FIGS AND THISTLES.

Evolution.
By Keyes Becker.

A spring: upwelling from unfathomed source,
The tiny rivulet, the brook so free,
The river rushing in its destined course
To add its volume to a changeless sea.

A life: begun in mystery divine,
The laughing child, the youth with love athrill,
The man fulfilling an all-wise design
And striving toward the ocean of God's will.

Self-love is idolatry.

A self-made man likes to brag on his job.

Golden opportunities do not fly in circles.

The saloon will stay until the church says it must go.

People who think wrong will be sure to live that way.

A head conversion never puts any love in the heart.

Open the door for the penny, and the dollar will come in.

If we have no trials we have little fellowship with Christ.

As soon as gold was discovered somebody invented brass.

The devil never runs from the man who is not in earnest.

When a bad man reads the Bible, the devil turns the leaves.

God's most effective preachers are not always sent to the pulpit.

If we do little, men and angels will know that we love little.

The man who believes that the Bible is God's word will obey it.

Follow Christ closely, and God will lead the man who follows you.

If God gives a thorn, it is because he sees that it is just what we need.

Whatever is not fully consecrated to God the devil still has a lien upon.

The money that brings us most good is the money with which we do good.

Love has to be seen with the eyes of the heart before its name can be known.

God's business is never intrusted to the man who has no business of his own.

If some of our heads were not so big, God could do a great deal more for our hearts.

When meanness has been baptized and called religion it is as deadly as the small-pox.

The man who rejects Christ in spirit shuts the kingdom of God entirely out of his heart.

The devil gets a good deal of substantial help from the church member who grumbles.

Undertake to keep the ten commandments, and you will soon find out that God is their maker.

Everything God sees in us the world will some day know, unless it is sooner blotted out by the blood of Christ.

The devil feels that he has gained a point when he can make a Christian look as though Christ had never come out of the grave.

Hop Beds.

In the good old colony times, and even later, a hop pillow was prescribed for sleeplessness, and now it is a hop bed which is to cure insomnia, to use the word exhumed from Plautus to serve the needs of pathology. The hop bed is about as comfortable as the cornhusk mattress of the country farmhouse, but it is fondly supposed to bring slumber. Hops and skips are natural companions, so it may be proper to say here that a London doctor introduced skipping as a form of exercise especially adapted to professional women who have not much time. Imagine a company of teachers, actresses, female doctors, artists, with a stray female minister, perhaps, skipping merrily through a public street! Cleopatra's forty paces of hopping would be a trifle by comparison.

Gigantic Jags.

Gin slings are the favorite beverage of one of the big elephants in John Robinson's circus. It takes a half gallon of the mixture to make the elephant "feel his drinks."

HOW AN AX IS MADE.

Heated Five Times and Handled by Forty Workmen.

On entering the main workshop, the first step in the operation which is seen is the formation of the axhead without the blade. The glowing flat iron bars are withdrawn from the furnace and are taken to a powerful and somewhat complicated machine, which performs upon them four distinct operations, shaping the metal to form the upper and lower parts of the ax, then the eye, and finally doubling the piece over so that the whole can be welded together. Next the iron is put in a powerful natural gas furnace and heated to a white heat. Taken out it goes under a tilt hammer and is welded in a second. This done, one blow from the "drop" and the poll of the ax is completed and firmly welded. Two crews of men are doing this class of work, and each crew can make 1,500 axes in a day.

When the ax leaves the drop there is some superfluous metal still adhering to the edges and forming what is technically known as a "fin." To get rid of the fin the ax is again heated in a furnace, and then taken in hand by a sawyer, who trims the ends and edges. The operator has a glass in front of him, to protect his eyes from the sparks which fly off by hundreds as the hot metal is pressed against the rapidly revolving saw. The iron part of the ax is now complete. The steel for the blade, after being heated, is cut by machinery and shaped. It is then ready for the welding department. A groove is cut into the edge of the iron, the steel of the blade inserted, and the whole firmly welded by machine hammers. Next comes the operation of tempering. The steel portion of the ax is heated by being inserted in pots of molten lead, the blade only being immersed. It is then cooled by dipping in water, and goes to the hands of the inspector. An ax is subject to rigid tests before it is pronounced perfect. The steel must be of the required temper, the weight of all axes of the same size must be uniform, all must be ground alike, and in various other ways conform to an established standard. The inspector who tests the quality of steel does so by hammering the blade and striking the edge to ascertain whether it be too brittle or not. An ax that breaks during the test is thrown aside to be made over.

Before the material of the ax is in the proper shape it has been heated five times, including the tempering process, and the ax, when completed, has passed through the hands of about forty workmen, each of whom has done something toward perfecting it. After passing inspection the axes go to the grinding department, and from that to the polishers, who finish them upon emery wheels.

Warm Sleeping Quarters.

The houses in Corea being small, the rooms are of diminutive size. The most curious point about them is that the flooring is made of stone, and that under the stone flooring there is a regular oven, called "Kan," in which a big fire is kept up night and day. Often, as the people sleep on the ground in their clothes, it happens that the floor gets so hot as almost to roast one. The Coreans seem to delight in undergoing this roasting process, and when well broiled on one side they turn on the other, and take it quite as a matter of course. I admired them for it, but was never able to imitate them. The houses, as a rule, have only one floor, raised a few feet above the ground, and the rooms seldom measure more than twelve feet square. The roof is very heavy, and sustained by a very heavy beam, and the windows are of paper, as in Japan. The Coreans are not devoted to the bath tub; they wash their hands fairly often, and the better people bathe their faces almost daily. Those of the children are whitened with chalk, and the hair is oiled and parted in the middle, plastered down, and tied into one or two small pigtails. This description does not call up a particularly pleasing mental picture; nevertheless, when dressed in their gay holiday attire, the small Coreans are very quaint and pretty.

Accept None of the Pretended Substitutes for

Royal Baking Powder

BECAUSE inferior and cheaper made baking preparations are bought at wholesale at a price so much lower than ROYAL, some grocers are urging consumers to use them in place of the ROYAL *at the same retail price.*

If you desire to try any of the pretended substitutes for ROYAL BAKING POWDER bear in mind that they are all made from cheaper and inferior ingredients, and are not so great in leavening strength nor of equal money value. Pay the price of the ROYAL BAKING POWDER for the ROYAL only.

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Glorious Gospel."

TEXT: "According to the glorious gospel of the blessed God, which was committed to my trust."—I Timothy i., 11.

The greatest novelty of our time is the gospel. It is so old that it is new. As potters and artists are now attempting to fashion pitchers and cups and curious ware like those of 1900 years ago recently brought up from buried Pompeii, and such cups and pitchers and curious ware are universally admired, so anyone who can unshovel the real gospel from the mountains of stuff under which it has been buried will be able to present something that will attract the gaze and admiration and adoption of all the people. It is amazing what substitutes have been presented for what my text calls "the glorious gospel." There has been a hemispheric apostasy.

There are many people in this and all other large assemblages who have no more idea of what the gospel really is than they have of what is contained in the fourteenth chapter of Zend-Avesta, the Bible of the Hindoo, the first copy of which I ever saw I purchased in Calcutta last September. The old gospel is fifty feet under, and the work has been done by the shovels of those who have been trying to contrive the philosophy of religion. There is no philosophy about it. It is a plain matter of Bible statement and of childlike faith! Some of the theological seminaries have been hotbeds of infidelity because they have tried to teach the "philosophy of religion." By the time that many a young theological student gets half through his preparatory course he is so filled with doubts about plenary inspection, and the divinity of Christ, and the questions of eternal destiny, that he is more fit for the lowest bench in the infant class of a Sunday-school than to become a teacher and leader of the people. The ablest theological professor is a Christian mother, who out of her own experience can tell the four-year-old how beautiful Christ was on earth, and how beautiful He now is in heaven, and how dearly He loves little folks, and then she kneels down and puts one arm around the boy, and with her somewhat faded cheek against the roseate cheek of the little one consecrates him for time and eternity to Him who said, "Suffer them to come unto Me." What an awful work Paul made with the D. D.'s, and the LL.D.'s, and the F. R. S.'s, when he cleared the decks of the old gospel ship by saying, "Not many wise men, not many noble, are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty."

There sits the dear old theologian with his table piled up with all the great books on inspiration and exegesis and apologetics for the Almighty and writing out his own elaborate work on the philosophy of religion, and his little grandchild coming up to him for a good night kiss he accidentally knocks off the biggest book from the table, and it falls on the head of the child, of whom Christ Himself said, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." Ah, my friends, the Bible wants no apologetics. The throne of the last judgment wants no apologetics. Eternity wants no apologetics. Scientists may tell us that natural light is the "propagation of undulations in an elastic medium, and thus set in vibratory motion by the action of luminous bodies," but no one knows what gospel light is until his own blind eyes by the touch of the Divine Spirit have opened to see the noonday of pardon and peace. Scientists may tell us that natural sound is "the effect of an impression made on the organs of hearing by an impulse of the air, caused by a collision of bodies, or by other means," but those only know what the gospel sound is who have heard the voice of Christ directly, saying: "Thy sins are forgiven thee. Go in peace." The theological dude unrolls upon the plush of the exquisitely carved pulpit a learned discourse showing that the garden of Eden was an allegory, and Solomon's Song a rather indelicate love ditty, and the book of Job a drama in which satan was the star actor, and that Renan was three-quarters right about miracles of Jesus, and that the Bible was gradually evoluted and the best thought of the different ages, Moses and David and Paul doing the best they could under the circumstances, and therefore to be encouraged. Lord of heaven and earth, get us out of the London fog of higher criticism!

The night is dark, and the way is rough, and we have a lantern which God has put in our hands, but instead of employing that lantern to show ourselves and others the right way we are discussing lanterns, their shape, their size, their material, and which is the better light—kerosene, lamp oil or candle—and while we discuss it we stand all around the lantern, so that we shut out the light from the multitudes who are stumbling on the dark mountains of sin and death. Twelve hundred dead birds were found one morning around Bartholdi's statue in New York Harbor. They had dashed their life out against the lighthouse the night before. Poor things! And the great lighthouse of the gospel—how many high soaring thinkers have beaten all their religious life out against it, while it was intended for only one thing, and that to show all Nations the way into the harbor of God's mercy and to the crystalline wharves of the heavenly city, where the immortals are waiting for new arrivals. Dead skylarks, when they might have been flying seraphs.

Here also come, covering up the old gospel, some who think they can by law and exposure of crimes save the world, and from Portland, Me., across to San Francisco, and back again to New Orleans and Savannah, many of the ministers have gone into the detective business. Worldly reform by all means, but unless it be also gospel reform it will be dead failure. In New York its chief work has been to give us a change of bosses. We had a Democratic boss, and now it is to be a Republican boss, but the quarrel is, Who shall be the Republican? Politics will save the cities the same day that satan evangelizes perdition.

The glorious gospel of the blessed God as spoken of in my text will have more drawing power, and when that gospel gets full swing it will have a momentum and a power mightier than that of the Atlantic Ocean when under the force of the September equinox it strikes the Highlands of the Navesink. The meaning of the word "gospel" is "good news," and my text says it is glorious good news, and we must tell it in our churches, and over our dry goods counters, and in our factories, and over our threshing machines, and behind our plows, and on our ships' decks, and in our parlors, our nurseries and kitchens, as though it were glorious good news, and not with a dismal drawl in our voice, and a dismal look on our faces, as though religion was a rheumatic twinge, or a dyspeptic pang, or a malarial chill, or an attack of nervous prostration. With nine "blesseds" or "happys," Christ began His sermon on the mount—blessed the poor; blessed the mourner; blessed the meek; blessed the hungry; blessed the merciful; blessed the pure; blessed the peacemakers; blessed the persecuted; blessed the reviled; blessed, blessed, blessed; happy, happy, happy. Glorious good news for the young as through Christ they may have their coming years ennobled, and for a lifetime all the angels of God their coadjutors, and all the armies of heaven their allies. Glorious good news for the middle aged as through Christ they may have their perplexities disentangled, and their courage rallied, and their victory over all obstacles and hindrances made forever sure. Glorious good news for the aged, as they may have the sympathy of Him of whom St. John wrote, "His head and His hairs were white like wool, as white as snow," and the defense of the everlasting arms. Glorious good news for the dying as they may have ministering spirits to escort them, and opening gates to receive them, and a sweep of eternal glories to encircle them, and the welcome of a loving God to embosom them.

Oh, my text is right when it speaks of the glorious gospel. It is an invitation from the most radiant Being that ever trod the earth or ascended the heavens, to you and me to come and be made happy, and then take after that a royal castle for everlasting residence, the angels of God our cup bearers. The price paid for all of this on the cliff of limestone about as high as this house, about seven minutes' walk from the wall of Jerusalem, where with an agony that with one hand tore down the rocks, and with the other drew a midnight blackness over the heavens, our Lord set us forever free. Making no apology for any one of the million sins of our life, but confessing all of them, we can point to that cliff of limestone and say, "There was paid our indebtedness, and God never collects a bill twice." Glad am I that all the Christian poets have exerted their pen in extolling the matchless one of this gospel. Isaac Watts, how do you feel concerning Him? And he writes, "I am not ashamed to own my Lord." Newton, what do you think of this gospel? And he writes, "Amazing grace, how sweet the sound!" Cowper, what do you think of Him? And the answer comes, "There is a fountain filled with blood." Charles Wesley, what do you think of Him? And he answers, "Jesus, lover of my soul." Horatius Bonar, what do you think of Him? And he responds, "I lay my sins on Jesus." Ray Palmer, what do you think of Him? And he writes, "My faith looks up to Thee." Fannie Crosby, what do you think of Him? And she writes, "Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine." But I take higher testimony: Solomon, what do you think of Him? And the answer is, "Lily of the valley." Ezekiel, what do you think of Him? And the answer is, "Plant of renown." David, what do you think of Him? And the answer is, "My shepherd." St. John, what do you think of Him? And the answer is, "Bright and morning star." St. Paul, what do you think of Him? And the answer comes, "Christ is all in all." Do you think as well of Him, O man, O woman of the blood bought immortal spirit? Yes, Paul was right when he styled it "the glorious gospel."

And then as a druggist, while you are waiting for him to make up the doctor's prescription, puts into a bottle so many grains of this, and so many grains of that, and so many drops of this, and so many drops of that, and the intermixture taken, though sour or bitter, restores to health. So Christ, the Divine Physician, prepares this trouble of our lifetime, and that disappointment, and this persecution, and that hardship, and that tear, and we must take the intermixture, yet though it be a bitter draft. Under the divine prescription it administers to our restoration and spiritual health, "all things working together for God." Glorious gospel!

And then the royal castle into which we step out of this life without so much as soiling our foot with the upturned earth of the grave. "They shall reign forever." Does not that mean that you are, if saved, to be kings and queens, and do not kings and queens have castles? But the one that you are offered was for thirty-three years an abandoned castle, though now gloriously inhabited. There is an abandoned royal castle at Amber, India. One hundred and seventy years ago a king moved out of it never to return. But the castle still stands in indescribable grandeur, and you go through brazen doorway after brazen doorway, and carved room after carved room, and under embellished ceiling after embellished ceiling, and through halls precious stoned into wider halls precious stoned, and on that hill are pavilions deeply dyed and tasseled and arched, the fire of colored gardens cooled by the snow of white architecture; birds in the arabesque so natural to life that while you cannot hear their voices you imagine you see the flutter of their wings while you are passing; walls pictured with triumphal procession; rooms that were called "Alcove of Light" and "Hall of Victory;" marble, white and black, like a mixture of morn and night; alabaster, and mother of pearl, and lacquer work.

Standing before it the eye climbs from step to latticed balcony, and from latticed balcony to oriel, and from oriel to arch, and from arch to roof, and then descends on ladder of all colors, and by stairs of perfect lines to tropical gardens of pomegranate and pineapple. Seven stories of resplendent architecture! But the royal castle provided for you, if you will only take it on the prescribed terms, is grander than all that; and, though an abandoned castle while Christ was here, achieving your redemption, is again occupied by the "chief among ten thousand," and some of your own kindred who have gone up and waiting for you are leaning from the balcony. The windows of that castle look off on the King's gardens where immortals walk linked in eternal friendship, and the banqueting hall of that castle has princes and princesses at the table, and the wine is "the new wine of the kingdom," and the supper is the marriage supper of the Lamb, and there are fountains into which no tear ever fell, and there is music that trembles with no grief, and the light that falls upon that scene is never beclouded, and there is the kiss of these reunited after long separation. More nerve will we have there than now, or we would swoon away under the raptures. Stronger vision will we have there than now, or our eyesight would be blinded by the brilliance. Stronger ear will we have there than now, or under the roll of that minstrelsy, and the clapping of that acclamation, and the boom of that hallelujah we could be defeated.

Glorious gospel! You thought religion was a straitjacket; that it put you on the limits; that thereafter you must go cowed down. No, no, no! It is to be castellated. By the cleansing power of the shed blood of Golgotha set your faces toward the shining pinnacles. Oh, it does not matter much what becomes of us here—for at the longest our stay is short—if we can only land there. You see there are so many I do want to meet there. Joshua, my favorite prophet, and John among the evangelists, and Paul among the apostles, and Wyclif among the martyrs, and Bourdaloue among the preachers, and Dante among the poets, and Havelock among the heroes, and our loved ones whom we have so much missed since they left us so many darlings of the heart, their absence sometimes almost unbearable, and, mentioned in this sentence last of all because I want the thought climacteric, our blessed Lord, without whom we could never reach the old castle at all. He took our place. He purchased our ransom. He wept our woes. He suffered our stripes. He died our death. He assured our resurrection. Blessed be His glorious name forever! Surging to His ear be all the anthems! Facing Him be all the thrones!

Oh, I want to see it, and I will see it—the day of His coronation. On a throne already. Methinks the day will come when in some great hall of eternity all the Nations of earth whom He had conquered by His grace will assemble again to crown Him. Wide and high and immense and upholstered as with the sunrise and sunsets of 1000 years, great audience room of heaven. Like the leaves of an Adirondack forest the ransomed multitudes, and Christ standing on a high place surrounded by worshipers and subjects. They shall come out of the farthest past led on by the prophets; they shall come out of the early gospel days led on by the apostles; they shall come out of the centuries still ahead of us led on by champions of the truth, heroes and heroines yet to be born.

And then from that vastest audience ever assembled in all the universe there will go up the shout: "Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him!" and the Father who long ago promised this His only begotten Son, "I will give Thee the heathen for Thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for Thy possession," shall set the crown upon the forehead yet scarred with crucifixion bramble, and all the hosts of heaven, down on the levels and up in the galleries, will drop on their knees, crying: "Hail, King of earth! King of heaven! King of saints! King of seraphs! Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and to Thy dominions there shall be no end! Amen and amen! Amen and amen!"

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Large Sores

under each side of her neck; had the attendance of the family physician and other doctors for a long time, but seemed to grow worse. I read of many people cured of scrofula by Hood's Sarsaparilla. As soon as we gave Hood's Sarsaparilla to Clara, she began to get better, and before the first bottle was gone, the sores entirely healed up and there has never been any sign of the disease since. She is a

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