A GRAND REVIVAL.

THE GREAT MOVEMENT OF 1857.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Wants to Start One All Over the Country.

TEXT: *"Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high."*—Luke xxiv., 49.

For a few months, in the providence of God, I have two pulpits, one in Brooklyn and the other in New York, and through the kindness of the printing press an ever widening opportunity. To all such hearers and readers I come with an especial message. The time has arrived for a forward movement such as the church and the world have never seen. That there is a need for such a religious movement is evident from the fact that never since our world was swung out among the planets has there been such an organized and determined effort to overthrow righteousness, and make the Ten Commandments obsolete and the whole Bible a derision. Meanwhile alcoholism is taking down its victims by the hundreds of thousands, and the political parties get down on their knees, practically saying: "O thou almighty rum jug! we bow down before thee! Give us the offices—city, State and national. Oh, give us the offices, and we will worship thee for ever and ever; Amen."

The Christian Sabbath meanwhile, appointed for physical, mental and spiritual rest, is being secularized and abolished. As if the bad publishing houses of our own country had exhausted their literary filth, the French and Russian sewers have been invited to pour their scurrility and moral slush into the trough where our American swine are now wallowing. Meanwhile there are enough houses of infamy in all our cities, open and unmolested of the law, to invoke the omnipotent wrath which buried Sodom under a deluge of brimstone. The pandemoniac world, I think, has massed its troops, and they are at this moment plying their batteries upon family circles, church circles, social circles, political circles and national circles. Apollyon is in the saddle, and riding at the head of his myrmidons would capture this world for darkness and woe.

That is one side of the conflict now raging. On the other side we have the most magnificent gospel machinery that the world ever saw or heaven ever invented. In the first place there are in this country more than eighty thousand ministers of religion and, take them as a class, more consecrated, holier, more consistent, more self denying, more faithful men never lived. I know them by the thousands. I have met them in every city. I am told, not by them, but by people outside of our profession, people engaged in Christian and reformatory work, that the clergy of America are at the head of all good enterprises, and whoever else fail they may be depended on. The truth of this is demonstrated by the fact that when a minister of religion does fall, it is so exceptional that the newspapers report it as something startling, while a hundred men in other callings may go down without the matter being considered as especially worth mentioning.

In addition to their equipment in moral character the clergy of this country have all that the schools can give. All archæological, rhetorical, scientific, scholastic, literary attainment. So much for the Christian ministry of all denominations. In the next place on our side of the conflict we have the grandest churches of all time and higher style of membership and more of them, and a host without number of splendid men and women who are doing their best to have this world purified, elevated, gospelized. But we all feel that something is wanting. Enough hearty songs have been sung and enough earnest sermons preached within the last six months to save all the cities of America, and saving the cities you save the world, for they overflow all the land either with their religion or their infamy.

But look at some of the startling facts. It is nearly nineteen hundred years since Jesus Christ came by the way of Bethlehem caravansary to save this world, yet the most of the world has been no more touched by this most stupendous fact of all eternity than if on the first Christmas night the beasts of the stall, amid the bleatings of their own young, had not heard the bleating of the Lamb that was to be slain. Out of the eighteen hundred million of the human race fourteen hundred million are without God and without hope in the world, the camel driver of Arabia, Mahomet, with his nine wives, having half as many disciples as our blessed Christ, and more people are worshiping chunks of painted wood and carved stone than are worshiping the living and eternal God. Meanwhile, the most of us who are engaged in Christian work—I speak for myself as well as others—are toiling up to our full capacity of body, mind and soul, harnessed up to the last buckle, not able to draw a pound more than we are drawing or lift an ounce more than we are lifting.

What is the matter? My text lets out the secret. We all need more of the power from on high. Not muscular power, not logical power, not scientific power, not social power, not financial power, not brain power, but power from on high. With it we could accomplish more in one week than without it in a hundred years. And I am going to get it, if in answer to prayer, earnest and long continued, God will grant it to me, His unworthy servant. Men and women who know how to pray, when you pray for yourself, pray for me that I may be endued with power from on high. I would rather have it than all the diamond fields of Golconda, and all the pearls of the sea, and all the gold of the mountains. Many of the mightiest intellects never had a touch of it, and many of the less than ordinary intellects have been surcharged with it. And every man and woman on earth has a right to aspire to it, a right to pray for it, and, properly persistent, will obtain it.

Power from on the level is a good thing, such power as I may give you, or you may give me, by encouraging words and actions. Power from on this level when we stand by each other in any Christian undertaking. Power from on the level when other pulpits are in accord with ours. Power from on the level when the religious and secular press forward our Christian undertakings. But power from on the level is not sufficient. Power from on high is what we need to take possession of us. Power straight from God. Supernatural power, omnipotent power, all conquering power. Not more than one out of a thousand of the ministers has it continuously. Not more than one out of ten thousand Christians has it all the time. Given in abundance, these last ten years of the nineteenth century would accomplish more for God, and the church, and the world than the previous ninety years of this century.

A few men and women in each age of the world have possessed it. Caroline Fry, the immortal Quakeress, had it, and three hundred of the depraved and suffering of Newgate prison, under her exhortation, repented and believed. Jonathan Edwards had it, and Northampton meeting house heard the outburst of religious emotion as he spake of righteousness and judgment to come. Samuel Budgett, the Christian merchant, had it, and his benefactions showered the world. John Newton had it. Bishop Latimer had it. Isabella Graham had it. Andrew Fuller had it. The great evangelists Daniel Baker and Dr. Nettleton and Truman Osborn and Charles G. Finney had it. In my boyhood I saw Truman Osborn rise to preach in the village church at Somerville, N. J., and before he had given out his text or uttered a word people in the audience sobbed aloud with religious emotion. It was the power from on high. All in greater or less degree may have it. Once get it and nothing can stand before you. Satan goes down. Caricature goes down. Infidelity goes down. Worldiness goes down. All opposition goes down.

Several times in the history of the church and the world has this power from on high been demonstrated. In the seventeenth century, after a great season of moral depression, this power from on high came down upon John Tillotson and Owen and Flavel and Baxter and Bunyan, and there was a deluge of mercy higher than the tops of the highest mountains of sin. In the eighteenth century, in England and America, religion was at a low water mark. William Cowper, writing of the clergy of these days, said:

> Except a few with Elli's spirit blest,
> Rogani and Paineas may describe the rest.

The infidel writings of Shaftesbury and Hobbes and Chubb had done their work. But power from on high came upon both the Wesleys and Lady Huntington on the other side the Atlantic, and upon William Tennant and Gilbert Tennant and David Brainerd on this side the Atlantic, and both hemispheres felt the tread of a pardoning God. Coming to later date, there may be here and there in this audience an aged man or woman who can remember New York in 1831, when this power from on high descended most wondrously. It came upon pastors and congregations and theatres and commercial establishments. Chatham Street Theatre, New York, was the scene of a most tremendous religious awakening.

A committee of Christian gentlemen called upon the lessee of the theatre, and said they would like to buy the lease of the theatre. He said, "What do you want it for?" They replied, "For a church." "For wh-a-at?" said the owner. "For a church," was the reply. The owner said, "You may have it, and I will give you a thousand dollars to help you on with your work." Arthur Tappan, a man mightily persecuted in his time, but a man, as I saw him in his last days, as honest and pure and good as any man I ever knew, stepped on the stage of old Chatham Theatre as the actors were closing their morning rehearsal and said, "There will be preaching here to-night on this stage;" and then gave out and sang with such people as were there the old hymn:

> The voice of free grace cries, escape to the mountain,
> For all that believe Christ has opened a fountain

The barroom of the theatre was turned into a prayer room, and eight hundred persons were present at the first meeting. For seventy successive nights religious services were held in that theatre, and such scenes of mercy and salvation as will be subjects of conversation and congratulation among the ransomed in glory as long as heaven lasts. But I come to a later time—1857—remembered by many who are here. I remember it especially, as I had just entered the office of the ministry. It was a year of hard times. A great panic had flung hundreds of thousands of people penniless. Starvation entered habitations that had never before known a want. Pecuniary ruin in many cases became a tragedy. Suicide, garroting, burglary, assassination were rampant. What an awful day that was when the banks went down! There has been nothing like it in thirty years, and I pray God there may not be anything like it in the next thirty centuries. Talk about your Black Fridays! It was Black Saturday, Black Sunday, Black Monday, Black Tuesday, Black Wednesday, Black Thursday as well as Black Friday.

This nation in its extremity fell helpless before the Lord and cried for pardon and peace, and upon ministers and laymen the power from on high descended. Engine houses, warerooms, hotel parlors, museums, factories, from 12 to 1 o'clock, while the operatives were resting, were opened for prayers and sermons and inquiry rooms, and Burton's old theatre on Chambers street, where our ancestors used to assemble to laugh at the comedies, and all up and down the streets, and out on the docks and on the decks of ships lying at the wharf people sang, "All hail the power of Jesus's name," while others cried for mercy. A great mass meeting of Christians on a week day, in Jayne's Hall, Philadelphia, telegraphed to Fulton Street Prayer Meeting in New York, saying, "What hath God wrought?" and a telegram went back saying, "Two hundred souls saved at our meeting to-day." A ship came through the Narrows into our harbor, the captain reporting that himself and all the crew had been converted to God between New Orleans and New York.

In the busiest marts of our busiest American cities, where the worshipers of Mammon had been counting their golden beads, men began to calculate, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" The waiters in restaurants after the closing of their day's work knelt among the tables where they had served. Policemen asked consent of the Commissioner of Police to be permitted to attend religious meetings. At Albany members of the New York Legislature assembled in the room of the Court of Appeals at half-past eight o'clock in the morning for prayer and praise. Printed invitations were sent out to the firemen of New York saying, "Come as suits your convenience best, whether in fire or citizens' dress, but come! come!" Quarrymen knelt in their boats. Weavers knelt among the looms. Sailors knelt among the hammocks. Schoolmasters knelt among their classes. A gentleman traveling said there was a line of prayer meetings from Omaha to Washington City, and he might have added a line of prayer meetings from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, and from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico.

In those days what songs, what sermons, what turnings to God, what recital of thrilling experiences, what prodigals brought home, what burning tidings of souls saved, what serfdom of sin emancipated, what wild rout of the forces of darkness, what victories for the truth! What millions on earth and in heaven are now thanking God for 1857, which, though the year of worst financial calamity, was the year of America's most glorious blessing. How do you account for 1857, its spiritual triumphs on the heels of its worldly misfortunes? It was what my text calls the power from on high.

That was thirty-three years ago, and though there have been in various parts of the land many stirrings of the Holy Ghost, there has been no general awakening. Does it not seem to you that we ought to have and may have the scenes of power in 1857 eclipsed by the scenes of power in 1891? The circumstances are somewhat similar. While we have not had national panic and universal prostration as in 1857, there has been a stringency in the money market that has put many of the families of the earth to their wits' end. Large commercial interests collapsing have left multitudes of employes without means of support. The sacred brains of business men have almost or entirely given way. New illustrations all over the land, of the fact that riches have not only feet, on which they walk slowly as they come, but wings on which they speed when they go. Eternal God! I can know west how cramped and severe and solemn a time it is with many. And as the business ruin of 1857 was followed by the glorious triumphs of grace, let the awful struggles of 1890 be followed by the hallelujahs of a nation saved in 1891.

Brethren in the Gospel ministry! if we spent half as much time in prayer as we do in the preparation of our sermons nothing could stand before us. We would have the power from on high as we never had it. Private membership of all Christendom! if we spent half as much time in positive prayer for this influence as we do in thinking about it and talking about it, there would not be secretaries enough to take down the names of those who want to give in their names for enlistment.

As the power from on high in 1857 was more remarkable in academies of music and lyceum halls and theatres than in churches, why not this winter of 1891 in these two academies of music, places of secular entertainment where we are during the rebuilding of our Brooklyn Tabernacle, so grandly and graciously treated by the owners and lessors and lessees; why not expect and why not have the power from on high, comforting power, arousing power, convincing power, converting power, saving power, omnipotent power? My opinion is that in this cluster of cities by the Atlantic coast, there are five hundred thousand people now ready to accept the Gospel call, if, freed from all the conventionalities of the church, it were earnestly and with strong faith presented to them.

In these brilliant assemblies there are hundreds who are not frequenters of churches, and who do not believe much if at all in ministers of religion or ecclesiastical organizations. But God knows you have struggles in which you need help, and bereavements in which you want solace, and persecutions in which you ought to have defense, and perplexities in which you need guidance, and with a profound thoughtfulness you stand by the grave of the old year, and the cradle of the young year, wondering where you will be and what you will be when "rolling years shall cease to move." Power from on high descend upon them!

Men of New York and Brooklyn, I offer you God and heaven! From the day you came to these cities what a struggle you have had! I can tell from your careworn countenances, and the tears in your eyes, and the deep sigh you have just breathed that you want re-enforcement, and here it is, greater than Blucher when he re-enforced Wellington; greater than the Bank of England when last month it re-enforced the Barings—namely, the God who through Jesus Christ, is ready to pardon all your sin, comfort all your sorrows, scatter all your doubts, and swing all the shining gates of heaven wide open before your redeemed spirit. Come into the kingdom of God! Without a half second of delay come in!

Many of my hearers to-day are what the world calls, ain't what I would call splendid fellows, and they seem happy enough, and are jolly and obliging, and if I were in trouble I would go to them with as much confidence as I would to my father, if he were yet alive. But when they go to their rooms at night, or when the excitements of social and business life are off, they are not content, and they want something better than this world can offer. I understand them so well I would, without any fear of being thought rough, put my right hand on their one shoulder and my left hand on their other shoulder and push them into the kingdom of God. But I cannot. Power from on high, lay hold of them!

At the first communion after the dedication of our former church three hundred and twenty-eight souls stood up in the aisles and publicly espoused the cause of Christ. At another time four hundred souls, at another time five hundred; and our four thousand five hundred membership were but a small part of those who within those sacred walls took upon themselves the vows of the Christian. What turned them? What saved them? Power from the level? No. Power from on high.

But greater things are to be seen if ever these cities and ever this world is to be taken for God. There is one class of men and women in all these assemblages in whom I have especial interest, and that is those who had good fathers and mothers once, but they are dead. What multitudes of us are orphans! We may be 40, 50, 80 years old, but we never get used to having father and mother gone. Oh, how often we have had troubles that we would like to have told them, and we always felt as long as father and mother were alive we had some one to whom we could go! Now I would like to ask if you think that all their prayers in your behalf have been answered. "No," you say, "but it is too late; the old folks are gone now."

I must courteously contradict you. It is not too late. I have a friend in the ministry who was attending the last hours of an aged Christian, and my friend said to the old Christian, "Is there no trouble on your mind?" The old man turned his face to the wall for a few moments, and then said: "Only one thing. I hope for the salvation of my ten children, but not one of them is yet saved. Yet I am sure they will be. God means to wait until I am gone." So he died. When my friend told of the circumstances eight of the ten had found the Lord, and I have no doubt the other two before this have found Him. Oh, that the long postponed answers to prayer for you, my brother, for you, my sister, might this hour descend in power from on high.

Oh, unanswered prayers of father and mother, where are you? In what room of the old homestead have they hidden? Oh, unanswered prayers, rise in a mist of many tears into a cloud, and then break in a shower which shall soften the heart of that man who is so hard he cannot cry, or that woman who is ashamed to pray! Oh, arm chair of the aged, now empty and in the garret among the rubbish, speak out! Oh, staff of the pilgrim who has ended his weary journey, tell of the parental anxieties that bent over thee! Oh, family Bible, with story of births and deaths, rustle some of thy time worn leaves, and let us know of the wrinkled hands that once turned thy pages, and explain that spot where a tear fell upon the passage: "Oh, Absalom, my son, my son, would God I had died for thee."

Good and gracious God! what will become of us, if after having had such a devout and praying parentage, we never pray for ourselves! We will pray. We will begin now. Oh, for the power from on high, power to move this assemblage, power to save Brooklyn and New York, power of evangelism that shall sweep across this continent like an ocean surge, power to girdle the round earth with a red girdle dipped in the blood of the cross! If this forward movement is to begin at all there must be some place for it to begin, and why not this place? And there must be some time for it to begin, and why not this time? And so I sound for your ears a rhythmic invitation, which, until a few days ago, never came under my eye, but it is so sweet, so sublime with pathos, so triumphant with joy, that whoever chimed it, instead of being anonymous, ought to be immortal:

> Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
> The stripes, thy due, were laid on me,
> That peace and pardon might be free—
> O wretched sinner, come!
>
> Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be free?
> Trust not the world: it gives no rest;
> I bring relief to hearts oppressed—
> O weary sinner, come!
>
> Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
> Count all thy gains but empty dross,
> My grace repays all earthly loss—
> O needy sinner, come!
>
> Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
> Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears,
> 'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears:
> O trembling sinner, come!

RUINED BY RUM.

One of those instances which excite wide spread comment in New York is just nearing a mournful end. A man who was once the private secretary of a great citizen of this town, and subsequently became a partner and then the director in a number of important companies, gradually allowed his passion for drinking to grow upon him until he sank to the position of an out-and-out street mendicant. Long ago he was warned out of the restaurants and cafes in which he was formerly a conspicuous figure, and he eventually sought admission to a city hospital. He was discharged, ticketed as a common vagrant two weeks ago, and yesterday he stood on the corner of Twenty-sixth street, in front of Delmonico's begging pennies of every passer by until moved on by the police. It is a plain and every day instance of the effect of incessant drinking, and probably it will find many a parallel in upper day life of New Yorkers. The man was so widely known, however, that his case has attracted unusual attention.—*New York Sun.*

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES.

Don't try to drown your sorrows in a demijon; troubles are great swimmers.

An English writer estimates that on an average every British workman spends a dollar a week for beer.

The W. C. T. U. of Chicago are training a lady to take the position of police matron at the station-house in Indianapolis.

Mr. Caine, of the English Parliament, has gone to India to discover how far the Indian Government has fulfilled the wishes of Parliament in administration of the liquor laws.

The love of money is a cultivated desire, and no form of intoxication is greater. It is the foundation upon which rum drinking rests, for nothing drives a man to drinking more surely than the disappointment in getting money, and also the disappointment in finding happiness from the possession of it.

During the hearing of an assault case in an Albany police-court the other day, John Gustin, twelve years old, made known that he was employed in a barroom, his hours being from 5 o'clock in the morning until 5 o'clock in the afternoon. His duty was to watch the bartender and see that he did not "knock down." For this the boy was clothed and fed, but received no wages. He was sent to an orphan asylum.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THE LESSON FOR JANUARY 11

"Idolatry in Israel," I Kings, 12: 25–33—Golden Text: Exodus 22: 4—Notes.

25. "Then Jeroboam built Shechem in Mount Ephraim and dwelt therein." Rehoboam having been warned by Shemiah, the man of God, not to go against the revolting tribes to subdue them, returned home with his army and contented himself to be King of Judah only, according to the word of the Lord (vs. 22-24). Thus the twelve tribes became two nations, not to be united again till the coming of the son of David in power and glory (Ezek. xxxvii., 21-28). Shechem became for a time the capital of the kingdom of the ten tribes.

"And went out from thence and built Penuel." Here the angel of the Lord wrestled with Jacob and changed his name to Israel. Jacob called the name of the place Penuel (the face of God), for, said he, I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved (Gen. xxx., 28, 30).

26. "And Jeroboam said in his heart, 'now shall the kingdom return to the house of David.'" He evidently did not know in his heart anything of the meaning of either Shechem (shoulder) or Penuel (the face of God). His heart had not received the precious promise of Deut. xxxiii., 12, nor did he know Him of whom it is written "the government shall be upon His shoulder" (Isa. ix., 6). Although God had promised to build him a sure house if only he would hear and obey and do right in His sight (xi., 38). It is evident that he knew not the face of God nor cared to walk before Him.

27. "If this people go up to sacrifice in the house of the Lord at Jerusalem, then shall the heart of this people turn again unto their Lord, unto Rehoboam, king of Judah, etc." There is no gratitude to God in this, nor any confidence in Him, but there is a thought of direct disobedience; for Jeroboam knew that God had commanded that sacrifice should be offered only in the city and at the place which He had chosen (Deut. xii., 5, 14). The Lord God had chosen Jerusalem and put His name there, that there and there only, Israel should worship Him (Deut. xii., 11; I Kings ix., 3) as the manifested His glory in the Holy of Holies, above the mercy seat, between the cherubim. Had Jeroboam been obedient to God it would have been well with him, and he would have been a stranger to the fear of losing his kingdom and his life.

28. "Whereupon the king took counsel and made two calves of gold." It was not the counsel of God, it must have been the counsel of the ungodly. He must have known the story of the golden calf in the wilderness and of the thousands who fell because of that sin. He had the spirit of Cain, who preferred his own thoughts and ways to those of God, and feared not to disobey.

29. "And he set the one in Bethel, and the other put he in Dan." What a desecration of holy places! Bethel (house of God), where God gave to Jacob such a glorious vision of heavenly things and such promises for the future (Gen. xxviii., 11-19), where God set upon a ladder that reached to heaven and Jacob dedicated a pillar to God, here this rebel sets up an idol and establishes idolatry. Had he thought of the meaning of Dan (Gen. xxx., 6—judgment—he might perhaps have feared to set an idol there; but he seems to have thought of nothing except the fear of losing his kingdom.

30. "And this thing became a sin." Not only a sin against God, but a sin against himself and all his house to cut it off, and to destroy it from off the face of the earth (xiii., 34). He that sinneth against God wrongeth his own soul, and all they that hate Him love death (Prov. viii., 36).

"The people went to worship before the one, even unto Dan." It would be such worship as Cain offered, the worship of disobedience, and therefore hateful to God. They were breaking the first and second commandments of the law, besides all the other commands which God had given concerning the only place of worship. There is no particular place now where we are to worship God, but as Jesus taught the woman of Samaria, God seeketh true worshipers who will worship Him in spirit and in truth.

31. "And he made an house of high places, and made priests of the lowest of people which were not of the sons of Levi." Notwithstanding the command: 'Then shalt give the Levites unto Aaron, and to his sons, * * * and the stranger that cometh nigh shall be put to death" (Num. iii., 9, 10), the man takes any one and sets him apart as a priest. It is not enough to despise the only true God, the God of Israel, and the Holy City, and the Temple, the only appointed place of sacrifice, but he also despises God's chosen priesthood and sets up one of his own. We do not need to seek far, even in our own day, for a man-made priesthood, many of whom, to judge by their conduct, are among the lowest of the people, and if they do not worship calves they certainly do worship golden eagles. Nor need we step outside the Protestant church, nor even enter the Episcopal church, to find them, for they may be found in all denominations.

32. "And Jeroboam ordained a feast * * * like unto the feast that is in Judah, and he offered upon the altar." Moses did not ordain feasts; everything connected with the tabernacle and temple, and worship and feasts was appointed by God; but this man takes the place of God and imitates God. He reminds us of one described in II Thess. ii., 4, "who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshiped, so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God."

"Sacrificing unto the calves that he had made, and he placed in Bethel the priests of the high places which he had made." God was the architect of tabernacle and temple, but these places of worship were made by this man, to whom God had been so kind, and who was now so vigorously setting himself and his people against God.

33. "So he offered upon the altar." Notice this expression three times in this verse and in the last, and also the phrase "which he had made" the same number of times. It is all his doing, and God is excluded.

"In the month which he had devised of his own heart." It was all the devising of his own heart, an unbelieving, hateful heart, just like yours and mine before we were born from above. Naturally we are away from God and against God, yet He loves us and is kind to the unthankful and the evil. His love and His goodness should lead us to repentance (Rom. ii., 4), but many like Jeroboam only despise it.—*Lesson Helper.*

HOW THEY BAIT THEIR HOOK.

The *Organizer*, an organ of the W. C. T. U., says: "A prominent Chicago saloon wishing to increase its trade, recently began pushing for customers among the boys. Fine rooms for all kinds of games were fitted up and invitations printed on postal cards were sent to all the older boys in the ward. The result was the rooms were soon crowded. It was intended not to sell them liquors at first, but to get them in the habit of spending the evenings in the saloon, the owners well knowing what the final result would be. The good people whose boys were started on the road to ruin, became alarmed, and tried to break up this boys' resort, but they soon found that the saloon-keeper had a perfect right to let in the boys if he did not sell to them. A Chicago Judge, in a recent sentance, defines the saloon-keeper's legal right in this respect in the following language: 'You may allow boys and children to frequent your saloon; they may witness the apparent satisfaction with which their seniors quaff the sparkling glass; you may be schooling and training them for the period of twenty-one, when they, too, can participate—for all this is lawful.'"

It has been discovered that a spurious imitation of Professor Koch's lymph is being manufactured, and a number of cases have been reported in which foreign medical men have been deceived into purchasing the bogus preparation. The agents of Professor Koch have been unable to discover the manufacturers of the counterfeit.

RELIGIOUS READING.

WEAVING.

We are weaving every day, as we pass along our way,
Intent upon our busy work or just as busy play,
Beneath the casual gaze of men, the angels' steady eyes,
The Robes of Resurrection in which we shall arise.

When the trumpet's thrilling call upon our ears shall fall,
And our dust shall throb and quiver, and its vanished life recall,
When each hurrying atom seeks its own, though distance disallow,
We shall wear the Resurrection Robes that we are weaving now.

Then the threads we sadly spun, and in darkness one by one
Wove in the fabric, wishing that the long, hard task was done,
Shall gleam and glimmer as a mist of lovely rose and blue,
And the blacker threads of sorrow shall be made lovely, too.

The glimmering glints of gold from a patience manifold
Shall make a pattern sweet and strange, and beauteous to behold;
And the white of purity shall shine, the tear-spots fade away,
As we don our Resurrection Robes upon that last great day.

O King of joy and pain, let us not weave in vain!
Touch then the fabric of our lives and make them fair amain,
That, when our task is finished, within the heavenly place,
Clad in our Robes of Righteousness, we may behold Thy face.

—[Susan Coolidge, in S. S. Times.

FAITH NOT FOR PRESENT USES KNOWLEDGE.

Prof. C. J. Little, LL. D., in Zion's Herald, sets forth the truth that it is not necessary to know all mysteries in order to be a Christian. He says:

Heaven is not exclusively for theologians. Theology has, in my judgment, the same relation to a simple, saving creed in Jesus Christ as that a science of optics has to light and sight. Thank God! thousands can see who have never heard of Huyghens and Helmholtz, and to whom Melloni is an utter stranger. Most of us would go stark blind if seeing depended upon our individual mastery of the complicated quivering nerve and trembling sunbeam.

NAPOLEON'S HAPPIEST DAY.

When Napoleon was in the height of his prosperity, and surrounded by a brilliant company of the marshals and courtiers of the empire, he was asked what day he considered to have been the happiest of his life. When all expected that he would name the occasion of some glorious victory, or some great political triumph, or some great august celebration, or some signal recognition of his genius and power, he answered without a moment's hesitation, "The happiest day of my life was the day of my First communion." At a reply so unforeseen there was a general silence, when he added, as if to himself, "I was then an innocent child."—[Companion.

THE TESTING.

Travelers tell us of a tree in tropical countries the inner parts of which are sometimes eaten out by ants, while the bark and leaves remain apparently as fresh as ever; and it is not till the tornado comes and sweeps it down that its weakness is discovered. But the storm did not make the tree weak; it only revealed how weak it was, and its feebleness was the result of the gnawing of its ets through a long course of time. In like manner, if we let our characters be honeycombed by constant neglect of common duty, or by daily indulgence in some sin, or by habitual yielding to some temptation, we cannot expect anything else than ruin when the testing hour shall come.—[W. N. Taylor.

REST.

To step out of self life to Christ life, to be still and let Him fill our out of it; to fold your hands close and hide your face upon the bosom of His love; to let Him lay His cooling, soothing, healing hands upon your soul, and draw off the worry and fever from its veins; to realize that you are not a mighty messenger, an important worker of His, full of care and responsibility, but only a little child with a Father's gentle bidding to feed and fondle; to lay your busy plans and ambitions confidently in His hands, as the child brings its broken toys at its mother's call; to serve him by waiting; to praise him by saying, 'Holy, holy, holy,' a single note of praise as the seraphim of the heavens if that be his will; to cease to hurry so that you lose sight of his face; to learn to follow him and not run ahead of orders; to cease to live in self, and for self and to live in him and for him; to have his honor more than your own; to be a clear and facile medium for his life-light to shine and glow through. This is consecration, and this is the rest.

THE HOLY WAY.

During a critical period of the war a number of ladies from Chicago, members of the Sanitary Commission, were in Washington, and called on President Lincoln. Mrs. Livermore, in "My Story of the War," relates what followed. It was explained to him that the ladies had called to obtain from him some word of encouragement—something to cheer and stimulate. "I have no word of encouragement to give!" was his sad and blunt reply. "The military situation is far from bright, and the country knows it as well as I do."

Then, after a pause: "The fact is, the people haven't yet made up their minds that we are at war with the South. They haven't buckled down to the determination to fight this war through; for they have got the idea into their heads that we are going to get out of this fix, someday, by strategy! That's the word — strategy! General McClellan thinks he is going to whip the rebels by strategy; and the army has got the same notion. They have no idea that the war is to be carried on and put through by hard, tough fighting, that will hurt somebody; and no headway is going to be made while this delusion lasts." Let these sagacious words be well pondered by our churches.

DRINKING IN PALACE CARS.

A gentleman writing to the *Inter-Ocean* makes the same charge against the Pullman car "saloon" the W. C. T. U. has so often made: "Among the many annoyances of traveling in a Pullman car none is worse to bear than the 'saloon.' Last year I took a trip to California and back by way of Tacoma and St. Paul. The through trains carry liquor and it is sold and drank to intoxication, and what with the noise, profanity and gaming, I determined never to spend any more money to secure a sleeping berth when the porter is unable to secure quiet. It was my misfortune to be located near to the 'state-room' which was occupied by a quartet of drinking and card playing, swearing fellows (one an editor of a Minneapolis daily), and twice did I call for the porter asking him to stop their noisy, boisterous conduct, but he said he could not."

The last season has been unusually disastrous to the shipping on the Great Lakes. Sixteen steamers, whose total tonnage was 5915 tons and whose value was $650,500, were lost. Twenty-seven schooners and barges, valued at $278,000, were also lost, as well as twelve tugs, valued at $79,000.

Since 1882 the only Indian fighting has been with the little squads of Apaches in Arizona and New Mexico. For every Apache run down and killed or captured the Government is said to have spent $100,000.

PENNSYLVANIA POINTS.

The Law and Order League of Washington will try to stop the sale of papers in that town on Sunday.

The Dunbar Furnace Company's offer of $10,000 has been accepted by the widows of the miners who lost their lives in the Hill Farm mine disaster, and the suits against the company will be dropped.

The first annual report of State Factory Inspector Martin has just been issued. It contains the number of inspections made, the number of employes in factories and other establishments, and the number of orders issued demanding compliance with the law. Among the many violations of the law reported the one prevailing that miners shall not work more than sixty hours per week is most frequently transgressed.

In stooping before a grate at Monongahela City, Mrs. Elizabeth Mathews, aged 85, was seriously burned by her clothing catching fire.

Manager Murray McCain, of the Scottdale Water Company, fell on the icy pavement Saturday night and fractured his skull. He may not recover.

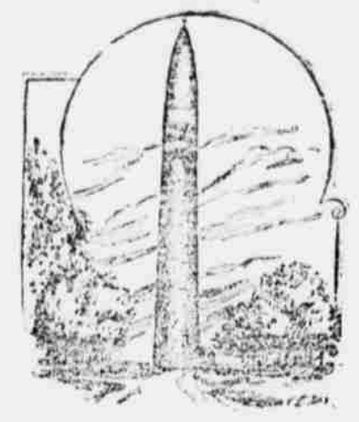
Petitioners for license in Greenville have about 200 of a majority over the remonstrances. This means that Greenville, which went dry last year, may have license this year.

Striking Hungarians attacked several persons who were going home from a party at Hastings, near Johnstown. Constable Miller and three others were wounded trying to arrest the Huns.

While Miss McAfee of Bainbridge, near Blairsville, was dusting a grate fire her clothes ignited and she was burned to death.

A Great Battle Monument.

The Vermonters whose great grandsires fought at Bennington are to have a great celebration August 16, 1891. It will be a double jubilee. The battle of Bennington was fought August 16, 1777. Vermont was admitted to the Union in 1791. So the celebrations are combined and on the anniversary of the battle the great Bennington battle monument will be dedicated. A bill introduced in the Vermont Legislature directed the Governor of Vermont to invite all of New Hampshire and Massachusetts over to



BENNINGTON BATTLE MONUMENT.

Bennington to unite with the citizens of Vermont in the dual celebration. Colonel Seth Warner's soldiers who won the decisive victory over the British in 1777 were volunteers from Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts, and that is why the three States will combine to observe the anniversary.

The Bennington battle monument will soon be completed and will be one of the most interesting memorial structures yet erected in this country. It stands on the hill which the grim and determined men of Bennington held against the red coats on the memorable day in 1777. The base of the shaft is 300 feet above the Walloomsac valley. Half a mile to the south Mount Anthony rears itself in grandeur 2000 feet high. The site of the towering shaft has been admirably selected.

The monument will be 301 feet high, 44 feet square at the base and 37 feet square at the top. The foundation is of limestone, built into the solid rock which forms the hill. The structure proper, now almost completed, will be a simple shaft in the form of an obelisk, built of magnesian limestone. There will be a winding stairway in the interior. The monument is erected by the three States which are to dedicate it and the general Government, together with large private contributions.—*Chicago News.*

"Taking a Knight Off."

—*Life.*

In his address to the sixtieth annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the President, Sir F. A. Abel, reviewed the progress of science since the last meeting of the association at the same place (Leeds) in 1858. The subject to which reference was made included the transmission of electric energy, the application of voltaic energy to the fusion and welding of metals, the discovery of the use of aluminium in the production of iron and steel castings, the measurement and control of the explosive force of gunpowder, the composition and value of the smokeless powders, recent inventions of explosives for mining purposes, and the development of the petroleum and natural gas fields of the United States.