CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

Dr. Talmage Talks About Workers for the Lord Who Are Religious Blunderers.

How to Be Skillful in Spiritual Archery-More Backbone Needed.

Washington, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage urges all Christian workers to increased fidelity and shows how much effort at doing good fails through lack of adroitness; text, Genesis x, 9, "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord."

In our day hunting is a sport, but in the lands and the times infested of wild beasts it was a matter of life or death with the people. It was very different from going out on a sunshiny afternoon with a patent breechloader to shoot reed birds on the flats when Pollux and Achilles and Diomedes went out to clear the land of hions and panthers and bears. Xenophon grew eloquent in regard to the art of hunting. In the Far East people, elephant mounted, chased the tiger. Francis I. was called the father of hunting. And Moses, in my text, sets forth Nimrod as a hero when it presents him with broad shoulders and shaggy apparel and sun-browned face and arm bunched with muscle—"a mighty hunter before the Lord." I think he used the bow and the arrows with great success practicing archery.

I have thought if it is such a grand practicing archery.

I have thought if it is such a grand thing and such a brave thing to clear wild beasts out of a country if it is not a bet-ter and braver thing to hunt down and destroy those great evils of society that are stalking the land with fierce eye and bloody paw and sharp tusk and quick spring. I have wondered if there is not spring. I have wondered if there is not such a thing as gospel archery, by which those who have been flying from the truth may be captured for God and heaven. The Lord Jesus Christ in His sermon used the art of angling for an illustration when He said, "I will make you fishers of men." And so I think I have authority for using hunting seasily. hunting as an illustration of gospel truth, and I pray God that there may be many a man enlisted in the work who shall begin to study gospel archery, of whom it may, after awhile, be said, "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord."

How much awkward Christian work there is done in the world! How many good people there are who drive souls away from Christ instead of bringing them to Him! All their fingers are thumbs away from Christ instead of bringing them to Him! All their fingers are thumbs—religious blunderers who upset more than they right. Their gun has a crooked barrel, and kicks as it goes off. They are like a clumsy comrade who goes along with skillful hunters. At the very moment he ought to be most quiet he is crackling an alder or falling over a log and frightening away the game. How few Christian people have ever learned how the Lord Jesus Christ at the well went from talking about a cup of water to the most practical religious truths, which won the woman's soul for God! Jesus in the wilderness was breaking bread to the people. I think it was very good bread. It was very light bread, and the yeast had done its work thoroughly. Christ, after He had broken the bread, said to the people, "Beware of the yeast or of the leaven of the Pharisees." So natural a transition it was, and how easily they all understood Him! But how few Christian people there are who understand how to fasten the truths of God and religion to the souls of men!

The archers of olden time studied their art. They were very precise in the matter. The old books gave special directions as to how an archer should go and as to what an archer should do. He must stand erect and firm, his left foot a little in advance of the right foot. With his left hand he must take hold of the bow in the middle, and then with the three fingers and the thumb of his right hand he should lay hold the arrow and affix it to the string, so precise was the direction given. But

hold the arrow and affix it to the string, so precise was the direction given. But how clumsy we are about religious work! How little skill and care we exercise! How often our arrows miss the mark! I am glad that there are institutions established in many of the cities of our land where men may learn the art of doing good-studyng spiritual archery and become known as "mighty hunters before

In the first place if you want to be effectual in doing good you must be very sure of your weapon. There was something very fascinating about the archery of olden times. Perhaps you do not know what they could do with the bow and arrow. Why, the chief battles fought by the English Plantagenets were with the longbow. They would take the arrow of polished wood and feather it with the plume bow. They would take the arrow of polished wood and feather it with the plume of a bird, and then it would fly from the bowstring of plaited silk. The bloody fields of Agincourt and Solway Moss and Neville's Cross heard the loud thrum of the archer's bowstring. Now, my Christian friends, we have mightier weapon than that. It is the arrow of the gospel. It is a sharp arrow; it is feathered from the wing of the dove of God's Spirit; it flies from a bow made out of the wood of the cross. As far as I can estimate or calculate, it has brought down 400,000,000 of souls. Paul knew how to bring the notch of that arrow on to the bowstring, and its whir was heard through the Corinthian theatres and through the courtroom until theatres and through the courtroom until the knees of Felix knocked together. It was that arrow that stuck in Luther's

heart when he cried out: "Oh, my sins!" Oh, my sins!" If it strike a man in the head it kills his skepticism; if it strike him in the heel it will turn his step; if it strike him in the heart he throws up his hands, as did one of old when wounded in in the battle, crying, "O Galilean, Thou hast conquered!"

hast conquered!"

In the armory of the Earl of Penbroke there are old corselets which show that the arrow of the English used to go through the breastplate, through the body of the warrior and out through the backplate. What a symbol of that gospel which is sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and body and of the joints and marrow! Would to God we had more faith in that gospel.

The humblest man in the world, if he had enough faith in it, could bring a hundred souls to Christ—perhaps 500. Just in proportion as this age seems to believe less and less in it I believe more and more in it. What are men about that they will not accept their own deliverance? There is nothing proposed by men that can do anything like this general.

in it. What are men about that they will not accept their own deliverance? There is nothing proposed by men that can do anything like this gospel.

The religion of Ralph Waldo Emerson was the philosophy of icicles; the religion of Theodore Parker was a sirocco of the desert, covering up the soil with dry sand; the religion of Renan was the romance of believing almost nothing; the religion of the Huxleys and the Spencers is merely a pedestal on which human philosophy sits shivering in the night of the soul, looking up to the stars, offering no help to the nations that crouch and groan at the base. Tell me where there is one man who has rejected that gospel for another who is thoroughly satisfied and helped and contented in his skepticism, and I will take the car to-morrow and ride 500 miles to see him.

him.

The full power of the gospel has not yet been touched. As a sportsman throws up his hand and catches the ball flying through the air, just so easily will this gospel after awhile catch this round world flying from its orbit, and bring it back to the heart of Christ. Give it full swing, and it will pardon every sin, heal every wound, cure every trouble, emancipate every slave and ransom every nation.

Again, if you want to be skillful in spiritual archery, you must hunt in unfrequented and secluded places. Why does the hunter go three or four days into the Pennsylvania forests or over Raquette Lake into the wilds of the Adirondacks? It is the only way to do. The deer are

shy, and one "bang" of the gun clears the forest. From the California stage you see, as you go over the plains, here and there a coyote trotting along almost within range of the gun—sometimes quite within range of it. No one cares for that; it is worthless. The good game is hidden and secluded. Every hunter knows that. So many of the souls that will be of most worth for Christ and of most value to the church are secluded. They do not come in your way. You will have to go where they are.

I remark, further, if you want to succeed in spiritual archery you must have courage. If the hunter stands with trembling hand or shoulder that flinches with fear, instead of his taking the catamount the catamount takes him. What would become of the Greenlander if when out hunting for the heavy he should stand above your standard stan ing for the bear he should stand shivering with terror on an iceberg? What would have become of Du Chaillu and Livingstone in the African thicket with a faint heart and a weak knee? When a panther heart and a weak knee? When a panther comes within twenty paces of you, and it has its eye on you, and it has squatted for the fearful spring, "Steady there!" Courage, O ye spiritual archers! There are great monsters of iniquity prowling all around about the community. Shall we not in the strength of God go forth and combat them? We not only need more heart, but more backbone. What is the church of God that it should fear to look in the eye any transgression? There is the Bengal tiger of drunkenness that prowls around, and instead of attacking it how many of us hide under the church pew or the communion table! There is so much invested in it we are afraid to assault it— Ine communion table! There is so much invested in it we are afraid to assault it—millions of dollars in barrels, in vats, in spigots, in corkscrews, in gin palaces with marble floors and Italian top tables, and chased ice coolers, and in the strychnine, and the logwood, and the tartaric acid, and the nux vomica that go to make up our "pure" American drinks. I looked with wondering eyes on the "Heidelberg tun." It is the great liquor vat of Germany, which is said to hold 800 hogsheads of wine and only three times in a hundred of wine and only three times in a hundred years it has been filled. But as I stood and looked at it I said to myself: "That is nothing—800 hogsheads. Why, our American vat holds 10,200,000 barrels of strong drink, and we keep 300,000 men with nothing to do but to see that it is filled." Oh to attack this great monster of intemper-ance and the kindred monsters of fraud

ance and the kindred monsters of fraud and uncleanness requires you to rally all your Christian courage! Through the press, through the pulpit, through the platform, you must assault it.

Weuld to God that all our American Christians would band together, not for crackbrained fanaticism, but for holy Christian reform! I think it was in 1793 that there went out from Lucknow, India, under the sovereign, the greatest hunting party that was ever projected. There were 10,000 armed men in that hunting party. There were camels and horses and ele-There were camels and horses and ele-phants. On some princes rode, and royal ladies under exquisite housings, and 500 coolies waited upon the train, and the des-olate places of India were invaded by this excursion, and the rhinoceros and deer and elephant fell under the stroke of the sabre and bullet. After awhile the party brought back trophies worth 50,000 rupees, having left the wilderness of India ghastly with the slain bodies of wild beasts. Would to God that instead of here and there a straggler going out to fight these great monsters of iniquity in our country the millions of members of our churches would band together and hew in twain these great crimes that make the land frightful with their roar, and are fattening upon the bodies and souls of immortal men! Who is ready for such a party as that? Who will be a mighty hunter for the Lord?

mighty hunter for the Lord?

I remark, again, if you want to be successful in spiritual archery you need not only to bring down the game, but bring it in. I think one of the most beautiful pictures of Thorwaldsen is his "Autumn." It represents a sportsman coming home and standing under a grapevine. He has a staff over his shoulder, and on the other end of that staff are hung a rabbit and a brace of birds. Every hunter brings home the game. No one would think of bringing down a roebuck or whipping up a ing down a roebuck or whipping up a stream for trout and letting them lie in the woods. At eventide the camp is adorned with the treasures of the forest—

adorned with the treasures of the forest-beak and fin and antier.

If you go out to hunt for immortal souly not only bring them down under the arrow of the gospel, but bring them into the church of God, the grand home and encampment we have pitched this side of the skies. Fetch them in. Do not let them lie out in the open field. They need our prayers and sympathies and help. That is the meaning of the church of God—help. O ye hunters for the Lord, not only bring down the game, but bring it in!

If Mithridates liked hunting so well that for seven years he never went indoors, what enthusiasm ought we to have who

for seven years he never went indoors, what enthusiasm ought we to have who are hunting for immortal souls! If Domitian practiced archery until he could stand a boy down in the Roman amphitheatre with a hand out, the fingers spread apart, and then the king could shoot an arrow between the fingers without wounding them, to what drill and what practice ought we to subject ourselves in order to become spiritual archers and "mighty hunters before the Lord!"

But let me say, you will never work any

But, let me say, you will never work any better than you pray. The old archers took the bow, put one end of it down beside the foot, elevated the other end, and it was the rule that the bow should be just the size of the archer. If it were just his size, then he would go into the battle with confidence. Let me say that your power to project good in the world will correspond exactly to your own spiritual stature. In other words, the first thing in preparation for Christian work is personal consecration.

"Oh, for a closer walk with God, A caim and heavenly frame, A light to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb!"

That leads me to the Lamb!"

I am sure that there are some men who at some time have been hit by the gospel arrow. You felt the wound of that conviction, and you plunged into the world deeper, just as the stag, when the hounds are after it, plunges into Schroon Lake, expecting in that way to escape. Jesus Christ is on your track to-day. O impenitent man, not in wrath, but in mercy. O ye chased and panting souls, here is the stream of God's mercy and salvation, where you may cool your thirst!

Stop that chase of sin to-day. By the red fountain that leaped from the heart of my Lord I bid you stop! There is mercy for you—mercy that pardons, mercy that heals, everlasting mercy. The twelve gates of God's love stand open. Enter and be forever safe.

There is in a forest in Germany a place

gates of God's love stand open. Enter and be forever safe.

There is in a forest in Germany a place they call the "deer leap"—two crags, about eighteen yards apart, between them a fearful chasm. This is called the "deer leap" because once a hunter was on the track of a deer. It came to one of these crags. There was no escape for it from the pursuit of the hunter, and in utter despair it gathered itself up and in the death agony attempted to jump across. Of course it fell and was dashed on the rocks far beneath. Here is a path to heaven. It is plain; it is safe. Jesus marks it out for every man to walk in. But here is a man who says, "I won't walk in that path; I will take my own way." He comes on up until he confronts the chasm that divides his soul from heaven. Now his last hour has come, and he resolves that he will leap that chasm from the heights of earth to the heights of heaven. Stand back now and give him full swing, for no soul ever did that successfully. Let him try. Jump! He misses the mark, and he goes down, depth below depth, "destroyed without remedy." Men, angels, devils, what shall we call that place of awful catastrophe? Let it be known forever as the soul's death leap. we call that place of awfu! catastrophe? Let it be known forever as the soul's death

COMMERCIAL REVIEW. General Trade Conditions.

New York (Special).—R. G. Dun & Co.'s "Weekly Review of Trade" says: 'A panie in Wall street does not mean that legitimate business has suddenly

ceased to prosper, nor is the condition of mercantile trade and manufacture adversely affected by a violent fall in prices of securities. Throughout the entire country fundamental prices. ire country fundamental conditions were never as sound as at the present time, reports from nearly every city this week showing an exceptional volume of transaction, and payments promptly

"Production is not overtaking demand at the finished steel mills, and all Pitts-burg plants are two months behind orders, while ninety days is the limit at

"Although the total number of furnaces in blast on May I was 40 smaller than on February I, 1900, the Iron Age estimates the weekly capacity at 301,126 tons, which exceeds all previous high

water marks. 'Corn eased off a few cents, but still about 10 cents a bushel, or nearly 25 per cent. above the quotation at the corresponding date in the two preceding years. For the week arrivals aggregated 3,247,094 bushels against 2,196,202 last year. Foreign purchasers have been driven out of the domestic markets by the high quotations, and Atlantic exports for the week have been 1,211,244 bushels compared with 3,709,880 a year

Shipments of boots and shoes from Boston rose to an unusual point, aggregating 103,328 cases for the week against 79.371 in the previous week and 68,151 in the corresponding period last year.

"Recovery in the price of cotton was only temporary, and heavy liquidation of options was accompanied by a fall in

spot middling uplands to the lowest figure recorded this year. Failures for the week numbered 187 in the United States against 92 last year,

and 26 in Canada against 15 last year.' LATEST QUOTATIONS.

Flour.—Best Patent, \$4.75a4.50; High Grade Extra, \$4.25a4.00; Minnesota bakers, \$2.90a3.25. Wheat.—New York. No. 2 red. 7934 a8034c; Philadelphia, No. 2 red, 78a79c;

Baltimore, 79a8oc. Corn.—New York, No. 2, 511/4c; Philadelphia, No. 2, 481/4a491/4c; Balti-more, No. 2, 50a51c.

Oats.—New York, No. 2, 33½c; Philadelphia, No. 2 white, 34c; Baltimore, No. 2 white, 33½a34c.
Rye.—New York, No. 2, 61c; Philadelphia, No. 2, 60c; Baltimore, No. 2, 58a50c

Mill Feed .- Light weight, \$18.00 per

ton; medium, \$17.50 per ton.

Hay.—No. 1 timothy, \$17.00a17.50;

No. 1 clover, \$15.50a16.00.

Beans and Peas.—Choice hand picked, \$2.30a2.35. Blackeye peas, per bushel, choice new, \$1.60a1.65. Black peas, per

bushel, choice, new, \$1.55a1.60. Green Fruits and Vegetables.—On-ions, per bushel, \$1.40. Cabbage, Dan-ish, per ton, \$15a16; do, Charleston and North Carolina, per crate, \$2.25a3.00. Celery, Florida, per crate, \$2.00a2.50. Apples, per bbl. \$2.00a3.75. Oranges, \$2.00a3.00. Strawberries, per quart, 12

Potatoes .- White, Maryland and Penn sylvania primes per bushel, 40a45c; do. New York primes, per bushel, 45a47c; do, Michigan and Ohio, per bushel, 42 a45c; do, new, Bermuda, per bbl, No. 1, \$6.00a7.00; do, new, Florida, per bbl No. 1. \$6.00a7.50. Sweets, kiln dried, per bbl., \$1.75a2.00; fancy bright Jerseys, per bbl. \$2.00a2.25.

Butter.— Creamery, 15a19c; factory, 11a13c; imitation creamery, 13a17c;

State dairy, 15a18c.

Cheese.-Fancy, large, colored, 101/2c; fancy, large, white, 101/4a101/2c; fancy, small. colored, 111/2c; fancy, small, white, 11%c.

Eggs.—State and Pennsylvania, 14a 141/2; Southern, 11a12; Western storage, 133/2214. Provisions.-Bulk shoulders. 8a81/4c;

do short ribs, 91/2c; do clear sides, 93/4c; bacon rib sides, 101/4c; do clear sides, 101/2c; bacon shoulders, oc. Fat backs, 81/2c. Sugar cured breasts, 111/2c; sugar cured shoulders, oc. Hams.—Small, 111/2c; large, 11c; smoked skinned hams. 12½c; picnic hams, 8¾c. Lard.—Best refined, pure, in tierces, 9½c; in tubs, 9¾c per lb. Mess pork, per bbl. \$16.co. Live Poultry.-Hens, 11c; old roost-

ers, each, 25a3oc; young chickens, 42a 13c; spring, 11/4 to 11/2 lbs, 26a28c. Ducks, 8a1oc. Geese, apiece, 30a4oc.

Chicago, Ill.—Good to prime steers, \$5.00a5.90; medium, \$3.85a4.90; cows; heifers, \$2.75a5.10; Hogs, top. \$5.871/2; mixed and butchers', \$5.55 a5.821/2. Sheep, choice mixed, \$3.50a 4.15; native lambs, \$4.00a5.15; Western, \$4.5585.15.

East Liberty. Pa .- Cattle steady: extra. \$5.50a5.60; prime, \$5.30a5.40; good, \$5.10a5.25. Hogs steady; prime heavy best Yorkers and mediums, \$5.85; light Yorkers, \$5.80: pigs, \$5.70a5.75; skips, \$4.75a5.25: roughs, \$4.00a5.40. Sheep steady; best wethers, \$4.30a4.40; choice lambs, \$5.0025.15; common to good, \$3.5025.00; veal calves, \$5.5026.00.

LABOR AND INDUSTRY.

Portland (Ore.) painters now earn \$3

New Orleans carpenters and bricklayers enjoy the eight-hour day. There are more than 1,250,000 square

miles of unexplored lands in Canada. Elmira carpenters and sheet iron workers have been conceded the ninehour day. The coal miners and the mine operat-

ors of Southwestern Kentucky have agreed upon an eight-hour workday at \$1.82 for screened coal. At Portland, Ore., the bakers' union got a raise in wages that amounts to about 25 per cent, and shorter hours

One of the prominent retail grocers of Philadelphia, who operates about sixty stores, attempted to forestall the organization of clerks and granted his employees a reduction of two hours a day on four days of the week, and instead of closing at 9 p. m. they now close at

7 p. m. At Beardstown, Ill., the carpenters' union includes nearly every carpenter in the city. Before organizing the standard wages were \$1.75 for a ten-hour day, but since organization the contractors have acceded to the union demands and are cheerfully paying \$2.25 for a nine-

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are packed away in your insides and must be kept clean, in order and doing business. It's a long way, with many turns and pitfalls to catch

the refuse and clog the channel if not most carefully cleaned out every day. When this long canal is blockaded, look out for

trouble—furred tongue, bad breath, belching of gases, yellow spots, pimples and boils, headaches, spitting up of food after eating-an all-around disgusting nuisance. Violent calomel purges or griping saits are dangerous to use for cleaning out the bowels. They force out the obstruction by causing

violent spasms of the bowels, but they leave the intestines weak and even less able to keep up regular movements than before, and make a larger dose necessary next time. Then you have the pill habit, which kills more people

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