

OUR MINOR TROUBLES

Sermon by Dr. Talmage on Small Annoyances.

He Says It Is These Which Test Christian Fortitude and Patience—The Lesson of Trivial Irritations.

Copyright, 1899, by Louis Klopsch, Washington, Oct. 8. This sermon by Dr. Talmage deals with a subject which appeals to all classes and conditions of men.

It is not the panics that kill the merchants. Panics come only once in ten or twenty years. It is the constant din of these everyday annoyances which is sending so many of our best merchants into nervous dyspepsia and paralysis and the grave.

I have noticed in the history of some of my congregation that their annoyances are multiplying and that they have a hundred where they used to have ten. The naturalist tells us that a wasp sometimes has a family of 20,000 wasps, and it does seem as if every annoyance of your life brooded a million.

The Persians attempted to conquer a Christian city, but the elephants and the beasts on which the Persians rode were assaulted by the hornet, so that the whole army was broken up, and the besieged city was rescued.

"The Lord sent the hornet." My friends, when we are assaulted by great behemoths of trouble we become chivalric and we assault them.

"Oh, you say, 'If I only had the circumstances of some wild life to do man I would be patient, too.' You might as well say: 'If it were not for this water, I would swim,' or, 'I could shoot this gun if it were not for the cartridge.'"

Nothing but the furnace will ever burn out of us the clinker and the slag. I have formed this theory in regard to small annoyances and vexations. It takes just so much trouble to fit us for usefulness and for Heaven.

Again, the small insect annoyances may come to us in the shape of friends and acquaintances who are always saying disagreeable things. There are some people you cannot be with for half an hour but you feel cheered and comforted.

In the village of Hamelin, tradition says, there was an invasion of rats, and these small creatures almost devoured the town and threatened the lives of the population; and the story is that a piper came out one day and played a very sweet tune, and all the vermin followed him, followed him to the banks of the Weser, and then he blew a blast, and they dropped in and disappeared forever.

How many touches did Mr. Church give to his picture of "Cotopaxi" or his "Heart of the Andes"? I suppose about 50,000 touches. I hear the canvas saying: "Why do you keep me trembling with that pencil so long? Why don't you put it on in one dash?" "No," says Mr. Church; "I know how to make a painting. It will take 50,000 of these touches." And I want you, my friends, to understand that it is these ten thousand annoyances which, under God, are making up the picture of your life, to be hung at last in the galleries of Heaven, fit for angels to look at. God knows how to make a picture.

I go into a sculptor's studio and see him shaping a statue. He has a chisel in one hand and a mallet in the other, and he gives a very gentle stroke—click, click, click! I say: "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after awhile the features come out, and everybody that en-

ing information. "The Lord sent the hornet."

These small insect disturbances may also come in the shape of business irritations. There are men here who went through the 24th of September, 1893, and the panics of 1873 and of 1893 without losing their balance who are every day unhorsed by little annoyances—a clerk's ill manners, or a blot of ink on a bill of lading, or the extravagance of a partner who overdraws his account, or the whispering of store confidences in the street, or the making of some little bad debt which was against your judgment; but you wanted to please somebody else.

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Now, be careful to let none of these annoyances go through your soul unarranged. Compel them to administer to your spiritual wealth. The scratch of a sixpenny nail sometimes produces lock-jaw, and the clip of a most infinitesimal annoyance may damage you forever.

Our national government when it wanted money did not think it belittling to put a tax on pins and a tax on buckles and a tax on shoes. The individual taxes did not amount to much, but in the aggregate to millions and millions of dollars.

A returned missionary told me that a company of adventurers rowing up the Ganges were stung to death by flies that infest that region at certain seasons. The earth has been strewn with the carcasses of men slain by insect annoyances. The only way to get prepared for the great troubles of life is to conquer these small troubles.

What would you say of a soldier who refused to load his gun or to go into the conflict because it was only a skirmish, saying: "I am not going to expend my ammunition on a skirmish. Wait until there comes a general engagement, and then you will see how courageous I am and what battling I will do?"

"Not each one of us?" you say. Yes, each one of you. "Not to your enemies?" Yes. The only difference I would make with them would be that I would put a little extra gilt on their walls and a little extra embroidery on their slippers.

Polycarp was condemned to be burned to death. The stake was planted. He was fastened to it. The fagots were placed around him, the fires kindled, but history tells us that the flames bent outward like the canvas of a ship in a stout breeze, so that the flames, instead of destroying Polycarp, were only a wall between him and his enemies.

Fiction and friction are common at the literary clubs.—Chicago Dispatch.

ters the studio is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal nature. It is click, click, click! I wonder why some great providence does not come and with one stroke prepare you for Heaven. Ah, no! God says that is not the way, and so He keeps on by strokes of little vexations until at last you shall be a glad spectacle for angels and for men.

You know that a large fortune may be spent in small change, and a vast amount of moral character may go away in small depletions. It is the little troubles of life that are having more effect upon you than great ones. A swarm of locusts will kill a grain field sooner than the incursion of three or four cattle. You say: "Since I lost my child, since I lost my property, I have been a different man." But you do not recognize the architecture of little annoyances that are hewing, digging, cutting, shaping, splitting and interjoining your moral qualities.

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BETRAYAL OF THE MOHAWKS.

How 1,000 Warriors Were Guided to Their Deaths by Captive Micmac Squaws.

The annual scalp feast of the Tobique and Micmac Indians is held during the week following the new moon of April, at which time the braves, squaws and papooses of both tribes, together with invited guests from the Abenaki and Passamaquoddy tribes assemble on the Tobique reservation and celebrate the anniversary of the day when more than 1,000 dead bodies of Mohawk warriors came to the surface of the St. John river below Grand falls, thereby furnishing scalps enough to keep both tribes in powder and rum for two years.

The last great invasion was undertaken in September, 1748, when more than 3,000 warriors embarked in canoes for the purpose of sweeping the last hostile Indian from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. When near the head of Lake Champlain the Iroquois ambushed the invaders and killed more than 200, including the son of the chief.

For two days and two nights the invading army drifted down the river without seeing a person on the shores. On the third night the river drew into a narrow channel and began to rush and roar. The Mohawks asked their Micmac guides the cause, and the squaws replied that there was no occasion for fear, as it was an old habit of the St. John river to rush and roar at that place.

The women made their way to Tobique village, bringing the glad tidings that the Mohawks had perished in the river. The tribe held a pow-wow and war dance for a week. The next spring, when the bodies of the dead Mohawks floated, the Micmacs and Tobiques took more than 1,000 scalps, which they sold to the English garrison at Louisburg at ten shillings each, taking their pay in gunpowder and New England rum.

Romance of Siam's Great Peaks. Siam's greatest mountain range is the Sam Roi Yawt, or the 300 peaks. A quaint legend which explains their origin is set forth by the Siamese geologists as follows: "It appears that one Mong Lai and his wife once inhabited the neighborhood (they were giants), and each promised their daughter in marriage, unknown to the other, to a different suitor. At last the day of the nuptials arrived, and Chao Lai and the lord of Meang Chin (China) both arrived to claim the bride.

Mrs. Hornbeak—I wonder why 'twas that the minister gave the groom at the wedding last night such a warning about the great an' solemn responsibilities of matrimony, and prayed so fervently for strength for the young man to endure the trials an' disappointments of the future? Farmer Hornbeak—Oh, I guess it was 'b'cus the preacher is a married man himself.—N. Y. World.

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RAILROAD SCHEDULES

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES. In effect on and after May 17, 1897. VIA TYROSE—WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a. m., arrive at Tyrore 11:10 a. m., at Altoona, 1:30 p. m.; at Pittsburg 5:50 p. m.

Table with columns: WESTWARD, EASTWARD, STATIONS, TIME. Includes stations like Montandon, Lewisburg, Vicksburg, etc.

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BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOES BRANCH. Time Table in effect on and after May 17, 1897. Leave Bellefonte 7:00 a. m. and 1:05 p. m. Arrive at Snow Shoos 9:00 a. m. - 2:32 p. m.

Table with columns: READ DOWN, STATIONS, READ UP. Includes stations like Bellefonte, Altoona, etc.

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