

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Comfort for the Business Men."

Text: "Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem."—Isaiah xl, 2.

What an awful six weeks in commercial circles! The crashing of banks from San Francisco to New York and from ocean to ocean. The complete uncertainty that has halted all styles of business for three months and the pressure of the money market for the last year have put all bargain makers at their wits' end. Some of the best men in the land have faltered—whose hearts are enlisted in every good work and whose hands have blessed every great charity. The church of God can afford to extend to them her sympathies and plead before heaven with all availing prayer. The schools such as the established, the churches they have built, the asylums and benevolent institutions they have fostered, will be their glory long after their banking institutions are forgotten.

Such men can never fail. They have their treasures in banks that never break and will be millionaires forever. The stringency of the money market, I am glad to say, begins to relax. May the wisdom of Almighty God come down upon our National Legislature at their convening next month in Washington and such results be achieved that the confidence and revive trade and multiply prosperities! Yet not only now in the time of financial disaster, but all through life, our active business people have a struggle, and I think it will be appropriate and useful for me to talk about their trials, and try to offer some curative prescriptions.

In the first place, I have to remark that a great many of our business men feel ruinous trials and temptations coming to them from small and limited capital in business. It is everywhere understood that it takes three or four times as much to do business well as once it did. Once a few hundred dollars were turned into goods—the merchant would be his own storekeeper, his own salesman, his own bookkeeper. He would manage all the affairs himself. His thing would be net profit. Wonderful changes have come. Costly apparatus, extensive advertising, exorbitant store rents, heavy taxation, expensive agencies, are only parts of the demand made upon our commercial men, and when they have found themselves in such circumstances with small capital they have sometimes been tempted to run against the rocks of moral and financial destruction.

The temptation of limited capital has ruined men in two ways. Sometimes they have shrunk down under the temptation. They have yielded the battle before the first shot was fired. At the first hard gun they surrendered. Their knees knocked together, at the fall of the avenger's hammer they blanched at the financial peril. They did not understand that there is such a thing as a heroism in merchandise, and that there are waterworks of the counter, and that a man can fight no braver battle with the sword than he can with the yardstick.

Their souls melted in them because sugars were up when they wanted to buy and down when they wanted to sell and unsalable goods were on the shelf and bad debts in their hands. The demand made upon our commercial men, and when they have found themselves in such circumstances with small capital they have sometimes been tempted to run against the rocks of moral and financial destruction. Others have felt it in a different way. They have said: "Here I have been trading along. I have been trying to be honest all these years. I find it is of no use. Now it is make or break."

The small craft that could have stood the storm is put out beyond the lighthouse on the great sea of speculation. Stocks are the dice with which gamblers have bought for a few dollars vast tracts of western land. Some men at the east living on a fat home-stead meet this gambler of fortune and is persuaded to trade off his estate here for lots in a western city with large avenues and costly palaces and lake steamers smoking at the wharves and rail trains coming down with lightning speed from every direction. There it is all on paper! The city has never been built nor the railroads constructed, but everything points that way, and the thing will be done as sure as you live. And that is the process by which many have been tempted through limitation of capital into labyrinths from which they could not be extricated.

I would not want to chain honest enterprise. I would not want to block up any of the avenues for honest accumulation that open before young men. On the contrary, I would like to cheer them on and rejoice when they reach the goal, but when there are such multitudes of men going to ruin for this life and the life that is to come through wrong notions of what are lawful spheres of enterprise it is the duty of ministers of religion and the friends of all young men to utter a plain, emphatic, unmistakable protest. These are the influences that drown men in destruction and perdition.

Azain, a great many of our business men are tempted to over-anxiety and care. You know that nearly all commercial businesses are overdone in this day. Smitten with the love of quick gain, cities are crowded with men resolved to be rich at all hazards. They do not care how money comes. Our best merchants are thrown into competition with men of more means and less conscience, and an opportunity of accumulation is neglected one hour some one else picks it up. From January to December the struggle goes on. Night gives no quiet to limbs tiring in restlessness, nor to a brain that will not stop thinking. The dreams are harrowed by imaginary loss and flashed with imaginary gains. Even the Sabbath cannot dam back the tide of anxiety, for this way of worldliness dashes clear over the churches and leaves its foam on Bibles and prayer books.

Men who are living on salaries or by the culture of the soil cannot understand the wear and tear of body and mind to which our merchants are subjected when they do not know but that their livelihood and their business honor are dependent upon the uncertainties of the next hour. This excitement of the brain, this corroding care of the heart, this strain of effort that drenches the spirit, sends a great many of our best men in midlife to the grave. They find that Wall Street does not end at the East River. It ends at Greenwood! Their life dashed out against money sails. They go with their store on their back. They trade like camels, sweating from Aleppo to Damascus. They make their life a crucifixion. Standing behind desks and counters, banished from the fresh air, weighed down by creaking cares, they are so many suicides.

Oh, I wish I could to-day rub out some of these lines of care; that I could lift some of the burdens from the heart; that I could give relaxation to some of these worn muscles! It is time for you to begin to take a little easier. Do your best, and then trust God for the rest. Let God manage all the affairs of your life, and He manages them for the best. Consider the lilies—they always have robes. Behold the fowls of the air—they always have nests. Take a long breath. Behold the seed that God did not make you a pack horse. Dig yourselves out from among the bogheads and the shelves, and in the light of the holy words day resolve that you will give to the winds your fears, and your fretfulness, and your distresses. You have nothing to carry nothing out. Having food and raiment, be therewith content.

The merchant came home from the store. There had been great disaster there. He opened the front door and said in the midst of his family circle: "I am ruined. Everything is gone. I am all ruined!" His wife said, "I am left," and the little child threw up its hands and said, "Papa, I am here." The aged grandmother seated in the room said, "Then you have all the good of God beside, John." And he burst into tears and said: "God forgive me that I have been so ungrateful. I had I have a great many things left. God forgive me."

AGAIN, I remark that many of our business men are tempted to neglect their home duties. How often it is that the store and the home seem to clash, but there ought not to be any collision. It is often the case that the father is the more treasurer of the family, a sort of agent to see that they have dry goods and groceries. The work of family government he does not touch. Once or twice in a year he calls the children up on a Sabbath afternoon, when he has a half hour he does not exactly know what to do with, and in that half hour he disciplines the children and chides them and corrects their faults and gives them a great deal of good advice, and then wonders all the rest of the year that his children do not do better when they have the wonderful advantage of that semi-annual castigation.

The family table, which ought to be the place for pleasant discussion and cheerful instruction, often becomes the place of perilous expedition. If there be any blessing asked at it it is cut off at both ends, and the hand on the carving knife. He counts on his fingers, making estimates in the interests of the feast. The work done, the hat goes to the head, and he starts down the street, and before the family has risen from the table he has bundled up another bundle of goods and says to the customer, "Anything more I can do for you to-day, sir?"

A man has more responsibilities than those which are discharged by putting competent instructors over his children and giving them a drawing master and music teacher. The physical culture of the child will not be attended to unless the father looks to it. He must sometimes lose his dignity. He must unlimber his joints. He must sometimes come down to their level. He must sometimes be captivated by the glittering saloon of sin unless you can make your home a brighter place than any other place on earth to them. Oh, gather all charms into your house! If you can afford to bring books and pictures and cheerful entertainments to the household. But, above all, teach those children, not by half an hour twice a year on the Sabbath day, but day after day, and every day teach them that religion is a great gladness that throws chains of gold about the neck; that it takes no spring from the foot, no blitheness from the heart, no sparkle from the eye, no ring from the laughter, but that their ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

I sympathize with the work being done in many of our cities by which beautiful rooms are set apart by our young men's Christian Associations, and I pray God to prosper them in all things. But, I tell you, there is something back of that and before that. We need more happy, consecrated, cheerful, Christian homes in America.

Have you ever ephered out in the rule of loss and gain the sum, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul? How can he give his appearance, the winds of death will flutter it like rags. Homespun and a threadbare coat have sometimes been the shadow of coming robes made white in the blood of the Lamb. The pearl of great price is worth more than any gem you can bring from the ocean, than Australian or Brazilian mines struck in one caravan. Seek after God, find His righteousness, and all shall be well here; all shall be well hereafter.

But I must have a word with those who during the present commercial calamities have lost heavily, or perhaps lost all their estate. If a man lose his property at 30 or 40 years of age, it is only a sharp discipline generally by which later he comes to larger success. It is all folly for a man to sit down in midlife discouraged. The marshals of Napoleon came to their end, but they had won the battle and we are being cut to pieces." Napoleon took his watch from his pocket and said: "It is only 2 o'clock in the afternoon. You have lost that battle, but you have time enough to win another. Charge upon the foe!"

Though the meridian of life has passed with you and you have been routed in a conflict, give not up in discouragement. There are victories yet for you to gain. But sometimes monetary disaster comes to a man when there is something in his age or something in his health or something in his surroundings which make him know well that he will never get up again.

In 1857 it was estimated that for many years previous to that time annually there had been 30,000 failures in the United States. Many of those persons never recovered from the misfortune. But let me give a word of comfort in passing. The sheriff may sell you out of many things, but there are some things of which he cannot sell you out. He cannot sell out your health. He cannot sell out your family. He cannot sell out your Bible. He cannot sell out your God. He cannot sell out your heaven. You have more than you have lost.

Sons and daughters of God, children of an eternal and all loving Father, mourn not when your property goes. The world is yours, and life is yours, and death is yours, and immortality is yours, and thrones of imperishable grandeur are yours, and rivers of gladness are yours, and shining mansions are yours, and God is yours. The eternal God has sworn it, and every time you doubt if you charge the King of heaven and earth with perjury. Instead of complaining how hard you have it, go home, take up your Bible full of promises, get down on your knees before God and thank Him for what you have instead of spending so much time in complaining about what you have not.

Some of you remember the shipwreck of the Centurion. This noble steamer had had, I think, about 500 passengers aboard. Suddenly the storm came, and the surges trampled the decks and swung into the hatch, and there went up a hundred voices of death wailing. The foam on the jaw of the sea was pitching the steamer as though it were leaping a mountain; the dismal flare of the signal rockets; the long cough of the steam pipes; the hiss of the extinguished furnaces; the walking of God on the wave! The steamer went not down without a struggle.

As the passengers stationed themselves in rows to bale out the vessel, hark to the thump of the buckets as men unaxed to toil, with blistered hands and strained muscles, dug for their lives. There is a sail men against the sky. The flash of the distress gun is sounded. Its voice is heard not, for it is choked in the louder booming of the sea. A few passengers escaped, but the steamer gave one great lurch and was gone! So this is some men who call on prosperity in life. All's well, all's well. But at least some financial disaster comes—a prosperously down they go! the bottom of this commercial sea, strewn with shattered hulks.

But because your property goes do not let your soul go. Though all else perish, save that, for I have to tell you of that stupendous shipwreck that which I have just mentioned. God launched this world 6000 years ago. It has been going on under freight of mountains and immortals, but one day it will stagger at the cry of fire. The timbers of rock will burn, the mountain flame like masts and the clouds like sails in the judgment hurricane. Then God shall take the passengers off the deck, and from the berths those who have long been asleep in Jesus, and He will set them far beyond the reach of storm and peril.

But how many shall go down? That will never be known until it shall be announced one day in heaven—the shipwreck of a world. Oh, my dear hearers, whenever you lose, though your houses go, though your land go, though all your earthly possessions perish, may Almighty God, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, save all your souls.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR JULY 30.

Lesson Text: "Paul at Ephesus." Acts xvi, 1-12—Golden Text: John xvi, 13—Commentary.

1. "And it came to pass that while Apollos was at Corinth Paul, having passed through the upper coasts, came to Ephesus." From Corinth, where we left Paul in the last lesson, he returned to Antioch in Syria, taking with him Priscilla and Aquila as far as Ephesus, where he left them, promising to return, the Lord willing (18-21). After some time at Antioch he started on his third tour, and passing through Coele Syria and Phrygia, strengthening the disciples, came in due time to Ephesus. This Apollos of Alexandria, eloquent and mighty in Scripture, had meantime passed through Ephesus and had been greatly helped and enlightened by Aquila and Priscilla. How wonderfully the Lord provides teachers for those who are seeking to know Him! Consider the cases of Cornelius and the man of Ethiopia.

2. "And finding certain disciples he said unto them, Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed? And they said unto him, We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost." There are many like these to-day who have heard of the love of God and of Jesus as a Savior from the wrath to come, and they have received Him and are children of God (John 1, 12), and therefore have the Holy Ghost in them as believers (1 Cor. vi, 19; xii, 7), but yet know little or nothing about the Holy Spirit and never have received Him as their power for life and service. Compare John xiv, 17, with Luke xiv, 49.

3. "And He said unto them, Unto what, then, were ye baptized? And they said, Unto John's baptism." This was as far as Apollos had taught them (18-25), and would include repentance, remission of sins and fruits meet for repentance and should have included an expectation of a baptism of the Holy Ghost (Luke iii, 3, 16). It certainly meant salvation, but not necessarily special power.

4. "Then, said Paul, John verily baptized with the baptism of repentance, saying unto the people that they should believe on Him which should come after Him—that is, on Christ Jesus. It was John's delight to cry, 'Behold the Lamb of God' and to point all to Him whose way he came to prepare (John 1, 15, 27, 29, 31; iii, 28-30; Math. iii, 11). People are apt to follow the human leader, as did the Corinthians (1 Cor. iii, 4), and too often have followed the Lord Jesus. But such is not the spirit of Christ, for even He did not His own will nor sought His own glory, but ever sought the glory of the Father (John vi, 28; viii, 29; xvii, 4).

5. "When they heard this, they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus." They had received the truth which they had heard and were living up to the light which they had received, and therefore were ready for more light. Now, when additional truth is brought to them they readily receive it and turn heartily to Him of whom John was the forerunner.

6. "And when Paul had laid his hands upon them the Holy Ghost came on them, and they spake with tongues and prophesied." This was the baptism of the Holy Spirit. They had received the truth which they had heard and were living up to the light which they had received, and therefore were ready for more light. Now, when additional truth is brought to them they readily receive it and turn heartily to Him of whom John was the forerunner.

7. "And all the men were about twelve"—as many as those whom Jesus chose and called unto Himself (Mark iii, 13-15); as many as were chosen by the Spirit to be witnesses in Jerusalem, and in Judaea, and in Samaria; as many as the gates of the New Jerusalem and the foundations of the same (Rev. xxi, 12, 14). It is the heavenly and earthly perfect numbers 3 and 4 multiplied. The first-fruits of the harvest were 144,000. He is the gift of the Spirit (Acts xiii, 14, 19, 29). Disputing means reasoning out of the Scriptures, as in chapter xvii, 2, while persuading indicates tender and loving entreaty. Thus he patiently and prayerfully opened to them the word of God concerning Jesus as the Christ.

8. "But when divers were hardened and believed not, but spake evil of that way before the multitude, he departed from them and separated the disciples, disputing daily in the school of one Tyrannus." When truth is rejected, the heart becomes hardened, and when once the heart is turned away from the only light in this dark world the only prospect is the outer darkness where light never comes. Yet Jesus has sent a portion of the seed which will fall on good ground and that tares will grow among the wheat until the harvest.

9. "And this continued by the space of two years, so that all they which dwelt in Asia heard the word of the Lord Jesus, both Jews and Greeks." The province of Asia, in which were the seven churches of Revelation, is distinguished from the other provinces of Asia Minor in chapter xvi, 6. In this section of the country he testifies that for three years he ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears, teaching publicly and from house to house, keeping back nothing, and all the while with his own hands ministering to the necessities of himself and those who were with him (chapter xx, 31, 34). Thus he earned his own living, he would have no occasion to fear losing a portion of his salary if the truth he preached should happen to hit some of his hearers rather severely.

10. "And God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul." Whether it be a miracle of healing of the soul or of the body, "it is God who worketh" (Phil. ii, 13). Whether it be wisdom or knowledge or faith or gifts of healing or miracles, it is all of the work of the one self-same Spirit dividing to every man severally as He will (1 Cor. xii, 7-11). We will know His power more when instead of seeking Him to use Him for God we allow Him to take us and use us as He pleases.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Man on an average weigh twenty pounds more than women.

The death rate from apoplexy is highest at Turin, Italy—610 in 10,000.

It is now proposed to make the trolley do the work that mules have been accustomed to do for canal boat.

The Bibliotheque Nationale of Paris has recently acquired a cameo of large size and finest workmanship, showing a duel on horseback between a Sasanid king and a Roman emperor. M. Bablon, the keeper of the department of coins, recognizes in the subject a traditional representation of the capture of Valerian on the field of battle by Sapor I. (A. D. 250).

One of the most wonderful discoveries in science that have been made within the last year or two is the fact that a beam of light produces sound. A beam of sunlight is thrown through a lens on a glass vessel that contains lamp-black, colored silk or worsted, or other substance. A disk, having slits or openings cut in it, is made to revolve swiftly in this beam of light, so as to cut it up, thus making alternate flashes of light and shadow. On putting the ear to the glass vessel strange sounds are heard so long as the flashing beam is falling on the vessel.

A few coast lines on the world's surface remain undefined. The longest of these is the outline of the Antarctic Continent, which will be surveyed under the auspices of the Australian colonies as soon as money enough can be raised for the purpose; another is the coast line of Greenland, from Cape Washington, in eighty-three degrees thirty minutes, to Cape Bismarck, in about seventy-six degrees north latitude. This stretch of coast has defied the examination of voyagers from the fact that the whole east coast of Greenland is clothed in perennial ice and swept by unceasing northeast gales.

A Muscular Magistrate. Judge Coleman, of Butte, may not be a very large man, says the Butte (Montana) Bystander, but when it comes to upholding the supreme power of the law he looks as large as an elephant. At least so thinks Mr. Reski, a Hungarian who is reported to have killed a man or two before coming to America, and, after spending eleven years in the penal institution of Hungary, left his native country for his country's good.

Mr. Reski's aesthetic taste not being suited by the cooking of the partner, Mr. Vago, he attempted to kill him. A warrant was sworn out, but the officer failed to find Mr. Reski. Vago informed Judge Coleman that Reski was gambling in the Combination. No officer being present at the time the judge concluded to make the arrest himself. Vago went out with him and pointed out the man wanted and then skipped out.

The judge called Reski outside and told him he had a warrant for his arrest. In response the Hungarian pulled out a pistol, but before he could use it he received a "habes corpus" under the ear, was disarmed and marched up to court in double-quick time. As they were going up the stairs which led to the court Reski pulled another pistol, a forty-four Colt's saying, "Me kill you now," attempted to shoot, but again the judge was too quick for him, and, knocking him down, took the second gun away from him, and besides giving him a good thumping, read him a lecture on the evils of attempting to obstruct the course of justice, after which he was escorted to the courtroom, his case set for trial and then marched down to the city jail. Upon being searched a belt of cartridges and an eight-inch dirk were taken from him, in addition to the two pistols secured by the judge.

Many State in the Union has a nervous lawyer than Judge Coleman we would like to hear from it. The judge can be found in his office at all hours of the day or night.

Horses for the Army Abroad. In Prussia, France and Austria cavalry and other horses for the army are bred in stables owned by the Government. Every stallion must pass the severest veterinary examination. They are allowed to serve approved mares belonging to farmers and breeders. If the colts from these mares come up to the required standard, then the Government buys them to educate them for cavalry horses.—New York World.

The Ladies. The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

Travels of a Thimble.

Fire Chief Mitchell has a silver thimble, which if it could speak, doubtless could tell a wondrous story. He came by it in an extraordinary manner. While flushing the gutters the hose was coupled onto the hydrant in front of the Centenary Church. The resulting stream of water brought the thimble to view. It is unmarred, shows but little use and has the initials "J. S." engraved upon the exterior.

To have arrived where found this thimble had to travel a long and varied mile. It came from the Marmadake River somewhere to the drain at the pump-house, where it was sucked into the water main, thence forced into the reservoir here in town through two or three miles of water pipe, thence forced through the water mains of the city to the hydrant at the corner of Main and Austin streets, where it passed through several hundred feet of firemen's hose to the street, where it was picked up.—Nevada (Mo.) Post.

In boring the Mont Cenis and St. Gothard tunnels ordinary means were first used, then steam power, finally compressed air.

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