BIG BUGS.

SERMON BY DR. TALMAGE.

He Takes More Stock in Common People than in Great Oaks.

TEXT: "*A man of great stature, whose fingers and toes were four and twenty, six on each hand, and six on each foot; and he also was the son of the giant. But when he defied Israel, Jonathan, the son of Shimea, David's brother, slew him.*"—I. Chronicles xx., 5, 6 and 7.

Malformation photographed, and for what reason? Did not this passage slip in by a mistake into the Sacred Scriptures, as sometimes a paragraph utterly obnoxious to the editor gets into his newspaper during his absence? Is not this Scriptural errata? No, no; there is nothing haphazard about the Bible. This passage of Scripture was as certainly intended to be put in the Bible as the passage: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," or "God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten son."

And I select it for my text to-day because it is charged with practical and tremendous meaning.

By the people of God the Philistines had been conquered, with the exception of a few giants. The race of giants is mostly extinct, I am glad to say. There is no use for giants now except to enlarge the income of museums. But there were many of them in olden times. Goliath was, according to the Bible, eleven feet, four and a half inches high. Or, if you do not believe the Bible, the famous Pliny, a secular writer, declares that at Crete by an earthquake a monument was broken open, discovering the remains of a giant forty-six cubits long, or sixty-nine feet high. So, whether you prefer sacred or profane history, you must come to the conclusion that there were in those olden times cases of human altitude monstrous and appalling. David had smashed the skull of one of these giants, but there were other giants that the Davidean wars had not yet subdued, and one of them stands in my text. He was not only of Alpine stature, but had a surplus of digits. To the ordinary fingers was annexed an additional finger and the foot had also a superfluous addendum. He had twenty-four terminations to hands and feet where others have twenty. It was not the only instance of the kind. Tavernier, the learned writer, says that the Emperor of Java had a son endowed with the same number of extremities. Volcatius, the poet, had six fingers on each hand. Manpetius in his celebrated letters speaks of two families near Berlin, similarly equipped of hand and foot. All of which I can believe for I have seen two cases of the same physical superabundance. But this giant of the text is in battle, and as David, the dwarf warrior, had dispatched one giant, the brother of David slays this monster of my text, and there he lies after the battle in Gath, a dead giant. His stature did not save him, and his superfluous appendices of hand and foot did not save him. The probability was that in the battle his sixth finger on his hand made him clumsy in the use of his weapon, and his sixth toe crippled his gait. Behold the prostrate and malformated giant of the text: "A man great of stature, whose fingers and toes were four and twenty, six on each hand, and six on each foot; and he also was the son of the giant. But when he defied Israel, Jonathan, the son of Shimea, David's brother, slew him."

Behold how superfluities are a hinderance rather than a help! In all the battle at Gath that day there was not a man with ordinary hand and ordinary foot and ordinary stature that was not better off than this physical curiosity of my text. A physical size is apt to run in families the probability is that this brother of David who did the work was of an abbreviated stature. A dwarf on the right side is stronger than a giant on the wrong side, and all the body, and mind, and estate, and opportunity that you cannot use for God and the betterment of the world is a sixth finger and a sixth toe, and a terrific hinderance. The most of the good done in the world, and the most of those who win the battles for the right, are ordinary people. Count the fingers of their right hand and they have just five—no more and no less. One Doctor Duff among missionaries, but three thousand missionaries that would tell you they have only common endowment. One Florence Nightingale to nurse the sick in conspicuous places, but ten thousand women who are just as good nurses though never heard of. The "Swamp Angel" was a big gun that during the war made a big noise, but muskets of ordinary calibre and shells of ordinary heft did the execution. President Tyler and his cabinet go down the Potomac one day to experiment with the Peacemaker, a great iron gun that was to affright with its thunder foreign navies. The gunner touches it off and it explodes and leaves cabinet ministers dead on the deck, while at that time all up and down our coasts were cannon of ordinary bore able to be the defense of the nation, and ready at the first touch to waken to duty. The curse of the world is big guns. After the politicians who have made all the noise go home hoarse from angry discussion on the evening of the first Monday in November, the next day the people with the silent ballots will settle everything, and settle it right, a million of the white slips of paper they drop making about as much noise as the fall of an apple blossom.

Clear back in the country to-day there are mothers in plain apron, and shoes fashioned on a rough last by the shoemaker at the end of the lane, rocking babies that are to be the Martin Luthers, and the Faradays, and the Edisons, and the Bismarcks, and the Gladstones, and the Washingtons, and the George Whitefields of the year 1838, and who will make the 20th century so bright that this much lauded nineteenth in comparison will seem like the dark ages. The longer I live the more I like common folks. They do the world's work, bearing the world's burdens, weeping the world's sympathies, carrying the world's consolation. Among lawyers we see rise up a Rufus Choate, or a William Wirt, or a Samuel Southard, but society would go to pieces to-morrow if there were not thousands of common lawyers to see that men and women get their rights. A Valentine Mott or a Willard Parker rises up eminent in the medical profession, but what an unlimited sweep would pneumonia, and diphtheria, and scarlet fever, have in the world if it were not for ten thousand common doctors. The old physician in his gig rolling up the lane of the farmhouse, or riding on horseback, his medicines in the saddle-bags, arriving on the ninth day of the fever, and coming in to take hold of the pulse of the patient, while the family, pale with anxiety, are looking on and waiting for his decision in regard to the patient, and hearing him say: "Thank God, I have mastered the case, he is getting well," excites in me an admiration quite equal to the mention of the names of the great metropolitan doctors, Pancoast or Gross, or Joseph C. Hutchinson, of the past, or the illustrious living men of the present.

Yet what do we see in all departments? People not satisfied with ordinary spheres of work and ordinary duties. Instead of trying to see what they can do with a hand of five fingers they want six. Instead of usual endowment of twenty manual and pedal addenda they want twenty-four. A certain amount of money for livelihood and for the supply of those whom we leave behind us after we have departed this life is important, for we have the best authority for saying: "He that provideth not for his own, and especially those of his own household is worse than an infidel," but the large and fabulous sums for which many struggle, if obtained would be a hinderance rather than an advantage. The anxieties and annoyances that those have whose estates have become plethoric can only be told by those who possess them. It will be a good thing when through your industry and public prosperities you can own the house in which you live. But suppose you own fifty houses and you have all those rents to collect and all those tenants to please. Suppose you have branched out in business successes until in almost every direction you have investments. The fire bell rings at night; you rush upstairs to look out of the window to see if it is in any of your mills. Epidemic of crime comes and there are embezzlements and absconding in all directions, and you wonder whether any of your bookkeepers will prove recreant. A panic strikes the financial world, and you are like a hen under a sky full of hawks and trying with anxious cluck to get your overgrown chickens safely under wing. After a certain stage of success has been reached you have to trust so many important things to others that you are apt to become the prey of others, and you are swindled and defrauded, and the anxiety you had on your brow when you were earning your first thousand dollars is not equal to the anxiety on your brow now that you have won your three hundred thousand. The trouble with such a one is he is spread out like the unfortunate one in my text. You have more fingers and toes than you know what to do with. Twenty were useful, twenty-four is a hindering superfluity. Disraeli says that a King of Poland abdicated his throne and joined the people and became a porter to carry burdens. And some one asked him why he did so and he replied: "Upon my honor, gentlemen, the load which I quit is by far heavier than the one you see me carry. The weightiest is but a straw when compared to that world under which I labored. I have slept more in four nights than I have during all my reign. I begin to be a King myself. Elect whom you choose, for me who am so well it would be madness to return to court."

"Well," says somebody, "such overloaded persons ought to be pitied, for their worriments are real and their insomnia and their nervous prostration are genuine." I reply that they could get rid of the bothersome surplus by giving it away. If a man has more houses than he can carry without vexation, let him drop a few of them. If his estate is so great he cannot manage it without getting nervous dyspepsia from having too much, let him divide up with those who have nervous dyspepsia because they cannot get enough. No! they guard their sixth finger with more care than they did the original five. They go limping with what they call gout, and know not that, like the giant of my text, they are lamed by a superfluous toe. A few of them by large charities bleed themselves of this financial obesity and monetary plethora, but many of them hang on to the hindering superfluity till death, and then as they are compelled to give the money up anyhow, in their last will and testament they generously give some of it to the Lord, expecting no doubt that He will feel much obliged to them. Thank God that once in a while we have a Peter Cooper, who, owning an interest in the iron works at Trenton, said to Mr. Lester: "I do not feel quite easy about the amount we are making. Working under one of our patents, we have a monopoly which seems to me something wrong. Everybody has to come to us for it and we are making money too fast." So they reduced the price, and this while our philanthropist was building Cooper Institute, which mothers a hundred institutes of kindness and mercy all over the land. But the world had to wait five thousand eight hundred years for Peter Cooper. I am glad for the benevolent institutions that get a legacy from men who during their life were as stingy as death, but who in their last will and testament bestowed money on hospitals and missionary societies; but for such testators I have no respect. They would have taken every cent of it with them if they could, and bought up half of heaven and let it out at ruinous rent, or loaned the money to celestial citizens at two per cent. a month and got a corner on harps and trumpets. They lived in this world fifty or sixty years in the presence of appalling suffering and want, and made no effort for their relief. The charities of such people are for the most part in "paulo-post future" tense and they are going to do them. The probability is that if such a one in his last will by a donation to benevolent societies tries to atone for his life-time close-fistedness, the heirs at law will try to break the will by proving that the old man was senile or crazy, and the expense of the litigation will about leave in the lawyers' hands what was meant for the American Bible Society. O ye overweighted successful business men, whether this sermon reach your ear or your eye, let me say that if you are prostrated with axieties about keeping or investing these tremendous fortunes, I can tell you how you can do more to get your health back and your spirits raised than by drinking gallons of bad-tasting water at Saratoga, Homburg or Carlsbad—give to God and humanity and the Bible ten per cent. of all your income, and it will make a new man of you, and from restless walking of the floor at night you shall have eight hours' sleep without the help of bromide of potassium, and from no appetite you will hardly be able to wait your regular meals, and your wan cheek will fill up, and when you die the blessings of those who but for you would have perished will bloom all over your grave with violets if it be spring, or gladiolus, if it be autumn.

Perhaps some of you will take this advice, but the most of you will not. And you will try to cure your swollen hand by getting on it more fingers, and your rheumatic foot by getting on it more toes, and there will be a sigh of relief when you are gone out of the world; and when over your remains the minister recites the words: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," persons who have keen appreciation of the ludicrous will hardly be able to keep their face straight. But whether in that direction my words do good or not, I am anxious that all who have only ordinary equipment be thankful for what they have and rightly employ it. I think you all have, figuratively as well as literally, fingers enough. Do not long for hindering superfluities. Standing in the presence of this fallen giant of my text and in this post-mortem examination of him, let us learn how much better off we are with just the usual hand, the usual foot. You have thanked God for a thousand things, but I warrant you never thanked Him for those two implements of work and locomotion, that no one but the Infinite and Omnipotent God could have ever planned or made, the hand and the foot. Only that soldier or that mechanic who in a battle or through machinery has lost them knows anything about their value, and only the Christian scientist can have any appreciation of what divine masterpieces they are. Sir Charles Bell, the English surgeon, on the battlefield of Waterloo, while engaged in amputations of the wounded was so impressed with the wondrous construction of the human hand that when the Earl of Bridgewater gave forty thousand dollars for essays on the wisdom and goodness of God, and eight books were written, Sir Charles Bell wrote his entire book on the wisdom and goodness of God as displayed in the human hand. The twenty-seven bones in hand and wrist, with cartilages and ligaments and phalanges of the fingers, all made just ready to knit, to sew, to build up, to pull down, to weave, to write, to plow, to pound, to wheel, to battle, to give friendly salutation. The tips of the fingers are so many telegraph offices by reason of their sensitiveness of touch. The bridges, the tunnels, the cities of the whole earth are the victories of the hand. The hands are not dumb, but often speak as distinctly as the lips. With our hands we invite, we repel, we invoke, we entreat, we wring them in grief or clasp them in joy, or spread them abroad in benediction. The malformation of the giant's hand in the text glorifies the usual hand. Fashioned of God more equisitely and wondrously than any human mechanism that was ever contrived, I charge you use it for God and the lifting of the world out of its moral predicament. Employ it in the sublime work of gospel handshaking. You can see the hand is just made for that. Four fingers just set right to touch your neighbor's hand on one side and your thumb set so as to clench it on the other side. By all its bones, and joints, and muscles, and cartilages, and ligaments, the voice of nature joins with the voice of God commanding you to shake hands. The custom is as old as the Bible, anyhow. Jehu said to Jehonadeb: "Is thine heart right as my heart is with thine heart? If it be, give me thine hand." When hands join in Christian salutation a gospel electricity thrills across the palm from heart to heart, and from the shoulder of one to the shoulder of the other. Shake hands all around. With the timid and for their encouragement, shake hands. With the troubled and in warm-hearted sympathy, shake hands. With the young man just entering business, and discouraged at the small sales and the large expenses, shake hands. With the child who is new from God, and started on unending journey for which he needs to gather great supply of strength, and who can hardly reach up to you now because you are so much taller, shake hands. Across cradles and dying beds and graves, shake hands. With your enemies, who have done all to defame and hurt you, but whom you can afford to forgive, shake hands. At the door of churches where people come in, and at the door of churches where people go out, shake hands. Let pulpit shake hands with pew, and Sabbath day shake hands with week day, and earth shake hands with heaven. Oh the strange, the mighty, the undefined, the mysterious, the eternal power of an honest handshaking. The difference between these times and the millennial times is that now some shake hands, but then all will shake hands, throne and foot-stool, across seas nation with nation, God and man, church militant and church triumphant.

Yes; the malformation of this fallen giant's foot glorifies the ordinary foot, for which I fear you have never once thanked God. The twenty-six bones of the foot are the admiration of the anatomist. The arch of the foot fashioned with a grace and a poise that Trajan's arch at Beneventum, or Constantine's arch at Rome, or arch of Triumph at the end of Champs Elysees could not equal. Those arches stand where they were planted, but this arch of the foot is an adjustable arch, a yielding arch, a flying arch, and ready for movements innumerable. The human foot so fashioned as to enable man to stand upright as no other creature, and leave the hand that would otherwise have to help in balancing the body free for anything it chooses. The foot of the camel fashioned for the sand, the foot of the bird fashioned for the tree branch, the foot of the hind fashioned for the slippery rock, the foot of the lion fashioned to rend its prey, the foot of the horse fashioned for the solid earth, but the foot of man made to cross the desert, or climb the tree, or scale the cliff, or walk the earth, or go where he needs to go. With that divine triumph of anatomy in your possession where do you walk? In what path of righteousness or what path of sin have you set it down? Where have you left the mark of your footsteps? Amid the petrifactions in the rocks have been found the mark of the feet of birds and beasts of thousands of years ago. And God can trace out all the footsteps of your lifetime, and those you made fifty years ago are as plain as those made in the last soft weather, all of them petrified for the Judgment Day. Oh, the foot! How divinely honored not only in its construction but in the fact that God represents Himself in the Bible as having feet: "The coulds are the dust of His feet;" "Darkness was under His feet;" "The earth is My footstool." And representing cyclones and euroclydons and whirlwinds and hurricanes as winged creatures, he describes himself as putting His foot on these monsters of the air and walking from pinion to pinion, saying: "He walketh upon the wings of the wind." "Thou hast put all things under His feet," cries the psalmist. Oh, the foot! Give me the autobiography of your foot from the time you stepped out of the cradle until to-day and I will tell your exact character now and what are your prospects for the world to come. That there might be no doubt about the fact that both these pieces of divine mechanism, hand and foot, belong to Christ's service, both hands of Christ and both feet of Christ were spiked on the cross. Right through the arch of both His feet to the hollow of His instep went the iron of torture, and from the palm of his hand to the back of it, and there is not a muscle or nerve, or bone among the twenty-seven bones of hand and wrist, or among the twenty-six bones of the foot but it belongs to Him now and forever. Charles Reade, the great writer, lost the joint of his forefinger by feeding a bear. Look out that your whole hand gets not into the maw of the old Cerberus of perdition. Sir Thomas Trowbridge, at the battle of Inkermann, lost his foot and when the soldiers would carry him away, he said, "No, I do not move until the battle is won." So if our foot be lamed or lost let it be in the service of our God, our home or our country.

That is the most beautiful foot that goes about paths of greatest usefulness, and that the most beautiful hand that does the most to help others. I was reading of three women who were in rivalry about the appearance of the hand. And the one reddened her hand with berries, and said the beautiful tinge made hers the most beautiful. And another put her hand in the mountain brook, and said as the waters dripped off, that her hand was the most beautiful. And another plucked flowers off the bank, and under the bloom contended that her hand was the most attractive. Then a poor old woman appeared, and looking up in her decrepitude asked for alms. And a woman who had not taken part in the rivalry gave her alms. And all the women resolved to leave to this beggar the question as to which of all the hands present was the most attractive, and she said: "The most beautiful of them all is the one that gave relief to my necessities," and as she so said her wrinkles and rags and her decrepitude and her body disappeared, and in place thereof stood the Christ who long ago said: "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these ye did it to Me!" and who to purchase the service of our hand and foot here on earth or in resurrection state, had His own hand and foot lacerated.

NEWSY NOTES.

LONDON is to have an electric railway.

CARL SCHURZ is still at Kiel, Germany.

THE crops in France exceed all expectations.

THE rye crop of Europe is considerably short.

MORMONS are flocking into Wyoming in great numbers.

THIRTY million trees have been planted in Kansas this year.

INVENTOR EDISON says he has found a sure cure for yellow fever.

THE honey crop of the country is below the average this season.

A CANAL will soon be built between the Black and Caspian Seas.

A CHINAMAN is refused naturalization papers by a St. Louis Judge.

THE CZAR and Czarina have declined to receive Queen Natalie of Servia.

HEAVY losses have occurred to cranberry growers from the severe frosts.

AN eagle carries off the six-year-old child of a Kansas farmer and devours it.

AN electric bolt killed four people of one family in Cosala, Mexico, recently.

BUNCO men in Pittsburg swindle an aged and respectable citizen out of $10,000.

IN Kansas drought has caused a severe decline in the condition of the corn crop.

THE King of Siam has donated to the Baptist mission at Bangkok the sum of $210,000.

THREE carriages and five cabs formed the funeral train of ex-Marshal Bazaine at Madrid.

THE prospect appears to be that the onion crop of the country will fully equal the large crop of 1886.

THE amount of loss to creditors in England and Wales through bankruptcy last year was $35,574,575.

THE King of Greece, accompanied by the Duke of Sparta, visited the German Kaiser at Potsdam.

A PROVISIONAL Government has been established in Hayti. Order is restored and business is brisk.

ROBERT SOMERVILLE, of New York, was torn and trampled to death by cattle on a Western ranch.

ABOUT 1672 regular passenger trains enter and leave the depots of New York City every twenty-four hours.

THE German Government wants to build more men-of-war, and is going to ask the Reichstag for money to do it.

THE Swiss Government will ask the Swiss Parliament for a credit of $5,000,000 to supply the army with improved rifles.

THE Cotton Spinners' Association, at Manchester, England, decides to run on short time to defeat the speculative ring.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, OCT. 7.

"The Commission of Joshua," Joshua i. 1-9—Golden Text Chap. vi. 14.

JOSHUA.—He is to be for twenty-five years the great figure in front of Israel. After forty-three years of bondage in Egypt, he had during the forty years in the Wilderness been in personal attendance on Moses. Thus he learned the purpose and policy of God towards Israel from the noblest of teachers, whose generous devotion and stern self-control the pupil could hardly fail to admire and imitate. Still Joshua was narrower than Moses, about as Sheridan was narrower than Grant. He was the son of Nun (pronounced *noon*), "fish." His grandfather Elishama had been head of the tribe of Ephraim. He now comes from a subordinate station, and enters upon the task of settling Israel in Canaan, giving to this the remainder of his life. What manner of man he was, will abundantly appear.

MOSES DEAD.—This settles all questions as to Moses' disappearance. The thirty days of mourning had not been a delusion. Here one may for a moment pause, and think of moral life. Its end comes to the most vigorous and effective. The summer sun blazes long and fiercely, but it sinks, and night comes on. So Moses has gone below the horizon, and can do for his people nothing more. He is gone! "The night cometh wherein no man can work." We have seen Moses' wholesome care so to train a man to take up the task which he himself was to lay down, as that the work should go on and prosper. So all wise and thoughtful men are doing. They wish their business and estates, their schools and churches, their country and the world, to thrive after their own departure. Did Moses from on high watch Joshua's career?

ARISE!—This sounds out like the note of a trumpet. Joshua could see what task was before him. To take two millions across Jordan in the face of an enemy was about equal to crossing the Red Sea. The river flash and strong before him descends in its actual course thirty feet in a mile, and, though so crooked as to go three miles in making one, it is yet at its mouth an obstacle formidable to a host like Israel. Joshua needed a rousing call to such a task. Observe how all things center in him! His arising meant the arising of all. The army is embodied in the general, and his name stands for the whole. Every enterprise must in order to be successful have its natural leader. "For some must follow and some command, though both be made of clay."

THE DIVINE PLAN.—This is not a new plan, but for Joshua's benefit here it is freely told. Has the Eternal Ruler any new plans? Here is a country about as large as New Jersey—though the bounds here named, which were reached under Solomon only, would have made it twice as large as Pennsylvania or Ohio. The statement is not, 'I will give,' or 'I intend to give,' but 'I have given.' Such are God's promises. But how clearly comes in here man's part in making his own fortunes! 'We then, as workers together with him.' So is the farmer or the gardener; so in fact we all are. Israel is free to work with the divine plan, or to refuse; to work vigorously, or lazily; and according to its working will the result be. Every man's life is a plan of God, and its outcome will be according to his co-working with that plan.

CONTINUOUS VICTORY.—The Promised Land is marked out by the limits here named. The great sea is the Mediterranean on the west; the great river is the Euphrates on the north, and some 80,000 square miles thus bounded were full of strong people. These were not all at once to surrender. The conquest was to be by steady progress, reaching the nations one after another, as time and strength were given. An unbroken chain of victories was to stretch across the land. Great conflicts and strong were steadily to result in Israel's favor. "One should chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." For reasons satisfactory to divine justice, the people of Canaan were to be extirpated. As fast as Israel could move over the land, its present occupants were to vanish like a mist in the morning.

THE DIVINE PRESENCE.—Henceforth this was not to be in a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. It was to be a spiritual presence, such as in battle both armies would feel but neither of them would see. It was now time to give Israel a lesson in depending, not on the sight of the eye, but on the word of the Lord. When they met the enemy, they were not to doubt in their heart the presence of the God of battles on their side. This would be met and matched by a feeling on the part of their enemies that he was against them. Thus the hearts of Israel's warriors would be strong and their fighting effective, while the hearts of the Canaanites would melt and their arms would weaken, and yet no one could openly see why this should be. It was because a spiritual God would so be there. "Not by [visible] might or by [visible] power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

STRENGTH AND COURAGE.—In the Hebrew the former refers to force in grasping, the latter to firmness in holding. The former, a matter of dash, is easier than the latter. "Tenax" was one of the "four x's" required in a roman general. Joshua was strong of heart but he was now entering upon a trying task, and he needed the help of forceful words. Like Grant in our war, he needed to snatch and keep. And weakness in the leader is ruinous to the army, and Joshua had always looked up to Moses for guidance. In his great defeat of the Amalekites, Moses from a hilltop had watched the field. His turn to command has now come, and he must be self-centered, for he is to complete the great transaction which Moses had begun. The Lord now heartens him to a great, vigorous and presistent effort.

STRICT OBEDIENCE.—When Sherman set out upon his march to the sea, Grant is said to have sent him very full instructions as to the campaign. This was not because Sherman was incompetent, but because he was competent to lead so great a movement. There was left room enough for the play of Sherman's abilities, and all the better it was for him to have full instructions. So Joshua in "lifting up his spear of flame to battle on the mountains green" is to keep all the movements in harmony with the covenant rules. So it is with us all. Inside of the commandments is room enough for all our energy and sagacity. If we keep "solid" with the statutes of the Lord, we are in range of his effective aid.

THE BOOK OF THE LAW.—Careful study of a great author, like the company of a noble person, brings us something even better than the gaining of his thoughts. It enriches and inspires our tastes and feelings. He who would write poetry of his own, must read carefully the poetry of others, not to copy it, but to be inspired and attuned by it. So a Sunday school teacher must try to get imbued with the lesson, and thus is Joshua to study the law. In reading the Scriptures and thinking them over, the tone and working of our own thoughts become Scriptural. Joshua, like a musician among great masters of music, will come to pure and perfect ideas of his own calling and to a bright sympathy with the divine plan by reading and re-reading, thinking and re-thinking, what Moses had written.

SUCCESS:—"No such word as fail!" Joshua would never enter a field of battle but he would find the almighty there before him. The divine eye would watch the current of the fight, and, if Joshua acted well his part, all things would work for victory. Nor would his success end with his own life, or with the conquest of Canaan. Like other national heroes, he would leave for all time an example for warring saints and patriots, at which they would take heart again. If "we must fight, if we could reign," we need examples like Josua's to renew our failing courage. And what God was pleased to assure him, was said to all his servants yesterday, to-day and forever; "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

A mission paper published at Samokov, Bulgaria, states that the W. C. T. Union, under Mrs. Locke as vice-president, has already accomplished much and must prove of great benefit to Bulgaria.

TEMPERANCE READING.

The Lemonade Drinker.

They drink their whisky and beer,
To Bacchus they bended the knee,
And often they said with a sneer,
"A lemonade drinker is he."
He never would with them "go round,"
He left them to frolic at will;
They're all of them under the ground—
He's drinking his lemonade still.

—*Murray's Magazine.*

Steeples and Quicksands.

In the county of Kent, England, says the Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, in the *Voice*, is the little borough of Tenterden, containing about five thousand inhabitants. About thirty miles away, in early times, was the estate of Earl Godwine, on the sea coast. Half a century after the Earl's death, about 800 years ago, the bishop of the diocese built a steeple to Tenterden church. A few months afterwards the sea swept through the dikes and carried away the Earl's estate, which became a dangerous quicksand, known since as Goodwin Sands. No sooner had the angry sea carried off his prey than the villagers gathered together to ask themselves why the calamity had occurred. The older men of the village were asked for their opinions in turn. At length one old man, pointing to the steeple thirty miles away, said solemnly, "Tenterden steeple was the cause of Goodwin Sands." The remark was greeted with a burst of laughter, and for centuries was used as a proverb whenever any one fell into the illogical argument known as *post hoc, ergo, propter hoc*—after this, therefore, because of this. But later explorations prove that the old man was right. Historic documents show that revenues previously devoted to keeping the sea wall in repair were taken by the bishop, because the sea had been quiet for a year or two, to build the church steeple, and so the dike had been neglected, and gave way before the wild charge of the waves, and a fair estate became a deadly quicksand.

Why have the floods of intemperance in the last thirty years captured so much of our national estate, and made it a quicksand full of licensed pits of death? "Tenterden steeple was the cause of Goodwin Sands." Our churches have given too much of their time and money and energy to building steeples of ecclesiasticism, and too little to the practical dike-building of preventive reform work. Let us not put into the steeple building of church pride the money and effort and work that is more imperatively needed to make every Sabbath school a regiment or company in the *Cold Water Army*; to make every Christian an abstainer and an advocate of abstinence. Down there in the pews there are men and even boys whose flushed faces and beery breath proclaim that the alcoholic flood is breaking through upon them. What is the minister doing up there in the pulpit? Steeple-building—preaching about future probation for dead heathen that cannot be helped by any theories we may devise. Man of God, hark! Do you not hear the crash of the wild sea on the neglected dykes close at hand? Do you not see men and boys—aye, women and girls—right before whose fair estate of health and home and hope will soon be the drunkard's quicksand, if you do not strengthen the old dikes of the pledge and Prohibition?

Come down from your steeples, O men of God, preachers, teachers, parents, and strengthen these dikes.

Think of a preacher's meeting discussing "The Politics of Calvin" when the politics of the devil, with its mad waves of rum, is dashing against their very doors! Well has it been said that a pulpit silent on the temperance question discredits itself as much as a pulpit silent about dishonesty. Both of these questions are "in politics" as subjects of legislation. Let not that fact make conservatives neglect the dike of Prohibition, nor radicals the equally important dike of the pledge.

Temperance in the Bible.

1. Who was the first drunkard? Gen. ix., 20, 21.
2. Who took the first temperance pledge? Judges xiii., 13, 14.
3. Did anybody mentioned in the Bible ever take a pledge of his own accord? Dan. i., 8.
4. Was he healthier and wiser in consequence? Dan. i., 15, 17.
5. Ought kings to drink wine? Prov. xxxi., 4.
6. Ought ministers to drink wine? Rev. viii., 9.
7. Ought we to make companions of drunkards? 1 Cor. v., 11.
8. Can any drunkard enter the kingdom of heaven? 1 Cor. vi., 9, 10.
9. Does God pronounce woe upon drunkards? Isaiah v., 11, 22.
10. Why has He pronounced this woe? Isaiah xviii., 1, 8.
11. Are drunkards likely to get rich? Prov. xxi., 17.
12. What are the consequences of drinking? Prov. xxiii., 29, 30.
13. How may we avoid the consequences? Prov. xxiii., 31.
14. What will be the result if we disregard this advice? Prov. xxiii., 32.
15. Is it wise to tamper with strong drink? Prov. xx., 1.
16. Where was the first temperance society? Jer. xxxv., 6, 8.
17. What blessing did God pronounce upon the first temperance society? Jer. xxv., 18, 19.
18. Is temperance a vice? Gal. v., 21.
19. When is temperance a virtue? Gal. v., 22.
20. Tobacco and opium were not known when the Bible was written, so they are not mentioned by name in the Bible; but is there anything in the Bible that governs all temperance habits? Rom. xiv., 21.

Why He Broke His Pledge.

An interesting story was brought to light recently at the Salem (Mass.) hospital when James Murphy was brought there to have an ugly wound on his face sewed up. James was a leading member of a Catholic total abstinence society, and was in good standing. One night lately he found his mother drinking whiskey. He told her that he, too, would take to the intoxicating cup if he ever again found her under the influence of liquor. When he returned for his dinner the next noon his mother was drunk. A few words passed between them, and then young Murphy took his membership papers in the total abstinence society from his pocket, threw them into the fire, and made a bee line for the nearest saloon. He drank as much whiskey as he could hold, and was soon howling drunk. In that condition he presented himself to his intoxicated mother. She was so enraged that she seized a large earthern wash bowl and struck him squarely in the face, splitting his face open to the bone. It was a terrible wound, and will disfigure the boy for life.—*New York Sun.*

Temperance News and Notes.

A branch of the World's W. C. T. U. with twenty-two members has been organized in Paris.

Danville, a city of 5500 inhabitants in the center of the distilling region of Kentucky, is free from the curse of liquor.

Seventeen women sat as delegates in the convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, lately held in Boston.

Two boys, one six, the other seven years old, were recently taken to the Receiving Hospital, San Francisco, drunk and insensible.

No liquors are sold on the vestibule train of the Pennsylvania road, or upon the limited express on the New York Central road.

It is stated in the London press that on the new Metropolitan Sewage Works, where 2000 men are engaged, no intoxicants of any kind are permitted. It was resolved to run the work on temperance lines, and the results have been highly gratifying. Work has proceeded with regularity and steadiness, and the large body of men have been quite exemplary in their behavior.

Forty-seven million gallons is the estimated amount of whisky in bond in Kentucky at the present time. Almost all the distilleries in the State have been closed by the whisky trust in order to maintain the price of whisky.

RELIGIOUS READING.

The Blessing of Song.

"What a friend we have in Jesus,"
Sang a little child one day,
And a weary woman listened
To the darling's happy lay.

All her life seemed dark and gloomy,
All her heart was sad with care;
Sweetly rang out baby's trembles—
"All her sins and griefs to bear."

She was pointing out the Saviour,
Who could carry every woe;
And the one who sadly listened
Needed that dear Helper so!

Sin and grief were heavy burdens
For a fainting soul to bear;
But the baby, singing, bade her
"Take it to the Lord in prayer."

With a simple, trusting spirit,
Weak and worn she turned to God,
Asking Christ to take her burden,
As He was the sinner's Lord.

Jesus was the only refuge,
He could take her sin and care,
And he blessed the weary woman
When she came to Him in prayer.

And the happy child, still singing,
Little knew she had a part
In God's wondrous work of bringing
Peace unto a troubled heart.

—[Christian Observer.

That Pale Woman.

At one of the villages on our coast, there are a good many rough fishermen. There are a good many churches and ministers there, and they have tried to do something for these men in their way; but finding they could not, they have given it up. The church said, "We have rung our bell, engaged our quartette choir, and if you do not come, we cannot help it."

There is no command for the people to go and get the gospel; the command is to carry the gospel to the people—"Go ye into all the world," that means everywhere. Miss Phelps was given up to die, but her physician said, "If you go to such a village on our coast, perhaps the air may prolong your life; but it is an awfully wicked place." That pale woman arrived there and took a room. She slept but little the first night, and towards morning was sleeping quietly, with her windows open for air, when she was awaked by the rough swearing of men under her window. She could not bear it, and, hastily dressing, went down to the door, and said, "O men, I am a poor, sick, dying woman. I have come from the hills to prolong my life, but you are going to drive me away."

One wicked man said, "Who is going to drive you away, you pale woman?"

"You are; you have been swearing about my Saviour."

The man trembled, and said, "I will knock down the man that swears. Nobody shall swear while you are here." A man came along swearing. Said he, "You stop that; there is an angel here."

In a few days she took a little cabinet organ, hired a hall, opened the doors and windows, and the rough men gathered around. She touched the keys and began to sing, "What a friend we have in Jesus." Before she had finished, tears were in eyes unaccustomed to weep. In a little while she had a church, and had need of a minister, and they are doing great things there that never would have been done but for that pale woman.—[Dr. Bates, in Service for Jesus.

Prayer Motives.

All prayer, whatever may be its form, or whatever it may include in its scope, is actuated by some kind of a motive. When a person prays there is some reason why he does so. But whatever may be the motive, it is very certain that it should be a good one. And we may be very sure that whenever a prayer is truly and wisely indited by the Holy Spirit, every motive which underlies that prayer is good.

But we are compelled to admit that not all of the prayers of even Christian people are governed by good motives and pure purposes. So great are our infirmities that our motives are often more or less corrupt,—they are vitiated by personal ambitions and gross selfishness. We have an illustration of an unworthy motive in the epistle of James, iv., 3, where he says: "Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may spend it in your pleasure." (R. V.) In the preceding verse the apostle says: "Ye have not, because ye ask not." Now these two statements amount to the same thing, so far as the receiving is concerned. In neither case is there anything received. In one case there is no praying, and, consequently there is no receiving. In the other case there is prayer, and yet there is no receiving, because the prayer is amiss,—it is faulty, improper and wrong.

It is a selfish and vicious motive. The petitioners are represented as asking God for favors for the purpose of spending them for the gratification of their mere pleasures and unholy desires. Such a motive must of necessity, corrupt all prayer and turn it into a solemn mockery. We have another illustration of an unworthy motive in prayer in the case of James and John, who sought personal promotion in the kingdom of Christ. Their prayer was, that one of them might be seated at the right hand of Christ, and the other at His left in His kingdom. There is no evidence that there was any wicked design in their making such a petition; but their motive was entirely improper, and this so weakened it and corrupted it that it was not acceptable. And how often is selfishness lustily working at the very roots of prayer. Often we pray for things which if received would minister to our pride, our capricious ambition, and our personal glory! We may not always be truly conscious of this.

We may not always stop to think what the real character of our motive is. But so much the more do we need the Holy Spirit to help our infirmities and teach us how to pray. Many a prayer is worse than useless for want of a proper motive and true governing principle. It is owing to such a lack as this that people often pray for things which, if they were received, would prove a damage and even a curse to them. They pray for things which, if answered, would involve themselves and their friends in unending trouble.

The true motive is found in the words of our Saviour, when He said: "Not my will, but Thine, be done." This is the supreme motive which should govern every Christian heart. We should bow our wills without reserve to the will of God, and desire no other power to rule us, and no other will to master us. Let us learn that will by praying the Holy Spirit to reveal it to us. If we pray according to God's will, then our prayer will always be answered.—[Hartford Religious Herald.

Consumption of Malt Liquors.

The consumption of malt liquors is increasing with great rapidity. In 1840 in this country there were consumed 23,000,000 gallons of malt liquors or 1.36 per capita. In 1850 there was no radical change in the figures. In 1860 the increase set in in earnest. In that year the amount of beer drank was 101,000,000 gallons against 30,000,000 gallons of hard liquors and 11,000,000 gallons of wine. The per capita consumption of malt liquors was exactly equal to that of the hard liquors and wines. In 1870 the consumption of malt liquors had doubled in amount. The amount consumed per capita was 5.31 gallons. The per capita consumption of wines and hard liquors in the same time was 2.40 gallons. The figures for 1880 show a tremendous growth in the beer drinking habit. The total consumption in that year was 715,748,954 gallons of malt liquors against 63,867,720 in 1860. The greater part of the beer consumed was made in this country, about 2,500,000 gallons having been imported. The per capita is now 11.56 gallons. American beer is fast driving out the native rum and whisky. In 1850 the German citizens were the beer drinkers. Now the Americans can vie with the Germans in that line.—*Detroit Free Press.*