OTTLE OF TEARS

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

eps All Griefs and Sorrows in His ok of Remembrance. Tears in he End Become Diamonds for Heavenly Crowns.

"*Put thou my tears into thy bot-* salms lvi., 8.

y a mail has come to me for twenty at has not contained letters saying sermons have comforted the writers letters. I have not this summer nor ty years spoken on the platform of tdoor meeting but coming down I en told by hundreds of people the ing. So I think I will keep on trying "son of consolation."

rayer of my text was pressed out of soul by innumerable calamities, but as appropriate for the distressed of . Within the past century travelers iquarians have explored the ruins of f the ancient cities, and from the very f those buried splendors of other days en brought up evidences of customs ng ago vanished from the world. mong tombs of those ages have been up lachrymatories, or lachrymals, re vials made of earthenware. It custom for the ancients to catch the at they wept over their dead in a bot- to place that bottle in the graves of arted, and we have many specimens ncient lachrymatories, or tear bottles. nusuems.

on the way from the Holy Land our ched at Cyprus, we went back into s of that island and bought tear bot- hich the natives had dug out of the f the old city. There is nothing more ive to me than the tear bottles which ht home and put among my curiosi- at was the kind of bottle that my text to when David cries, "Put thou my to thy bottle."

text intimates that God has an inti- quaintance and perpetual remem- of all our griefs, and a vial, or lachry- , or bottle, in which He catches and ur tears, and I bring to you the con- e of this Christian sentiment. Why out grief? Alas, the world has its and now, while I speak, there are darknesses of soul that need to be There are many who are about to under the assault of temptation, and nce, if no words appropriate to their uttered, they perish. I come on no errand. Put upon your wounds no ompounded by human quackery; but, g straight to the mark, I hail you as a midsea cries to a passing craft, ahoy!" and invite you on board a which has faith for a rudder, and for sails, and Christ for captain, and for an eternal harbor.

erine Rheinfeldt, a Prussian, keeps a ith which she rescues the drowning. a storm comes on the coast, and other go to their beds to rest, she puts out boat for the relief of the distressed, undreds of the drowning has she t safely to the beach. In this lifeboat Gospel I put out to-day, hoping, by help, to bring ashore at least one soul ay now be sinking in the billows of tion and trouble. The tears that were ught in the lachrymatories brought n Herculaneum and Pompeii are all nd the bottle is as dry as the scoria of eano that submerged them, but not so e bottle in which God gathers all our

, I remark that God keeps perpetually rs of repentance. Many a man has ned in the morning so wretched from 's debauch that he has sobbed and Pains in the head, aching in the eyes, heart and unfit to step into the light. eves, not about his misdoing, but only its consequences. God makes no rec- such weeping. Of all the million tears ve gushed as the result of such mis- nor, not one ever got into God's bot- hey dried on the fevered cheek or ashed down by the bloated hand or o the red wine cup as it came again to *, foaming with still worse intoxica-*

when a man is sorry for his past and do better—when he mourns his wasted ages and bemoans his rejection of mercy, and cries amid the lacerations aroused conscience for help out of his o predicament, then God listens; then bows down; then scepters of pardon tended from the throne; then his cry- nds the heart of heavenly compassion; s tears are caught in God's bottle.

when I see the heavenly Shepherd g a lamb from the wilderness; when the quick tread of the prodigal has home to find his father; when I see a boy coming on the wharf and hurrying o beg his mother's pardon for long t and unkindness; when I see the ess coming to God for shelter, and the ed, and the vile, and the sin burned, e passion blasted appealing for mercy mpassionate God, I exclaim in ecstasy umph: "More tears for God's bottle!"

n, God keeps a tender remembrance of r sicknesses. How many of you are ghly sound in body? Not one out of I do not exaggerate. The vast majority race are constant subjects of ailments. is some one form of disease that you rticularly subject to. You have a weak r back or are subject to headaches or sses or lungs easily distressed. It not take a very strong blow to shiver lden bowl of life or break the pitcher fountain. Many of you have kept on through sheer force of will. You no one can understand your distresses. ps you look strong, and it is supposed you are a hypochondriac. They say e nervous—as if that were nothing! ave mercy upon any man or woman nervous!

times you sit alone in your room. s do not come. You feel an inde- ble lonliness in your sufferings, but nows; God feels; God compassion- He counts the sleepless nights. He s the acuteness of the pain. He tes the hardness of the breathing. you pour out the medicine from the and count out the drops. God counts r falling tears. As yet look at the lled with nauseous drafts and at the of distasteful tonic that stand on the remember that there is a larger bottle hese, which is filled with no mixture by y apothecaries, but it is God's bottle, in he hath gathered all our tears.

n, God remembers all the sorrows of y. There is much want that never comes pection. The deacons of the church see it. The comptrollers of the alms- never report it. It comes not to , for it has no appropriate apparel. es no appeal for help, but chooses to suffer than expose its bitterness. s who fail to gain a livelihood, so that nd their children submit to constant on; sewing women, who cannot ply edle quick enough to earn them shel- d bread.

whether reported or uncomplaining, er in seemingly comfortable parlor, or p cellar, or in hot garret, God's angels rcy are on the watch. This moment griefs are being collected. Down on k streets, in all the alleys, amid shan- d log cabins, the work goes on. Tears t—seething in summer's heat or freez- winter's cold—they fall not unheeded. re jewels for heaven's casket. They dges of divine sympathy. They are r God's bottle.

n, the Lord preserves the remem- of all paternal anxieties. You see a om the most infamou...roundings t into the kingdom of God. He has no sermon. He has received no g providential warning. What t him to this new mind? This is the -God looked over the bottle in which hers the tears of His people, and He parental tear in that bottle which has r 40 years unanswered. He said, "Go w, and let Me answer that tear!" and ith the wanderer is brought home to

Oh, this work of training children for God! it is a tremendous work. Some people think it easy. They have never tried it. A child is placed in the arms of the young parent. It is a beautiful plaything. You look into the laughing eyes. You examine the dimples in the feet. You wonder at its exquisite organism. Beautiful plaything! But on some nightfall as you sit rocking that little one a voice seems to fall straight from the throne of God, saying: "That child is immortal! The stars shall die, but that is an immortal! Suns shall grow old with age and perish, but that is an immortal!"

Now, I know with many of you this is the chief anxiety. You earnestly wish your children to grow up rightly, but you find it hard work to make them do as you wish. You check their temper. You correct their waywardness; in the midnight your pillow is wet with weeping. You have wrestled with God in agony for the salvation of your children. You ask me if all that anxiety has been ineffectual. I answer, No. God understands your heart. He understands how hard you have tried to make that daughter do right, though she is so very petulant and reckless, and what pains you have bestowed in teaching that son to walk in the path of uprightness, though he has such strong propensities for dissipation.

I speak a cheering word. God heard every counsel you ever offered Him. God has known all the sleepless nights you have passed. God has seen every sinking of your depressed spirit. God remembers your prayers. He keeps eternal record of your anxieties, and in His lachrymatory—not such as stood in an ancient tomb, but in one that glows and glitters besides the throne of God—holds all those exhausting tears.

The grass may be rank upon your graves and the letters upon your tombstones defaced with the elements before the divine response will come, but He who hath declared, "I will be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee," will not forget, and some day in heaven while you are ranging the fields of light the gates of pearl will swing back, and garlanded with glory that long wayward one will rush into your outstretched arms of welcome and triumph. The hills may depart, and the earth may burn, and the stars fall, and time perish, but God will break His oath and trample upon His promises—never! never!

Again, God keeps a perpetual remembrance of all bereavements. These are the trials that cleave the soul and throw the red hearts of men to be crushed in the wine press. Troubles at the store you may leave at the store. Misrepresentation and abuse of the world you may leave on the street where you found them. The lawsuit that would swallow your honest accumulations may be left in the courtroom. But bereavements are home troubles, and there is no escape from them. You will see that vacant chair. Your eye will catch at the suggestive picture.

You cannot fly in the presence of such ills. You go to Switzerland to get clear of them; but, more sure footed than the mule that takes you up the Alps, your troubles climb to the tiptop and sit shivering on the glaciers. You may cross the seas, but they can outsail the swiftest steamer. You may take caravan and put out across the Arabian desert, but they follow you like a simoom, armed with suffocation. You plunge into the Mammoth cave, but they hang like stalactites from the roof of the great cavern. They stand behind with skeleton fingers to push you ahead. They stand before you to throw you back. They run upon you like reckless horsemen. They charge upon you with gleaming spear. They seem to come haphazard, scattering shots from the gun of a careless sportsman. But not so. It is good aim that sends them just right, for God is the archer.

This summer many of you will especially feel your grief as you go to places where once you were accompanied by those who are gone now. Your troubles will follow you to the seashore and will keep up with the lightning express in which you speed away. Or, tarrying at home, they will sit beside you by day and whisper over your pillow night after night. I want to assure you that you are not left alone and that your weeping is heard in heaven.

You will wander among the hills and say, "Up this hill last year our boy climbed with great glee and waved his cap from the top." or "This is the place where our little girl put flowers in her hair and looked up in her mother's face," until every drop of blood in your heart tingled with gladness, and you thanked God with a thrill of rapture and you look around as much as to say: "Who dashed out that light? Who filled this cup with gall? What blast froze up these fountains of the heart?"

Some of you have lost your parents within the last twelve months. Their prayers for you are ended. You take up their picture and try to call back the kindness that once looked out from those old, wrinkled faces and spoke in such a tremulous voice, and you say it is a good picture, but all the while you feel that, after all, it does not do justice, and you would give almost anything—you would cross the sea; you would walk the earth over—to hear just one word from those lips that a few months ago used to call you by your first name, though so long you yourself have been a parent.

Now, you have done your best to hide your grief. You smile when you do not feel like it. But though you may deceive the world, God knows. He looks down upon the empty cradle, upon the desolated nursery, upon the stricken home and upon the broken heart, and says "This is the way I thrash the wheat; this is the way I scour My jewels! Cast thy burden on My arm, and I will sustain you. All those tears I have gathered into My bottle!"

But what is the use of having so many tears in God's lachrymatory? In that great casket or vase, why does God preserve all your troubles? Through all the ages of eternity, what use of a great collection of tears! I do not know but that in some distant age of heaven an angel of God may look into the bottle and find it as empty of tears as the lachrymals of earthenware dug up from the ancient city. Where have the tears gone? What sprite of hell hath been invading God's palace and hath robbed the lachrymatories? None. These were sanctified sorrows, and those tears were changed into pearls that are now set in the crowns and robes of the ransomed.

I walk up to examine this heavenly coronet, gleaming brighter than the sun, and cry, "From what river depths of heaven were those gems gathered?" and a thousand voices reply, "These are transmuted tears from God's bottle." I see scepters of light stretched down from the throne of those who on earth were trod on of men, and in every scepter point and inlaid in every ivory stair of golden throne I behold an indescribable richness and luster and cry, "From whence this streaming light—these flashing pearls?" and the voices of the elders before the throne, and of the martyrs under the altar, and of the hundred and forty and four thousand radiant on the glassy sea exclaim, "Transmuted tears from God's bottle."

Let the ages of heaven roll on—the story of earth's pomp and pride long ago ended the kohinoor diamonds that make kings proud, the precious stones that adorned Persian tiara and flamed in the robes of Babylonian processions forgotten; the Goleonda mines charred in the last conflagration, but firm as the everlasting hills and pure as the light that streams from the throne, and bright as the river that flows from the eternal rock, shall gleam, shall sparkle, shall flame forever these transmuted tears of God's bottle.

Meanwhile let the empty lachrymatory of heaven stand for ever. Let no hand touch it. Let no wing strike it. Let no collision crack it. Purer than beryl or chrysoprasus. Let it stand on the step of Jehovah's throne and under the arch of the unfading rainbow. Passing down the corridors of the palace, the redeemed of earth shall glance at it and think of all the earthly troubles from which they were delivered and say, each to each, "That is what we heard of on earth." "That is what the psalmist spoke of." "There once were put our tears." "That is God's bottle." And while standing there inspecting this richest inlaid vase of heaven the towers of the palace dome strike up this silvery chime: "God hath wiped away all tears from all faces. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, SEPT. 10.

30. "And as the shipmen were about to flee out of the ship, when they had let down the boat into the sea, under color as though they would have cast anchors out of the foreship," I feel grieved to begin this lesson with the treachery of these sailors, when such rich food for the soul is in verses 22 to 25, so strangely omitted by the lesson committee.

31. "Paul said to the centurion and to the soldiers, Except these abide in the ship ye cannot be saved." Paul was only promised the lives of those with him in the ship (verse 24); if they should start off in the boat by themselves, he could not be responsible for them. Noah was given those with him in the ark, and Rahab those with her in the house. Only those can be saved who are in Christ, and abiding is the evidence that we are truly in Him (John x., 27, 28; I John ii., 19).

32. "Then the soldiers cut off the ropes of the boat and let her fall off." It looked like throwing away their only hope, but it was really their only safety. In order to be saved by Christ we must let go our own righteousness, our own works and even our own ways and thoughts—in fact, all that we have (Isa. lxiv., 6; Titus iii., 5, Isa. lv., 7, and Luke xiv., 33).

33. "And while the day was coming on Paul besought them all to take meat." They had endured fourteen days of such tempestuous weather that they had little opportunity and perhaps little desire to taste food. In verse 20 we read that all hope of ever seeing land had been given up. But now there is light in the darkness. He who controls the winds and the sea (Mark iv., 39) had for His servant's sake sent a message of peace.

34. "This is for your health, for there shall not an hair fall from the head of any of you." This is a common Old and New Testament illustration of perfect safety. See I Sam. xiv., 45; II Sam. xiv., 11; I Kings i., 52; Math. x., 30; Luke xii., 7; xxi., 18. Even concerning Daniel's friends who were cast into the seven times heated furnace it is written that there was not a hair of their heads singed (Dan. iii., 27).

35. "And when he had thus spoken he took bread and gave thanks to God in the presence of them all, and when he had broken it he began to eat." Thus he glorified God, whose he was and whom he served. Thus he magnified Christ in his body (Phil. i., 20). He testified before all that he knew God, that he trusted in God and that he had dealings with God. He gave thanks for deliverance when it was not yet visible except to faith.

36. "Then were they all of good cheer, and they also took some meat." He not only exhorted them to be of good cheer, but being of good cheer himself he influenced others to do likewise (verses 22, 25). Compare Acts xxiii., 11; Math. ix., 2, 22, and John xvi., 33. If we steadfastly believe God, we will be filled with joy and peace (Rom. xv., 13), and inasmuch as it is impossible for any of us to live only unto ourselves (Rom. xiv., 7) we must of necessity influence others to be cheerful also.

37. "And we were in all in the ship two hundred, three score and sixteen souls." Think of 275 people saved from a watery grave by one man. Ten righteous men would have saved Sodom from its fiery overthrow. How many thousands have been saved from eternal death by such men as Spurgeon, Moody, Munhall, Needham and others? What is your influence in the world? Does it tend to the health and safety of others, or are you a troubler and a dishonor to the Prince of Peace?

38. "And when they had eaten enough they lightened the ship and cast out the wheat into the sea." The angel had told Paul, and he had passed it on that the ship would be lost (verse 22). There was therefore no object in attempting longer to preserve the cargo. The life is more than meat, and to lighten the ship would tend to their safety. If some Christians would unload some of their wealth for the good of others and for Jesus's sake, it would be better for them, both for this world and for the world to come.

39. "And when it was day they knew not the land." — How welcome the daylight would be and also the sight of the land, since they knew that all would somehow reach it in safety. The storm was still on, and on a lea shore as they were there would seem to be more danger of their lives than ever, but the word of God has been given that no life will be lost. How happy and peaceful should those be whose anchor is within the vale, sure and steadfast (Heb. vi., 19)!

40. "And when they had taken up the anchors they made toward the shore." Now came the greatest danger apparently, for might they not all be dashed to pieces? No, for the word of God was pledged on their behalf. One who trusts in that word can say, "Therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea" (Ps. xlvi., 2).

41. "And falling into a place where two seas met they ran the ship aground." Thus part remained immovable, while the rest was soon broken by the waves, and the vessel that had held together through all the tempest on the sea and kept them from going to the bottom was now a hopeless wreck. It came to pass as Paul had been told—the ship should be lost (verse 22).

42. "And the soldiers' counsel was to kill the prisoners, lest any of them should swim out and escape." It was because of one of these prisoners that all were alive. They were glad enough to listen to his words of encouragement in the storm, but now they would ruthlessly take his life if permitted. Ah, Paul, thou hadst much fellowship with thy Master, for those whom He came to bless actually took His life. When shall we learn the lesson that the servant is not greater than his master and he will content to be as He (John xv., 19, 20)?

43. "But the centurion, willing to save Paul, kept them from their purpose." The records of the centurions whom the Lord used to accomplish His purposes or who were led to know Him as their Lord is most instructive. The name of this one is given in verse 1. Compare chapter x., 22, and see also Math. viii., 5, 6, 10; xxvii., 54.

44. "And so it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land." What God and angels testify we may surely believe, for "The Lord of Hosts hath sworn, saying, surely as I have thought so shall it come to pass, and as I have purposed so shall it stand" (Isa. xiv., 24). May the fulfillment of the words of this angel lead us to believe firmly the words of some other angels who said, "This same Jesus shall so come in like manner." And also the words of Gabriel, that "the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David, and He shall reign over the house of Jacob forever, and of His kingdom there shall be no end" (Acts i., 11; Luke i., 32, 33).—Lesson Helper.

THE DRINK DANGER.

The Medical Pioneer, the official organ of the British Medical Temperance Association, says:

"As an association we proclaim the danger and the damage of drink both to health and life, mind and morals. The common sale and the widespread use of alcohol in all its mixtures is a more potent cause of unthrift and poverty, vice and crime, of disease and death than any other single cause and than most other causes put together. It is the fashion now to say that intemperance has greatly diminished, especially among the upper classes. That it is not so universal as it used to be may be thankfully admitted, also that some gross customs have been done away with, but habitual drunkenness is still fearfully prevalent in all classes, high and low, rich and poor, educated and ignorant, while hard drinking, 'free and careless' drinking, is so common as to be often unnoticed. It is a fact that, without being obvious drunkards, there are hundreds of thousands of men who are scarcely ever sober from one year's end to another. They are not 'drunk and incapable;' for the sake of their wives and families and of the public, it would be better if they were. They are only too capable of doing mischief. Their muddled brains are dead to every good and holy impulse and they are led captive by the devil at his will."

RELIGIOUS READING.

PITCHING TOWARDS SODOM.

We often meet with individuals whose conduct leads us to say within ourselves, they are pitching their tents towards Sodom.

The man who in any way sacrifices moral good and spiritual ends for physical and temporal advantages is pitching his tent towards Sodom.

The man of family, who leaves a religious community and Christian privileges; and carries his family merely for purposes of gain into a country where there are no Sabbaths nor sanctuaries, where the influences are against religion, where his children will have the children of vile and profane men as their only companions, and will of course, marry ungodly husbands and wives, will find after a while, that he has pitched his tent towards Sodom.

A gentleman, a ruling elder in the Presbyterian church some years since opened a hotel in a country village. He did it to support his family and it was right, but then to secure custom he departed from Christian principles, and kept an open bar. In a few years he died, leaving a widow and seven sons. The hotel was kept up, and his sons attended the bar.—The sons of that man all became drunkards, they squandered his property, and his widow is now sustained by the benevolence of the church. He was a good man, but he pitched his tent towards Sodom.

The young man who commences the indulgence of bad habits is pitching his tent towards Sodom. He may love a social glass. He may prefer the society of the vicious. He may indulge in an occasional game of cards. He may go to the house of her whose steps take hold on hell. In all this he may see no great evil. But after a while, unless arrested by God's providence and grace, he finds himself bound in the strong chains of habit, vexed by evil passions—a suitable subject to have dwelt in ancient Sodom, and, ere long, to take up his abode in those regions of which Sodom and Gomorrah are but an emblem.

Finally, every impenitent sinner has pitched his tent towards Sodom, because he chooses to dwell in the cities of the plains; because he is traveling to a place over which the storms of God's wrath are gathering; and because he must soon be cast into the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, unless he flee into the mountain, and tarry not in all the plain.—Reader! hast thou pitched thy tent towards Sodom?—Watchman and Reflector.

MY OWN PICTURE.

Suppose all Christians were just like me! What would become of the world? Suppose none prayed more, or more fervently, how many sinners would be awakened? How many revivals sent? Suppose none were more faithful in exhorting the impenitent, how many would be led to Christ? If none evinced more of the power and spirit of holiness in their lives, how many gainsayers and skeptics would be convinced and put to silence? If none were more liberal than I am, how would the pastor be sustained, the gospel spread, the kingdom of the Redeemer extended to the ends of the earth? In short, if all Christians were just like me, when would the millennium come—the day of Zion's triumph, when there shall be one Lord, and his name one; every knee bowing, and every tongue confessing to Him alone? Alas! have I not too much reason to fear that happy day is yet far distant, if no one is to be more efficient in bringing it about than I am? O, if my faith, and my zeal, and my liberality, were the measure for the whole church, there would be a sad prospect for this dark, ruined world! Who would take care of our country, if no one was more willing to sacrifice his own ease and comfort for it than I am? Who would give the water of eternal life to famishing millions in heathen lands, if no one had more bowels of compassion than I have? And why should any one feel more responsibility in these matters than I do? If I can free my skirts, why not others? Have we not all one Master, one Judge, to whom we must render our account? If, then, I can answer for my delinquencies, others will have no more difficulty. There is no justice in saving one, while all the rest are burdened. If I can get a dispensation to serve Mammon, or Belial, or self, why may not others? If I may love the Lord with less than my whole mind, and strength, and my neighbor less than myself, so may every disciple of Jesus. And if I may seek the gratification of my own desires as the first end of my being, so may all the world beside. And Satan may riot amid universal ruin and death, till the last trump shall wake us all to receive according to our deeds, whether good or bad.

ROUND PEGS IN SMALL HOLES.

A great deal of misdirected effort in this blundering world is due to the fact that people are compelled to engage in work which they dislike, when just around the corner, so to speak, is work which they might love. Ambitious parents decree that the lad who would be a painter, whose eye for color and form is true, or whose soul responds and fingers thrill to the vibrating chords of melodies, shall instead enter a counting-room, and be apprenticed to a business for which he has no aptitude. Similarly, a boy who would succeed in farming or in the carpenter's shop is destined to a liberal profession, and compelled to undergo a long course of training for this which, owing to his lack of fitness, is almost abortive in its results. Half the failures and defeats in life may be attributed to the placing of the round peg in the square hole. Men and women are forced to work at that which they dislike, and which does not enlist their highest powers.

We ought never to forget, in our estimate of success as opposed to failure, that there is a higher standard than the merely material one. To succeed financially may be to fail morally and in our ardent, pushing, commercial country we need constantly to set before our boys and girls the love of work for the work's own sake. The immortal words of Agassiz, when invited to undertake a certain enterprise, with the inducement that so doing would be financially very profitable, cannot be too often repeated—"I have no time to make money."

All noble work is consecrated work. It involves sacrifice, self-denial, pain; it requires endurance. It may be wrought in obscurity, and over its victories no song of triumph may be raised. But if the worker love it, and his toiling is hallowed by sincerity, by generous impulse, by unselfish devotion to others' welfare, the work will be its own reward.—[Harper's Bazar.

CHRISTIAN, BE EARNEST IN DOING GOOD.

Blessed are they who sow beside all waters. Oh, Christian! time, time is passing away! Opportunities are going, will soon be gone! We shall soon be at the bar of God. The Christian who means to do all he can, will say, "What can I do this week—this day—this hour?" This is the genius of earnestness. Are there any sick to be visited? Are there any poor to be relieved? Are there any serious? Go, my soul, and see. Delay not to speak a word of encouragement; direct that soul to Christ. Does the Sabbath school need a teacher? here am I ready and willing. What can I do for Jesus my Savior? "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Nettleton was a man of power with men, because he was so much in earnest. He suffered no opportunity to slip till he had said a word. They were as nails fastened in a sure place. Soon after his conversion he had the most intense desire to be instrumental in the salvation of his fellow-men. He would often say to himself, "If I might be the means of saving one soul, I should prefer it to all the riches and honors of this world." He was in the habit of frequently looking forward to eternity, and saying, "What shall I wish I had done thousands and millions of years hence?"

"So should we live, that every hour
Should die, as dies the natural flower—
A self-reviving thing of power:
That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future need."—Vermont Chronicle.

TEMPERANCE.

THE "APPETIZER."

No temperance homily would I indite,
And yet, from what I've seen, that man, methinks,
Who drinks to help along his appetite
But helps along his appetite for drinks.
—John Ludlow.

ALCOHOL'S TERRIBLE EFFECTS.

One illustration of the terrible effects of alcohol is the case of a drayman who went to the hospital with heart disease. The man died and the next day the body was so swelled with gas that the doctors, to find what the gas meant, punctured several holes in the skin and tested it. It was found to be a form of hydrogen and so they lighted it and thus had fifteen or sixteen small gas lights, which burned until the gas was consumed.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ROBBER.

There is a robber that takes not only men's homes, their farms, their bank accounts, their reputation and their friends, but their manhood as well; which robs women not only of all the beauties and comforts of life, but of their womanhood as well, and which robs innocent little children of their childhood before they are out of their first swaddling clothes. Who is that robber? There is hardly any reason to name him. Describe him, and the civilized world recognizes him at once as the drink traffic—the Greatest Robber on Earth. There isn't a woe that all the other robbers can inflict that this chiefest of robbers is not inflicting today upon the unnumbered thousands; and in addition he is inflicting far worse woes than any of the other robbers can inflict.—Voice.

TEMPERANCE TALK.

The following "short talks" from the Ram's Horn contains many thoughts worth treasuring up:

A moderate drinker is worth more to the devil than a drunkard.

A thirst has often been started with a teaspoon that barrels could not quench.

The man who has temperance principles should not keep them in the dark.

The man who is not against the saloon is not against the devil.

Every drunkard used to boast that he could drink or let it alone.

The man who forms good habits helps God.

You can sometimes tell where a man stands by his breath.

Nine drunkards out of ten are so to-day because they did not resolve in youth to lead a sober life.

The man who is not against the liquor traffic with all his weight, is in favor of giving the devil a license to do business on earth.

There are people who claim not to believe in a hell who live in plain sight of a drunkard's home.

Putting screens in the saloon doors is the devil's way of saying that he is ashamed of himself.

Whenever you see a drunken man it ought to remind you that every boy in the world is in danger.

When somebody appears to prove that there is no hell, whisky men are the first to throw up their hats.

When a man takes a drink of whisky he bids God good-bye.

ALCOHOL'S PLACE IN NATURE.

Does alcohol exist ready-made in nature, or is it formed within the body as the result of changes in the food taken for nutrition? The only scientific answer to these questions must be, No. It is not found ready-made in nature, nor is it formed in the body as the result of decomposition of the food-stuffs taken; on the contrary, nature would seem to have especially guarded herself against such a possibility, for any sugar formed in the process of digestion is not converted into alcohol, but passed out of the system through the usual channels. If we look to the properties of alcohol we find scientists, both home and foreign, agreeing that in large doses it is a narcotic poison, killing by suffocation through its paralyzing influence on the respiratory nerve-centers; and in smaller but continuous doses, by the structural changes which it exerts in the several organs and tissues of the body. Chemically, it is a hydrocarbon, devoid of nitrogen, hence can give no real or permanent strength. By its action on the blood-cells it checks oxidation by limiting their power of absorbing oxygen and eliminating carbonic acid, and by its strong affinity for water it dries up the tissues, causing thirst; hence, its own renewed and repeated consumption. Alcohol therefore, in any quantity, interferes more or less with the purification of the blood and the healthy oxidation of the tissues. Such an action cannot but be a cause of disease, and injurious in many diseased conditions. Now food is that which nourishes, repairs waste and builds up tissue, and must therefore contain products or elements allied to those of the body that it is intended to nourish; our bodies and our foods consisting essentially of the same materials. By the oxidation of alcohol in the body, it is without doubt a source of energy, but it does not therefore follow that it is a source of food. To establish such proposition, it must be shown that the energy thus liberated is used to aid the performance of a normal function. It is not enough that chemical potential energy is transformed into kinetic energy; the transformation must occur at the right time, in the right place, and in definite parts of the tissues, which themselves are not so constituted that they can be fed with any and every combustible material.—Westminster Review.

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES.

It is stated that 172 member of the British House of Lords own 1539 liquor shops.

The W. C. T. U., of Harriman, Tenn., has erected a Temperance Temple at a cost of $9000.

The seniors of Brown University voted to exclude all intoxicants from their class banquet this year.

Brattleboro, Vt., has no saloons, and during the entire year of 1892 had but twelve arrests for all causes.

The British Medical Temperance Association has now 418 members, and eighty-six student associates.

Government detectives in some of the "moonshine" districts carry kodaks with them to secure evidence.

In Lockhart's cocoa-rooms, of which there are sixty-eight in London, 3375 pledges were voluntarily taken last year.

There were forty-four counties in Kansas last winter owning poorhouses, in which there was not a single inmate.

The New York Sun declares, after making search into police, hospital and inebriate asylum records, that drinking habits are increasing among women of station in this city.

A Rock Island Railroad engineer, arraigned for violating the rule of the company in the matter of drinking, denied the charge, but was confronted with a photograph of himself in the act of drinking a glass of beer, which the kodak had caught.

The report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1892, shows that the amount of beer produced in the United States was fifteen gallons per capita in 1892 against three gallons twenty-four years ago; and whisky holds its own.

The number of arrests for drunkenness in New York City for 1890 were 31,584; in Philadelphia, 24,661; in Boston, 1889, 24,000. in Chicago, 31,164. Over 500,000 persons are annually arrested for drunkenness in this country is the estimate of the census department.

The fire loss of the United States and Canada in July was estimated at over $12,-000,000. This makes the total since January 1st over $98,000,000 against $76,000,000 the same time last year.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS.

PREPARING THE BLANKS.

STATE DEPARTMENT CLERKS KEPT BUSY BY THE COMING ELECTIONS.

HARRISBURG.—The clerks at the state department have been busy preparing the forms of blanks made necessary by the Baker ballot law as amended at the last session of the legislature. The forms sent to each board of county commissioners on Saturday are as follows: Official ballot (ballots for the same voting place must be bound together in convenient numbers in books in such manner that each ballot may be detached and removed separately), specimen official ballot, certificate of nomination, nomination paper, letter to county commissioners and sheriff certifying nominations, letter of transmittal to sheriffs, watchers' certificate, card of instructions containing directions to voters, card containing penalties.

GRASSHOPPERS EAT MONEY.

HUNTINGDON—There is a grasshopper plague in Trough Creek valley. They have destoyed much of the grain crop and vegetables. A farmer hung his coat, which contained several $5 bills, on a fence post while he worked in a field. The insects took possession of the coat and bored hundreds of holes into it and literally tore the bank bills into shreds. The farmer forwarded the fragments of the bills to Congressman Mahon with the request that he have them redeemed at the national Treasury.

BROTHERS DROWNED WHILE BATHING.

CLARION.—A sad accident happened here. Martin and Malichi, the 15 and 13 year old sons of M. C. Graham, were drowned in the Clarion river. It seems that the boys were out picking berries and thought they would take a bath. A party of fishermen noticed them struggling in the water and ran to their aid, but were too late. The bodies were recovered.

A SUCCESSOR TO TYSON.

HARRISBURG—William Findlay Shunk was appointed by Governor Pattison to succeed Colonel A. Harvey Tyson, removed, as engineer of the State forestry commission. Mr. Shunk is a son of ex-Governor Francis R. Shunk and a grandson of ex-Governor William Findlay.

A GOOD PRICE FOR COAL.

GREENSBURG—D. D. Miller, of Mt. Pleasant township, has sold the coal underlying 113 acres of his farm to the H. C. Frick Coke Company for $40,000. The price is the highest ever paid in Westmoreland county.

ONE THOUSAND MORE IDLE.

BELLEFONTE—The large furnace of the Valentine Iron Company was blown out and the entire plant including rolling mills and mines will be closed down indefinitely. About 1,000 men are thrown out of employment.

PRESENT STANDING OF THE STATE LEAGUE.

	W.	L.	Pct.		W.	L.	Pct.
York	19	9	.679	Harrisburg	15	15	.500
Easton	19	11	.633	Scranton	14	14	.500
Johnstown	16	13	.552	Altoona	15	15	.500
Allentown	15	14	.517	Reading	3	25	.107

THE list of pensions granted at Washington contains the following for Pennsylvania: [illegible] Ryan, [illegible] burg, Jacob Boy[illegible]allen Mills, John Stauffer of Lindsay and Stephen W. Morse of Hayfield. Eastern Ohio—Increase—William Romans of Freeport and David Skeers of Carrollton. Reissue—William H. Boor, of Bowerston.

THOMAS METZ, of Lawrence Junction, and a Miss Bender were walking on the track near New Castle and did not see a train until it was upon them. Metz shoved Miss Bender from the track but was struck the next instant and horribly mutilated. The young lady is frantic with grief and may lose her mind.

DURING a storm Saturday night, Farmer Coy's large barn at Huntingdon was struck by lightning and burned to the ground. Farming implements and much of this year's crops were consumed. The loss is several thousand dollars.

THE W. C. T. U., of Philadelphia, has raked up an old section of the blue laws imposing a fine of 6 cents for every curse uttered and proposes to enforce it against the profane.

ON Saturday fire destroyed the building of the Erie Fish association on the Loomis dock, causing a loss of $15,000. The fish tug Annie Laurie was burned to the water's edge.

MAGGIE SMITH, a child of 4, was killed at Bellwood, Blair county, by her brother-in-law, Adam Peiker, who was shooting at a target.

AT Bedford, the Everett Furnace was blown out throwing several hundred men out of employment indefinitely.

PAUL SMITH, of McClintockville, near Oil City, accidentally shot and killed his brother while they were out camping.

THE drouth is said to be so bad around Uniontown that the farmers are selling off their cattle.

ROBERT DUFF, of near New Castle, died of blood poisoning caused by being gored by a bull.

Two of Uniontown's water reservoirs are dry, and the third nearly so.

—A PANTHER broke into a Mexican's house in the mountains near Tombstone, Ariz., and stole the baby from the cradle. The mother, awakened by the noise pursued the animal, hurled a boulder at him and killed him. The child was badly scratched by rocks and brambles, but otherwise unhurt.

—The outlook for a gradual resumption of work in the Pennsylvania coke regions is more hopeful than it has been for some time owing to the starting up of a number of Pittsburg mills. The indications point to a large trade in crushed coke during the fall and winter

Eighteen People Drowned.

During a terrific gale at Halifax, N. S., a number of vessels were wrecked on the coast. The tug Dorcas and barge Etta Stewart were sunk and all on board, 17 men and one woman, were drowned.

THE Chinese have been crowding into Vladivostock in such great numbers that the Russians have become alarmed and have forbidden any entrance of Chinese coolies at that port until further orders. In the first three months of this year no less than 10,260 coolies were given passports at Chefoo for Vladivostock. At such a rate the Russians at this Pacific seaport of Siberia would soon have been outnumbered.