favorite hunting ground for the juvenile population. Thus it came about that the half-obliterated epitaph appears to-day, cut deep in the mossy stone: "Boys, Don't Shoot Birds Around Martha's Grave." The name, Anne Moore, with date of birth and death, appear above. It is a curious epitaph, and it is the only bit of history left concerning the old teacher and his wife.

The Empress of China Reproved.

The Empress Regent of China has just submitted to a reproof from one of the princes of the royal house in a way that shows her perfect knowledge of the curious people over whom she rules. The fifth prince, who appears to have earned a reputation for parsimony, besought the Empress to refrain from building a new palace, as extravagance in empresses was unbecoming and particularly displeasing to the former Emperor, the husband of the Empress. On receiving this memorial the Empress was said to be deeply affected, and at once ordered the building of the new palace to be discontinued.

It is not what you give so much as the way you give that counts.

We have never yet been disappointed when relying only on ourselves.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, NOV. 6, 1887.

Confessing Christ.

LESSON TEXT.

(Matt. 10: 32-42. Memory verses, 37-39.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: Jesus the King in Zion.

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER:

Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty; for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is thine; thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all.—1 Chron. 29: 11.

LESSON TOPIC: The King's Authority over Destiny.

Lesson 1. Confessing Men, vs. 32, 33.

Outline: 1. Bestowing Life, vs. 34-39.

2. Conferring Rewards, vs. 40-42.

GOLDEN TEXT: Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven.—Matt. 10: 32.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Matt. 10: 32-42. The King's authority over destiny.

T.—Luke 12: 1-12. Confessing Christ.

W.—Acts 5: 17-42. Suffering for Christ.

T.—2 Tim. 4: 1-8. The faithful crowned.

F.—Rev. 3: 1-6. Confessed before the Father.

S.—Matt. 18: 1-14. Safety of the saints.

S.—Mark 9: 38-50. Determining destiny.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. THE KING CONFESSING MEN.

A. Men Confessing Christ:

Every one... who shall confess me before men (32).

With the mouth confession is made unto salvation (Rom. 10: 10).

Every tongue shall confess to God (Rom. 14: 11).

Every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord (Phil. 2: 11).

Confess that Jesus Christ is the Son of God (1 John 4: 15).

B. Christ Confessing Men:

Him will I also confess before my Father (32).

Come, ye blessed of my Father (Matt. 25: 34).

Him shall the Son of man also confess (Luke 12: 8).

We have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus (1 John 2: 1).

I will confess his name before my Father (Rev. 3: 5).

II. Denying and Denied:

Whosoever shall deny me... him will I also deny (33).

I never knew you; depart from me (Matt. 7: 23).

Again he denied... I know not the man (Matt. 26: 72).

He that denieth me... shall be denied (Luke 12: 9).

If we shall deny him, he also will deny us (2 Tim. 2: 12).

1. "Confess me before men." (1)

The methods of confessing Christ; (2) The obligations of confessing Christ; (3) The benefits of confessing Christ.

2. "Him will I also confess." (1)

A firm assurance; (2) An inspiring consideration.—(1) The author of this confession; (2) The objects of this confession; (3) The results of this confession.

3. "Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father." (1)

Christ denied by man, before men; (2) Man denied by Christ, before his Father.—(1) The Divine One denied by creature, denied by his fellows; (2) The creature denied by the Divine One, before his Father.

II. THE KING BESTOWING LIFE.

A. Variance in the Home:

A man's foes shall be they of his own household (36).

A man's enemies are the men of his own house (Micah 7: 6).

Mine own familiar friend... hath lifted up his heel against me (Psa. 41: 9).

I came to set a man at variance against his father (Matt. 10: 35).

He that eateth my bread lifted up his heel against me (John 13: 18).

B. Worthy of Christ:

He that doth not take his cross and follow... is not worthy (38).

He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy (Matt. 10: 37).

They are accounted worthy... are equal unto the angels (Luke 20: 35, 36).

Walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing (Col. 1: 10).

They shall walk with me in white; for they are worthy (Rev. 3: 4).

III. Finding One's Life:

He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it (39).

Whosoever would save his life shall lose it (Matt. 16: 25).

Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake... shall save it (Mark 8: 35).

Whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it (Luke 17: 33).

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life (Rev. 2: 10).

1. "I came not to send peace, but a sword." (1)

The peace Christ withholds; (2) The peace Christ sends.

2. "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." (1)

Love to parents subordinated; (3) Love to Christ supreme.

3. "He that findeth... shall lose;... he that loseth... shall find." (1)

Spiritual paradoxes: (1) The finder loses; (2) The loser finds.—(1) The gain that is loss; (2) The losing that is gain.

III. THE KING CONFERRING REWARDS.

A. Receiving Disciples:

He that receiveth you receiveth me (40).

Who shall receive one such little child... receiveth me (Matt. 18: 5).

Whosoever shall receive this little child receiveth me (Luke 9: 48).

He that rejecteth you rejecteth me (Luke 10: 16).

Ye received me as an angel of God (Gal. 4: 14).

B. Receiving Christ:

He that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me (40).

He that rejecteth me rejecteth him that sent me (Luke 10: 16).

He that believeth on me, I believe on him that sent me (John 12: 44).

He that hath seen me hath seen the Father (John 14: 9).

In him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead (Col. 2: 9).

III. Assuring Rewards:

He shall in no wise lose his reward (42).

Great is your reward in heaven (Matt. 5: 12).

Your reward shall be great (Luke 6: 35).

Each shall receive his own reward (1 Cor. 3: 8).

I come quickly; and my reward is with me (Rev. 22: 12).

1. "He that receiveth you receiveth me." (1)

Christ represented in his people; (2) Christ received in his people; (3) Christ rejected in his people.

2. "A cup of cold water only." (1)

Simplicity in the gift; (2) Sincerity in the motive; (3) Sublimity in the results.

3. "He shall in no wise lose his reward." (1)

Christ's reward: (1) Their nature; (2) Their recipients; (3) Their conditions.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

CONFESSING CHRIST.

A fruit of the Holy Spirit (1 Cor.