SATAN'S TRAVELS.

W HE RUINS YOUNG AND OLD.

Dr. Talmage Pictures His Journeys Among Men.

EXT: *"And the Lord said unto Satan: ence comest thou? Then Satan answered Lord, and said: From going to and in the earth, and from walking up and n in it."*—Job i., 7.

1672 was printed the largest book ever lished, namely, two huge volumes of neat thousand pages in small type, the author eph Caryl. It was a commentary on the k of Job. When it took a year for the ney from England to India, the son of author of this commentary started India, leaving his father writon his book, and was gone years, and when he came back to land still found his father writing t. I never saw the commentary, but I do wonder at its size because there is no end he interest of the Book of Job. I am not prised that Goethe, the unbeliever, took this wonderful book the opening of his "Faust," and the Mephistopheles of great German was only the Satan of It seems that one day in heaven God on His throne and angels and messers came to report their different sions. I suppose one angel said: "I was out ng the stars and I saw one of them burn Another angel, I imagine, said: "I off on a stellar excursion and was present at the birth of a new world." Another el, I think, said: "I was journeying five dred million miles in the wilderness of nensity and I saw a meteor run down a et." Another angel: "I was off and el at the inauguration of a new race of s amid the mountains and valleys of mighty world in the southeast part of heavens." But while these good and t spirits were making their reports a stly, grizzly, hideous monster from some y, sulphurous, filthy world, came into palace without wiping his feet, God asked him where and how had been occupying himself, and this test scoundrel of the universe made reo with blazing effrontery, and instead of nowledging any of the mischief he had n doing said he had been an earthly pedrian and had lived a sort of circumambatory, peripatetic life. And the Lord unto Satan: "Whence comest thou?" n Satan answered the Lord, and said: om going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it."

his monster of my text has a great variety of names. You know that notorious ins are apt to take a variety of names. ndicted in Paris for burglary a man will one name, arrested in San Francisco for he will give another name, imprisoned Montreal for burglary he will give another e. So this creature of my text has many es. He is called in sacred and profane nature Abaddon, Apollyon, Abrimanus, iel, Asmodeus the revenging devil, Beelzebub the sovereign of devils, Lucifer Brilliant devil, Diabolus the despairing l, Mammon the money devil, Pluto the y devil, Baal the military devil, Moresin plaguing devil. He is called the father es, and has for his children and grandldren and great-grandchildren all falsods, deceptions, frauds, swindles, ders, back-bitings and subterges. All men of good sense, ther enlightened by the Bible or in heathm, have noticed that there are baleful maleficent influences abroad that have their origin in the human race, and deology is as certain as angelology. The rd of Paracelsus was thought to have had mon in the hilt and there is now a demon very sword hilt. The ancients supposed air was filled with sylphs satyrs and sirens and gnomes and pires and salamanders and undines and goblins. The Talmud says that Adam's wife was Lillis and that their children all devils. Two or three hundred years a demonographer gave the names of assadors of evil which he thought n sent to different countries: mon, ambassador to England; hegor, ambassador to France; Martinet, assador to Switzerland; Rimmon, ambador to Russia; Thamin, ambassador to n; Hutgin, ambassador to Italy, and there was a Princess of devils by the e of Proserpine. But what was mere work of mythology or superstition been made clear by divine revela. We find that there is somewhere onarch of all wickedness. He has a ne of power, and courtiers and armies navies and machinery of evil vast as the d world. He is the supervisor of all chief, and what he cannot do himself he gates others to do, and as each one of our is supposed to have a guardian good el, I have no doubt that every human beas a besieging malignant spirit nagging footsteps and trying to make him k wrong and act wrong, an especial il, a devil of fraud or a devil of avarice devil of uncleanness or a devil of poor lth, and as in my text the spirits are repnted as reporting to the Lord so I have doubt the evil spirits report to Satan, who e enemy of the whole human race, and has a celerity that makes flight nd the world a matter of a nd, and who marshals on his side the es volcanic, atmospheric, epidemic, geoc, oceanic and cyclonic. "And the Lord unto Satan: Whence comest thou? Then an answered the Lord and said: From g to and fro in the earth and from walkup and down in it."

atan began his attack on this world long re Adam and Eve were created. While I ve the Bible record that the world was t up for man's residence in one week, I ve also the geological record that the ld was previously for hundreds of thouds of years going through great nges. The lumber for the house that was be built in a week for our first parents have been hauled to the spot a million rs before. This Prince of the Power of Air has been trying for all that million rs to demolish and use up this world. record is on the rocks. He tried to drown ith universal waters. He tried to burn up with universal fires. Then el to freeze it into ruin, and covered it universal glaciers. And for ages he this world, before our first parents occuit, in paroxysms and convulsions, and remains of those struggles I have seen you have seen in museums, or if with logist's hammer you have gone down the stone libraries of the mountains, after the famous Bible week the ld had been fitted into a Paradise for the e of our sinless ancestors. Satan comes the Garden of Eden, not through the of foliage and upright in posture, but wis in under the bushes a snake, and havdespoiled our first parents goes to k to ruin Paradise, and does work so thoroughly that one recently visited the site of the ancient den between the rivers Tigris and phrates, says the place is a desert: not a er, and the ground so poor that nothing some date trees grow there, and miserable villagers from near by not so well covered up with their as Adam and Eve were covered up with r innocence. So you see the Father of for once told the truth when the Lord unto him: "Whence comest thou?" and an answered the Lord and said: "From g to and fro in the earth, and from king up and down in it."

my text we have Satan on his travels, I am going to tell you some of the routes apt to take. On his journey down from palace where he reported himself in wer to the question: Whence comest the first range of mischief may be expected to take is air. It was not a witticism or a slip of pen when Paul, in his letter to the esians, called Satan the "Prince of the er of the Air." I think it means that an works through conditions of the atphere. The West wind is full of ls, the East wind is full of devils. n spreads abroad his black wings and icanes and euroclydons and Caribbean rlwinds and equinoctials are hatched out. takes the miasmas that float up from ops and hatches them into typhoid feers. He takes the cold blasts and hatches them into pneumonias and rheumatisms and consumptions. Not only has he power in the upper air where highest clouds float, but power over the lower air which we breathe, and as we breathe nineteen times a minute and take in three hundred and fifty cubic feet of air in every twenty-four hours and much of this air affects the arterial circulation, you see what opportunities the Prince of the Air has of contaminating and despoiling and demoralizing a man. Through atmospheric influence he clouds the disposition and rasps the nerves and covers the best of people with religious despondency, as in the case of Edward Payson and William Cowper and that beloved apostle of Evangelism, James W. Alexander. His great delight is to have the air of churches vitiated and in that way dulls the preacher and stupifies the people and sees to it that the atmosphere of not more than one out of a hundred churches is fit to breathe, and whole congregations Sabbath by Sabbath are asphyxiated. Yes, he is worthy of the title St. Paul gave him: "Prince of the Power of the Air."

Another route he is apt to take is through domestic life. There is no greater sport for him than conjugal quarrel. It does not make any difference how long the marriage ring has been on the finger of the right hand, he will try to pull off the signet. He says to the husband: "What a plain wife you have compared with what she once was! Don't you see that the color has gone out of her cheek and there are several wrinkles about her temples and a sprinkling of frost on her locks! Besides that, you have advanced in intelligence while she has stood still or gone back. How hard it is that you should be chained to such dullness and imbecility!" Then he turns and says to the wife: "That man neglects you, you have a right to be jealous. He likes his cigar and his club and anything and everything better than you. Why not get a divorce? Marriage is only a civil contract, anyhow, and not a divine alliance. Let me have that ring. It means nothing and you might as well give it to me." The ring is handed over to Satan and he tosses it up and down like a plaything over the mouth of perdition and says: "I will hand it back, only let me have it a little while." And he keeps tossing that ring with all its sacred memories higher up and further out, tossing and catching, tossing and catching it until one day you clutch for it, saying: "Give me back my ring" but lo, it has dropped into the yawning gulf and you suddenly find who has been pitching and catching the ring, and you cry out: "From whence comest thou?" and he answers: "From going to and fro in the domestic life of the city and from walking up and down in it; that is all." There are thousands of marriage relations strained almost to the breaking, and I commend to all men and women who are reckless in the present marriage state that they resume the old time courtship, and take as much pains to make themselves agreeable as they did five, or ten, or twenty years ago, before the wedding march announced to the flushed and fluttering crowd that the bride and groom were coming. According to the statistics of Professor Dikes, in one year in moral New Hampshire there were 241 divorces: in temperate Maine, 478 divorces: in good old Massachusetts, 600 divorces, and in the New England of "steady habits," 2113. In one county of Illinois 850 divorce suits were begun in one year, and in many places it seems as if a new arrangement had been made of the Commandments, and instead of ten there were only nine, the seventh commandment having been left out. When you see how many husbands and wives are parted by law, and know of so many who would like to dissolve conjugal partnership, do you not come to the conclusion that Satan is engaged in mighty industries?

Another route that Satan is apt to take in his active travels is the factories and other establishments where capital sits in the office or counting room and a good many hands of laborers are busy among wheels and spindles and fabrics. On this visit he will first step into the manufacturer's office and finding the owner and proprietor of the great establishment all alone with his correspondence and his account books, says to him: "You are not making as much money as you ought. You furnish all the brains. Were it not for your enterprise this establishment would not be in existence. These men and women in your employ are of very common mold. Their appetite is coarser and they do not need the luxuries you require. Their comfort and happiness are of very little importance. Put them down on the very verge of starvation and take all the profits into your own possession, and if they do not like it tell them to go where they can do better." Having done his work in the counting room Satan steps right out among the workmen. He says: "You work too many hours and you do your work better than it needs to be done. You are serving a bloated bondholder anyhow. He has no right to have any more than you have. Why should he ride and you walk? Why should he have tenderloin steak and you salt pork? Capital is the enemy of labor. Let labor be the sworn foe of capital. Why don't you strike and bring him to terms? Wait until he has a large order to fill by contract and then he cannot help himself. Go all together, without a moment's warning, and tell him you are going to stop. If he has more resources than you know of and persists in going on and getting new men, give them a volley of brickbats or put a little dynamite in his office and blow him and his factory all up with the same explosion." Look out there on the night sky! Great fire somewhere. What is it? The night is cold and Satan has made a big bonfire of that factory to warm himself by. The capitalist has lost heavily and the workmen and their families are without bread and clothing. "Whence comest thou, Satan?" "From going to and fro among employers and employes, and from walking up and down among them. Ha! ha! I was the only one who made anything out of that strike. What a splendid fire and lots of smoke. Ha! ha! I like smoke."

Another route Satan is apt to take in his active travels is through the mercantile establishments: He steps in and says to the clerks, "How much salary do you get? Is that all? Why, you can't live on that! You have a right to enough for a livelihood, A few quarters out of the money drawer will never be missed, or here and there is a remnant of goods you could take home without being found out. Or you could change those account books a little and you could make that figure eight a naught and that figure five a three, and if you do not feel exactly right about doing that you can some day pay it back, which you can do perfectly easy. Don't feel like running the risk? Well then you can't go to the theater and you can't go on that round with the boys and you will have to wear that plain coat, whereas you could have your overcoas fur lined, and take board at a tip-top place and walk amid plush and tapestries positively Oriental. While you are making up your mind I will just go through the different parts of this great commercial establishment and try every one from the wealthy firm down to the errand boys." The result of that Satanic visit is that one of the partners has drawn so much out of the concern that the whole business is crippled and a bright and promising boy is sent home to his mother in disgrace and a young man is in jail for embezzlement. Three lives ruined and three eternities. Whence comest thou, Satan? "From going to and fro among mercantile houses, and from walking up and down among them. I like to ruin splendid fellows and blast parent's hopes, and of all the liquors that I ever tasted fill my glass with a brewing of agonizing tears. Come! let us click together the rims of our glasses and drink to the overthrow of the fifty thousand young men I ruined last year! Huzza!" Satan would rather have one young man than twenty old ones. If he would win the septuagenarians and the octogenarians he could do but little harm with them. But he says: "Give me a young man, especially if he be bright and generous and social." He sees that young men have for good or bad been the mightiest influence in this world. Hernando Cortes conquered Mexico at thirty-two. Gustavus Adolphus became immortal in history so early that he died at thirty-eight. Raphael, the most famous of painters, died at thirty-seven. William Pitt was Prime Minister of England at twenty-four. Jesus Christ completed his earthly life at thirty-three. Five years in a young man's life are of more power for good or evil than the last fifteen of an old man's life. So Satan is especially greedy for young men, and in going to and fro in the earth he has especial temptation for them.

Another route that Satan on his active travels is apt to take is for the despoiling of the people's souls: It does not pay him merely to destroy the bodies of men and women. Those bodies would soon be gone anyhow; but great treasures are involved in this Satanic excursion. On this route he meets a man who is aroused by something he has seen in the Bible and Satan says: "Now I can settle all that; the Bible is an imposition; it has been deluding the world for centuries; do not let it delude you. It has no more authority than the Koran of the Mohammedan or the Shaster of the Hindoo, or the Zenda-Vesta of the Persian?" He meets another man who is hastening towards the kingdom of God and says: "Why all this precipitation? Religion is right, but any time within the next ten years will be soon enough for you. A man with a stout chest like yours and such muscular development need not be bothering himself about the next world." But Satan says nothing to him about the fact that the professor who gave his whole life to the study of health and could lift more pounds than any American died at about forty, and that another learned man who proved conclusively that if we observed all the laws of health we need never die, expired before he got his book on that subject published. Satan meets another man who has gone through a long course of profligacy and is beginning to pray God for forgiveness, and Satan says to the man: "You are too late; the Lord will not help such a wretch as you; you might as well brace up and fight your own way through."

And so with a spite and an acuteness and a velocity that have been gaining for six thousand years, he ranges up and down baffling, disappointing, defeating, afflicting, destroying the human race. Through his own hand or delegated infernalism he has pursued and hurt us all, and cursed every heart and curse in every home and cursed every nation and curse in every continent. He has instigated every war. He has rejoiced in every pestilence. He has started every groan. He has pressed out every sigh. He has hurled every shipwreck. Lazarettos, insane asylums, commercial panics, plagues, destroying angels, continental earthquakes, and world-wide disasters are to him a perfect glee. Can you look upon the Communism and the Mormonism and the Mohammedanism and the wide sweep of drunkenness and fraud and libertinism, the Franco-German war and Crimean war, the North and South United States war and rivers of blood flowing across continents of misery into oceans of wretchedness without recalling the power of the Evil One, who reported to the Lord Almighty, and when asked: Whence comest thou? answered: "From going to and fro in the earth and from going up and down in it."

But, blessed be God! I may substitute anthem for requiem and Hallelujah Chorus for the Dead March in Saul. The New Testament says: "The Son of God was manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil." It prophesied that an angel would come down from heaven with key and chain and incarcerate and shut up the old dragon. It says that Christ came to "destroy him that had the power of death—that is the devil." And from the way Christ drove the devil out of those possessed by him until he was glad to hide under the bristles of the swine of Gadara, and from other violent ejectments we know that there is in existence a power a million-fold mightier than the diabolic. The old lion of death shall go down under the stroke and roar of the "Lion of Judah's tribe." Yes, my text shows that Satan was compelled to report to the Almighty and give account of himself. When God said to him: "Whence comest thou" he was forced to answer. What means that scripture which says that Christ shall bruise the serpent's head? If you have ever killed a snake the passage ought to be plain to you. You see this old serpent the devil has crawled across the nations, poisoning whole generations and leaving his trail on everything; but after a while it will be cornered, and hissing and writhing in rage and with crest lifted and forked tongue shot out it will make final attack on Christ, and Christ will advance upon it, and lifting his omnipotent foot, that foot strong enough to crush a world, lifting that foot right over the head of the reptile, will put down his heel with a crushing power that shall leave the monster bleeding and mashed, never to hiss or bite or shake his old rattle again. Thank God he has already received a stunning blow. Hear you not the rumbling of the Christian printing presses and the whirling of the Gospel chariot wheel? As many souls have been added to the Christian Church in the last eighty years as in the previous eighteen centuries and that is a ratio of increase acclamatory with gladness. The kingdom is coming, and I am so sure of it that I do not propose to fret and worry because it has not already come. I may jump to get on a boat that is going off, but I do not propose to jump for a boat that is coming in. The sharp attacks of infidelity and sin are a good sign that especial blessing is coming in showers over all the earth. Flies bite sharp just before rain.

If we do not see the full consummation our children will see it. In the time of the French Revolution a great procession of boys carried through the streets a banner with the inscription: "Tremble, tyrants; we shall grow up!" Though we may fail to do our duty there is a rising generation being gospelized and coming by hundreds of thousands from our Sabbath-schools and Christian homes who might properly have on their banners: "Tremble, ye powers of darkness and sin; for we are growing up!" We may not amount to much in ourselves, but if we put ourselves in the right place we can do great exploits. Two put under two only make four; but placed beside two make twenty-two. Yet what you and I most need is power to drive back this Apollyon, this Asmodeus, this Abrimanes from our hearts and lives. And we can do it not by our own strength but by divine power afforded, for here is a passage emblazoned with encouragement which says: "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." Remember it is no sin at all to be tempted. The best and the mightiest have been tempted. Milton describes a toad squat at the ear of eve. The sin is in surrendering. Do not feel so secure in yourself as to think you cannot be overthrown. How do you account for the fact that there are so many old men in Sing Sing and Auburn and the other penitentiaries, serving out their protracted sentences for frauds committed in mid-life or advanced ages, although their early life had been good, and nothing had been suspected of them until at fifty or sixty years of age the land was struck dumb at their forgery or embezzlement? The clock in the steeple of old Trinity Church striking the hours did not remind the recreant Wall-streeter of the passage of time that would soon bring to him exposure and doom. The explanation is that Mephistopheles, Apollyon, Satan got in his work at that time. The man was not naturally bad. He was as good as any of you are, but Satan with whole battalions of infernals swooped upon him unawares. Look out for the wiles of the devil, not only those of you who are young but the middle-aged and the old. Outside of God you are not safe a moment. But yield not to disheartenment. If we put our trust in God our best days are yet to come—days of victory, days of song, days of heaven, and the best days of the cause of righteousness in all the earth are yet to come. As the ten thousand men of Xenophon's army when they came to the top of Mount Theches and saw the waters on which they were to sail to their homes, the soldiers with clapping hands and waving banners altogether shouted: "The sea; the sea!" So we to-day in our march toward our heavenly home come up to the top of the mountain of holy anticipation and look off upon oceans of light and oceans of glory and oceans of joy; and thrilled as we have never been thrilled before we clap our hands and wave our gospel ensigns and cry one to another and shout up to the responding and re-echoing heavens: "The sea; the sea!"

Make the Best of It When You Get Sick.

"I have sinned against my brother, the ass," confessed a pious old monk, when his under-fed, over-flogged body refused to budge for him. Make you the same confession, Tom. You trudged through miles of mud-puddle yesterday, and then gave yourself no rubbing down and dry stabling. Now you wonder where you got that confounded cough. And you, Dick, who spurred your tired eyes open night after night in a final spurt for the essay prize, if you had listened, as Balaam did to his animal, when you heard that noise in your head, you wouldn't be tied down to a cot with nervous prostration. As for you, Harry, poor lad! we all have to risk lame legs in taking a leap. Many a brave runner draws in his breath with the exultation of youth, feeling the glow of strength through all his veins, runs blithely forward, and—lands in a heap as you did. Make the best of it. All the old Dicks and Toms and Harrys are in the same plight, with their exposures and overwork and risks. *Peccavimus!* We have all sinned. But we'll make the best of it. The beast is foundered, but his rider is safe, and waiting for the tide of health to turn. His lien is yet on the great outside world sending tributes in to him—glimpses of blue sky, a ripple of laughter from a jolly robin, the breath of a midsummer idyl mingling roses and new-mown hay. A petty lordling, enthroned on pillows, he dictates to doctor and nurse. Business cares and social duties are laid aside. The fine art of invalidism is his only interest and concern.—*A. B. Ward, in Harper's Magazine.*

Cheaper to Move than Pay Rent.

A little Austin boy, whose impecunious parents are always moving from one house to another, was asked by the Sunday school teacher:

"Why did the Israelites move out of Egypt?"

"Because they couldn't pay their rent, I reckon."—*Texas Siftings.*

Dr. Tanner, the once famous faster, lives in New Mexico, where he has a 150-acre ranch. He is connected with a foundling association, which he intended to show that the baser passions are aroused principally by the use of animal food. He thinks that he can make children all good and long-lived, by feeding them one meal a day of a light vegetarian diet. The doctor himself lives on one meal a day.

From the District Attorney of Westchester County, New York.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., April 10, 1886.

I have received many letters in reference to my testimonials, lately published, commending ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.

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NELSON H. BAKER.

The Philadelphia board of health wants a crematory for garbage.

A Modest, Sensitive Woman

Often shrinks from consulting a physician about functional derangement, and prefers to suffer in silence. This may be a mistaken feeling, but it is one which is largely prevalent. To all such women we would say that one of the most skillful physicians of the day, who has had a vast experience in curing diseases peculiar to women, has prepared a remedy which is of inestimable aid to them. We refer to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is the only remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case or money refunded. See guarantee printed on bottle wrapper.

The sand blast is now being utilized for cleaning the dingy stone walls of buildings.

Children Starving to Death

On account of their inability to digest food will find a most marvelous food and remedy in SCOTT'S EMULSION of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. Very palatable and easily digested. Dr. S. W. COHEN, of Waco, Texas, says: "I have used your Emulsion in Infantile wasting with good results. It not only restores wasted tissues, but gives strength and increases the appetite. I am glad to use such a reliable article."

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With groans and sighs and dizzied eyes,
He seeks the couch and down he lies;
Nausea and faintness in him rise,
Brow-racking pains assail him.
Sick headache! But ere long comes ease,
His stomach settles into peace,
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To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease which I warrant to cure the worst cases. So strong is my faith in its virtues that I will send free a sample bottle and valuable treatise to any sufferer who will give me his P. O and Express address. Resp'y,

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