

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

SUNDAY'S SERMON IN THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Subject: "Words With Young Men."

In his auditions at the New York Academy of Music Dr. Talmage meets many hundreds of young men from different parts of the Union, and representing almost every calling and profession in life. To them he specially addressed this discourse, the subject being "Words With Young Men."

FAYETTE, O.

Reverend Sir—We, the undersigned, being earnest readers of your sermons, especially request that you use as a subject for some one of your future sermons "Advice to Young Men." Yours respectfully, H. S. MILLOTT, CHARLES T. RUBEK, F. O. MILLOTT, M. E. ELDER, J. L. SHERWOOD, S. J. ALFMAN.

These six young men, I suppose, represent innumerable young men who are about undertaking the battle of life, and who have more interrogation points in their mind than any printer's case ever contained, or printer's fingers ever saw. But young men, people who have passed fifty years of age are capable of giving advice to young men. Too many begin their counsel by forgetting they ever were young men themselves. November snows do not expect that everything was going to ruin, when an old friend of mine at seventy-five years, as young in feeling as any one at twenty, arose and said, "That good brother who has just addressed you will excuse me by saying that a young man would no sooner go and spend an evening among such funeral tones of voice and funeral ideas of religion which that brother seems to have adopted than he would go and spend the evening in Laurel Hill Cemetery."

And yet these young men of Ohio and all young men have a right to ask those who have had many opportunities of studying this world and the next world to give helpful suggestions to them. They are one ought to adopt and what dangers he ought to shun. Attention, young men. First, get your soul right. You see, that is the most valuable part of you. It is the most important room in your house. It is the parlor of your entire nature. Put the best pictures on its walls. Put the best music under its arches. It is important to have the kitchen right, and the dining room right, and the cellar right, and all the other rooms of your nature right; but, oh! the parlor of the soul! Be particular about the guests who enter it. Shut its doors in the faces of those who would despoil and pollute it. There are princes and kings who would like to come into it, while there are assassins who would like to come out from behind its curtains, and with silent foot attempt the desperate and murderous. Let the King come in. He is now at the door, and he is here to announce His arrival, and introduce the King of this world, the King of all worlds, the King eternal, immortal, invisible. Make room. Stand back. Clear the way. Bow, kneel, worship the King. Stay well. Be ready for your guest, and it does not make much difference who comes or goes. Would you have a warrant against moral disaster and surety of a noble career? Read at least one chapter of the Bible on your knees every day of your life.

Word the next: Have your body right. "How are you?" I often say when I meet a friend of mine in Brooklyn. He is over seventy, and alert as a vixen, and very prominent in the law. His answer is, "I am living on the capital of a well spent youth." On the contrary, there are hundreds of thousands of good people who are suffering the results of early sins. The grace of God gives one a new heart, but not a new body. David, the Psalmist had to cry out, "Remember not the sins of my youth." Let a young man make his body a wine closet, or rum jug, or a whisky cask, or a beer barrel, and smoke poisoned cigarettes until his hand trembles, and he is black under the eyes, and his cheeks fall in, and then at some church seek and find religion; yet all the praying he can do will not hinder the physical consequences of natural law. You six young men of Ohio and all the young men, take care of your eyes, those windows of the soul. Take care of your ears, and listen to nothing that depraves. Take care of your lips, and see that they utter no profanities. Take care of your nerves by enough sleep and avoiding unhealthy excitements, and by taking outdoor exercise, whether by ball or skate or horseback, lawn tennis or swimming. Take care of your eye sight and do not join that throng of several hundred thousands who by the wheel are cultivating crooked backs and cramped chests and deformed bodies, rapidly coming down toward all fours, and the attitude of the beasts that perish. Anything that bends body, mind or soul to the earth is unhealthy. Oh, it is a grand thing to be well, but do not depend on pharmacy and the doctors to make you well. Read John Todd's Manual and Coombs's Physiology and everything you can lay your hands on about mastication and digestion and assimilation. When you find one healthy man or woman, you find one healthy man.

From my own experience I can testify that, being a disciple of the gymnasium, many a time just before going to the parallel bars and punching bags and pulleys and weights, I thought Satan was at my elbow, and the world, and society and the church and the world, and after one hour of climbing and lifting and pulling I felt like hastening home so as to be there when the meal ministered in. Take a good run every day. I find in that habit which I have kept up since at eighteen years I read the aforesaid Todd's Manual, more recuperation than in anything else. Those six men of Ohio will need all possible rest, and all possible religious assurances, and muscular development before they get through the terrific struggle of this life.

Word the next: Take care of your intellect. Here comes the flood of novelettes, ninety-nine out of a hundred being bad, and every one that opens them. Here come deplorable newspapers, submerging good and elevated American journalism. Here comes a whole perdition of printed abomination, dumped on the breakfast table and tea and parlor table. Take at least one good newspaper with able editorial and reporters' columns mostly occupied with helpful intelligence, announcing marriages and deaths and reformatory and religious assurances, and charities bestowed, and the doing of good people, and giving but little place to nasty divorce cases, and stories of crime, which, like cobras, sting those that touch them. Oh, for every newspaper that put virtue in what is called great primer type and vice in nonpareil or agate!

You have all seen the photographer's negative. He took a picture from it ten or twenty years ago. You ask him now for a picture from that same negative. He opens the great chest containing black negatives of 1855 or 1875, and he reproduces the picture. Young men, your memory is made up of the negatives of an immortal photograph. All that you see or hear goes into your soul to make pictures for the future. You will have with you till the judgment day the negatives of all the bad pictures you have ever looked at, and of all the debauched scenes you have read about. Show me the newspapers you take and the books you read, and I will tell you what are your prospects for well being in this life, and what will be your residence a million years after the stars on which we now live—all have dropped out of the constellation. I never travel

on Sunday unless it be a case of necessity or mercy. But last autumn I was in India in a city plague struck. By the hundreds the people were down with fearful illness. We were in a city where the doctors to get some preventive of the fever, and the place was crowded with invalids, and we had no confidence in the preventive we purchased from the Hindoos. The mail train was to start Sabbath evening, I said, "Frank, I am afraid the Lord will excuse us if we get out of this place with the first train," and we took it, not feeling quite comfortable till we were some miles away. I felt we were right in dying from the plague. Well, the air in many of our cities is struck through with a worse plague—the plague of corrupt and damnable literature. Get away from it as soon as possible. It has already ruined the bodies, minds and souls of a multitude which, if stood in solid column, would reach from New York Battery to Golden Horn. The plague! The plague!

Word the next: Never go to any place where you would be ashamed to die. And that plan and you will never go to any evil amusement nor be found in compromising surroundings. How many startling cases in the past few years of men called suddenly out of this world, and the news surprised us when they mentioned the locality and the companionship. To put it on the least important ground, you ought not to go to any such forbidden place, because if you depart this life in such circumstances, you put offending ministers in great embarrassment. You know that some of the ministers believe that all who leave this life go straight to heaven, however they have acted in this world, or whatever they have believed. To get you through from such surroundings is an important theological undertaking. One of the most arduous and sweat-dripping efforts of that kind that I ever knew of was at the obsequies of a man who was found dead in a snowbank with his rum jug close beside him. But the minister did the work of happy transference as well as possible, although it did seem a little inappropriate when he read the blessed and dead who die in the Lord. They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." If you have no mercy upon yourself have mercy upon the minister who may be called to officiate after your demise. Die at home, or in some place of honest business, or where the laughter is clean, or amid companionships pure and elevating. Remember that any place we go to may become our stepping point for the next world. When we enter the harbor of heaven, and the officer of light comes aboard, let us be able to show that our clearing papers were dated at the right port.

Word the next: As soon as you can, by industry and economy, have a home of your own. What do I mean by a home? I mean two rooms and the blessing of God on both of them; one room for slumber, one for food, and the other for the parading of the soul. Mark you, I would like you to have a home with thirty rooms, all upholstered, pictured and studded, but I am putting it down at the minimum. A husband and wife who cannot be happy with a home made up of two rooms would not be happy in heaven. If they were. He who wins and keeps the affection of a good practical woman has done gloriously. What do I mean by a good woman? I mean one who loved God and loved you. What do I mean by a practical woman? I mean one who can help you to earn a living, for a time comes in almost every man's life when he is flung of hard misfortune, and you do not want a woman who will sit around the house whining and sniffing about how she had it before you married her. The simple reason why thousands of men never get on in the world is because they married nonentities and never got over it. The only thing that a man who proposed for his bride was a warm couple of profanity, saying, "Curse God and die." It adds to our admiration of John Wesley the manner in which he conquered domestic unhappiness. His wife had slandered him all over England until, standing in his pulpit in City Road chapel, he complained to the people saying, "I have been charged with every crime in the catalogue except drunkenness;" when his wife arose in the back part of the church and said: "John, you know you were drunk last night." Then Wesley exclaimed, "Thank God, the catalogue is complete." When a man marries he marries for heaven or hell, and it is more so when a woman marries. You six young men in Fayette, Ohio, had better look out.

Word the next: Do not rate yourself too high. Better rate yourself too low. If you rate yourself too low the world will say, "Come up." If you rate yourself too high the world will say, "Come down." It is a bad thing when a man sets so extravagant an idea of himself as did Earl of Buchan, whose speech Balaityne, the Edinburgh printer, could not set up for publication because he did not set enough capital in among his type. Wesley said that the world got along with you near 6000 years before you were born, and unless some meteor collides with us, or some internal explosion occurs, the world will probably last several thousand years after you are dead.

Word the next: Do not postpone too long doing something decided for God, humanity and yourself. The greatest things have been done before forty years of age. Pascal at seventeen years of age, Grotius at seventeen, Bonaparte at twenty, Pitt at twenty-two, Whitefield at twenty-four, Bonaparte at twenty-seven, Ignatius Loyola at thirty, Raphael at thirty-seven, had made the world feel their virtue or their vice, and the biggest strokes will probably make for or against the truth will be before you reach the meridian of life. Do not wait for something to turn up. Go to work and turn it up. There is no such thing as good luck. No man that ever lived has had a better time than I have had, yet I never had any good luck. But instead thereof, a kind Providence has crowded my life with mercies. You will never accomplish much as long as you go to your bed with your mind on the excursion and stop at the first minute it is lawful to quit. The greatly useful and successful men of the next century will be those who began half an hour before they were required and half an hour after they were required to have quit. Unless you are willing soon to get to work twelve hours of the day you will remain on the low level, and your life will be a prolonged humdrum.

Word the next: Remember that it is only a small part of our life that we are to pass on earth. Less than your finger nail compared with your whole body is the life on earth when compared with the next life. I suppose there are not more than half a dozen people in this world 100 years old. But a very few people in any country reach eighty. The majority of the human race expire before thirty. Now, what an equipage in such a short time! If things go wrong it is only for a little while. Have you not seen a moral pluck to stand the jostling, and the injustices, and the mishaps of the small part of the bridge were up, farther on there was a span that had fallen, and we could not but shudder at what might have been the possibilities. When your rail train starts on a long bridge you want to be sure that the first span of the bridge is all right, but what if farther on there is a span of the bridge that is all wrong; how then? what then? In one of the Western cities the freshest has carried away a bridge, and a man knew that the express train would come along. So he lighted a lantern and started up the track to stop the train. But before he had got far enough up the track the wind blew out the light of his lantern, and standing in the darkness he was expected to come up he threw the lantern into the locomotive, crying, "Stop! Stop!" And the warning was in time to halt the train. And at any of you by evil habits are hastening toward drink or precipice or fallen spirit, throw this Gospel lantern at your mad

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR MAY 26.

Lesson Text: "Jesus on the Cross," Mark xv., 22-37—Golden Text: Romans v., 8—Commentary.

22. "And they bring Him unto the place Golgotha, which is, being interpreted, The place of a skull." After Pilate scourged Him and delivered Him to their cruel pleasure the soldiers crowned Him with thorns, smote Him and did spit on Him, mocking, bowed their knees to Him, and said, "Hail to Him that crucified Him." Think on these things until you see Him bearing all that for you and your whole heart cry out, "I am Thine, Oh Lord." Then seriously, not by compulsion, like Simon the Cyrenian, bear the cross after Him (verses 16-21). Happy Simon! Blessed burden! But where was Simon Peter?

23. "And they gave to drink wine mingled with myrrh, but He received it not." On the way to Calvary He spoke to the weeping ones of the coming days of sorrow because of this National rejection of Him. To reject Christ brings great and terrible misery. Matthew, Mark and John call the place of crucifixion Golgotha. Luke alone calls it Calvary. In Rev. xi., 8, it is spoken of as a part of the great city where our Lord was crucified. See in the "Wings of the Dove" (Commentary, Mark xxvii., 34) a fulfillment of Ps. lxxxv., 21. But He would not accept it.

24. See in this verse a literal fulfillment of Ps. xlii., 18, for every detail of His humiliation and sufferings was accurately foretold and fulfilled to the letter. He shall be also with every detail of the predictions concerning His coming again. As He would not be stupefied by the drink offered to Him, He did not shrink from suffering with Him this little while.

25. "And it was the third hour, and they crucified Him." About 9 a. m. He endured the agony of having both hands and feet nailed to the cross (John xix., 18). He was the fulfillment of all the sacrifices that had ever been offered at that morning hour. Naked that He might be clothed; a king, yet not a thread of the trappings of a king; all for us, and answered not.

26. Over the cross by Pilate's orders there was written in Hebrew and Greek and Latin (the three languages which represented all the world), "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." He said not after the manner of the chief priests asked him (John xix., 19-22). It was a title which was, and will yet be manifest to be, of interest to all the world. Are you interested now on the line of Ps. xlii., 6, 7? See Rev. xix., 16. Two evidences were crucified with Him and He in the midst (John xix., 18). He would not choose His company any more than Joseph could in the prison, but He could glorify in His company under such circumstances, and He did. Even those who were as He would choose to save, and for just such He was then dying. It is a faithful saying that He came into the world to save sinners (1 Tim. i., 15).

27. Long years before it was written concerning Him, "And He was numbered with the transgressors" (Isa. liii., 12), and here was part of the fulfillment. In His lifetime, while going about doing good, He was told that He had evil and the evil was a glut and a winebibber (John viii., 52; Luke vii., 34). The passersby could not let Him alone, but railed on Him and perverted His words and blasphemed Him, and He was crucified with the transgressors (John viii., 52; Luke vii., 34). He was the Son of God (Math. iv., 3; xxvii., 46). It looks as if all the dogs of hell were let loose upon Him (Ps. xlii., 16). Yet He meekly bore it all and answered not.

28. "Save thyself and come down from the cross." On one occasion Simon Peter told Him to pity Himself, but He told Simon that that was not his business, and He added that there was no way for Him or for His followers but by the cross (Math. xvi., 22-24, margin).

29. "Behold He saith Elias." So thought some of the chief priests, and He said better than they intended, for He could not save Himself and us, but He chose not to save Himself that He might save us. As to His being unable to save Himself if He wished so, that of course was a lie, for His own testimony was as to His life, "No man taketh it from Me, but I lay it down of Myself" (John x., 18). See our privilege in 1 John iii., 16.

30. They mockingly called Him "King of Israel," and said that if He would descend from the cross they would believe on Him. Contrast the testimony of Nathanael to His being "King of Israel" and His reception of Him (John i., 49). Even the thieves reviled Him, although one of them afterward believed and was saved. Between people and priests and soldiers and thieves it was surely mountains of mockery, and no follower of Him could but strive to comfort Him with a word of loyalty to Him.

31. "Even the sun refused to shine on such a scene, and for three hours there was great darkness. We think of the darkness of Gen. i., 5, x. 21, 22, and the outer darkness of Math. xxv., 30, Judge xiii., but the darkness of our lesson was unique. Never in all the earth's history was there or will there be again just such a day. It was the creator of Him who created light for His creation, that He might redeem them from destruction.

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Salting a Corpse.

One of the most curious burial customs still existing in Ireland and in Somersetshire, England, is that of placing salt upon the breast of a corpse as soon as it has been properly "laid out" on the cooling-board. In England, where the custom still prevails among a people who hoist the imputation of being superstitious, it is claimed that it is done in order "to prevent air from getting into the corpse and thus swell and bloat it."

Campbell and Moresin, says the St. Louis Republic, both refer to the practice as a survival of old-time superstitious burial rites. They quote largely from ancient writers to prove that early Christians all regarded salt as an emblem of immortality and eternity, and that on such account it was anciently used in the manner above mentioned. Harmon is authority for the statement that the early Germans not only put salt under the tongues of their dead, but also put little cylinders of rock salt in the right hands of their sick as soon as it was learned that such persons were near death's door.

In most heathen countries, where all kinds of superstition prevails, salt is used as a charm in frightening away evil spirits, and it is alleged that the Patagonians frequently strangled their children to death by forcing salt down their throats to drive out devils.

To Sea in a Cockle-Shell.

An Oregon man has hewed a thirteen-foot boat out of a cedar log, and in this little craft he proposes to make a voyage to Europe from San Francisco, by way of Cape Horn, unless the railroad companies will allow him to reach the Atlantic seaboard, by putting his boat on wheels and using the tracks, sailing before the wind.—New York Weekly.

Alternate Jurors in California.

We are now to have, where the court chooses to order it, alternate jurors—that is, two extra jurors to sit and hear as does the regular panel. Then, if one of the latter falls sick, an alternate may take his place, and a mistrial be thus avoided. We see no reason to doubt the wisdom of this scheme. It is at least worth a trial.—Sacramento (Cal.) Record-Union.

The Singular Forked-Tail Caterpillar.

The singular forked-tail caterpillar of Cerura, as it well known, sends out when disturbed a jet of vapor containing formic acid. It also appears from the researches of Mr. Satter that these creatures in the imago state secrete free potassium hydroxide, a substance for the first time known to exist in the animal kingdom.—New York Independent.

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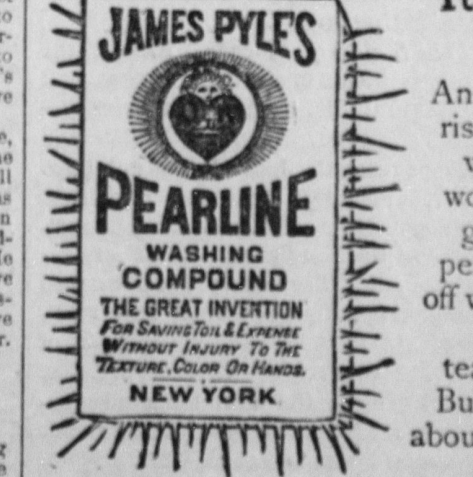
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SAPOLLO

The Standard Oil Company serves a number of factories at Cleveland, Ohio, which had been using petroleum for fuel oil. The recent advance in fuel oil is the cause assigned for this move, and as the Standard has a monopoly on the trade this means that the use of oil as a fuel must be abandoned.