

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "Enemies Overthrown."—In the Church of God and in All Styles of Reformatory Work What is Needed Most is a Battle Cry.

Text: "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered." Psalms lxxviii. 1. carry the ark, or sacred box, which, though only three feet nine inches in height and depth, was the symbol of God's presence. As the leaders of the procession lifted this ornate and brilliant box by two golden poles run through the four golden rings, and started for Mount Zion, all the people banded the battle hymn of my text, "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered."

What a whirlwind of power was Oliver Cromwell, and how with his soldiers, named the "Ironsides," he went from victory to victory! Opposing enemies melted as he looked at them. He dismissed Parliament as easily as a schoolmaster a school. He pointed his finger at Berkeley Castle, and it was taken. He ordered Sir Ralph Hopton, the general, to march on London, and he was dismissed. See Cromwell marching on with his army, and hear the battle-cry of "Ironsides," loud as a storm and solemn as a death-knell, standards reeling before it, and cavalry horses reeling on their haunches, and armies lying at Marston Moor, at Winby Field, at Naseby, at Bridgewater and Dartmouth—"Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered!"

So you see my text is not like a complimentary note, or a friendly invitation, or a sword that was never in battle, and only to be used on general training day, but more like some weapon carefully hung up by your home, telling the story of battles, for my next hands in the Scripture army, telling of the holy wars of three thousand years in which it has been carried, but still as keen and mighty as when David first unsheathed it. It seems to me that in the Church of God there are styles of reformatory work, what we most need now is a battle-cry. We raise our little standard, and put on it the name of some man who only a few years ago began to live and in a few years will cease to live. We go into companies, and the name of some iniquity, depending too much on human agencies. We use for a battle-cry the name of some brave Christian reformer, but after while that reformer dies, or gets old, or loses his courage, and then we take another battle-cry, and this time perhaps we put the name of someone who betrays the cause and sells out to the enemy. What we want for a battle-cry is the name of someone who will never betray us, and will never surrender, and will never die.

All respect have I for brave men and women, but if we are to get the victory all along the line we must take the hint of the Gideonites, who wiped out the Bedouin Arabs, commonly called Midianites. These Gideonites had a glorious leader in Gideon, but what was the battle-cry with which they flung their enemies into the worst defeat into which any army was ever tumbled? It was "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." But God first, whoever you put second. If the name of the Gideonites is to free America, it must be "The sword of the Lord and of Washington." If the Germans want to win the day at Sedan, it must be "The sword of the Lord and of Moltke." If the English want to win the day at the front, but the worshippers in the cathedrals at the rear, were crying "The sword of the Lord and of Wellington."

The Methodists have gone in triumph across the nation with the battle-cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Wesley." The Presbyterians have gone from victory to victory with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of John Knox." The Baptists have conquered millions after millions for Christ with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Judson." The American Episcopalians have won their mighty way with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Bishop McViney." The victory is to those who put God first in their battle-cry, and to all lands I nominate as the battle-cry of Christendom in the approaching Armageddon the words of my text, sounded before the ark as it was carried to Mount Zion: "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered."

As far as our finite mind can judge, it seems about time for God to rise. Does it not seem to you that the abominations of this earth have gone far enough? Was there ever a time when so many defamers were there ever before so many false lifts toward God telling Him to come on if He dare? Look at the blasphemy abroad! What lowering profanity! Would it be possible for you to calculate the numbers of times that the name of the Almighty God and of Jesus Christ are every day taken irreverently on the lips? Profane swearing is as much forbidden by the law as theft, or arson, or murder, yet who executes it? Do you know of any man, or woman, or child, who has been arrested for these crimes, or attacks on humanity—that is an attack on God.

This country is pre-eminently for blasphemy. A man in Russia was supposed to be a clergyman, and he said to me to be a clergyman, said the man, "Oh," said the Russian, "all other Americans swear." The crime is multiplying in intensity. God very often shows what He thinks of it, but for the most part, it is hushed up. Amongst the Adirondacks I met the funeral procession of a man who two days before had fallen under a flash of lightning, while boasting, after a Sunday of work in the fields, that he had cheated God out of one day at least, and that the man who worked with him on the same Sabbath is still living, but a helpless invalid, under the same flash.

Years ago, in a Pittsburgh prison, two men were talking about the Bible and Christianity, and one of them, Thompson by name, applied to Jesus Christ a very low and villainous epithet, and, as he was uttering it, he fell. A physician was called, but no help could be given. After a day lying with distended pupils and pulsing tongue, he passed out of this world. In a cemetery in Sullivan County in New York State are eight headstones in a line and all alike, and these are the facts: In 1861 diphtheria raged in the village and a physician was remarkably successful in curing his patients. A confident did he become that he boasted that no case of diphtheria could stand before him, and finally defied Almighty God to produce a case of diphtheria that he could not cure. He was young, and, after took the disease and died, and his child after another, until all the eight had died of diphtheria. The blasphemer challenged Almighty God, and God accepted the challenge. Do not think that because God has been silent in your case, you are safe swearer! That He is dead. Is there nothing new in the peculiar feeling of your tongue, or nothing in the numbness of your brain, that indicates that God may come to avenge your blasphemies, or is He ready to avenge them? But these cases have not been noticed. I believe, are only a few cases where there are hundreds. Families keep them quiet to avoid the horrible publicity. Physicians suppress them through professional confidence. It is a very long scroll that contains the names of those who died with blasphemy on their lips.

Still the crime rolls on, up through parlors, up through chandeliers with lights all ablaze, and through pictured corridors of club-rooms, out through busy exchanges, where oath meets oath, and down through the hands of slot machines, rattling dice and crackling billiard-balls, and the laughter of her who hath forgotten the covenant of her God; and round the city, and round the continent, and round the world, is the battle-cry of the Almighty God. And the ship-captain curses his crew, and the master-builder his men, and the hack-driver his horse; and the traveler the stake that bruises his foot, or the mud that splatters on his coat; and the detective piece that gets him too late to the rail train. I arraign profane swearing and blasphemy, two names for the same thing, as being one of the gigantic crimes of this land, and for its eradication it does seem as if it were about time for God to arise.

Then look for a moment at the evil of drunkenness. Whether you live in Washington, or New York, or Chicago, or Philadelphia, or Savannah, or Boston, or in any of the cities of this land, count the saloons on that street as compared with the saloons five years ago, and see they are growing far out of proportion to the increase of the population. You people who are so proud of your particular locality should be some imprudences and rashness in attacking the rum traffic will have your son some night pitched into your front door dead drunk, or your daughter will be hectoring him by strong drink, and her husband has by strong drink, been turned into a demagogue. The drink has despoiled whole streets of good homes in all our cities. Fathers, brothers, sons on the funeral pyre of strong drink! Fasten tighter the reins, and stir up the flames! Pile on the corpses! More men, women and children for the sacrifice! Let us have whole generations on fire of evil habit, and at the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sack-bout, dulcimer, and dulcimer let all the people fall down and worship King Alcohol, and you shall be cast into the fiery furnace under some political platform!

A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

The Coming Temperance Men—The Business Man is Waging a Fierce Campaign Against the Rum Evil—Won't Hire Those Who Drink.

We are coming to the rescue—We are young and brave and strong—And we're ready for the combat—Between the right and wrong. Our nerves are strong and steady, Our pulses full and true, For we hate the vile tobacco, And bear and elder too.

They tell us we are children—We're glad to know the fact, For in the coming future We'll work a few more summers Along with the boys, and then We'll stand among our elders, The loyal Temperance Men.

We hope to grow to manhood, And mingle in the strife, And with loyal, steadfast purpose, Join the noble ranks of life. We'll work a few more summers Along with the boys, and then We'll stand among our elders, The loyal Temperance Men.

Yes, we're coming to the rescue, A host of loyal men, To fight the foes of temperance, With the vote or with the pen. And we'll shout for right and justice, 'Till the people understand, This blatant, deadly sin Shall cease to spoil our land. —Vernum Home Guards.

The Spread of Sobriety. While the prohibitionists are busy in denouncing such statutory coercion as they have been able to bring to bear upon their fellow citizens, and in demanding further enactments of the same kind from usually obdurate legislatures, the cause of temperance, says the New York Times, is making out almost unnoticed advances along entirely different lines. It is the business man that is waging against "rum" the real campaign, not fierce, not noisy, not emotional, but determined. The business man does not waste much time in denouncing intemperance as a crime, or in threatening those who indulge in them with prison; he simply says, "If you drink you can not work for me."

This ultimatum has now been formulated by most of the railways, other corporations can understand it. "Sour material," what was meant for the most part by prohibition, this sort certainly does prohibit. And it is worth noting that the New York and Queens County Electric Railroad has just forbidden its motormen to live in buildings where liquor is sold. This goes far beyond any prohibition ever attempted by the laws of Maine or Iowa, and yet it excites no complaints that even the greatest sticklers for "personal liberty" would think of heeding.

A Soldier's Escape. From the Democrat-Message, Mt. Sterling, Ill.

When Richmond had fallen and the great commanders had met beneath the historic apple tree at Appomattox, the 83d Pennsylvania Volunteers, prematurely aged, clad in tatters and rags, brooked to President Lincoln's spirit, swung into line for the last "grand review" and then quietly marched away to begin life's fray anew amid the hills and valleys of the Keystone State. Among the number Asa Robinson came back to the old home in Mt. Sterling, Ill., back to the fireside that he had left at the call to arms four years previous. He went away a happy, healthy farmer boy in the first flush of vigorous manhood; he came back a ghost of the self that answered to President Lincoln's call for "300,000 more."

To-day he is an alert, active man and tells the story of his recovery as follows: "I was a great sufferer from sciatic rheumatism almost from the time of my discharge from the army. Most of the time I was unfit for manual labor of any kind, and my sufferings were at all times intense. At times I was bent almost double, and got around only with the greatest difficulty. Nothing seemed to give me permanent relief until three years ago, when my attention was called to some of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I had not taken more than half a box when I noticed an improvement in my condition, and I kept on improving steadily. I took three boxes of the pills, and at the end of that time was in better condition than at any time since the close of my army service. Since then I have never been bothered with rheumatism. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is the only remedy that ever did me any good, and to them I owe my restoration to comparative health. They are a grand remedy."

The famous rich man of ancient time, Croesus, is calculated to have possessed about \$20,000,000.

Protect Your Ideas by Letters Patent. The firm of Fowles & Burns, Patent Attorneys, No. 237 Broadway, N. Y., whose advertisement will appear in our next issue, procure patents either on cash or easy installments. Write for terms. Sales negotiated.

Chinese women have now, it is said, taken to bicycling.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Steamboats are displacing gondolas in Venice, Italy.

Cyclists, Take Notice. That Hoxsie's Disks cure dry and parched throat, hoarseness and tickling cough caused by wind and dust. 25 cents.

"The Pilgrim's Progress" has been translated into 203 languages and dialects.

To Cure A Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Physicians' carriages have the right of way in the streets of Berlin, Germany.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All druggists.

The cheapest rate of postage in Europe is that of France.

I cannot speak too highly of Pils's Cure for Consumption.—Mrs. FRANK MOBBS, 215 W. 23d St., New York, Oct. 23, 1894.

Lightning on the Washington Monument.

One of the best evidences of the value of lightning rods up to date has been afforded by the Washington Monument. It is capped by a small four-sided pyramid of aluminum, which metal, so cheap to-day, was very costly at the time of the building of the greatest pyramid the world has ever known. This aluminum tip is connected with the ground by four copper rods which go down deep into the earth. On April 5, 1885, five immense bolts of electricity were seen to flash between the monument and a thundercloud overhanging in the course of twenty minutes. In other words the monument was struck fiercely five times, but it suffered no damage whatever. On June 15 of the same year a more tremendous assault was made upon the monument from the heavens, and the result was a fracture of one of the topmost stones. The crack still remains to show what nature can do in the way of an electrical shock, but the slightness of the damage is evidence of man's power to protect himself from such attacks. The obelisk is ideally located for attracting electrical assaults from the skies, and yet, while many times hit, it has suffered only once, and that time to a trifling extent.—Boston Transcript.

Put to a Test. A curious experiment has recently been tried in Berlin, Germany, to discover how much work the military shoemaker could do in case of war. A kind of general rehearsal was held, in which 1200 shoemakers were bidden, and they were installed in the workshops of the First Artillery Regiment. The trial lasted for a month, without a moment off. The shoemakers were divided into two bodies, one for day work and the other for night work. They had in attendance forty workmen ready to repair the machines in case of any temporary breakdown. During the four weeks the 1200 shoemakers produced, by working day and night the respectable total of 2500 pairs of a day.—London Sketch.

In Germany one man in 213 goes to college; in Scotland, one in 520; in the United States, one in two thousand, and in England, one in five thousand.

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The average life of a ship is about twenty-six years.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A ton of steel will make 10,000 gross of pens.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

In all Spanish-America the Indians form the great mass of the population.

Third-class railway fares in India are less than half a cent a mile. The average person wears nearly fourteen pounds of clothing.



The many uses to which Ivory Soap is applicable, make it an economical as well as a valuable soap. Spots on clothing are quickly and easily removed by an application of the foamy lather of Ivory Soap with a dampened cloth and a brisk rubbing. Ivory Soap cuts the grease and leaves the surface rubbed perfectly clean. Be sure you use Ivory Soap, or the remedy may be worse than the grease spot.

IVORY SOAP IS 99 1/2 PER CENT. PURE.

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Radway's Ready Relief is a sure cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest and Limbs. Taken inwardly there is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

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MRS. PINKHAM TALKS TO THE FUTURE WOMAN.

Will the New Generation of Women be More Beautiful or Less So? Miss Jessie Ebners Experience.

A pleasing face and graceful figure! These are equipments that widen the sphere of woman's usefulness. How can a woman have grace of movement when she is suffering from some disorder that gives her those awful bearing-down sensations? How can she retain her beautiful face when she is nervous and racked with pain?

Young women, think of your future and provide against ill health. Mothers, think of your growing daughter, and prevent in her as well as in yourself irregularity or suspension of nature's duties.

If puzzled, don't trust your own judgment. Mrs. Pinkham will charge you nothing for her advice; write to her at Lynn, Mass., and she will tell you how to make yourself healthy and strong.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound strengthens the female organs and regulates the menses as nothing else will. Following is a letter from Miss JESSIE EBNER, 1712 West Jefferson St., Sandusky, Ohio.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it my duty to let you know of the great benefit your remedies have been to me. I suffered for over a year with inflammation of the ovaries. I had doctored, but no medicine did me any good. Was at a sanatorium for two weeks. The doctor thought an operation necessary, but I made up my mind to give your medicine a trial before submitting to that. I was also troubled with leucorrhoea, painful menstruation, dizziness, nervousness, and was so weak that I was unable to stand or walk. I have taken in all several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier, and am now in good health. I will always give your medicines the highest praise."

Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman best Understands a Woman's Ills

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Purchase package of MURALO paint dealer and do your own decorating. This material is a HARD FINISH to be applied with a brush and becomes as hard as Cement. Mixed in twenty-four tins and works equally as well with cold or hot water. SEND FOR SAMPLE COLOR CARDS and if you cannot purchase this material from your local dealers let us know and we will put you in the way of obtaining it. THE MURALO CO., NEW BRIGHTON, S. I., NEW YORK.

"The best is, Aye, the Cheapest." Avoid Imitations of and Substitutes for

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To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

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