

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: 'A King Enting Grass.'

"The same hour was the thing fulfilled upon Nebuchadnezzar, and he was driven from men, and did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, till his hairs were grown like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws." Daniel iv, 33.

Better shade your eyes lest they be put out with the splendor of Babylon, as some morning you will remember that the suspension bridges which hang from the housetops and he shows you the vastness of his realm. As the sun kindles the domes with gold, since almost insupportable and the great streets thronged with their troops to the ear of the monarch, and armed towers stand around, adorned with the spoils of conquered empires, Nebuchadnezzar waves his hand above the stupendous scenes and exclaims, "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power and for the honor of my majesty? But in an instant all that splendor is gone, and his vision, and he falls from the heaven, saying: 'O King Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken: 'The kingdom is departed from thee, and they shall drive thee from men, and they shall dwell with the beasts of the field. They shall make thee to eat grass as oxen and seven years shall pass over thee, until thou know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men and giveth the same to whomsoever he will.' One hour from the time that he made the boast he is on the way to the fields, a maniac, and rushing into the forests, he becomes one of the beasts, covered with eagles' feathers for protection from the cold, and his nails growing to birds' claws in order that he might dig the earth for roots and climb the trees for nuts.

You see there is a great variety in the Scriptural landscape. In several discourses we have looked at mountains of excellence, but now we look down into a great, dark chasm of wickedness as we come to speak of Nebuchadnezzar. It is also spoken of in the beauty of self denial, of sobriety, of devotion, of courage, and then, lest we should not thoroughly understand him, he is introduced as Paul and Deborah as illustrations of the same. He is also spoken of in us in His Word as to the hatefulness of pride, of folly, of impiety and lust we should not thoroughly understand him, introduces Nebuchadnezzar as a type of the depravity of these forms of depravity. The former story of character is a lighthouse, showing us a way into a safe harbor, and the latter story of character is a black bog, swinging on the rocks, to show where vessels wreck themselves. Thanks unto God for both the buoy and the lighthouse! The host of Nebuchadnezzar is thundering at the gates of Jerusalem. The crown of that sacred city is struck into the dust by the Babylonish insolence. The vessels of the temple, which had never been desecrated by profane touch, were ruthlessly seized for sacrifice and transportation, and upon the great altar when the Jews, at the command of the invading army, are obliged to leave the home of their nativity! How their hearts must have been strung with anguish when, on the day they departed, they heard the trumpet sound from the top of the temple announcing the hour for solemn sacrifice and saw the smoke of the altars ascending around the holy hill of Zion: for well they knew that in a far distant land they would see the altars of Babylonish idolatry behold the majestic ascent of the sacrifice! Behold those captives on the road from Jerusalem to Babylon! Worn and weary, they dare not halt, for roundabout are armed men dragging them on with hoot and shout and blasphemous.

Azed men tottered along on their staves, weeping that they could not lay their bones in the sleeping place of their fathers and children, wondered at the length of their march and sobbed themselves to sleep when the night had fallen. It seemed as if at every step a heart broke. But at a turn of the road Babylon suddenly sprang upon the view of the captives, with its gorgeous and palaces. A shout goes up from the army as they behold their native city, but not one huzzza is heard from the captives. These exiles saw no splendor or the pomp of the monarch. They did not have the water gleam of the brook Kedron or the pool of Siloam. The willows of Babylon, on which they hung their wretched harps, were not as graceful as the trees which stood at the porch of the king's palace. They did not see the woe of Judah, and all the fragrance that descended from the hanging gardens upon that great city was not so sweet as one breath of the sweet and frankincense that the high priest kindled in the sanctuary at Jerusalem.

On a certain night, a little while after these captives had been brought to his city, Nebuchadnezzar issued a night vision. A bad man's pillow is apt to be stuffed with deeds and forebodings which keep tripping in the night. He will find that the eagles' down in his pillow will stick him like porcupine quills. The ghosts of the departed, who are able to wander about in the darkness and beckon and hiss. Yet when the morning came he found that the vision had entirely fled from him. Dreams drop no anchors, and therefore are apt to be away before you can fasten them. Nebuchadnezzar calls all the wise men of the land into his presence, demanding that by their acrobacy they explain his dream. They, of course fail. Then their faithful king issues an edict with as little sense as mercy, ordering the slaying of all the learned men of the country. But Daniel the prophet comes in with the interpretation just in time to save the wise men and the J-wish captives.

and could engineer the train of immortal faculties. How strange it is that our memory, of whose shoulders all the fortunes and successes and occurrences of a lifetime are placed, should not often break down, and that the scales of judgment, which have been weighing so much and so long, should not lose their plumbness and their fancy, which holds a dangerous wand, should not sometimes maliciously wave it, bringing into the heart forebodings and hallucinations the most appalling? It is not strange that this man, who had hoped so much in his mighty leaps for the attainment of its objects, should not be dashed to pieces on its disappointments? Though so delicately tuned, this instrument of untold harmony plays on though fear shakes it and vibrations rack it and sorrow and joy and loss and gain in quick succession break out of its strings or toss from it their anthem. At morning and at night, when in your prayer you rehearse the causes of your thanksgiving, next to the salvation by Jesus Christ, praise the Lord for the preservation of your reason.

See also in this story of Nebuchadnezzar that God makes of him men. The actions of the wicked are used as instruments for the punishment of wickedness in others or as the illustration of some principle in the divine government. Nebuchadnezzar subverted both purposes. Even so I will go back with you to the history of every reprobate that the world has ever seen, and I will show you how to a great extent his wickedness was limited in its destructive power and how God glorified Himself in the overthrow and disgrace of His enemy. Babylon is full of abomination, and Cedrus destroys it. Persia fills the world with the truth that God never forsakes the righteous when they are in a predicament. Joseph's brethren were guilty of superlative perfidy and meanness when they sold him into slavery for about \$7, yet how they must have been overawed by the truth that God never forsakes the righteous when they are in a predicament. The Prime Minister of Egypt Pharaoh oppresses the Israelites with the most diabolic tyranny; yet sand still and see the salvation of God. The plagues descend, the locusts, and the hail; and the destroying angel, showing that there is a God who will defend the cause of His people, and finally, after the Israelites have passed through the parted sea, behold, in the wreck of the drowned army, that God's enemies are as chaff in a whirlwind! In some financial panic the righteous suffer with the wicked. In the ruin of the banks and shops in a night, the righteous are not so much affected as the wicked. The righteous are not so much affected as the wicked. The righteous are not so much affected as the wicked. The righteous are not so much affected as the wicked. The righteous are not so much affected as the wicked. The righteous are not so much affected as the wicked.

Dealers with pockets full of securities stood shouting in the deaf ears of banks. Men rushed down the streets with protestant flags and banners. Those who before found it hard to spend their money went left without money to spend. Laborers went home for want of work, to see hunger in their chair at the table and upon the hearth. Winter blew his breath of frost through the fingers of ladies, and sheriffs with attachments dul among the creditors of fallen storehouses, and whole cities joined in the long funeral procession, marching to the grave of dead fortunes and a fallen commerce. The righteous suffered with the wicked, but generally the wicked had the worst of it. Splendid estates that had come together through the vicissitudes of wickedness, were dashed to pieces like a potter's vessel, and God wrote with letters of fire, amid the ruin and destruction of reputations, and estates that were thought inviolable the old fashioned truth, which centuries ago. He wrote in His Bible, "The way of the wicked is truth upside down." As the stars in heaven are reflected from the waters of the earth, even so the moral and magnificent purposes are reflected back from the boiling sea of human passion and turmoil. As the voice of a sweet song uttered among the mountains may be uttered back from the cavernous home of wild bees and rocks split and thunder scarred, so the great harmonies of God's providence are rung back from the darkest caverns of this sin struck earth. Sennacherib and Amleth and Herod and Julius and Nero and Nebuchadnezzar, though they struggled like beasts unbroken to the load, were put into a yoke, where they were compelled to help draw ahead God's great projects.

Again, let us learn the lesson that men can be guilty of polluting the sacred vessels of the temple and carrying them away to Babylon. The sacred vessels in the temple at Jerusalem were the cups and plates of gold and silver with which the rites and ceremonies were celebrated. The laying of the foundation upon them and the carrying them off as spoils were an unbounded offense to the Lord of the temple. Yet Nebuchadnezzar committed this very sacrilege. Though that wicked king is gone, the sins he inaugurated walk up and down the earth, cursing it from century to century. The sin of desecrating sacred things is committed by those who on sacramental day take the communion cup, while their conversation and deeds all show that they live down in Babylon. How solemn is the sacrament! It is a time for vows, a time for repentance, a time for faith. Sinful stands near with its fire split clouds and Calvary with its victim. The Holy Spirit broods over the scene, and the glory of heaven seems to gather in the sanctuary. You indeed must that man be who will come in from his idols and unrepented to take hold of the sacred vessels of the temple. Oh, thou Nebuchadnezzar! Back with you to Babylon!

Those also desecrate sacred things who use the Sabbath for any other than the religious purposes. This holy day was let down from heaven with the same sanctities of the work to remind us that we are immortal and to allow us preparation for an endless state of happiness. It is a green spot in the hot desert of the world that gazes with fountains and waves with palm trees. This is the time to shake the dust from the robe of our piety and in the tents of Israel sharpen our swords for future conflict. Heaven, that seems so far off on other days, descends upon the earth, and the songs of heavenly choirs and the hosanna of the white-robed ones mingle with our earthly worship. We had the waving banners of Jerusalem, and the humming strokes of the carpenter's weary son in Nazareth, and the prayer of Getsemani, and the bitter cry of Golgotha. Glory be unto the Lord on the Sabbath! With that one day in seven God divides this great sea of business and gaiety, that so, dry spot, we may pass between the worldly business of the past and the worldly business of the future.

SHEAR NONSENSE

Paradoxical: "What makes Mudge look so vacant?" "He is full."—Indianaapolis Journal.

Askins—Was it hard to accomplish? "Feller—Hard? It was as hard as it is for a red-nosed man to look coldly intellectual."—Puck.

She—I think I might love you more if you were not so extravagant. He—It's my extravagant nature that makes me love you so.—Life.

"Is your picture in the Academy a success?" "That's what I am wondering. Some one said it was worth the price of admission."—Puck.

Gracie—Papa, a monologue is when people talk to themselves, is it not? Papa—Yes; or, sometimes, when they talk to their husbands.—Puck.

Arthur—I would marry that girl but for one thing. Chester—Afraid to pop the question? Arthur—No. Afraid to question the pop.—Brooklyn Life.

Tagleigh—Balloon sleeves were bound to go up in the end. Wagleigh—Sure. That is why they were named balloon sleeves.—Boston Traveler.

Brown—Have you decided what you are going to call the baby? Jones—Oh, yes! We're going to call him whatever name my wife may select.—Puck.

Hawson—Some men go through this world as though they owned it. I wish I could. Blinks—Why don't you buy a wheel?—Philadelphia North American.

"John," said Mrs. Snaggs to her husband, "do you know the date of Noah's flood?" "Yes." "What was it?" "Indubitate."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

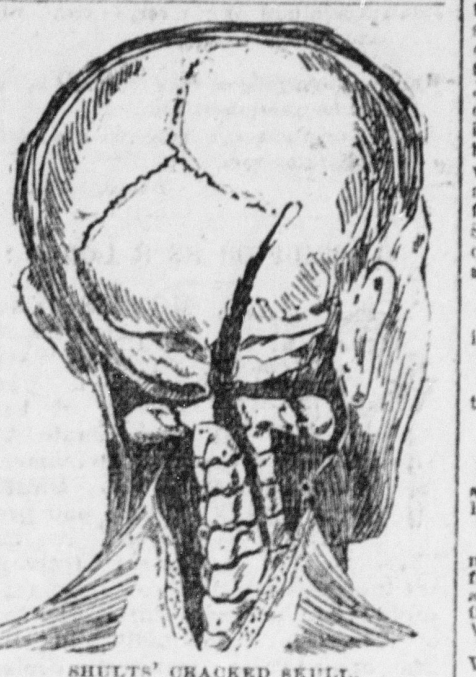
"Jumleigh lost an awful lot of money do the election." "Did he tell you so?" "No; but when I asked him he told me it was none of my business."—Roxbury Gazette.

Mr. Peck (during the dispute)—But—my dear wife— Mrs. Peck—Silence, sir! I'll not but. Bo-hoo! Now your calling me a goat.—Philadelphia North American.

Brazen Boarder (at dinner table)—I can tell a fowl's age by its teeth. Surprised Landlady—But fowls have no teeth. Brazen Boarder—No; but I have.—Texas Siftings.

CRACKED HIS SKULL.

Most Peculiar Football Accident Ever Known. James Shults, while tackling a player in a game at Dayton, Ohio, was so seriously injured that he cannot possibly live. His head and the knee of the man he tackled came in contact. Shults' injury is a peculiar one. As near as



SHULTS' CRACKED SKULL.

can be learned the cervical atlas, at the top part of the spinal column, on which the skull rests, has been doubly fractured, two of the posterior projections being broken off, and a fracture extending clear into the spinal column and up into the skull resulted.

SOLDIERS ON WHEELS. Can Cover Great Distances Quickly and Carry Full Supplies.

In the month of September last the people of Helena, the capital of Montana, were surprised to see riding through their streets a party of eight colored soldiers and a white officer of the United States army, all mounted on bicycles. They were weather-beaten and covered with the dust of the hills and plains; and they carried a great weight of rations, blankets, tents, cooking utensils and extra tires and parts of bicycles, besides rifles and thirty rounds of ammunition to every man.

These wheelmen were a detachment of the Twenty-fifth Regiment of United States Infantry. They had come on their wheels from Fort Missoula, by way of Fort Yellowstone and the National Park, having covered altogether a distance of eleven hundred miles in twenty-two days. In the meantime they had made and broken camp in the rain, ridden through mud, sand, dust and water, and over rocks, ruts and stones. They had crossed mountain ranges and forded streams—in fact, they had stopped for nothing. Much of the distance had been rough riding in every sense of the word.

The journey was really made to test the question whether the bicycle is suitable for such military purposes as it would have to serve in Western campaigns. It was not a test of rapidity, but of durability. The eight soldiers carried everything necessary to an actual campaign in an enemy's country. Baggage, arms, ammunition, rations, blankets, tents and spare apparatus made, in fact, such a load as ordinary bicyclists would think it impossible to carry over good roads. But these men were common soldiers, and in no sense experts on the wheel.

No such test of the bicycle has probably been made before. The military tests of the wheel in Europe have involved no riding over so rough and mountainous a country to such a distance. The machines and the men stood the work well. No man and no wheel broke down, though the wheels a certain amount of repair was, of course, necessary. Lieutenant Moss, who commanded the expedition, regards it as entirely a success, and as demonstrating the utility of the bicycle for actual military purposes. He believes that soon every regiment in the army will have its bicycle corps.

In 1884 500,000,000 pounds of coffee were imported into this country. In the same year 63,000,000 pounds of tea were brought from the East.

A Bad Case Quickly Cured. From the Commercial Bangor, Me. We publish the letter of Mr. H. J. Craudemire in full, just as it came in, as it is interesting.

Swedish. A hog is the only animal that is not afraid of a snake bite. The fat of the hog will "capsule" the poison and prevent its getting into the veins, and then the hog turns around and kills the snake and eats him up afterwards, but a frost-bite even hogs will respect, and it is a different kind of a bite altogether. It inflames like a burn, cripples the feet with tenderness, causes fever and burning, and sets one nearly crazy with itching. The true treatment of a frost-bite is to treat it somewhat in the way we treat a burn. The cold that creates all this fever and heat in the part affected should be drawn out. St. Jacobs Oil applied to the swollen parts will draw out the cold, allay the fever, stop the itching and tenderness and cures the frost-bite almost magically. In very cold, windy weather, the bits of the frost may be sudden and very unexpected, especially to the ears, feet and hands. A vigorous rubbing with St. Jacobs Oil will overcome the cold quickly, and the cure is complete, leaving no after soreness.

It disgusts us to see others doing the foolish things we do.

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How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We have indemnified, have known F. J. CHENEY for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm. WOOD & TRACY, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDO, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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I can recommend Piso's Cure for Constipation to sufferers from Asthma.—D. TOWNSEND, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 19, '05.

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