SERMONS OF THE DAY.

RELIGIOUS TOPICS DISCUSSED BY PROMINENT AMERICAN MINISTERS.

Rev. George H. Hepworth Preaches in the New York Herald's Columns on "An Ennobling Faith"—Rev. Dr. Talmage Tells About "The Bare Arm of God."

With the return of Rev. George H. Hepworth to New York from his Armenian mission the Herald closed its series of competitive sermons, fifteen altogether having appeared in its columns on consecutive Sundays. Dr. Hepworth resumes his regular Sunday sermon as the leading editorial in the Herald's columns. The first one is entitled "An Ennobling Faith," and appears below in full.

TEXT: "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."—Hebrews, xi., 1.

On a bitterly cold day I was recently riding with a comrade through one of the most exquisite bits of scenery on the face of the earth. We were toiling up the last spur of a mountain so high that the clouds would have rested on its summit had there been any in the sky. But the heavens were cloudless, the sun shone in dazzling splendor on the snow covered ridges which surrounded us on all sides, and we seemed to have left our little globe behind us and to be on our way to another world.

Naturally we talked of that Great Beyond, which was apparently not far distant. Conversation under such circumstances must needs be serious. One cannot be trivial when he is looking on the grandest of God's great works. It was a time when souls were in close relations to each other; when inmost thoughts came to the lips and uttered themselves almost unconsciously, as in soliloquy.

My comrade spoke freely of a loss he had suffered. A little child had been called from the family circle, had sped away in the night and gone where no human eyes could follow her. With a broken heart, but still in somewhat stoical language, he referred to that vacant chair. "Gone! gone!" was his despairing exclamation. I listened to the story, and at its close quietly remarked: "Yes, gone, but not gone far! In the brighter land you will see her again." Then we lapsed into silence, a silence only broken by the sound of the horses' iron shoes on the crisp and frozen snow.

"If I could believe that," he said after a little, "nine-tenths of the burden would be removed. But to feel that such farewells are forever, that is very hard," and the strong man trembled with suppressed emotion, while tears made it impossible to continue the compensation.

I thought to myself that after all this world is of very little importance unless we have another world to look forward to. What makes the present life endurable is a firm and unshaken belief in another life. If love can die, then love is only prolonged agony; but the conviction that love can never die strengthens, broadens and ennobles the soul.

It would be an act of unspeakable cruelty on the part of God to teach us how to love, to place us amid circumstances in which love develops all that is chivalrous and grand, and then tell us in the supreme moment of parting to say goodby for time and eternity. The Lord's Prayer would become an impossibility, nay, more than that, a grim sort of farce, and in his innermost depths a man would not only rebel, but lose his self-respect and his respect for the laws of the universe. It is clear that it would have been so much better to make him incapable of affection than to annihilate the object of his affection, and bid him go home from the churchyard a despairing, hopeless creature.

Faith can do so much for a man, is so necessary to his spiritual and even to his physical well being, that if you take it away he is in a worse plight than the animals of the fields and forests, for he appreciates his loss and they do not. To be born a dog and to die a dog is one thing, but to be born a man and then die like a dog is something which a just and omnipotent Creator will not ask of us. It is so unlike what we have learned of His methods that we are quite right in pronouncing such a statement libellous.

Your faith in Providence is the best of all your possessions. It is worth more to you than your fame, your social position or your wealth—worth more than all else combined. Give me in my relations with God that mysterious something which the child has for its mother—a feeling that He knows who and what I am, that at my call He will come to me—that every day He leads me and every night protects me—and there is very little more than I can ask or desire. I have the one best thing in the world, and therefore am content.

The plant that has sunshine and dew will blossom before the frost comes, and with God, the sun of my soul, to shine on me, I shall not only blossom into noble thoughts, but bear the fruit of good deeds. A man becomes a miracle worker from the moment when he is conscious of God's presence and love. Life may be hard, but at the same time it is glorious. Even sickness and death are the only miry spots which lead to the eternal upland. There is a rose in the soul, a vigor, an enthusiasm and a power of endurance which nothing else but this wide world can give.

Tell me how to doubt—that is, how to cut loose from our trust in Providence—and you tell me how to be miserable. On the other hand, confirm my belief in God, in the ministration of His angels, in the possibility of a continuous, and unbroken communication with heaven, and you make my life more beautiful than words can express. As long as I dread the future, my present is leaden; if I am sure of the future, and know that my dear ones will greet me there with undimiuished love, my tears are like the rain cloud on which the sun shines and makes a rainbow.

Take from me what you will, but leave me my faith, for it is my only real possession. All else will pass like a dream—a pleasant dream, but still a dream. To-day I am rich, to-morrow I may be poor. I am well to-day, to-morrow I may be ill. But faith remains with me, is closer to my heart than the closest friendship, and gives me good cheer when I walk in darkness. It is all I have, all I can keep throughout eternity, the one thing of which death cannot rob me, the prophecy of a better home on high when this earthly home is broken up. It is God who has given that gift, and it must be jealously guarded. In their last analysis faith is heaven and doubt is hell.

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

"THE BARE ARM OF GOD."

Rev. Dr. Talmage Tells What It Will Accomplish.

TEXT: "The Lord hath made bare His arm."—Isaiah iii., 10.

Almost takes our breath away to read Bible imagery. There is such boldness of metaphor in my text that one must pray his courage to preach from it. Isaiah, the evangelistic prophet, is sounding the jubilate of our planet redeemed, and cries out: 'The Lord hath made bare His holy arm.' What overwhelming suggestiveness is that figure of speech, 'the bare arm of God!' The people of Palestine to this day wear much hindering apparel, and when they want to run a special race, or lift a special burden, or fight a special battle, they put off the outside apparel, as in our day when a man proposes a special exertion he puts off his coat and rolls up his sleeves. Walk through our foundries, our machine shops, our mines, our factories, and you will find that most of the toilers have their coats off and their sleeves rolled up.

I saw that there must be a tremendous amount of work done before this world becomes what it ought to be, and he saw it all accomplished, and accomplished by the Almighty; not as we ordinarily think of Him, but by the Almighty with the sleeve of His robe rolled back to

"Nothing more impresses me in the Bible than the ease with which God does most things. There is such a reserve of power. He has more thunderbolts than He has ever flung; more light than He has ever distributed; more blue than that with which he has overarched the sky; more green than that with which He has emeralded the grass; more crimson than that with which He has burnished the sunsets. I say it with reverence—from all that I can see, God has never half tried.

"My text makes it plain that the rectification of this world is a stupendous undertaking. It takes more power to make this world over again than it took to make it at first. A word was only necessary for the first creation, but for the new creation the unsleeved and unhindered forearm of the Almighty. The reason of that I can understand. In the shipyards of Liverpool, or Glasgow, or New York, a great vessel is constructed. The architect draws out the plan, the length of the beam, the capacity of tonnage, the rotation of wheel or screw, the cabin, the masts and all the appointments of this great palace of the deep. The architect finishes his work without any perplexity, and the carpenters and artisans toil on the craft so many hours a day, each one doing his part, until, with flags flying and thousands of people cheering on the docks, the vessel is launched. But out on the sea that vessel breaks her shaft and is limping slowly along toward harbor, when Caribbean whirlwinds, those mighty hunters of the deep, looking out for prey of ships, surround that wounded vessel and pitch it on a rocky coast, and she lifts and falls in the breakers until every joint is loose and every spar is down, and every wave sweeps over the hurricane deck as she parts amidship. Would it not require more skill and power to get that splintered vessels off the rocks and reconstruct it than it required originally to build her? Aye!

"Our world, which started out with all the flags of Edenic foliage and with the chant of Paradisaical bowers has been sixty centuries pounding in the skerries of sin and sorrow, and to get her out and off, and to get her on the right way again, will require more of omnipotence than it required to build her and launch her. So I am not surprised that, though in the drydock of one word our world was made, it will take the unsleeved arm of God to lift her from the rocks and put her on the right course again. It is evident from my text, and its comparison with other texts, that it would not be so great an undertaking to make a whole constellation of worlds, and a whole galaxy of worlds, and a whole astronomy of worlds, and swing them in their right orbits, as to take this wounded world, this stranded world, this bankrupt world, this destroyed world, and make it as good as when it started.

"But I have no time to specify the manifold evils that challenge Christianity. And I think I have seen in some Christians, and read in some newspapers, and heard from some pulpits, a disheartenment, as though Christianity were so worsted that it is hardly worth while to attempt to win this world of God, and that all Christian work would collapse, and that it is no use for you to teach a Sabbath class, to distribute tracts, or exhort in prayer meeting, or preach in a pulpit, as Satan is gaining ground. To rebuke that pessimism, the Gospel of Smash-up, I preach this sermon, showing that you are on the winning side. Go ahead! Fight on! What I want to make out to-day is that our ammunition is not exhausted; that all which has been accomplished has been only the skirmishing before the great Armageddon; that not more than one of the thousand fountains of beauty in the King's Park has begun to play; that not more than one brigade of the innumerable hosts to be marshaled by the Rider on the White Horse has yet taken the field; that what God has done yet has been with arm folded in flowing robe but that the time is coming when he will rise from his throne, and throw off that robe, and come out of the palaces of eternity, and come down the stairs of heaven with all-conquering step, and halt in the presence of expectant nations, and flashing his omniscient eyes across the work to be done will put back the sleeve of his right arm to the shoulder, and roll it up there, and for the world's final and complete rescue make bare his his arm. Who can doubt the result when according to my text Jehovah does his best; when the last reserve force of Omnipotence takes the field; when the last sword of Eternal Might leaps from its scabbard!

"Do you know what decided the battle of Sedan? The hills a thousand feet high. Eleven hundred cannon on the hills. Artillery on the heights of Givonne, and twelve German batteries on the heights of La Moncello. The Crown Prince of Saxony watched the scene from the heights of Mairy. Between a quarter to 6 o'clock in the morning and 1 o'clock in the afternoon of September 2, 1870, the hills dropped the shells that shattered the French host in the valley. The French Emperor and the 86,000 of his army captured by the hills. At the close of that battle of Sedan the Emperor sat broken-hearted in a poor woman's cottage, and when she said in sympathy, 'What can I do for you?' he replied, 'Nothing, except pull down those blinds so that they cannot stare at me!' Sedan decided by the hills. So in this conflict now raging between holiness and sin 'our eyes are unto the hills.' Down here in the valleys of earth we must be valiant soldiers of the cross, but the Commander of our host walks the heights, and views the scene far better than we can in the valleys, and at the right day and the right hour all heaven will open its batteries on our side, and the commander of the hosts of sin, with all his followers, will surrender, and it will take eternity to fully celebrate the universal victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. 'Our eyes are unto the hills.' It is so certain to be accomplished that Isaiah, in my text, looks down through the field-glass of prophecy and speaks of it as already accomplished, and I take my stand where the prophet took his stand, and look at it as all done. See! Those cities without a tear? Look! Those continents without a pang! Behold! Those hemispheres without a sin! Why, those deserts—Arabian desert, American desert, and Great Sahara desert—are all irrigated into gardens where God walks in the cool of the day. The atmosphere that encircles our globe floating not one groan. All the rivers and lakes and oceans dimpled with not one falling tear. The climates of the earth have dropped out of them the rigors of the cold and the blasts of the heat, and it is universal spring. Let us change the old world's name. Let it no more be called the earth, as when it was reeking with everything pestiferous and malevolent, scarleted with battle-fields and gashed with graves, but now so changed, so aromatic with gardens, and so resonant with song, and so rubescent with beauty, let us call it Immanuel's Land, or let us call it Beulah, or Millennial Gardens, or Paradise Regained, or Heaven! Hallelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth! Hallelujah, for the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of Christ!"

SUFFERING IN ALASKA.

The Klondike Adventurers Are Meeting With Fearful Experiences.

All reports from Alaska indicate that the prospectors who have gone up early are having a fearful experience with cold and snow and ice. Avalanches have destroyed many of the outfits at Lake Bennett, and several well-equipped parties have been unable to get over the Chilkoot Pass because of the blizzards which have raged for days. Freight is blockaded, and many adventurous prospectors who tried to get over the mountains were badly frozen. The worst reports come from the Copper River country, for which several expeditions have sailed. One party from Los Angeles prospected the river for sixty miles, and found nothing for their labors. The snow was fifteen feet deep, and not even skin clothes could protect them from the bitter wind that swept over the glaciers. Nine of the party were badly frost-bitten.

A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

Our Heroes—The Pernicious and Distinctively American Habit of "Treating" is the Cause of Much Human Suffering—The Man Who Saw Himself.

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right;
When he falls in the way of temptation,
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades
Will find a most powerful foe;
All honor to him if he conquers!
A cheer for the boy who says "No!"

There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about.
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin single-handed
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,
And do what you know to be right.
Stand firm by the colors of manhood,
And you will o'ercome in the fight.
"The right" be your battle-cry ever
In waging the warfare of life;
And God, who knows who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.
—Phœbe Cary.

Treating.

One habit that with profit to himself can be left off by the resolute young man, says the Catholic Universe, is the pernicious and distinctively American custom of "treating," which prevails among all classes in this country. This habit has nothing whatever to recommend it. Sometimes it is foolishly regarded by those addicted to it as a manifestation of generosity and good fellowship. It is invariably the offspring of shallow and thoughtless egotism. It is a source of a great deal of dissoluteness that exists in all grades of society, and its consequences is the awful train of misery and sorrow that follows in the train of intemperance.

Many, if not all, hopeless human wrecks from excessive use of intoxicants can trace their destruction to this vicious custom of treating at the bar. It is especially dangerous to young men who lack the requisite firmness of will to resist its fatal influence. It is not only an expensive habit, but silly besides. Think for a moment. A young man is induced to join one or two, or a half dozen others in a "social glass" of liquor, for which, perhaps he has really an abhorrence. But he accepts, and the effect of custom is that he takes not only one drink of spirits which he does not relish, but two, or a half a dozen, as the case may be. He puts this fiery fluid into his stomach, not because he needs or craves it, but simply in obedience to a senseless tradition of perverted politeness. This description of gluttony, if we may call it such, is infinitely worse than other kinds, because there is no plausible excuse for it, or mitigation of its downright badness. What would be thought of an individual, who, having accepted a friend's invitation to dine, should insist, after partaking of the meal of his host, on immediately duplicating the performance in deference to a distorted custom of sociability? Yet there is just as much reason why a person should gorge himself with two or three consecutive dinners, as for his indulgence in successive libations, that, instead of benefiting him in any way, injure him both physically and morally. The treating habit is a curse to American manners, and an outlandish notion of sociability and good fellowship, which every sober-minded young man in possession of his mental faculties should assiduously avoid. Make up your mind now, before the evil habit has grown upon you, that in your case, at least, the custom will become more honored in the breach than the observance. Even if you do not intend to practice total abstinence from spirituous liquors, turn your face resolutely away from this fruitful agency of demoralization.

He Saw Himself.

"You must excuse me, gentlemen, for I can not drink anything," said a man who was known to the entire town as a drunkard.

"This is the first time you ever refused a drink," said an acquaintance. "The other day you were hustling around after a cocktail, and, in fact, you even asked me to set 'em up."

"That's very true, but I'm a very different man now."

"Preachers had hold of you?"

"No, sir, no one has said a word to me."

"Well, then, what has caused the change?"

"I'll tell you; after leaving you the other day I kept on hustling after a cocktail, as you call it, until I met a party of friends. When I left them I was about half drunk. To a man of my temperament a half drunk is a miserable condition, for the desire for more is so strong that he forgets his self-respect in his effort to get more drink. I remembered that there was half a pint of whiskey at home which had been purchased for medical purposes. Just before reaching the gate I heard a voice in the garden, and, looking over the fence, I saw my little son and daughter playing. 'Now you be ma,' said the boy, 'and I'll be pa. Now you sit here and I'll come in drunk. Wait, now, till I fill my bottle.'

"He took a bottle, ran away and filled it with water. Pretty soon he returned, and, entering the play house, nodded idiotically at the girl and sat down without saying anything. The girl looked up from her work and said:

"'James, why do you do this way?'

"'Wizzer way?' he replied.

"'Gettin' drunk.'

"'Who's drunk?'

"'You are, an' you promised me when the baby died that you wouldn't drink any more. The children are almost ragged and we haven't anything to eat hardly, but you still throw your money away. Don't you know you are breaking my heart.'

"I hurried away. The action was too lifelike. I could think of nothing during the day but those little children playing in the garden. You must excuse me, gentlemen, I can not drink again."

Ought Never to Be Condoned.

The families of drunkards can never condone drunkenness nor get used to it; and it is from their standpoint that Christians must view the vice. The palliation of this crime is too common; we are sick of hearing these drunkards spoken of as having a "weakness" for drink—"it is the poor fellow's only fault;" "he is just a little too convivial." The dire reality is that the vice of drunkenness, gross sin as it is against one's self, is a foul crime against one's family, and the plainer the words used to characterize it the better. It always hangs like a lowering cloud over the wretch's home, and his family cannot rid themselves of the misery that it always brings, nor of the dread of the terrible calamities which are too often its further results.

Drink and Crime.

The latest evidence of the relation of drink and crime is afforded by Justice Ridley, who, charging the Grand Jury at the Liverpool Assizes, said the calender conaitned the names of 131 prisoners, the longest that had been placed before a Grand Jury in that city for some time. He remarked upon the large proportion of cases of wounding and other crimes of violence, and said that in nearly all these instances drink was the cause of the crime. Again, at the Munster Winter Assizes, Judge O'Brien commented on the number of outrages in County Clare, and remarked there had been a large increase of intoxication, which indicated there was no want of means in the community.

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All Strength in His Limbs

gave out. The physicians told us it was paralysis, which sometimes follows an attack of diphtheria. We did everything for him, but he grew worse until he was in a pitiful condition. He suffered terribly at night and complained continually of his head, and in what little sleep he was able to get, moaned unceasingly. He lost all control of the muscles of his body and limbs. He had no appetite and complained of feeling sick at his stomach all the time. After we had tried many different remedies and had about given up all hope we commenced giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla. In a short time he ceased to complain, his appetite improved and at the end of three months he was able to attend school part of the time. Now he is well and quite a strong and rugged boy. You are at liberty to use this testimonial if you desire, as we feel we cannot say too much in praise of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier and building up medicine." MRS. R. E. ANDERSON, Cumberland, Maine.

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Giles—"In what way have I changed?"

Miles—"In your general appearance. Quite a dude at one time, you seem to have grown careless."

Giles—"Oh, is that it? Well, I'm married now, and have quit the dude business."

Miles—"I see. Not a dude any more; merely a subdude."—Chicago News.

The price of game in France is alleged to depend principally upon the state of the moon. When the moon is dark, and poachers cannot see to set their snares at night, game is scarce; when the moon is full there is plenty of light, and the poachers get lots of game.

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