REV DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "The City of Blood."

TEXT: "Our bones are scattered at the grave's mouth, as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood upon the earth. But mine eyes are unto Thee, O, God, the Lord!"—Psalms cxli., 7.

Though you may read this text from the Bible, I read it as cut by chisel into the pedestal of a cross beneath which lie many of the massacred at Cawnpur, India. To show you what Hindooism and Mohammedanism really are, where they have full swing, and not as they represent themselves in a "parliament of religions," and to demonstrate to what extent of cruelty and abomination human nature may go when fully let loose, and to illustrate the hardening process of sin, and to remind you how our glorious Christianity may utter its triumph over death and the grave, I preach this my second sermon in the round the world series, and I shall speak of "The City of Blood," or Cawnpur, India.

Two hours and ten minutes after its occurrence Joseph Lee, of the Shropshire regiment of foot, rode in upon the Cawnpur massacre. He was the first man I met in Cawnpur. I wanted to hear the story from some one who had been here in 1857 and with his own eyes gazed upon the slaughtered heaps of humanity. I could hardly wait until the horses were put to the carriage, and Mr. Lee, seated with us, started for the scene, the story of which makes tame in contrast all Moloc and Dahomey butcheries.

It seems that all the worst passions of the century were to be impersonated by one man, and he Nana Sahib, and our escort at Cawnpur, Joseph Lee, knew the man personally. Unfortunately there is no correct picture of Nana Sahib in existence. The pictures of him published in the books of Europe and America and familiar to us all are an amusing mistake. This is the fact in regard to them: A lawyer of England was called to India for the purpose of defending the case of a native who had been charged with fraud. The attorney came and so skillfully managed the case of his client that the client paid him enormously for his services, and he went back to England, taking with him a picture of his Indian client. Not awhile the mutiny in India broke out, and Nana Sahib was mentioned as the champion villain of the whole affair, and the newspapers of England wanted a picture of him and to interview some one on Indian affairs who had recently been in India.

Among others the journalists called upon the lawyer, lately returned. The only picture he had brought from India was a picture of his client, the man charged with fraud. The attorney gave this picture to the journals as a specimen of the way the Hindoos dress, and forthwith that picture was used, either by mistake or intentionally, for Nana Sahib. The English lawyer said he lived in dread that his client would some day see the use made of his picture, and it was not until the death of his Hindoo client that the lawyer divulged the facts. Perhaps it was never intended that the face of such a demon should be preserved amid human records. I said to our escort, "Mr. Lee, was there any peculiarity in Nana Sahib's appearance?" The reply was: "Nothing very peculiar. He was a dull, lazy, cowardly, sensual man, brought up to do nothing and wanted to continue on the same scale to do nothing.

From what Mr. Lee told me and from all I could learn in India, Nana Sahib ordered the massacre in that city from sheer revenge. His father abdicated the throne, and the English paid him annually a pension of 80,000. When the father died, the English Government declined to pay the same pension to the son, Nana Sahib, but the poor man was not in any suffering from lack of means. His father left him $80,000 in gold ornaments, $500,000 in jewels, $800,000 in bonds and other resources amounting to at least $1,500,000. But the poor young man was not satisfied, and the Cawnpur massacre was his revenge. General Wheeler, the gentleman who had command of this city, though often warned, could not see that the sepoys were planning for his destruction, and that of all his regiments and all the Europeans in Cawnpur.

Mr. Lee explained all this to me by the fact that General Wheeler had married a native, and he naturally took her story and thought there was no peril. But the time for the proclamation from Nana Sahib had come, and such a document went forth as never before had seen the light of day. I will only an extract:

"As by the kindness of God, and the good fortune of the emperor, all the Christians who were at Delhi, Meerut, Sattara and other places, and even those 5000 European officers who went in disguise into the forts of the city and were discovered, are destroyed and sent to hell by the pious and sagacious sepoys who are firm to their religion, and as they have all been conquered by the present government, and as no trace of them is left in these places, it is the duty of all the subjects and servants of the government to rejoice at the delightful intelligence and carry on their respective work with comfort and ease. As by the bounty of the glorious Almighty and the enemy destroying fortune of the emperor, the yellow faced and narrow minded people have been sent to hell, and Cawnpur has been conquered, it is necessary that all the subjects and landowners and government servants should be as obedient to the present government as they have been to the former one; that it is the imminent duty of all the peasants and landed proprietors of every district to rejoice at the thought that the Christians have been sent to hell, and both the Hindoo and Mahammedan religions have been confirmed; that they should, as usual, be obedient to the authorities of the government and never suffer any complaint against themselves to reach to the ears of the higher authority."

"Mr. Lee, what is this?" I said to our escort as the carriage halted by an embankment. "Here," he said, "is the intrenchment where the Christians of Cawnpur took refuge." It is the remains of a wall which at the time of the mutiny was only four feet high, behind which, with no shelter from sun, the heat at 130 degrees, 440 men, women and children dwelt nearly a month. A handful of flour and split peas was the daily ration, and only two wells near the one in which they buried their dead, because they had no time to bury them in earth, and the other well the focus on which the artillery of the enemy played, so that it was a choice between death by thirst and death by bullet or shell. Ten thousand infuriated Hindoos outside this frail wall and all suffering, dying people inside. In addition to the army of the Hindoos and Sepoys, and invisible army of sickness came down upon them. Some went ravenmad under exposure. Others dropped with apolexy. A starving, mutilated, sunstruck, ghastly group waiting to die! Why did not the heathen dash down the mud walls and the 10,000 annihilate the now less than 1000? It was because they were supernaturally defended.

Nana Sahib resolved to celebrate an anniversary. The 23d of June, 1857, would be 100 years since the battle of Plassy, when, under Lord Clive, India surrendered to England. That day the last European in power was to be slaughtered. Other anniversaries have been celebrated with wine. This was to be celebrated with blood. Other anniversaries have been adorned with garlands. This was drawn swords. Others have been kept with songs. This with execrations. Others with the dance of the gay. This with the dance of death. The infantry and cavalry and artillery of Nana Sahib made on that day one grand assault, but the few brave Englishmen and Scotch put to flight the Hindoo tigers. The courage of the Englishman and Scotch put to flight the Hindoo tigers. The courage of the men was broke against that mud wall as the force of the sea against a lighthouse. The artillery horses returned full run without riders. The Lord looked out from the heavens, and on that anniversary day gave the victory to His people.

Therefore Nana Sahib must try some other plan. Standing in a field not far from the intrenchment of the English was a native Christian woman, Jacobee by name, holding high up in her hand a letter. It was evidently a communication from the enemy, and General Wheeler ordered the woman brought in. She handed him a proposed treaty. If General Wheeler and his men would give up their weapons, Nana Sahib would conduct them into safety. They could march out unmolested, the men, women and children. They could go down to-morrow to the Granges, where they would find boats to take them in peace to Allahabad.

There was some opposition to signing this treaty, but General Wheeler's wife told him he could trust the natives, and so he signed the treaty. There was great joy in the intrenchment that night. Without molestation they went out and got plenty of water to drink and water for a good wash. The hunger and thirst and exposure from the consuming sun, with the thermometer from 120 to 140, would cease. Mothers rejoiced at the prospect of saving their children. The young ladies of the intrenchment would escape the wild beasts in human form. On the morrow, true to the promise, carts were ready to transport those who were too much exhausted to walk.

"Get into the carriage," said Mr. Lee, "and we will ride to the banks of the Ganges, for which the liberated combatants and non-combatants started from this place." On our way Mr. Lee pointed out a monument over the burial places which was opened for General Wheeler's intrenchment, the well into which every night the dead had been dropped. Around it is a curious memorial. There are five crosses, one at each corner of the garden and one at the centre, from which inscription I to-day read my text. Riding on we came to the Memorial Church built to the memory of those fallen in Cawnpur. The walls are covered with tablets and epitaphs. I copied two or three of the inscriptions: "These are they who come out of great tribulations;" also, "The dead shall be raised incorruptible;" also, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer. I have overcome the world;" also, "The Lord gave. The Lord hath taken away;" also, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."

"Get into the carriage," said Mr. Lee, and we rode on to the Ganges and got out at a Hindoo temple standing on the banks. "Now," said Mr. Lee, "here is the place to which General Wheeler and his people came under the escort of Nana Sahib." I went down the steps to the margin of the river. Down these steps went General Wheeler and the men, women and children under his care. They stood on one side of the steps, and Nana Sahib and his staff stood on the other side. As the women were getting into the boats Nana Sahib objected that only the aged and infirm women and children should go on board the boats. The young and attractive women were kept out. Twenty-eight boats were filled with men, women and children and floated out into the river. Each boat contained ten armed natives. Then three boats fastened together were brought up, and General Wheeler and his staff got in. Although orders were given to start, the three boats were somehow detained. At this juncture a boy of twelve years of age hoisted on the top of the Hindoo temple on the banks two flags, a Hindoo and a Mohammedan flag, at which signal the boatmen and armed natives jumped from the boats and swam for the shore, and from innumerable guns the natives on the bank fired on the boats, and masked batteries above and below roared with destruction, and the boats sank with their precious cargo, and all went down save three strong swimmers, who got to the opposite shore. Those who struggled out near by were dashed to death. Nana Sahib and his staff with their swords slashed to pieces General Wheeler and his staff, who had not got well away from the shore.

I said to the young and attractive women were not allowed to get into the boats. These were marched away under the guard of the sepoys.

"Which way?" I inquired, "all your own, you," said Mr. Lee. Again [illegible] the carriage and started [illegible] desperation and diabolism. [illegible] the way to a summer house, [illegible] assembly rooms, which had been b[illegible] creation and pleasure. It had two [illegible] major each twenty-nine by ten, and some wind[illegible]less closets, and here were imprisoned [illegible] helpless people. It was to become the prison of these women and children. Some of these sepoys got permission of Nana Sahib to take one or more of these ladies to their own place on the promise they should be brought back to the summer garden next morning. A daughter of General Wheeler was so taken and did not return. She afterward married the Mohammedan who had taken her to his tent. Some sepoys amused themselves by thrusting children through with bayonets and holding them up before their mothers in the summer house. All the doors closed and the sepoys standing guard, the crowded women and children waited their doom for eighteen days and nights amid sickness and flies and stench and starvation.

The butchers came out exhausted, thinking they had done their work, and the doors were closed, but when they were again opened three women and three boys were still alive. All these were soon dispatched, and not a Christian or European was left in Cawnpur. The murderers were paid fifty cents for each lady slain. The Mohammedan assassins dragged by the hair the dead bodies out of the summer house and threw them into a well, by which I stood with such feelings as you cannot imagine. But after the mutilated bodies had been thrown into well the record of the scene remained in hieroglyphics of crimson on the floor and wall of the slaughter house. An eyewitness says that as he walked in the blood was shoe deep, and on this blood were tufts of hair, pieces of muslin, broken combs, fragments of pinafores, children's straw hats, a cardcase containing a curl, with the inscription, "Neil's hair, with love;" a few leaves of an Episcopal prayer book; also a book entitled "Preparation for Death;" a Bible on the fly leaf on which was written, "For darling mamma, from her affectionate daughter, Isabella Blair," both the one who presented it and the one to whom it was presented departed forever.

Then Nana Sahib heard that Havelock was coming, and his name was a terror to the sepoys. Lest the women and children imprisoned in the summer house, or assembly rooms, should be liberated, he ordered that their throats should be cut. The officers were commanded to do the work and attempted it, but failed because the law of caste would not allow the Hindoo to hold the victims while they were being slain. Then 100 men were ordered to fire through the windows, but they fired over the heads of the imprisoned ones, and only a few were killed. Then Nana Sahib was in a rage and ordered professional butchers from among the lowest of the gypsies to go at the work. Five of them, with hatchets and swords and knives, began the work, but three of them collapsed and fainted under the ghastliness, and it was left to two butchers to complete the slaughter. The struggle, the sharp cut, the blinding blow, the cleaving through scalp and skull, the hagging for life, the death agony of hour after hour, the tangled limbs of the corpses, the piled up dead—only God and those who were inside the summer house can ever know.

I said: "Mr. Lee, I have heard that delicate things were found written on the walls." He answered: "No, but these poor creatures wrote in charcoal and scratched on the wall the story of the brutalities they had suffered."

When the English and Scotch troops came upon the scene, their wrath was so great that General Neill had the butchers arrested, and before being shot compelled them to wipe up part of the floor of this place of massacre, this being the worst of their punishment, for there is nothing that a Hindoo so hates as to touch blood.

When Havelock came upon the scene he had this order annulled. The well was now not only full of human bodies, but corpses piled on the outside. The soldiers were many hours engaged in covering the [illegible].

It was about 5 o'clock in the evening when I came upon this place in Cawnpur. The building in which the massacre took place has been torn down, and a garden of exquisite and fragrant flowers surrounds the scene. Mr. Lee pointed out to us some seventy mounds containing bodies or portions of bodies of those not thrown into the well. A soldier stands on guard to keep the foliage and flowers from being ruthlessly pulled. I asked a soldier if I might take a rose as a memento, and he handed me a cluster of roses, red and white, both colors suggestive to me—the red typical of the carnage there enacted, and the white for the purity of those who from that spot ascended.

But of course the most absorbing interest concentrated at the well, into which hundreds of women and children were flung or lowered. A circular wall of white marble incloses this well. The wall is about twenty feet high. Inside this wall there is a marble pavement. I paced it and found it fifty-seven paces around. In the center of this inclosure and immediately above the well of the dead is a sculptured angel of resurrection, with illumined face, and two palm branches, meaning victory. This angel is looking down toward the slumberers beneath, but the two wings suggest the rising of the last day. Mighty consolation in marble! They went down under the hatchets of the sepoys. They shall come up under the trumpet that shall wake the dead. I felt weak and all a-tremble as I stood reading these words on the stone that covers the well: "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, cruelly massacred near this spot by the rebel, Nana Sahib, and thrown, the dying with the dead, into the well beneath on the 15th day of July, 1857." On the arch of the mausoleum were cut the words, "These are they who came out of great tribulation."

The sun was sinking beneath the horizon as I came down the seven or eight steps of that place of sepulcher, and I bethought myself: "No emperor, unless it was Napoleon, ever had more glories around his pillow of dust, and no queen, unless it were the one of Taj Mahal, had reared for her grander cenotaph than crowns the resting places of the martyrs of Cawnpur. But where rest the bones of the Herod of the nineteenth century, Nana Sahib? Two men sent out to find the whereabouts of the daughter of General Wheeler tracked Nana Sahib during a week's ride into the wilderness, and they were told that for awhile after the mutiny Nana Sahib set up a little pomp in the jungles. Among a few thousand Hindoos and Mohammedans he took for himself the only two tents the neighbors had, while they lived in the rain and mud. Nana Sahib, with one servant carrying an umbrella, would go every day to bathe, and people would go and stare. For some reason, after awhile he forsook even that small attention, and disappeared among the ravines of the Himalayan Mountains. He took with him in his flight that which he always took with him—a ruby of vast value. He wore it as some wear an amulet. He wore it as some wear a life preserver. He wore it on his bosom. The Hindoo priest told him as long as he wore that ruby his fortunes would be good, but both the ruby and the prince who wore it have vanished. Not a treasure on the outside of the bosom, but a treasure inside the heart, is the best protection. Solomon, who had rubies in the hilt of swords, and rubies in the lip of the tankards, and rubies in his crown, declared that which Nana Sahib did not find out in time, "Wisdom is better than rubies." When the forests of India are cleared by the axes of another civilization, the lost ruby of this Cawnpur monster may be picked up and be brought back again to blaze among the world's jewels. But who shall reclaim for decent sepulture the remains of Nana Sahib? Ask the vultures! Ask the reptiles! Ask the jackals! Ask the midnight Himalayas!

Much criticism has been made of Sir Henry Havelock and Sir Colin Campbell because of the exterminating work they did with these sepoys. Indeed it was awful. My escort, Mr. Lee, has told me that he saw the sepoys fastened to the mouths of cannon, and when the guns would fire, and for a few seconds there would be nothing but smoke, and as the smoke began to lift fragments of flesh would be found flying through the air. How you may do your own criticism. I here express no opinion. There can be no doubt, however, that that mode of finally treating the sepoys broke the back of the mutiny. The Hindoos found that the Europeans could play at the same game which the Asiatics had started. The plot was organized for the murder of all the Europeans and Americans in India. Under its knives and bludgeons American Presbyterianism lost its glorious missionaries, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. MacMullin, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Freeman. The work of slaughter had been begun in all directions on an appalling scale, and the commanders of the English army made up their minds that this was the best way.

The Black Hole prison has been torn down, but a stone pavement twenty feet by twenty indicates the ground covered by the prison. The building had two small windows, and was intended for two or three prisoners. These natives of India crowded into that one room of twenty feet feet by twenty feet 146 Europeans. The midsummer heat, the suffocation, the trampling of one upon another, the groaning and shrieking and begging and praying of all, are matters of history. The sepoys that night held lights to the small windows and mocked the sufferers. Then all the sounds ceased. That night of June 20, 1756, passed, and 123 corpses were taken out. Only twenty-three people of the 146 were alive, and they had to be pulled out from under the corpses. Mrs. Carey, who survived, was taken by the Indian nabob into his harem and kept a prisoner six years. Lucknow in 1857 was only an echo of Calcutta in 1756. During the mutiny of which I have been speaking natives who had been in the service of Europeans and well treated by them, and with no cause of offense, would, at the call of the mutineers, and without any compunction, stab to death the fathers and mothers of the household and dash out the brains of the children. These natives are at peace now, but give them a chance, and they will reenact the scenes of 1756 and 1857. They look upon the English as conquerors and themselves as conquered. The mutiny of 1857 occurred because the British Government was too lenient and put in places of trust and in command of forts too many of the natives.

I call upon England to stop the present attempt to palliate the natives by allowing them to hold positions of trust. I am no alarmist, but the only way these Asiatics can be kept from another mutiny is to put them out of power, and I say beware, or the Lucknow and Cawnpur and Delhi martyrdoms, over which the hemispheres have wept, will be eclipsed by the Lucknow and Cawnpur and Delhi martyrdoms yet to be enacted. I speak of what I have seen and heard. I give the opinion of every intelligent Englishman and Scotchman and Irishman and American whom I met in India. Prevention is better than cure. I do not say it is better that England rule in India. I say nothing against the right of India to rule herself, but I do say that the moment the native population of India think there is a possibility of driving back Europeans from India they will make the attempt, and that they have enough cruelties for the time suppressed, which, if let loose, would submerge with carnage everything from Calcutta to Bombay and from the Himalayas to Coromandel.

Now, my friends, go home, after what I have said, to see the beauties of the Mohammedanism and Hindooism which many think it will be well to have introduced into America, and to dwell upon what natural evolution will do where it has had its unhindered way for thousands of years, and to think upon the wonders of martyrdom for Christ's sake, and to pray more earnest prayers for the missionaries, and to contribute more largely for the world's evangelization, and to be more assured than ever that the overthrow of the idolatries of Nations is such a stupendous work that nothing but an omnipotent God through the gospel of Jesus Christ can ever achieve it. Amen?

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR DECEMBER 16.

Lesson Text: "The Twelve Sent Forth," Math. x., 5-16—Golden Text: Math. x., 7—Commentary.

5. "These twelve Jesus sent forth and commanded them, saying, Go not into the way of the gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not." In a previous lesson we saw that after continuing all night in prayer to God He called twelve unto Him that they should be with Him and that He might send them forth to preach and to heal (Luke vi., 12; Mark iii., 13-15). This limitation of their mission, restraining them from gentiles and Samaritans is peculiar to Matthew's gospel and is understood only when we remember that this is the gospel of the kingdom, and that Jesus came primarily as the King of the Jews, the son of David, son of Abraham, to sit on David's throne and restore the kingdom to Israel that through them all nations might be blessed (Math. i., 1; ii., 2; Luke i., 32, 33; Acts iii., 19-21; Jer. iii., 17).

6. "But go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." He Himself said in chapter xv., 24. "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." The "showers of blessing" of which we sing and of which we read in Ezek. xxxiv., 26, will come to all nations after Israel has been gathered under one Shepherd (Ezek. xxxiv., 11-26), for He that scattered Israel will gather him and keep him, as a shepherd doth his flock (Jer. xxxi., 10). The receiving of them as a nation by God, consequent upon their reception of Jesus as their Messiah, shall be to the world like life from the dead (Rom. xi., 15).

7. "And as ye go preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand." So preached John the Baptist and Jesus (chapters iii., 2; iv., 17). The key to the titles "kingdom of God" and "kingdom of heaven," the last of which is found only in the gospel of Matthew, is in Dan. ii., 44, where it is written that the God of heaven shall set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed. It will be a kingdom under the whole heavens (Dan. vii., 27) or on the whole earth, God, its author and finisher, and heaven its character—the kingdom for which we pray when we say, "Thy will be done on earth as in heaven."

8. "Heal the sick; cleanse the lepers, raise the dead; cast out devils. Freely ye have received; freely give." Supernatural or nothing, here are some features of the kingdom. After He announced the laws of the kingdom in chapters v. to vii., see the characteristics of it in chapters viii. and ix. Leprosy, disease, evil spirits, winds and waves and even death itself are all subject to Him.

9. "Provide neither gold nor silver nor brass in your purses." Take nothing for your journey (Mark vi., 8). Go without care; be anxious for nothing. He who fed Elijah by Cherith by means of the ravens was sending them, the same God who multiplied the widow's meal and oil; He who said that if we would make His kingdom and righteousness our first business the food and raiment would surely be added (Math. vi., 33).

10. "Nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves, for the workman is worthy of his meat." The R. V. says wallet instead of "scrip." The purse or girdle was for money, the scrip or wallet for food, but they were to make no provision for the way. Disentangled and free, not confiding in external equipments, they were to lean wholly on the Lord. The Spirit, through Paul, when repeating that the laborer is worthy of his reward, quotes also from Deut. xxv., 4, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn" (I Tim. v., 18).

11. "And into whatsoever city or town ye shall enter inquire who in it is worthy, and there abide till ye go hence." The word "worthy" is found seven times in verses 10, 11, 13, 37, 38, and is the same word that is used of Christ as the Lamb that is worthy in Rev. iv., 11; v., 9, 12. They were not to seek help from any who were not the Lord's. Jesus had been through all Galilee preaching and healing (Math. iv., 23), and there would be some everywhere who had accepted Him and through Him had become worthy, for there is no real worthiness apart from Him.

12. "And when ye come into an house salute it." He said to the 70, "Into whatsoever house ye enter first say, Peace be to this house" (Luke x., 5). It was the angel's message, "On earth peace." It is often on His lips in His last days on earth (John xvi., 27; xvi., 33; xx., 19, 21, 26). He made peace, and we are to proclaim it (Col. i., 20; Acts x., 36). It is an old fashioned greeting (Gen. xliii., 23; Ex. iv., 18; Deut. xx., 10; Judg. vi., 23; I Sam. xxv., 6).

13. "And if the house be worthy let your peace come upon it, but if it be not worthy let your peace return unto you." We can proclaim forgiveness of sins and peace through the blood of Christ, but we cannot compel people to believe it or to accept Him. Our responsibility ends with the faithful proclamation. The word to Ezekiel was to proclaim the message of the Lord whether people would hear or forbear (Ezek. iii., 10, 11).

14. "And whosoever shall not receive you nor hear your words when ye depart out of that house or city shake off the dust of your feet." Mark and Luke add, "For a testimony against them." We find Paul and Barnabas doing this very thing at Antioch in Pisidia (Acts xiii., 51), and with Silas and Timothy something very like it at Corinth (Acts xviii., 5, 6). As people treat the messengers of God, so they treat God, who sends His messengers, and He will see to it. The word of Jesus to every messenger is: "Peace be unto you. As My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you" (John xx., 21).

15. "Verily I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for that city." For if the mighty works of Christ had been done in Sodom and other cities they had repented and remained to this day (Math. xi., 20-24). Notice that privilege increases responsibility, for to whom much is given of them much is required. Notice also that there is a time of judgment yet to come, and the time and the judgeare all appointed (Acts xvii., 31). Believers, living nations and the ungodly dead shall all come to judgment each at the proper time.

16. "Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves. Be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves." The seventy received the same warning (Luke x., 3). In no place do we find that in this age all will receive the message, and in no place are we authorized to convert the world. In no place are we taught to break up the kingdoms of this world. All that is for the age to follow this one. Our commission is to preach the word, and endure hardness, and suffer and die with Him (II Tim. ii., 3, 11, 12; iv., 2).—Lesson Helper.

MAKE A BUSINESS OF IT.

A lady asked Mr. Moody in Washington recently, "Mr. Moody, how do you manage always to have the right illustration for every truth?" "Oh!" he replied, "it is my business to do that." Here lies the secret of success—conscientious thoroughness—the method of the professional worker who puts his life in his work, as distinct from the method of the amateur who works at whim and pleasure, and takes in his material in driblets as it comes along. Put your life into your work and don't attempt too much outside that if you would succeed. Concentration is the need of the age.

A CRUSADE for reforming the music hall and other stages of New York City, is, it is alleged, is to be inaugurated immediately by Miss Francis Willard and the ladies of the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

TEMPERANCE.

NATURE'S LAUREL.

Low bowed the maiden's tearful head,
And sighed, "Ah, would that I were dead!
Sunshine and shower have been in vain,
For whisky claims my golden grain."

"Oh, me! oh, my!" cried out the rye,
"To serve the drunkard I shall die!
I hoped to bless the world with bread,
But poison I must yield instead."

The graceful hop-vines quaked with fear,
Lest they must help make ale and beer,
And all their heart was filled with pain
That they should swell the brewer's gain.

The grape-vine and the apple-tree
Grieved over what their fate might be;
Must rosy fruit and clusters fine
Fill cider casks and vats of wine?

—Youth's Temperance Banner.

A YEAR'S DRINK BILL.

Americans are accounted a fairly sober people in the hurly-burly of nations, but the figures of the Internal Revenue Commissioner for the past year are enough to make a temperance man stagger without a drop of whisky or beer.

We distilled last year 87,346,834 gallons of liquor, not including 1,440,353 gallons of brandy, making in all 88,177,187 gallons of alcoholic spirits. Expert bartenders estimate sixty-three drinks to the gallon. Therefore there were 5,604,062,821 drinks produced in this country.

A conservative estimate of how much was imbibed across counters is about 37,000,000 gallons of whisky, brandy and other distilled spirits, or in other words, we drank 6,000,000,000 glasses of whisky, for which we paid over the bar $600,000,000, or $50,000,000 more than all the annual appropriations of Congress combined.

This represents a consumption of 100 glasses of whisky each year for every man, woman and child between the rock-bound Pacific and the storm-tossed Atlantic, or, counting only the male adults, 500 glasses per week each.

Of beer the figures are equally astounding. The consumption was 31,962,943 barrels, that is, 18,785,169,300 glasses, representing an expenditure for this mode of the Teutonic hilarity of $617,258,460, or about ten cents for each inhabitant. In the neighborhood of 220 glasses are charged up in this calculation against each of us as our annual allowance; therefore, if we do not average our daily glass we may be sure that our neighbors are getting the benefit of our abstinence.

By estimating this year's internal revenue receipts from spirits on the basis of last year's product, with the increased tax of $1.10 per gallon, the internal revenue receipts will be $97,674,905.—San Francisco Examiner.

BISHOP WATTERSON'S NEW DEPARTURE.

"If there is a sacred thing on earth, my dear friends, it is the Christian family, where father and mother and children dwell together, sanctified by faith, anchored by holy hope and united with God and one another by the blessed bonds of Christian charity, and if there is one thing that wrecks and ruins the Christian home, it is excessive and habitual indulgence in intoxicating drink by any member of the household, and particularly by the father or mother of the family.

"Where such a state of things exists, the house is a Christian home no longer; the grace of God is lost, and His blessing forfeited; the benefits secured by unite thunion effort are undone; prayer, sacrament, deeds of charity and benevolence to the poor are overlooked; spiritual reading, attendance at instruction and divine worship on Sundays and all the duties of religion are neglected. Love and joy and peace and happiness are gone; and in their place are ill temper and misery, and this not only in the humble dwellings of the poor, but often too in the residences of the wealthy; not only among the laboring classes, but often in the families of our business and professional men, who once gave promise of rising to honorable positions, whence they might have wrought and might still be working a wholesome influence on society around them. Where once was edification, there now is scandal, and the abode of God becomes the home of satan. The once Christian home is turned into a very hell on earth, with drunkenness and strife and profanity and obscenity, the demons of disorder. Who has seen or felt the baneful influence of drunkenness and will not bear witness to the truth of what I have but feebly outlined?"

POST EXCHANGES IN THE ARMY.

The "canteen system," or what is now known as "post exchanges" in the army, are sources of infinement to drink among the soldiers. In the army report by General O. O. Howard to the Adjutant-General, recently filed in Washington, referring to the regulations governing them, said:

"I believe the increase of cases of court-martial is largely due to these exchanges. I form this opinion from the cases that have come before me, and believe the drinking habit is increased by the encouragement given them. As I myself am regardless to extreme, the words of the Department Inspector are at least suggestive. 'From the amount of beer consumed in them (the exchanges) it is to be feared that we shall have many rheumatic and gouty soldiers in the course of time, providing the restriction on length of service is taken off.'"

"CANNED PEACHES."

A highly respectable and widely respected clergyman living in a country parish not far from Boston received a communication from a New York house dealing in wines and liquors not long ago, saying that they would be very glad to furnish him with anything he needed in their line, and as an inducement for his patronage added that they were aware that the arrival in a country place of wines and liquors for the use of the clergymen was apt to create comment, if not scandal. And they offered, in case no purchased goods from them, to have them securely packed in a wooden box, where they would be free from examination, and to have the box marked "Canned peaches."—Boston Herald.

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES.

White wine farmers, of South Africa, pay off their colored help in wine and, as a consequence, they become horribly drunk.

Mr. Edison gives as one reason why he does not drink liquor, that he has a better use for his brain. It is an uncommonly good head and he had better take care of it.

Good Templars of Indiana at their recent annual session passed resolutions of co-operation with the W. C. T. U. in its efforts to secure a scientific temperance instruction law.

The W. C. T. U. of India publishes a paper called the White Ribbon. Mrs. Phillips, President, says that the organization in that country "is springing into brighter life."

Rev. J. M. Cleary, President of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, has given his endorsement to the great petition to Governments of the world for the overthrow of the opium and liquor traffic.

To drunkenness as a fruitful source may be traced much, if not the most of the crime that disgraces our beloved country, and much, if not the most, of the poverty and misery that we see around us.—Bishop Watterson.

Citizens of Canton Uri, in Switzerland, have made a law requiring any liquor seller who gives his customers chance drink to make them unconscious to provide them free lodging and board until completely recovered.

The number of "hard drinkers" in our country to-day is estimated to be 2,500,000. And an average of four other persons are afflicted by each one's debauchery and shame. Total number affected, twelve and one-half million persons!

RELIGIOUS READING.

STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS.

There are those in the world who put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter, no wonder, then, that some should mistake weakness, for strength, and strength for weakness.

I saw a vigorous man walking along with a light step and a laughing eye. The rosy hue of health was on his cheek, and his broad shoulders and muscular limbs were proofs of its bodily strength; but his bold language, and self-sufficient look told me that he trusted in himself, and that his heart glowed not in gratitude to the great Giver of the blessings he enjoyed.

I visited a sick man on his couch of affliction; his countenance was pale, and his body wasted by disease. He was as feeble as a child, and could not sit upright without being supported by pillows; but the Bible lay beside him; his upturned eyes moved in prayer; his looks were resigned and tranquil, and his language was, "God is my refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble" (Psa. xlvi. 1.

I met one who had gained riches, and whose heart was filled up on account of possessions. Puffed up with pride he talked scornfully of those who had not the money, and full purse, forgetful of the injunction, "If riches increase set not your heart upon them." Psa. lxii. 10. Set your affections on things above not on things on earth." Col. iii. 2.

I fell in with a poor man, who worked hard to gain livelihood for himself and family. No complaint was on his lips when I asked after his welfare. He was thankful for health that enabled him to labor and praised God for the daily mercies he enjoyed.

I reflected on what I had heard and seen, and pondered on the characters that had occupied my attention. Two of them possessed what most of us desire, while the others feared them, and of little estimation. I compared the wealthy and the rich with the sick and the poor, and the advantage was greatly on side of the last down and the lowly. The depressed felt their own weakness, and trusted in the strong for strength, while the proud and puffed up, leaning on uncertain wealth and riches were unfit to encounter adversity, and still more so to meet their latter end. They were poor when they believed themselves rich; they were weak while they fancied themselves strong.

And can it be that man, proud man, vaunting himself on his intelligence, can fall into such an error as to think himself wise when he is foolish, rich when he is poor, and strong when he is perfect weakness? Even so. But now, reader, put the question to thyself, and ask if this error be thine. Art thou trusting in thine own strength, and putting confidence in aught below the skies? Or knowest thou, of a truth, that thy life, with all that it involves, is "a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away" Jas. iv. 14, but thy trust in Him only who changes not, but is the same "yesterday, today and forever." Heb. xiii. 18.

Trust in a prince his word shall fail;
He friends, and they shall die;
In health, and wealth, and world's regard,
Alas how soon they fly!

Trust thine own heart, 'tis faithless all;
Thy life, 'tis insecure;
But he who trusteth in the Lord,
Forever shall endure.

SEEING EACH OTHER AS WE ARE.

One great cause of the infelicities of life among the best people, is their failure to fully understand and appreciate all the influences and enter into their conduct.

The natures and feelings are misconstrued in the most intimate and endearing of all ratios—that of husband and wife—there is often an woolly unnecessary and sad coldness and even an alienation of feeling from this cause. Of different temperament and make up constitutionally, in a different line of Christian experience and grade of spirituality, and one moving largely amid the glare of evil and the rivalries of business, becomes habituated to sterner forms of actions and expressions of feeling, which the other in the more quiet, loving and tender associations of culture and meditation interprets as loss of sympathy and weakening of heart-felt love, while there is a deeper and growing affection could they see each other as they are. Let death step in and take either from their side and the one left will tell you if they disclose their true feelings, that they never realized before how much the loved and what excellencies of character there were in the one departed which they failed to appreciate from leaving out of view their position and circumstances. Thus it is in various forms in all the associations of life.

If the Marthas and Marys could know each other as they are, Martha would not be grieved at her sister's comparative indifference to the conventionalities of life when they could enjoy the instructions of her Lord and Master, and the Marys would appreciate all their sisters' desires to show their interest in Christ by every act of attention possible to be shown for his comfort.

If the Peters and Johns could know each other as they are, the Peters would more appreciate their quiet trustful spirit, and Johns would more admire the naturally bold and sometimes impetuous spirit and zeal of the Peters for their Lord.

If the Pauls and Barnabases could know each other as they are, the Pauls would probably not be so ready to prove the Barnabases for their attachment to their home duties and friends in preference to exposing themselves to persecution among those so ill prepared to receive the Gospel, and the Barnabases would more honor the Pauls and thank God for the grace and confidence in Christ that enabled them to endure cheerfully every earthly comfort and even life in the cause of Christ, and for the salvation of their fellowmen.—Rel. Herald.

THE QUESTION.

The sceptical Mr. Beecher was once lecturing in a village in the north of England, and at the close challenged them and said, Who should accept the challenge but an old, lean woman, in the most antiquated attire, who went up to the platform and said, "Sir, I have a quire for to put to you." "Well, my good woman, and it is?" "Ten years ago," she said, "I was left a widow, with eight children utterly unprovided for, and nothing to rely on but my own two little hands. By prayer and looking to God for strength, I have been enabled to feed myself and my family. I am now tottering to the grave, but I am perfectly happy, because I look forward to a life of immortality with Jesus in heaven. That's what my religion has done for me. What has your way of thinking done for you?" "Well, my good lady," replied the lecturer, "I don't want to disturb your comfort, but" —"Oh! that's not the question," interposed the woman; "keep to the point, sir. What has your way of thinking done for you?" The infidel endeavored to shirk the matter again, the feeling of the meeting gave vent in uproarious applause, and Mr. Bradlaugh had to go away discomfited by an old woman. —The Lutheran.

GETTING DOWN A REVIVAL.

A Methodist minister in the midst of a Union Meeting during the Week of Prayer, where ministers and people of all denominations were present, said:

"I hear much about getting up a revival and our people want to set about it. I do not believe in it at all. God is a sovereign. His spirit must revive us. It must come down from Him who is the giver of all good. We must get the revival down, not up, and that is the feeling with which we must approach the subject when we are pleading with a sovereign God, who has the issues of time and eternity in his hands."

His remarks and some remarkable facts which he added made a deep and useful impression on the people. Presbyterians, Methodists, and all good Christians, should strive to get a reviving from on high.