

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Temptations Which Beset Young Men."

TEXT: "Surely, in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird."—Proverbs 1, 17.

Early in the morning I went out with a fowler to catch wild pigeons. We passed through the mountain gorge and into the forest. We spread out the net, and covered up the edges of it as well as we could. We arranged the call bird, its feet fast and its wings flapping. In invitation to all fowls of heaven to settle down there. We retired into a booth of branches and leaves and waited. After awhile, looking out of the door of the booth, we saw a flock of birds in the sky. They came nearer and nearer, and after a while were about to enter into the net. We suddenly they darted away. Again we waited. After awhile we saw another flock of birds. They came nearer and nearer until just at the moment when they were about to swoop they darted away disappointed as well as myself. We said to each other, "What is the matter?" and "Why were not these birds caught?" We went out and examined the net and by a flutter of a branch of a tree part of the net had been conspicuously exposed, and the birds, coming near had seen their peril and darted away. When I saw that I said to the old fowler, "That reminds me of a passage of Scripture: 'Surely in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird.'" Now the net in my text stands for temptation.

The call bird of sin tempts men on from point to point and from branch to branch until they are about to drop into the net. If a man finds out in time that it is the temptation of the devil or the world, he is attempting to capture his soul for time and for eternity, the man steps back. He says, "I am not to be caught in that way; I see what you are about, surely in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird."

The second class of insidious temptations that come upon our young men is led on by the dishonest employer. Every commercial establishment is a school. In nine cases out of ten the principles of the employer become the principles of the employee. I ask the older merchants, "If I begin me out in this statement, if, when you were just starting in life—in commercial life—you were told that honesty was not marketable, that though you might sell all the goods in the shop, you must not sell your conscience; that, while you were to enrich all industry and tact, you were not to gain your conscience; if you were taught that sins gotten by sin were combustible, and at the moment of ignition would be blown on by the breath of God until all that was left would vanish into white ashes scattered in the whirlwind, then that instruction has been to you a precaution and a help ever since.

There are hundreds of commercial establishments in our great cities which are educating a class of young men who will be the honor of the land, and there are other establishments which are educating young men to be nothing but sharpers. What chance is there for a young man who was taught in his establishment that it is right to be as smart, and that a French label is all that is necessary to make a thing French, and that you ought always to be honest when it pays, and that it is wrong to steal unless you do it well?

Suppose, now, a young man just starting in life enters a place of that kind where there are ten young men, all drilled in the infamous practices of the establishment. He is ready to be taught. The young man has a theory of commercial ethics. Where is he to get his theory? He will get it from his employer. One day he pushes his wits a little beyond what the establishment demands of him, and he becomes a customer until the clerk is on the verge of being rebuked. What is done in the establishment? He is not rebuked. He is rebuked in the street. He is rebuked by the head of the establishment says to him, "Now, be careful; be careful, young man, you might be caught; but really that was splendidly done; you will get along in the world, I warrant you." Then that young man goes on until he becomes head clerk, and he has found there is a premium on iniquity.

One morning the employer comes to the establishment. He goes into his counting room and throws up his hands and shouts, "Why the safe has been robbed?" "What is the matter? Nothing, nothing; only the clerk who has been practicing a good while on customers is practicing a little on the employer. No new principle introduced into that establishment. It is a poor rule that teaches both ways. You must never steal unless you can do it well. He did it well. I am not talking an abstraction; I am talking a terrible and crushing fact.

Now here is a young man. Look at him to-day. Look at him five years from now. He has been under trial in the shop to-day, his cheeks ruddy with the breath of the hills. He unrolls the goods on the counter in gentlemanly style. He commends them to the purchaser. He points out all the good points in the fabric. He sells the goods, and the customer with a cheerful "good morning," and the country merchant departs so impressed with the straightforwardness of the young man that he will send him back again, every spring and every autumn, unless interfered with.

The young man has been now in that establishment five years. He unrolls the goods on the counter. He says to the customer, "Now these are the best goods we have in our establishment." They have better than the next shelf. He says, "We are selling these goods less than cost." They are making twenty per cent. He says, "There is nothing like them in all the city." There are fifty shops that want to make the same thing. He says, "Now, that is a durable article; it will wash." Yes, it will wash out. The sale is made, the goods are wrapped up, the country merchant goes off feeling that he has an equivalent for his money, and the sharp dealer goes into the private room of the counting house, and he says, "Well, I got rid of those goods at last. I really thought we never would sell them. I told him we were selling them less than cost, and he thought he was getting a good bargain. Got rid of them at last." And the sharp dealer, the firm says: "That's well done, splendidly done." Meanwhile God had recorded eight lies—four lies against the young man, four lies against his employer, for I undertake to say that the employer is responsible for all the iniquities of his clerks, and all the quietness of those who are clerks of those clerks, down to the tenth generation, if those employers inculcated iniquitous and damning principles.

I stand before young men this morning who are under this pressure. I say, come out of it. "Oh," you say, "I can't. I have my widowed mother to support, and if I am a loss a situation now he can't get another one." I say, come out of it. Go home to your mother and say to her, "Mother, I can't stay in that shop and be upright; what shall I do?" and if she is worthy of you she will say, "Come out of it, my son—we will just throw ourselves on Him who hath promised to be the God of the widow and the fatherless; He will take care of us." And I tell you no young man ever permanently suffered by such a course of conduct.

In Philadelphia, in a drug shop, a young man said to his employer, "I want to please you, really, and I am willing to sell medicines on Sunday, but I can't sell this patent blacking on Sunday." The employer said the best man, "You will have to do it, or else you will have to go away." The young man said, "I can't do it; I am willing to sell medicines, but not shoe blacking." "Well, then, go," said the young man. The young man went away. The Lord looked after him. The hundreds of thousands of dollars he won in this world were the smallest part of his fortune. God honored him. By the course he took he saved his soul as well as his fortunes in the future.

A man said to his employer, "I can't sell the wagon on Sunday morning." His employer said, "You must wash it, my carriage." A man said to his employer, "I can't wash it on Saturday afternoon, but, sir, you will please excuse me, I can't wash the wagon on Sunday morning." His employer said, "You must wash it, my carriage." A man said to his employer, "I can't wash it on Sunday morning." "I can't

They have the light of nature in China; they have it in Hindostan; they have it in Ceylon. Flowers there, stars there, waters there, winds there, but no civilization, no hope, no happiness. Lancets to cut and juggernauts to fall under and hooks to swing on, but no happiness.

I tell you, my young brother, we have to take a religion of some kind. We have to choose between four or five. Shall it be the Koran of the Mohammedan, or the Shaster of the Hindoo, or the Zendavesta of the Persian, or the Confucius writings of the Chinese, or the Holy Scriptures? Take what you will; God helping me, I will take the Bible. Light for all darkness; rock for all foundation, balm for all wounds. A glory that lifts its pillars of fire over the wilderness. Do not give up your Bibles. And then what indelicately has ever done? Lift the fourteen hundred millions of the race out of barbarism. Ask them when infidelity ever instituted a sanitary commission, and before you leave their society once and for ever tell them that they have imitated the memory of your Christian father and spirit upon the death of your mother, and with the swine's snout rooted up the grave of your sister, who died believing in the Lord Jesus.

These people scoff at you as though religion and the Bible were fit only for the uneducated people, you just tell them you are not ashamed to be in the company of Burke, the statesman, and Raphael, the painter, and Thorwaldsen, the sculptor, and Mozart, the musician, and Blackstone, the lawyer, and Bacon, the philosopher, and Harvey, the physician, and John Milton, the poet.

Young man, hold on to your Bible. It is the best book you ever owned. It will tell you how to dress, how to bargain, how to live, how to die, how to be happy, how to be glorious. Bible! Whether on parchment or paper, in octavo or duodecimo, on the center table of the drawing room or in the counting room of the banker. Glorious Bible! Light of our feet and lamp to our path. Hold on to it!

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do it," the man said. They parted. The Lord looked after him—graciously looked after him. He is worth to-day a hundred fold more than his employer ever gave or ever will be, and he saved his soul. Young men, it is safe to do right. There are ever men in this house to-day who, under this storm of temptation, are striking deeper and deeper into a religion, and spreading out broader their branches. They are David's servants, they are Josephs in the Egyptian court, they are Pauls amid the wild beasts of Ephesus. I preach to encourage them. Lay hold of God and be faithful.

There is a mistake we make about young men. We put them in two classes; the one class is moral, the other dissolute. The moral are not safe unless they have laid hold of God, and the dissolute may be reclaimed. I suppose there are self-righteous men in this house who feel no need of God, and will not seek after Him, and they will go out in the world, and they will be tempted, and they will be going down, down, down, down, until some night they will see them going home hooting, raving, shouting blasphemy—going home to their mother, going home to their father, going home to the young companion to whom only a little while ago, in the presence of a brilliant assemblage, flashing lights and orange blossoms, and consens swinging in the air, they promised fidelity and purity, and kindness perpetua. As that man reaches the door, she will open it, not with an outcry, but she will stagger back from the door as he comes in, and in her look there will be the prophesy of woe that are coming, want that will shiver in need of fire, hunger that will cry in vain for bread, crusts that will not leave the heart when they have crushed it, but pinch it again and stab it again, until some night she will open the door to the place where her companion was under her ragged shawl and say, with almost omnipotent eloquence: "Give me back my husband! Give me back my protector! Give me back my all! Him of the kind heart and gentle words and the manly brow, give him back to me!" And then the wretches, obese and filthy, will push back their matted locks and they will say: "Put her out! Put her out!" Oh, self-righteous men, without God you are in peril. Seek after Him to-day. Amid the ten thousand temptations of life there is no safety for a man without God.

But I may be addressing some who have gone astray, and so I assent that other provisions of the law are made for them. Perhaps you have only gone a little astray. While I speak are you troubled? Is there a voice within you saying: "What did you do for that? Why did you go there? What did you mean by that?" Is there a memory of the law that makes you tremble? God only knows all our hearts. Yes, if you have gone so far as to commit iniquities and have gone through the whole catalogue, I invite you back this hour. The Lord waits for you. "Rejoice! O ye young men in the Lord, for ye shall prosper in the days of your youth; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

Come home, young man, to your father's God. Come home, young man, to your mother's God. Oh, I wish that all the series of the Gospel could to-day be unimpaired against all those influences which are taking down so many of our young men. I would like to blow a trumpet of warning, and march out on a crusade against the world of sin. But let none of us be disheartened. Oh, Christian workers, my heart is high with hope. The dark horizon is blooming into the morning of which prophets spoke. What is that we dreamed, and what which painters have sketched, and what which bridal advances. The mountains will kiss the morning radiant and effulgent, and all the waves of the sea will become the crystal keys of a great organ, on which the fingers of poetry shall play the grand march of a world redeemed. Instead of thorn there shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar there shall come up the myrtle tree, and the mountains and the hills shall forth into singing, and all the trees of the wood shall clap their hands.

Musical Monarchs. The fact that the taste, the ear and the talent for music are found to prevail among the inhabitants of the mountainous districts of the world far more extensively than among the population of the plains may in some measure be the reason why all persons in exalted spheres of life are passionately fond of music.

With the solitary exception of King Humbert there is not a monarch now reigning who does not play, and play well, some musical instrument or other. Indeed, were it only possible for some clever conductor, such as Johann Strauss, to assemble and drill them into playing in harmony with one another, all those wars and rumors of war which from time to time do so much to injure the progress of civilization and the development of science, art and trade, would become a thing of the past.

The czar finds amusement in playing on a large silver cornet, the clear, ringing blasts of which are often heard echoing through the halls of the palace at Gatchina. Queen Elizabeth, of Rumania, is proficient on the harp, Empress Elizabeth, of Austria, on the zither, the Czarina, the Princess of Wales and Queen Marguerite of Italy are all magnificent pianists.

The reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the brother-in-law of Queen Victoria, plays with all the skill of a virtuoso on the violoncello. Queen Victoria, before she became afflicted with rheumatism, gut and other similar ailments, was wont to play exquisitely on the organ, having been taught by her husband, the late Prince Consort. The Duke of Edinburgh frequently performs in public on the violin, while the Prince of Wales retains his banjo for domestic entertainment and soiree.—New York Recorder.

Ancient Laws and Lawmakers. In ancient days nobody but a lord was deemed worthy to establish rules of conduct for the people, and very crude rules they were, too. The Greeks at the time of the Trojan war, the Hebrews, the Irish and the Anglo-Saxons placed a money value on every crime which man committed. Thus it cost about \$65,000 of our money to murder a king and only \$4000 to kill a priest. If the fine was not paid then the friends of the king or priest could fall on the murderer and kill him. If one man scratched another's face he had to pay for it. Such were the laws of the lords; but as civilization advanced and the common people got seats in legislative assemblies, criminal jurisprudence took on dignity and wisdom. Now we have good laws and virtuous lawmakers, as a general thing, but we still maintain the notion that a lord is better than anybody else, as witness the growing exclusiveness of the United States Senate, and in England the long line of hereditary peers.—Cleveland Leader.

Dodging Bullets.

During a shooting match in presence of the Governor of Candahar the latter noticed to his astonishment that the heads of sparrows were the favorite butt of the marksmen, who but seldom missed their aim. Whereupon he declared that it was far more difficult to hit an egg. Sir Peter laughed at the supposition, but the Sirdar stood his ground and the matter was put to the test. An egg was suspended on a wall and the soldiers fired at it, but strange to say not one of them hit the egg.

The Governor and his suit kept their countenances and excused the non-success of the firing party on the ground of the difficulty of the thing. At last a ball happened to hit the thread to which the egg was fastened and it fell to the ground without breaking. Now the mystery was solved; the cunning Afghan had used a blown egg, and the feather-weight shell had been moved aside each time by the current of air in front of the ball and thus escaped being hit.—Tagliche Rundschau.

Lightning Conductors.

Dr. Hess, who has been collecting statistics and has examined the tips of many lightning rods, finds that fusion of the points never occurs. A fine smooth point receives the lightning in a concentrated form, while angled or ribbed, as well as blunt points, divide it into threads. Dr. Hess considers that platinum needles and tips are entirely unnecessary, for they have no advantage over copper points; but as there are lightning strokes which are capable of making wire 0.20 inches thick incandescent, unbranched copper conductors should never be of less diameter than this, though in a good lightning rod the main point is to secure perfect communication between it and the earth.—Scientific American.

Soapstone.

Soapstone, or steatite, can be made into anything. Very beautiful stoves are made of it, and stationary washbuds and sinks are important products. Not an ounce need be wasted, for the dust is used to adulterate rubber goods, giving so-called gum rubbers their dull finish, and in paper, too, it is used to give weight, while all waste can be ground up into a flour which can be made into a fireproof paint for the interior of mills or the roofs of buildings.—Scientific American.

The Modern Language Club at Yale College has for its object the getting together of all persons interested in the study of modern language for investigation and discussion.

"Make Hens Lay."

Such is the caption of an advertisement that appears not only in the local, but many leading agricultural papers and which suggests the propriety of a few thoughts upon the subject. The advertisement refers to a recommendation of Sheridan's Condition Powder to make hens lay and so do we, says Mr. Hunter, poultry editor of the N. E. FARMER. "A hen to lay prolifically must be in perfect health, must be in condition, and here is based the true theory of the value of Sheridan's Condition Powder—it promotes the general good health of the fowl, gently quickening digestion and stimulating all the various organs of the body as well as the ovaries, to perform their functions." At this season of the year the use of Sheridan's Condition Powder is very valuable for molting hens and young pullets. By its use now they will get to laying earlier when the price for eggs is very high. Any person buying and using Sheridan's Condition Powder now, will get their hens in good laying condition before cold weather, and stand a good chance to win one of the large gold premiums to be offered later by L. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. (the only makers of Sheridan's Condition Powder); who will send for 50 cents, two packs of Powder; for \$1.00 five packs; for \$1.50 a large 2 1/2 lb. can, postpaid; six cans for \$8, express prepaid. Six cans will pay a good dividend. L. S. Johnson & Co. will also send to any one asking for it a copy of the best poultry magazine published. The paper one year and a large can of Powder for \$1.50.

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

Garfield Tea. Overcomes constipation, restores complexion, cures constipation. DO YOU WANT SOME GOOD BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS? Send for our full catalogue and illustrated holiday list FREE, on application to D. LOTHROP COMPANY, BOSTON.

JONES' SCALES — THE BEST — FULLY WARRANTED — 5 TON SCALES \$60 FREIGHT PAID — JONES OF BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

PENSION. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. Write in last year. If indicating claims, state date.

An Example of Will-Power.

John L. Wooders on, the clever actor who has been long associated with Stuart Robson, and who was best man at the latter's wedding, afforded a peculiar illustration of will-power. He has a natural impediment in his speech, and in private conversation it is very marked. But when he steps before the foot-lights the excitement of the occasion, the forcible knowledge that it will not do to stammer, loosens the fetters from his tongue and he is as glib as Robson himself.—St. Louis Republic.

Emperor Wilhelm's latest project is for a grand cathedral in Berlin to cost \$2,500,000. It is to be for the State religion. He is also bent on establishing an "imperial cooking school."

Deafness Can't be Cured. By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remediation. Deafness is caused by an inflammation of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

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The Mother's Delight.

A remedy that will cure croup in a few moments, prevents pneumonia and diphtheria like the Hoax's Certain Croup Cure. No Opium. Sold by druggists or mailed for 50 cts. Address A. P. HOAX, Buffalo, N. Y.

WITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

Afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

IN A DAY. LAWRENCE, KANS., Aug. 9, 1888. George Patterson fell from a second-story window, striking a fence. I found him using ST. JACOBS OIL. He used it freely all over his bruises. I saw him next morning at work. All the blue spots rapidly disappeared, leaving neither pain, scar nor swelling. C. K. NEUMANN, M. D. "ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT!"

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JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. Originated by an Old Family Physician. For INTERNAL as well as EXTERNAL use. Stomach Pain, Croup, Inflammation of body or limb, Rheumatism, Croup, Asthma, Croup, Catarrh, Lame Back, Sore Throat and Strains. Full particulars free. Price every where, 25 cts. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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TUTT'S TINY LIVER PILLS. Have all the virtues of the larger ones; equally effective; purely vegetable. Exact size shown in this border.



Stick to it! Sometimes you may have to wait. The troubles that have been years in gathering can't always be cleared away in a day. For all the diseases and disorders peculiar to womanhood, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the surest and speediest remedy. You can depend upon that—but if your case is obstinate, give it reasonable time.

It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and strengthening nerve, and a positive specific for female weaknesses and ailments. All functional disturbances, painful irregularities and derangements are corrected and cured by it. All unnatural discharges, bearing-down sensations, weak back, accompanied with faint spells and kindred symptoms, are corrected. In every case for which it's recommended, "Favorite Prescription" is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or the money is refunded. No other medicine for women is sold on such terms. That proves that nothing else offered by the dealer can be "just as good."

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