



The Old Tree's Story.

Recently the old historic tree that overlooked the Morris Turnpike on the Bishop Hobart estate at Summit, N. J., was cut down.—Note in morning paper.

ly on his horse. Thinking of the fight at Springfield, smiled triumphantly, of course. And I fondly bowed to him, Full of joy in every limb.

Washington, the Soldier.

THE impression has at times prevailed among educated men, including those of the military profession, that, as Washington had neither the troops, resources and knowledge, nor the broad range of field service which have characterized modern warfare, he lacked some of the material elements which develop the typical soldier.

orders and confidence in success were enjoined as the conditions of victory. His system of competitive marksmanship, of rifle ranges and burden tests was introduced early in his career, and was enjoined upon the American levies before the battle of Brooklyn, and at other times during the war.

strong presumptive evidence in disapproval of the charge. An eminent American historian sought to verify the vague tradition by the following anecdote: "It is related that, when Lafayette visited this country, in 1825, he was the guest of Chief Justice Hornblower at Newark, N. J., and that, while seated on the front porch one evening, Lafayette remarked that the only time when he ever heard Washington swear was when he rebuked Lee at meeting him on his retreat at Monmouth."



WASHINGTON PLANNING A BATTLE.

ton immediately after the battle. Lee testified that it was Washington's "manner rather than words" that gave him offense.



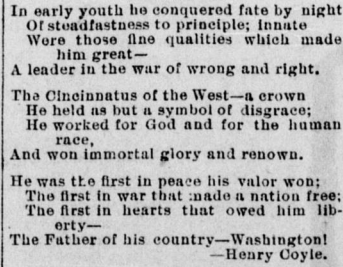
THE TALL COMMANDER (WASHINGTON) GRAVELY WALKED UP AND DOWN AS GUARD OVER HIS OWN HOUSE.

whistle, and, believe me, there is something charming in the sound." Sometimes, while Washington was at Valley Forge, there was nothing to eat in the camp but rotten salted herrings.



CHARMED BY THE BULLETS' WHISTLE.

had brought twelve thousand men to the verge of starvation, and the blood of General Wayne ran hot with rage as he looked on his poor fellows weak with hunger. Indeed, there was but one horn tumbler and also but one wooden dish for every mess.



WASHINGTON INSPECTING BRITISH PRISONERS AT PRINCETON.

at the battle of Monmouth, when he rallied the Continental army, which he found already in full retreat. When one speaks of minor tactics, one refers to the instruction of the soldier, individually and en masse, in the details of his military drills, the use of his weapons and the perfection of discipline.

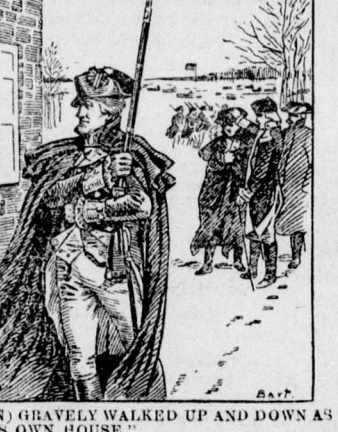
THE PASSING OF WASHINGTON.

"'Tis Well' Were the Last Words of the Father of His Country.

"As the day advanced the patient Washington began to realize the extreme gravity of his condition," writes William Perrine, of "The Last Years of Washington's Life," in the Ladies' Home Journal.

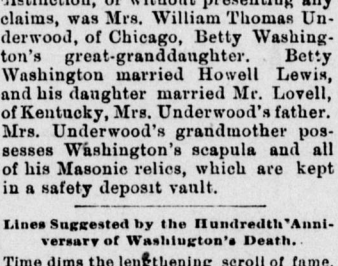
Graphic Description of Washington.

One of Washington's nephews, referring to an occasion a few days before death's dark veil hid him forever from mortal view, gives this graphic description:



A Descendant of Washington.

Standing in the crowd at Mount Vernon recently without any mark of distinction, or without presenting any claims, was Mrs. William Thomas Underwood, of Chicago, Betty Washington's great-granddaughter.



LINES SUGGESTED BY THE HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY OF WASHINGTON'S DEATH.

Time dims the lengthening scroll of fame, Year after year the honored tracings fade, And many an erstwhile well-remembered name Slaks slowly into faint and glimmering shade.

A Solemn Warning.

If one-half of its energy could be brought out, it might take the public liabilities of the day by the throat and make them bite the dust. If human eloquence were consecrated to the Lord Jesus Christ, it would in a few years persuade the whole earth to surrender to God.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: A Warning Sounded—The Talent of the Church of Christ is Undeveloped and Its Energy Dormant—The Enemy Profits by This.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows how the cause of righteousness has lost many of its weapons and how they are to be recaptured and put into effective operation; text, I, Samuel xiii, 19-21: "Now there was no smith found throughout all the land of Israel, for the Philistines said, Lest the Hebrews make swords or spears, they have taken all the iron tools down to the Philistines, to sharpen every man his share, and his coulter, and his ax, and his mattock. Yet they had a file for the mattock, and for the coulter, and for the axes, and for the axes, and to sharpen the goads."

Oh, you poor, weaponless Israelites, reduced to a file, how I pity you! But these Philistines were not forever to keep their swords and spears. Jonathan, on his hands and knees, climbs up a great rock, beyond which were the Philistines, and his armor bearer, on his hands and knees, climbs up the same rock, and these two men, with their two swords, hew to shreds the Philistines, the Lord throwing a great terror upon them. So it was then; so it is now. Two men of God on their knees mightier than a Philistine host on their feet!

Let men of God go out and take possession of the platform. Let men of God print presses that have been captured by the enemy be recaptured for God, and the reporters, and the typesetters, and the editors, and the publishers swear all allegiance to the Lord God of truth. Ah, my friends, that day must come, and of the great body of Christian men have not the faith or courage or the consecration to do it, then let some Jonathan on his busy hands and on his praying knees climb up on the rock of hindrance and, in the name of the Lord God of Israel, slay to pieces those literary Philistines. If these men will not be converted to God, then they must be overthrown.

Again, I learn from this subject what a large amount of the church's resources is actually hidden and buried and undeveloped. The Bible intimates that that was a very rich land, this land of Israel. It says, "The stones are iron, and out of the hills thou shalt dig brass," and yet hundreds and thousands of dollars' worth of this metal was kept under the hills. What is the difficulty with the church of God at this day. Its talent is not developed. If one-half of its energy could be brought out, it might take the public liabilities of the day by the throat and make them bite the dust.

"George," said the Grandfather of His Country, "I have a good mind to thrash you within an inch of your life!" "Just as you please, father," replied George, sadly but firmly; "but, if you do, I don't believe the American people will ever forgive you!"—Puck.

his troops were frightened—rising up in his stirrups, his hair flying in the wind, he lifted up his voice and 20,000 troops heard him crying out, "Forward, the whole line!" We want all the laymen enlisted. Ministers are numerically too small. They do the best they can. They are the most overworked class on earth. Many of them die of dyspepsia because they cannot get the right kind of food to eat or, getting the right kind, are so worried that they take it down in chunks. They die from consumption coming from early and late exposure.

Let us quit this grand farce of trying to save the world by a few clergymen, and let all hands lay hold of the work. Give us in all our churches two or three aroused and qualified men and women to help. In most churches today five or ten men are compelled to do all the work. A vast majority of our best men and women are at home, and how to carry on a prayer meeting if the minister is not there, when there ought to be enough pent up energy and religious force to make a meeting go on with such power that the minister would never be missed. The church stands working the pumps of a few ministerial cisterns until the buckets are dry and choked, while there are thousands of fountains from which might be dipped up the waters of eternal life. Before you and me, and God decree our evils we will under God decide whether our children shall grow up amid the accursed surroundings of vice and shame or come to an inheritance of righteousness.

Again, I learn from this subject that we sometimes do well to take advantage of the world's grindstones. These Israelites were reduced to a file, and they went over to the garrison of the Philistines to get their axes and their goads and their plows sharpened. The Bible distinctly states it—the text which I read at the beginning of the service—that they had no other instruments now with them, and they went over to the garrison of the Philistines to get their axes and their goads and their plows sharpened. My friends, is it not right for us to employ the world's grindstones? If there be art, if there be logic, if there be business faculty on the other side, let us go and employ it for Christ's sake. The fact is we fight with too dull instruments. We back and we maul when we ought to make a clean stroke. Let us go over among sharp business men and among sharp lawyers and find out what they do to get a transfer to the cause of Christ. If they have science and art it will do us good to rub against it.

In other words, let us employ the world's grindstones. We will listen to their music, and we will watch their acumen, and we will use their apparatus to make our own experiments, and we will borrow their printing presses to publish our Bibles, and we will borrow their rail trains to carry our Christian literature, and we will borrow their ships to transport our missionaries. That was what made Paul such a master in his day. He not only got all the learning he could get of Dr. Gamaliel, but afterward, standing on Mars hill and in crowded thoroughfares, quoted their poetry, and grasped their logic, and wielded their science, and employed their mythology until Dionysius, the Areopagite, learned in the schools of Athens and Heliopolis, went down under his tremendous powers.

Oh, is it not high time that we awake out of sleep? Church of God, lift up your head at the coming victory! The Philistines will go down, and the Israelites will go up. We are on the winning side. I think just now the King's horses are being hooked up to the chariot, and when He does ride down the sky there will be such a hosanna among His friends and such a wailing among His enemies as will make the earth tremble and the heaven sing. I see now the plumes of the Lord's cavalrymen tossing in the air. The archangel before the throne has already furnished his trumpet, and then he will put its golden lips to his own, and then he will blow the long, loud blast that will make all the nations free. Clap your hands, all ye people! Hark! I hear the falling thrones and the dashing down of demolished iniquities. "Hallelujah, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!" Hallelujah! Hallelujah! This world are become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ!