

# REV. DR. TALMAGE.

## ANNUAL SERMON PREACHED TO HIS REGIMENT.

Subject: "The Greatest Soldier of All Time."

In the Embury Memorial Church, Brooklyn, a large audience listened to the annual sermon of Chaplain T. De Witt Talmage, of the Thirtieth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y. The members of the regiment occupied the body of the church. Dr. Talmage chose for his subject "The Greatest Soldier of All Time," the text being: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life." "The gallant Thirteenth," as this regiment is generally and appropriately called, has gathered to-night for the worship of God and to hear the annual sermon. And first I look with hearty salutation into the faces of the veterans, who, though now not in active service, have the same patriotic and military enthusiasm which characterized them when, in 1863, they bade farewell to home and loved ones and started for the field and risked all they held dear on earth for the re-establishment of the falling United States Government. "All that a man hath will he give for his life," and you showed yourselves willing to give your lives. We had you! We thank you for your service as veterans of the Thirteenth. Nothing can ever rob you of the honor of having been soldiers in one of the most tremendous wars of all history, a war with Grant and Sherman and Hancock and Sheridan and Farragut on one side, and Lee and Stonewall Jackson and Longstreet and Johnston on the other.

As in Greek tragedies, when speakers would arouse the audience, they shouted "Marathon!" so if I wanted to stir you up, I would only need to speak the words, "Lookout Mountain," "Chancellorsville," "Gettysburg." And though through the passage of years you are forever free from duty of enlistment, if Europe's nations should too easily and too quickly forget the Monroe doctrine and set aggressive foot upon this continent I think your ankles would be supple again, and your arms would grow strong again, and you would be ready enough to follow the stars of the old flag wherever they might lead.

And next I greet the colonel and his staff, and all the officers and men of this regiment. It has been an eventful year in your history. If never before, Brooklyn appreciates the importance of the value of its armories, and the importance of the men who there drill for the defense and safety of the city. The blessing of God be upon all of you, my comrades of the Thirtieth Regiment! And looking about for a subject that might be most helpful and inspiring for you, and our veterans here assembled, and the citizens gathered to-night with their good wishes, I have concluded before you the greatest soldier of all time—Joshua the hero of my text.

He was a magnificent fighter, but he always fought on the right side, and he never fought unless God was with him. In my text he gets his military equipment and one would think it must have been plumed helmet for the brow, greaves of brass for the feet, habergeon for the breast. "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life." "Oh," you say, "anybody could have courage with such a backing up as that." Why, my friends, I have to tell you that the God of the universe and the Chief of Hosts promised to do just as much for us as he did for Joshua. He is eternally pledged in our behalf. If we go out in the service of God, and no more than that was offered to Joshua, God fulfilled this promise of mine. Joshua's first battle was with the spring reaper, and the next with a stone wall, and the next leading on a regiment of whipped cowards, and the next battle against darkness, wheeling the sun and the moon into his battle line, and the last against the king of terrors, death—I've great victories.

For the most part, when the general of an army starts out in a conflict he would like to have a small battle in order that he may get his courage up and he may rally his troops and get them drilled for greater conflicts, but this first undertaking of Joshua was greater than the leveling of Fort Pulaski, or the thundering down of the other party, or the overthrow of the Bastille. It was the crossing of the Jordan at the time of the spring freshet. The snows of Mount Lebanon had just been melting, and they poured down into the valley, and the whole valley was a raging torrent. So the Canaanites stand on one bank, and they look across and see Joshua and the Israelites, and they laugh and say: "Alas! alas! They cannot disturb us until the freshets are going down, and they are going to fly, or perhaps they are going to march across the river Jordan. Joshua is a lunatic." But Joshua, the chief of the text, looks at his army and cries, "Forward, march!" and they start for the bank of the Jordan.

One mile ahead go two priests, carrying a glittering box four feet long and two feet wide. It is the ark of the covenant. And they come down, and no sooner do they touch the water than the water is parted for them by an almighty God. Jordan parts. The army of Joshua marches right on without getting their feet wet over the bottom of the river, a path of chalk and broken shells and pebbles, and they get to the other bank. Then they lay hold of the oleanders and tamarisks and willows and pull themselves up a bank thirty or forty feet high, and having gained the other bank they clap their hands and sing praises and sing the praises of the God of Joshua.

But no sooner have they reached the bank than the waters begin to dash and roar, and with a terrific rush they break loose from their strange anchorage. Out yonder they have stopped, thirty miles up yonder they halted. On this side the waters roll off toward the salt sea. But as the hand of the Lord God is taken away from the thus uplifted waters—waters perhaps uplifted half a mile—as the lifted waters are going down, those waters rush down, and some of the unbelieving Israelites say, "Alas, alas, what a misfortune! Why could not those waters have stayed parted? Because, perhaps, we may want to go back. Oh, Lord, we are engaged in a risky business. Those Canaanites may eat us up. How if we want to go back? Would it not have been a more complete miracle if the Lord had parted the waters to let us go back? They are defeated. My friends, God makes no provision for a Christian's retreat. He clears the path all the way to Canaan. To go back to die. The same gatekeepers that swing back the amethystine and crystalline gates of the Jordan to let Israel pass through now swing shut the amethystine and crystalline gates of the Jordan to keep the Israelites from going back. I declare it in your hearing to-day, victory ahead, water for feet deep in the rear. Triumph ahead, Canaan ahead; behind you death and darkness and woe and hell. But you say, "Why didn't those Canaanites when they had such a splendid chance—standing on the top of the bank thirty or forty feet high—completely demolish those poor Israelites down in the river?" I will tell you why. God had made a promise, and He was going to keep it. "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But this is no place for the host to stop. Joshua gives the command, "Forward, march!" In the distance there is a long grove of trees, and at the end of the grove is a city. It is a city of arblers, a city with walls seeming to reach to the heavens, to buttress the very sky. It is the great metropolis that commands the mountain pass. It is Jericho. That city was captured by Pompey, and it was afterward captured by Herod the Great, and it was afterward captured by the Mohammedans, but this campaign the Lord plans. There shall be no swords, no shields, no battering rams. There shall be only one weapon of war, and that a ram's horn. The horn of the slain ram was cut in pieces, and holes were punctured in it, and then the musician would put the instrument to his lips, and he would run his fingers over this rude musical instrument, and make a great deal of sweet harmony for the people. That was the only kind of weapon. Seven priests were to take these rude musical instruments, and they were to go around the city every day for six days—once a day for six days, and then on the seventh day they were to go around blowing these rude musical instruments seven times, and then at the close of the seventh blowing of the rams' horns on the seventh day the perforation of the whole scene was to be a shout, at which those great walls should tumble from east to west.

The seven priests with the rude musical instruments pass all around the city walls on the first day, and a failure. Not so much as a piece of plaster broke loose from the wall, not so much as a loosened rock, not so much as a piece of mortar lost from its place. "There," say the unbelieving Israelites. "Didn't I tell you so? Why, those ministers are fools. The idea of going around the city with those musical instruments and expecting in that way to destroy it! Joshua has been spoiled. He thinks because he has overthrown and destroyed the spring freshet he can overthrow the stone wall. Why, it is a scientific error. Don't you see the relation between the blowing of these musical instruments and the knocking down of the wall? It isn't philosophy."

And I suppose there were many wiseacres who stood with their brows knitted, and with the forefinger of the right hand and the forefinger of the left hand, arguing it all out and showing it was not possible that such a sound should produce such an effect. And I suppose that night in the encampment there was plenty of philosophy and caricature, and if Joshua had been nominated for any high military position he would not have got many votes. Joshua's stock was down. The second day, the priests, blowing the musical instruments, go around the city, and a failure. Third day, and a failure; fourth day, and a failure; fifth day, and a failure; sixth day, and a failure. The seventh day comes, the climacteric day. Joshua rises up in the morning and examines the troops, walks all around about, looks at the city wall. The priests start to make the circuit of the city. They go all around once, all around twice, three times, four times, five times, six times, seven times, and a failure.

There is only one more thing to do, and that is to utter a great shout. I see the Israelitish army straightening themselves up, filling their lungs for a vociferation such as was never heard before and never heard after. Joshua feels that the hour has come, and he cries out to his host, "Shout for the Lord hath given you the city!" All the people of God begin to cry, "Down, Jericho! Down, Jericho!" And the long line of soldiers begins to quiver and to move and to rock. Stand from under! She falls! Crash go the walls, the temples, the towers, the towers, the towers, the towers, the towers. The huzzas of the victorious Israelites, the groans of the conquered Canaanites, and Joshua, standing there in the debris of the wall, hears a voice saying, "I shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But Joshua's troops may not halt here. The command is, "Forward, march!" There is the city of Ai. It must be taken. How shall it be taken? A scouting party comes back and says, "Joshua, we can do this without you. It is going to be a very easy job. You just stay here while we go and capture it. They march with a small regiment in front of that city. The men of Ai look at the Israelites, give one yell, and the Israelites run like reindeer. The northern troops of Bull Run did not make such rapid time as these Israelites with the Canaanites after them. They never cut such a sorry figure as when they were on the retreat." Joshua falls on his face in chagrin. It is the only time you ever see the back of his head. He falls on his face and begins to wail, and he says: "O Lord God, wherefore hast Thou all this brought this people over Jordan to deliver us into the hands of the Amorites to destroy us? Would to God we had been content and dwelt on the other side of Jordan! For the Canaanites and all the inhabitants of the land shall hear of it, and shall environ us round and out of our name from the earth."

I am very glad Joshua said that. Before it seemed as if he were a supernatural being, and therefore could not be an example to us, but I find he is a man, he is only a man. Just as sometimes you find a man under severe opposition, or in a bad state of physical health, or worn out with overwork, lying down and sighing about everything being defeated, I am encouraged when I hear this cry of Joshua as he lies in the dust. He comes and rouses him. How does he rouse him? By complimentary apostrophe. He says: "Get thee up, wherefore liest thou upon the earth? Arise, and I warrant you, with a mortified look. But his old courage comes back. The fact was that was not his battle. If he had been in it, he would have gone on to victory. He gathers his troops around him and says, "Now let us go up and capture the city of Ai. Let us go up right away."

They march on. He puts the majority of the troops behind a ledge of rocks in the night, and then he sends a comparatively small battalion up in front of the city. The men of Ai come out with a shout. This battalion in stratagem fall back and fall back, and when all the men of Ai have left the city they are in pursuit of this scattered and cunningly scattered battalion. Joshua stands on a rock. I see his locks flying in the wind as he points his spear toward the doomed city, and that is the signal. The men rush out and take the rocks and take the city, and it is put to the torch, and there stands the city in the city march down, and the flying battalion of Israelites return, and between these two waves of Israelitish prowess the town of Ai is destroyed, and the Israelites gain the victory, and while I see the smoke of that destroyed city on the sky, and while I hear the huzzas of the Israelites and the groans of the Canaanites, Joshua hears something louder than all, ringing and echoing through his soul, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But this is no place for the host of Joshua to stop. "Forward, march!" cries Joshua to his army. There is the city of Gibeon. It has put itself under the protection of Joshua. They sent word: "There are five kings after us. They are going to destroy us. Send troops quick. Send us help right away." Joshua has a three days' march more than double quick. On the morning of the third day he is before the enemy. There are two long lines of battle. The battle opens with great slaughter, but the Canaanites soon discover something. They say: "That is Joshua. That is the man who conquered the spring freshet and knocked down the stone wall and destroyed the city of Ai. There is no use fighting." And they sound a retreat, and as they begin to retreat Joshua and his host spring upon them like a panther, pursuing them over the rocks, and as these Canaanites, with sprained ankles and gashed foreheads, retreat the catapults of the sky pour a volley of hailstones into the valley, and all the artillery of the heavens with bullets of iron pounds the Canaanites against the ledges of Beth-horon. "Oh," says Joshua, "this is surely a victory!" But do you see the sun is going down? Those Amorites are going to get away some other time and bother us, and perhaps destroy us? See, the sun is going down. Oh, for a longer day than has ever been seen in this climate! What is the matter with Joshua? Has he fallen in an apple pie? No. He is in prayer. Look out when a good man makes the Lord his ally. Joshua raises his face, radiant with prayer, and looks at the descending sun over Gibeon and at the faint crescent of the moon, for you know the queen of the night sometimes with finger around the palaces of the day. Pointing one hand at the descending sun and the other hand at the faint crescent of the moon, the name of that God who shaped the world and moves the worlds, he cries, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon." And they stood still. Whether it was by refraction of the

sun's rays or by the stopping of the whole planetary system I do not know and do not care. I leave it to the Christian scientists and the infidel scientists to settle that question, while I tell you I have seen the same thing. "What," say you, "not the sun standing still?" Yes. The same miracle is performed nowadays. The wicked do not live out their lives, and the sun sets at noon. But let a man start out and battle for God, and the truth, and against sin, and the day of his usefulness is prolonged and prolonged and prolonged.

But it is time for Joshua to go home. He is 110 years old. Washington went down the Potomac, and at Mount Vernon closed his eyes. Wellington died peacefully at Apsley House. Now, where shall Joshua rest? Why, he is to have his greatest battle now. After 110 years he has to meet a king who has more subjects than all the present population of the earth, his throne a pyramid of skulls, his parterre the graveyards and the cemeteries of the world, his chariot the world's horse—the king of terrors. But if this is Joshua's greatest battle it is going to be Joshua's greatest victory. He gathers his friends around him and gives his valedictory, and it is full of reminiscences. Young men tell what they are going to do. Old men tell what they have done.

And as you have heard a grandfather or a great-grandfather, seated by the evening fire, tell the story of what he has done, and as he lies there, his white locks snowing down on his wrinkled forehead, I wonder if God has kept His promise all the way through—the promise of the text. As he lies there he tells the story of two or three times—you have heard old people tell a story two or three times over—and he answers: "I go the way of all the earth, and not one word of the promise has failed, not one word thereof has failed. All has come to pass, not one word thereof has failed." And then he turns to his family, as a dying parent will, and says: "Choose now whom ye will serve—the God of Israel or the God of the Amorites. For me and my house, we will serve the Lord. A dying parent cannot be reckless or thoughtless in regard to his children. Consent to part with them at the door of the tomb we cannot. By the cradle in which they were rocked, by the bosom in which they first lay, by the price of the Covenant, by the God of Joshua, it shall not be. We will not part. We cannot part. Jehovah Jireh, we take Thee at Thy promise, I will be a God to thee and thy seed after thee."

Dead, the old chief must be laid out. Handle him very gently. That sacred body is over 110 years of age. Lay him out. Stretch out those feet that walked dry shod the parted Jordan. Fold the long line of soldiers, the blast at which the walls of Jericho fell. Fold the arm that lifted the spear toward the doomed city of Ai. Fold it right over the heart that exulted when the five kings fell. But where shall we get the hurried granite for the headstone and the footstone? I think myself now. I imagine that for the head it shall be the sun that stood still upon Gibeon, and for the foot the moon that stood still in the valley of Ajalon.

### A NEW OCEAN BUG.

Captain Niejahr Discovers It in the South Atlantic and Puzzles Scientists.

The Naval Hydrographic Office has been notified of the discovery of a new form of animal life in the open ocean which has hitherto not been classified by naturalists, and which is called the "ocean bug." The report comes from Captain H. A. Niejahr of the German steamer Helios. He was cruising in the South Atlantic, between Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope, a little to the west of Inaccessible and Tristan da Cunha Islands, when the phenomenon appeared. The entry on his log is as follows: "This species called my attention to the look of the water. I went on deck and saw several spots of yellow and muddy looking water. We steered for one of these spots and passed the red light. It appeared that the water had a reddish color, caused by millions and millions of red ephemeron worms. I caught some in a bucket and found that their bodies were bladder, and long legs, and one eye. On the other end seemed to be the head. Set on a dry spot they jumped very far."

Biologists in Washington presume the German captain refers to the order of "Ephemera" in speaking of "ephemeron worms," but this order, which includes the common day fly, does not fit the captain's description of his discovery. Unfortunately, however, the sparrow is the least of the enemies of our song birds. The bobolink has become rare in New England, but it is the mowing machine and the early cutting of hay, not the sparrow, that has driven him away, and elsewhere it is to the small boy and the purveyor of the restaurant, who go out to kill everything and anything that has got wings, that we owe the disappearance of our song birds, much more than to the sparrow.

In Europe song birds and sparrows thrive together, and for one song bird that is native to the United States, there are at least ten or twenty that are abundant in Europe. In the United States we have few song birds, and they ought to be protected against all enemies, even the sparrow; but in Europe the larks, the finches, the nightingales, find no difficulty in living in the neighborhood of the sparrow, and in this country, if we would take away the gun from the small boy and put the purveyor of the restaurant in jail, it is probable that our song birds would flourish quite well in spite of the sparrows.—Our Animal Friends.

Tea and Coffee in Hawaii. Fine qualities of tea and coffee are being grown at present in Hawaii, and it is thought by experts that the islands will soon become an important source of supply. Both tea and coffee grow luxuriantly and both are being prepared for market by machinery instead of by hand. The tea is picked by a machine and rolled and packed without being touched by hand. It is believed that the use of efficient machinery will compensate for the low wages paid in China and other tea countries. Extensive drying houses have been erected by the coffee planters and preparations are making for preparing a large crop for market this year.—Chicago Times-Herald.

IRON PRODUCTION OF 1894. Both the Output and the Price Decreased Materially. Iron ore statistics prepared for the United States Geological Survey by John Birkinbine, of Philadelphia, show that the product of iron ore in the United States for 1894 increased only about 2½ per cent. over the product of 1893, and most of this increase came from the Lake Superior region, Minnesota showing the greatest increase, ranking second among the iron ore producing States, while in 1893 she was third. Michigan continued to be the larger producer. Alabama has fallen from second place in 1893 to third in 1894; Virginia has improved her standing, rising from fifth in 1893 to fourth in 1894, while Pennsylvania has fallen from fourth in 1893 to fifth in 1894. The prices realized averaged only \$11.4 a ton in 1894, against \$1.66 a ton in 1893.

To Replace Cocoa Cellulose. Secretary Herbert appointed a Board consisting of Naval Constructors Linnard, Taylor and Bassett, to examine in Philadelphia to examine a new material made from the pith of the Indian corn stalk, which is expected to displace cocoa cellulose in the construction of war vessels.



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### Birds Like to Travel.

Why do the birds flit southward each autumn and return again with every spring? No one knows, but science, in the person of Professor Wang, the eminent Austrian ornithologist, has just disclosed that the usual flippant answer to this question, "Because they like to travel," is not far out of the way, after all. In a lecture that Professor Wang recently delivered at Vienna he gave some extremely interesting details regarding the migrations of birds, all of which migrations resemble one another in two respects—they follow the most direct line southward, and are made with almost incredible rapidity. Numerous observations have been made at Helligoland, which is the principal halting place of birds of passage from northern countries, and in Egypt, which is the winter home of many, and these observations have established some facts hitherto unknown. The bluebirds traverse the 400 nautical miles which separate Egypt from Helligoland in a single night, which is at the rate of more than forty geographical miles per hour. The swallow's speed is over five and a half miles per minute, or nearly three times that of the fastest railway train. Even the younger birds, six or eight weeks old, accompany the others in their long journey. Professor Wang asks himself what is the impulse which causes the birds, after the brooding and moulting season is over, to quit our northern climate. He does not think it is fear of cold—for many species quite as delicate as those which migrate southward easily withstand the rigors of the winter, but that they have an irresistible humor for traveling. This is the idea of the fact, but he can give no explanation.—Chicago Times-Herald.

### Hygienic Luncheons for Pupils.

The hygienic luncheons furnished from the New England Kitchen of Boston, to a number of the public-school pupils are planned on a scientific basis, and designed to contain the proper amount of proteins, fat, carbohydrates and calories for bodily nourishment. These luncheons, which cost five and ten cents, consists of soups, with crackers or bread, sandwiches, with or without meat, of white and of wholesome bread, crackers or bread and milk of the best quality, sugar cookies, buns, gingerbread or fruit. The soups served are tomato soup, fish chowder, pea and potato soup, barley, corn and clam. A marked improvement has been observed by parents and teachers in the condition of the pupils who partake of the luncheons regularly. Some such plan as that now carried out by the Boston school authorities has for some time been in the minds of thoughtful educators who have realized for growing boys and girls to remain without food from eight in the morning until one or two o'clock in the afternoon was treating neither body nor brain in the right way. The luncheons are served in the basements of the different school buildings, where only a simple and inexpensive outfit is necessary, as the food is cooked and delivered from the "Kitchen." The funds for putting the experiment in motion were contributed by citizens interested in the public schools.—New York Post.

### A Desert Plague.

The Colorado desert has had a visitation this year which it is fervently hoped by the few enterprising people who have started horticultural enterprises in that dreary region will not be repeated. The entire country from the Colorado River to Palm Springs has been infested with caterpillars. They are like the tobacco worm, and there have been millions of these miserable pests devouring every green blade in sight. So sudden is their appearance that the Indians, before they became civilized, thought that they fell from the skies and ate them, probably regarding them as angels previous to wing-taking.—New York Telegram.

### PROSPECTIVE MOTHERS.

and those soon to become mothers, should know that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription robs childbirth of its tortures and terrors, as well as of its dangers to both mother and child, by aiding nature in preparing the system for parturition. Thereby "labor" and the period of confinement are greatly shortened. It also promotes the secretion of an abundance of nourishment for the child. Mrs. DORA A. GUTHRIE, of Caledonia, Oregon Co., Ore., writes: "When I began taking Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, I was not able to stand on my feet without suffering almost death. Now I do all my housework, washing, cooking, sewing and everything for my family of eight. I am stouter now than I have been in six years. Your 'Favorite Prescription' is the best I took before confinement, or at least it proved so with me. I never suffered so little with any of my children as I did with my last."



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Dr. P. Leonard writes that dust has a very large share in nearly all the phenomena of the earth's atmosphere. It makes the sky appear blue by stopping and scattering the rays of light. Without it the sky at noon would be as dark as at midnight. We would have simply blinding light wherever the direct rays of light fell and everywhere else deep, black shadows.—Philadelphia Times.