REV. DR. TALMAGE.

SUNDAY'S SERMON IN THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Subject: "The Dangers of Pessimism."

Text: "I said in my haste, All men are liars."—Psalm cxvi., 11.

Swindled, betrayed, persecuted David, in a paroxysm of petulance and rage, thus indicted the human race. David himself falsified when he said, "All men are liars." He apologizes and says he was unusually provoked, and that he was hasty when he hurled such universal denunciation, "I said in my haste," and so on. It was in him only a momentary triumph of pessimism. There is ever and anon, and never more than now, a disposition abroad to distrust everybody, and because some bank employes defraud distrust all bank employes, and because some police officers have taken bribes to believe that all policemen take bribes, and because divorce cases are in the court to believe that most, if not all, marriage relations are unhappy.

There are men who seem rapidly coming to adopt this creed: All men are liars, scoundrels, thieves, libertines. When a new case of perfidy comes to the surface, these people clap their hands in glee. It gives them money to their breakfast if the morning newspaper discloses a new exposure or a new arrest. They grow fat on scandals. They join the devils in hell in jubilation over apostasy and pollution. If some one accused is proved innocent, it is to them a disappointment. They would rather believe evil than good. They are vultures, preying on carrion. They would like to be on committee to find something wrong. They wish that as eyeglasses have been invented to improve the sight, and ear trumpets have been invented to help the hearing, a corresponding instrument might be invented for the nose, to bring nearer a malodor.

Pessimism says of the church, "The majority of the members are hypocrites, though it is no temporal advantage to be a member of the church, and therefore there is no temptation to hypocrisy." Pessimism says that the influence of newspapers is only evil, and that they are corrupting the world, when the fact is that they are the mightiest agency for the arrest of crime and the spread of intelligence, and the printing press, secular and religious, is setting the nations free. The whole tendency of things is toward freedom, and the gospel of Smashup. We have lived of the text for a paroxysm of disgust, because we apologize for it to all the libraries, but it is a deplorable fact that men have taken the attitude of perpetual suspect and anathematization. There are, I must admit, deplorable facts, and we will not hide or mimify them. We are much encouraged to find that the great work of official reform in New York City begins by a proposition to the liquor dealers to break the law by keeping their saloons open on Sunday from two in the afternoon seven at night.

Ever since America was discovered has been a worse insult to sobriety and decency and religion than that proposition. A proposition is equal to saying: "Let saloons and religion have a chance on Sunday forenoons, but Sunday afternoons let all the gates to gin and alcohol and bourbon schnapps and sour mash and Jersey lightning, and the variegated swill of breweries and drunkenness and crime. Concede the first half of the Sunday to God and the last half to the devil. Let the children on their way to Sunday-schools in New York at 3 o'clock in the afternoon meet the Moloch that does more than all other foes combined to rob children of their fathers and mothers and strew the land with fatherless orphanage. Surely strong drink has killed enough people and destroy enough families and sufficiently crowd the almshouses and penitentiaries in six days of the week without giving it an extra half day for assassination and assassination.

Though we are not very jubilant over a political reform that opens the exercises with a doxology to rum, we have full faith in God and in the gospel which will yet sink iniquity as the Atlantic Ocean melts a snowflake. What we want, and what I believe we will have, is a great religious feeling that will moralize and Christianize our great populations and make them prior to temptations, whether unlawful or allowed. So I see no cause for discouragement. Pessimism is a sin, and those who yield to it compile themselves for the one side of which are all the forces of heaven, led on by Apollyon, and on the other side of which are all the forces of right, led on by the Omnipotent. I state as a statement that the vast majority of men are pushing the best they can. Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand in offices of the municipal and the state are honest.

Of a thousand bank presidents and cashiers, nine hundred and ninety-nine are in the position they occupy. Out of a million merchants, mechanics and professional men, nine hundred and ninety-nine are doing their duty as they understand it. Of one thousand engineers and conductors and switchmen, nine hundred and ninety-nine are true to their responsible position. It is seldom that people arrive at positions of responsibility until they have proved over and over again. If the theory of the pessimist were accurate, society would long ago have gone to pieces, civilization would have been submerged in barbarism, and the wheel of the centuries would have turned back to the dark ages.

A wrong impression is made that because two men falsify their bank accounts the two wrongdoers are blazoned before the world, while nothing is said in praise of the hundreds of bank clerks who have stood at their desks year in and year out until death is well nigh gone, taking not a cent's worth of that which belongs to others themselves, though with skilful strokes of fraud they might have enriched themselves from their country seats on the banks of the Hudson or the Rhine.

It is a mean thing in human nature that good women are not praised for doing right, but only execrated when they do wrong. By divine arrangement the most of families of the earth are at peace, and most of those united in marriage have mutual affinity and affection. They have occasional differences, and here there is a season of pout, but the vast majority of those in the conjugal relation choose the most appropriate companionship, and happy in that relation. You hear nothing of the quietude and happiness of such, though nothing but death will them part. But one sound of marital discord reaches the ears of a continent, and perhaps a hemisphere, alert.

One letter that ought never to have been written printed in a newspaper makes more talk than the millions of letters that go to postoffices and weigh down the carriers with expressions of honest love. Tolstoi, the great Russian author, is wrong in his prints a book for the depreciation of the race. If your observation has put you in an attitude of deploration for the human state, one of two things is true in regard to you. You have either been unfortunate in your acquaintanceship, or you are morally rotten. The world, not as good as we would like, but still with goodness, is on the way to the scenes of peace and felicity which the Bible describes. The man who cannot see this thing, either in his heart or liver or lungs. Look at the great Bible picture of Isaiah has set up the pictures of innocence, girdling the world with the fir and pine and boxwood and the child, and St. John's pictures of lambs and trees, and white horse cavalry, tears wiped away, and trumpets blown and harps struck, and nations redeemed. There are 10,000 things I do not see, have not seen any discouragement in the cause of God for twenty-five years. The kingdom is coming. The earth is preparing to put on bridal array. We need to sing our anthems and grand marches before our hymnology we shall have to sing for "Antioch" than for "Windham," for "Ariel," than for "Naomi." Let the "Hark, From the Tombs a Doleful Cry!" be submerged with "Joy to the World, the Lord is Come!" Really, if I thought the human race were as determined to be bad and getting worse, as the pessimists represent, I would think it was hardly worth saving. If after hundreds of years of gospelization no improvement has been made, let us give it up and go at something else besides praying and preaching.

My opinion is that if we had enough faith in quick results and could go forth rightly equipped with the gospel call the battle for God and righteousness would end with this nineteenth century, and the twentieth century, only five or six years off, would begin the millennium, and Christ would reign, either in person on some throne set up between the Alleghanies and the Rockies or in the institutions of mercy and grandeur set up by His ransomed people. Discouraged work will meet with defeat. Expectant and buoyant work will gain the victory. Start out with the idea that all men are liars and scoundrels, and that everybody is as bad as he can be, and that society, and the church, and the world are on the way to demolition, and the only use you will ever be to the world will be to increase the value of lots in a cemetery. We need a more cheerful front in all our religious work. People have enough trouble already and do not want to ship another cargo of trouble in the shape of religiosity. If religion has been to you a peace, a defense, an inspiration and a joy, say so. Say it by word of mouth, by pen in your hand, by face illuminated with a divine satisfaction. If this world is ever to be taken for God, it will not be by groans, but by hallelujahs. If we could present the Christian religion as it really is, in its true attractiveness, all the people would accept it, and accept it right away. The cities, the nations would cry out: "Give us that, give it to us in all its holy magnetism and gracious power! Put that salve on our wounds! Throw back the shutters for that morning light. Knock off those chains with that silver hammer! Give us Christ—His pardon, His peace, His comfort, His heaven! Give us Christ in song, Christ in sermon, Christ in book, Christ in living example!"

As a system of didactics religion has never gained one inch of progress. As a technicality it belops more than it irradiates. As a dogmatism it is an awful failure. But as a fact, as a re-enforcement, as a transfiguration, it is the mightiest thing that ever descended from the heavens or touched the earth. Exemplify it in the life of a good man or a good woman, and no one can help but like it. A city missionary visited a house in London and found a sick and dying boy. There was an orange lying on his bed, and the missionary said, "Where did you get that orange?" He said: "A man brought it to me. He comes here often and reads the Bible to me and prays with me and brings me nice things to eat." "What is his name?" said the city missionary. "I forget his name," said the sick boy, "but he makes great speeches over in that great building," pointing to the Parliament House of London. The missionary asked, "Was his name Mr. Gladstone?" "Oh, yes," said the boy, "that is his name—Mr. Gladstone!" Do you tell me a man can see religion like that and not like it? There is an old fashioned mother in a farm house. Perhaps she is somewhere in the seventies, perhaps seventy-five or seventy-six. It is the early evening hour. Through spectacles No. 8 she is reading a newspaper until toward bedtime, when she takes up a well-worn book, called the Bible. I know from the illumination in her face she is reading one of the thanksgiving psalms, or in Revelation the story of the twelve pearly gates. After awhile she closes the book and folds her hands and thinks over the past and seems whispering the names of her children, some of them on earth and some of them in heaven. Now a smile is on her face, and now a tear, and sometimes the smile catches the tear. The scenes of a long life come back to her. One minute she sees all the children smiling around her, with their toys and sports and strange questionings. Then she remembers several of them down sick with infantile disorders. Then she sees a short grave, but over it cut in marble, "Suffer them to come to Me." Then there is the wedding hour, and the neighbors in, and the promises of "I will," and the departure from the old homestead, then a scene of hard times, and scant bread and struggle. Then she thinks of a few years with rush of sunshine and flittings of dark shadows and vicissitudes.

Then she kneels down slowly, for many years have stiffened the joints, and the illnesses of a lifetime have made her less supple. Her prayer is a mixture of thanks for sustaining grace during all these years, and thanks for children good and Christian—and kind, and a prayer for the wandering boy, whom she hopes to see come home before her departure. And then her trembling lips speak of the land of reunion, where she expects to meet her loved ones already translated, and after telling the Lord in very simple language how much she loves Him, and trusts Him, and hopes to see Him soon, I hear her pronounce the quiet "Amen," and she rises up—a little more difficult effort than kneeling down. And then she puts her head on the pillow for the night, and the angels of safety and peace stand sentinel about that couch in the farm house, and her face ever and anon shows signs of dreams about the heaven she read of before retiring. In the morning the day's work has begun down stairs, and seated at the table the remark is made, "Mother must have overslept herself." And the grandchildren also notice that grandmother is absent from her usual place at the table. One of the grandchildren goes to the foot of the stairs and cries, "Grandmother!" But there is no answer. Fearing something is the matter, they go up to see, and all seems right. The spectacles and Bible on the stand, and the covers of the bed are smooth, and the face is calm; her white hair on the white pillow case like snow on snow already fallen. But her soul is gone up to look upon the things that the night before she had been reading of in the Scriptures. What a transporting look on her dear old wrinkled face! She has seen the "King in His beauty." She has been welcomed by the "Lamb who was slain." And her two oldest sons, having hurried up stairs, look and whisper, Henry to George, "That is religion!" George to Henry, "Yes, that is religion!"

There is a New York merchant who has been in business I should say forty or fifty years. During an old-fashioned revival of religion in boyhood he gave his heart to God. He did not make the ghastly and infinite and everlasting mistake of sowing "wild oats," with the expectation of sowing good wheat later on. He realized the fact that the most of those who sow "wild oats" never reap any other crop. He started right and has kept right. He went down in 1857, when the banks failed, but he failed honestly and never lost his faith in God. Ups and downs—he sometimes laughs over them—but whether losing or gaining he was growing better all the time. He has been in many business ventures, but he never ventured the experiment of gaining the world and losing his soul. His name was a power both in the church and in the business world. He has drawn more checks for contributions to asylums and churches and schools than any one, except God, knows. He has kept many a business man from failing by lending his name on the back of a note till the crisis was past. All heaven knows about him, for the poor woman whose rent he paid in her last days, and the man with consumption in the hospital to whom he sent flowers and the cordials just before ascention, and the people he encouraged in many ways, after they entered heaven kept talking about it, for the immortals are neither deaf nor dumb. Well, it is about time for the old merchant himself to quit earthly residence.

As it is toward evening, he shuts the safe, puts the roll of newspapers in his pocket, thinking that the family may like to read them after he gets home. He folds up a $5 bill and gives it to the boy to carry to one of the car men who got his leg broken and may be in need of a little money; puts a stamp on a letter to his grandson at college, a letter with good advice, and an inclosure to make the holidays happy, then looks around the store or office and says to the clerks, "Good evening," and starts for home, stopping on the way at a door to ask how his old friend, a deacon in the same church, is getting on since his last bad attack of vertigo. He enters his own home, and that is his last evening on earth. He does not say much. No last words are necessary. His whole life has been a testimony for God and righteousness. More people would like to attend his obsequies than any house or church would hold. The officiating clergyman begins his remarks by quoting from the psalmist, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, for the faithful fail from among the children of men." Every hour in heaven for all the million years of eternity that old merchant will see the result of his earthly beneficence and fidelity, while on the street where he did business, and in the orphan asylum in which he was a director, and in the church of which he was an officer, whenever his generosity and beneficence and goodness are referred to, bank director will say to bank director, and merchant to merchant, and neighbor to neighbor, and Christian to Christian: "That is religion. Yes, that is religion."

There is a man seated or standing very near you. Do not look at him, for it might be unnecessary embarrassment. Only a few minutes ago he came down off the steps of as happy a home as there is in this or any other city. Fifteen years ago, by reason of his dissipated habits, his home was a hornet's nest to wife and children. What that woman went through with in order to preserve respectability and hide her husband's disgrace is a tragedy which it would require a Shakespeare or Victor Hugo to write out in five tremendous acts. Small livelihood he earned her. Yes, the one who at the altar he had taken with vows so solemn they made the orange blossoms tremble! He struck her! He made the beautiful holidays "a reign of terror." Instead of his supporting her, she supported him. The children had often heard him speak the name of God, but never in prayer—only in profanity. It was the saddest thing on earth that I can think of—a destroyed home! Walking along the street one day an impersonation of all wretchedness, he saw a sign at the door of a Young Men's Christian Association, "Meeting For Men Only."

He went in hardly knowing why he did so, and sat down by the door, and a young man was in broken voice and poor grammar telling how the Lord had saved him from a dissipated life, and the man back by the door said to himself, "Why cannot I have the Lord do the same thing for me?" and he put his hands, all a tremble, over his blanched face and said: "O God, I want that! I must have that!" and God said, "You shall have it, and you have it now!" And the man came out and went home a changed man, and though the children at first shrank back and looked to the mother and began to cry with fright they soon saw that the father was a changed man. That home has turned from "Paradise Lost" to "Paradise Regained." The wife sings all day long at her work, for she is so happy, and the children rush out into the hall at the first rattle of the father's key in the door latch to welcome him with caresses and questions of, "What have you brought me?" They have family prayers. They are shoreward on the road to heaven, and when the journey of life is over they will live forever in each other's companionship. Two of their darling children are there already, waiting for father and mother to come up. What changed that man? What reconstructed that home? What took that wife, who was a slave of fear and drudgery, and made her a queen on a throne of affection? I hear a whispering all through this assemblage. I know what you are saying: "That's religion! Yes, that's religion!" My Lord and my God, give us more of it!"

Why, my hearers from all parts of the earth, do you not get this bright and beautiful and radiant and blessed and triumphant thing for yourselves, then go home telling all your neighbors on the Pacific, or in Nova Scotia, or in Louisiana, or Maine, or Brazil, or England, or Italy, or any part of the round world, that they may have it too. Have it for the asking! Have it now! Mind you, I do not start from the pessimistic standpoint that David did, when he got mad and said in his haste, "All men are liars!" or from the conceit of others that every man is as bad as he can be. I rather think from your looks that you are doing about as well as you can in the circumstances which you are placed, but I want to invite you up into heights of safety and satisfaction and holiness, as much higher than those which the world affords as Kosciusko, the highest mountain in all the earth, is higher than your front doorstep.

Here He comes now. Who is it? I might be alarmed and afraid if I had not seen Him before and heard His voice. I thought He would come home; I got through with this sermon. Stand back and make way for Him. He comes with scars all around His forehead; scars in the center of both hands stretched out to greet you; scars on the instep of both the feet with which He advances; scars on the breast under which throbs the great heart of sympathy which feels for you. I announce Him. I introduce Him to you, Jesus of Bethlehem and Olivet and Golgotha. Way comest Thou hither this winter day, Thou of the springtime and summery heavens? He answers: To give all this audience pardon for guilt, consolation for grief, whole regiments of help for day of battle and eternal life for the dead! What response shall I give Him? In your behalf and in my own behalf I call Him with the ascription: "Unto Him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen."

Invented the Artificial Leg.

In a quaint old house at 639 Marshall street, Philadelphia, lives Frank O. Deschamps, who, although over seventy years old, has been inventing things all his life. Mr. Deschamps is as active as a boy of twenty, lives all alone amid his models and contrivances, cooks his own meals, acts as his own housekeeper, and is as happy as the day is long. Mr. Deschamps's first invention of note was the artificial leg. It was over fifty years ago when Mr. Deschamps, then an apprentice, was asked by his master to see what he could do for a foppish Frenchman who had lost a leg. At that time only wooden legs were known, and the Frenchman was dissatisfied with this by no means elegant substitute. In two days young Deschamps had finished a complete model of an artificial leg, with every movement of the natural limb duplicated. His master had it patented, and it yielded him a fortune. "I got fifty cents out of it," laughingly remarked Deschamps. "The Frenchman gave me that and told me to go over to Smith's Island and enjoy myself. And I thought I was in great luck."—New York Advertiser.

A Goat Smuggler.

Some years ago a tame long-haired goat formed part of the regular crew of a passenger steamer on service between an English port and a Continental one. After a time the customs authorities discovered that it wore a false coat, many sizes too large for it. The goat's own hair was clipped very close; round its body were packed cigars, lace, etc., and then the false coat was skillfully put on, and fastened by hooks and eyes.—Notes and Queries.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 3.

Lesson Text: "The Transfiguration," Luke ix., 28-36—Golden Text: Matt. xvii., 5—Commentary.

28. "And it came to pass about an eight days after these sayings He took Peter and John and James and went up into a mountain to pray." After telling them of His sufferings and death and of the necessity of His followers denying self and taking up the cross daily as in the last lesson, He added that some of those standing about Him should not taste death till they had seen the kingdom of God (verse 27). Both in Matthew and Mark as well as in Luke this statement is immediately followed by the record of the transfiguration (Matt. xvi., 28; xvii., 1; Mark ix., 1, 2), which leads us to conclude that whatever He meant by the kingdom of God was shown forth in the events and facts of the transfiguration. When Matthew and Mark say "after six days," they evidently refer to the intervening days, while Luke includes the day on which He spoke of the cross and the day of the transfiguration.

29. "And as He prayed, the fashion of His countenance was altered, and His raiment was white and glistening." Matthew says that His face did shine as the sun and His raiment was white as the light (Matt. xvii., 2). Mark says His raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow (Mark ix., 3). Luke alone speaks of His praying at the time. When John saw Him on Patmos fifty years after this, His countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength (Rev. i., 16). So that we have here the outshining of the glory that was concealed within that mortal body, as the glory over the mercy seat in the holy of holies was concealed by the veil which was a symbol of His body (Heb. x., 20). When the face of Moses shone as he came down from the mount, it was not from within, but the reflected glory upon which He had been looking so long (Ex. xxxiv., 29, 30). Compare II Cor. iii., 18.

30. "And, behold, there talked with Him two men, which were Moses and Elijah." Moses is suggestive of the law and Elijah of the prophets, for both law and prophets spake of Him, and He fulfilled all written in each (Luke xxiv., 27, 44). But Moses is also suggestive of the risen saints and Elijah of the translated saints who shall meet Him on His way as He returns to the earth and return with Him when He comes in power and glory as Israel's Messiah and King of Kings (I Thes. iv., 16-18; Col. iii., 4). The three apostles are suggestive of Israel, who shall see Him, and being convicted of sin and converted like Saul of Tarsus on the way to Damascus shall welcome Him as their Messiah, saying: "Lo, this is our God. We have waited for Him, and He will save us."

31. "Who appeared in glory and spake of His decease which He should accomplish at Jerusalem." It was by virtue of this death about to be accomplished at Jerusalem that Moses had for 1400 years and Elijah for 900 years been enjoying the glories of heaven. By the same blood had Abel entered glory and all from him to the present time and down to the end, for without shedding of blood there is no remission of sins, for it is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul (Heb. ix., 22; Lev. xvii., 11). The saints in glory sing, "Thou art worthy, for Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood," while all on earth and in heaven sing, "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood" (Rev. v., 9; i., 5).

32. "But Peter and they that were with Him were heavy with sleep, and when they were awake they saw His glory and the two men that stood with Him." Israel shall be heavy with sleep when He comes, for all the virgins are said to be slumbering and sleeping when the Bridegroom comes with His bride (Matt. xxv., 1, Vulgate and Syriac versions), and this agrees with the call from the prophet: "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee, and the gentiles shall come to thy light and kings to the brightness of thy rising" (Isa. lx., 1-3). The Lord awaken us to behold His glory by faith.

33. "And it came to pass as they departed from Him Peter said unto Jesus, Master, it is good for us to be here, and let us make three tabernacles; one for Thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elijah, not knowing what he said." They seem to have known Moses and Elijah, though they had never seen them before. It may be that in the glory we shall need no introductions, but know each one instantly and be known by him. When we have come to a sound of loosing, it is natural that we should want to stay, as Peter did, but there is work to be done and sufferings yet to be attended.

34. "While He thus spake there came a cloud and overshadowed them, and they feared as they entered into the cloud." Matthew says that it was a bright cloud. The cloud is often associated with His presence, as when the pillar of cloud led Israel all through the wilderness, and when He ascended from Olivet a cloud received Him out of their sight. When He shall come again, it will be in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory. In Nahum i., 3, we read that the clouds are the dust of His feet. They were afraid because of the cloud. Ever since Adam was afraid and hid from God in Eden man has been easily made afraid, and like the disciples in the boat we are often afraid when it is Himself.

35. "And there came a voice out of the cloud, saying: This is My beloved Son. Hear Him." Matthew says that the voice added, "In whom I am well pleased." Here, as at the baptism, is a clear distinction between the Father and the Son; and also, as there, the Father's testimony to His pleasure in the Son. Now, when we are well pleased with Jesus and heartily hear and receive Him, the Father becomes well pleased with us for Jesus's sake. How important the words, "Hear Him!" It is not hear what this or that one says about Him, but hear Him. In this connection read and observe Deut. xviii., 18, 19.

36. "And when the voice was past Jesus was found alone. And they kept it close and told no man in those days any of those things which they had seen." Matthew says that Jesus told them to tell the vision to no man till after His resurrection (Matt. xvii., 9). He had given them every possible proof that He was their Messiah, but they only rejected Him, and now He is journeying to the crucifixion and to the grave, the resurrection from which will be the crowning proof of His divinity. So with us who believe in Him it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him. The one thing to do meanwhile is to see no man save "Jesus only" (Matt. xvii., 5). My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from Him (Ps. lxii., 5).—Lesson Helper.

FILIAL REVERENCE.

When Sir Thomas Moore was Lord High Chancellor of England, an office second only in rank to that of the Archbishop of Canterbury, he was wont publicly, upon his knees, to beg the blessing of his father, who was one of the Judges of the Court of Kings Bench.

The loosening of the tie between parents and children is one of the worst features in our times. St. Paul calls the fifth the first commandment with promise; and certainly there is no duty which seems to bring its own reward so speedily along with it as the religious education of children. Let parents ponder well that fearful threat made by God to Eli: "Behold I will do the thing in Israel, at which the ears of everyone that heareth it shall tingle. I will judge his house forever, because his sons made themselves vile and he restrained them not"—(Sam. 3: 13). And let children remember the no less alarming one: "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pluck it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." (Prov. 30: 17.

TEMPERANCE.

DOWNWARD STEPS.

Glass number one, only in fun.
Glass number two, as other boys do.
Glass number three, it won't hurt me.
Glass number four, only one more.
Glass number five, before a drive.
Glass number six, brain in a mix.
Glass number seven, stars up in heaven.
Glass number eight, stars in his pate.
Glass number nine, whisky—not wine.
Glass number ten, drinking again.
Glass number twenty, not yet a plenty.
Drinking with men just now and then.
Wasting his life, killing his wife.
Losing respect, manhood all wrecked.
Losing his friends—thus it all ends.

A MOTHER AT A FALSEHOOD.

In 1871, I saw my mother kneeling in the snow to pray at a saloon door, said I crept out by a side way, so guilty in the very dust, ashamed of her. That day's work sealed her lips, but the sermon did not leave her life, but the sermon did not leave her life, and her only child spent the years in the hell of darkness. But that sermon proper pers[illegible] at God's throne during thirteen awful years, and for [illegible] it could but always hear, as I would [illegible] He spoke to me, and spoke—and will speak on—and on—until on some night [illegible] I shall see my mother's struggles, and, hoping on her great heart, celebrate the end of the crusade.—J. G. Woolley.

THE WIDOW'S DAMAGES.

In 1890, Mrs. Mary E. Sawyer, of Saline County, Nebraska, by her attorneys, A. G. Wolfenbarger and W. Henry Smith, of Lincoln, brought suit for damages against several saloon-keepers for constantly supplying liquor to her intemperate husband, causing his death, and thus depriving her and her minor children of needful support. The evidence produced at the trial showed that Andrew J. Sawyer, the husband, was an honest, hard-working farmer when so long patronized the saloons of the defendants in Crete that he continued drinking until he became incapable of performing the necessary work on his farm; that he would go on periodical spurts of many days duration, that no period of drunkenness would be spent in sobriety, followed by another, until at last, in 1888 and 1889, by his reckless squandering of his property through drink, he and his family were reduced to abject poverty, and friends and neighbors assisted the mother and children with food and clothing to keep them from starving. The case was tried first before a prominent ex-district judge and his associate on behalf of the liquor dealers, but the widow's lawyers won a judgment of $5,000 for her and the children. The liquor men carried the case to the supreme court, where it has been pending since 1892. Judge Sterns appeared for the saloon-keepers and A. G. Wolfenbarger for the mother and children. A few days ago the case was decided in favor of the widow and her children, her lawyers winning the case on every point. This was the second judgment $5,000, lawyer had obtained against the saloon-keepers in Crete, the former case being for $750, and against other parties. The $750 judgment was paid.—The Union Worker.

THE INTEMPERATE MAN.

Whatever tends to brutalize a man, whatever robs him of his manhood, and degrades the reason which should guide him in the paths of rectitude, leads him for the dens of vice and crime. The intemperate man is a curse to the State. He is a cancer on the social body, and only experiences retrogression. He sows to the wind of pleasure, but he reaps aside every kindly feeling, and destroys the home that was destined to be the sanctuary of love.

He crushes the heart and dries up the well-springs of human goodness in the breast of the mother who sang for the joyous prattler to listen to future American statesmen. He impoverishes and brutalizes his children, and by the force of his example and instinct drives them into the haunts of crime, where lakes open for defilement.

Every person has a certain duty to perform that cannot be done with the proscription of drunkenness, and drunkenness has proscription for its victim. The consciousness of having done all in their power to save the lost, which the drunkard, if not lost, will not thank us for, is the sparkle gem to the dying bed, the whisper of hope, and the reality, perhaps, of the immortality of the soul, which governs all mankind.

If the drunkard is frozen in his conscience, and is a wreck, and is a wanderer, and is a [illegible] demon to drive with his hand [illegible] from intemperance.

But the drunkard does not suffer alone; he is surrounded by a family, and circumstances are not secure and sweet to him. He is, perhaps, one on whom the affections of a loving companion, and to whom aged and feeble parents look for support and comfort in their declining years, or, it may be, he is the idolized father, who, to satisfy his own unnatural appetite, takes the bread from the mouth of a starving mother and brings sore grief, starvation and death to the smoking infant.

He has children whom he shows to be to be God-fearing, honest, manly members of society; yet not a single kindly word do they hear from the lips of the inebriate who is their father, not a single act do they see, but they learn from his words or examples, only curses and blasphemy and their tender years and the gentle filial affection implanted in their little hearts by nature's God is supplanted by a consuming fear in his presence, and an unnatural hatred for the man who heaps cruelties and indignities on their affectionate mother, to whom alone the wretched little ones can look for comfort and support.—Rev. J. M. Sandan.

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES.

There are 80,000 barmaids in England.

Rev. Joel Jewell, "the father of temperance," is now ninety-three years old.

Sixty-one churches have been added to the Army Temperance Association of England since May.

In the West Indies the death rate in yellow fever cases is about twice as large among drinkers as it is among abstainers.

A great movement is on for a way in Canada for securing one million signatures to the total abstinence pledge on New Year's morning.

The Daily News, of Portland, Me., says: "Sales of liquor by the State liquor agents the past year are $60,000 less than the previous year."

Tonic bitters and nerve cures have often brought on the drinking habit. It is not safe to take anything of the sort unless you are sure there is no alcohol in them.

Prominent ladies of several Chicago churches have organized, it is said, for the purpose of placing free lunch counters in churches to offset the influence of the saloon free lunch.

The doctors of the City of Mexico, it is said, are taking alarm at the rapid spread of the alcohol habit in that city. They say that the high altitude of the place makes the habit especially dangerous.

John Burns, M. P., who is now in this country in the interests of labor unions, is an outspoken enemy of the gin-mill, which he believes "the chief cause of the present time poverty, debasement and weakness of the poor."

Several ass[illegible] of ministers in Washington and [illegible] protested against the raising [illegible] because those pro[illegible] for it. [illegible] of Indian [illegible] that a [illegible] present [illegible] put to

RELIGIOUS READING.

THE NATIONAL CONSCIENCE.

We are so much accustomed to think of ourselves as a peculiarly conscientious people that it gives us a shock of surprise to hear that one of the highest living authorities on jurisprudence has given as his opinion that the national conscience of America is upon a lower plane than that of any other civilized country of the present day. Yet when we ask in what ground he bases this strange opinion our conviction must perforce agree with his estimate and we may be to own it. "There is no surer mark or proof of a low state of individual conscience," he says, "than a cheap valuation of human life." And when we recall to mind the number of lynchings that have recently taken place, and the readiness of our citizens especially in the West and South, to resort to violence to settle personal disputes, it is [illegible] to say that even people who [illegible] have [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible]

THE [illegible] WAY PEOPLE.

[illegible]

WHO [illegible]

[illegible]

"All, well I guess [illegible]

"And the poems are not comfortable." That's just what the trouble is. It is a day of rest, and we are to think of God and his goodness all the day long, and the most of us are glad to get through the week that we may rest on Sunday for an hour.

"The church is so far away. It is too far to walk, and we don't like to drive a horse out, and they're always overspent on the Sabbath. That is, indeed, distressing; sometimes even I think how much farther away heaven is than the church, and that there are more conveniences on the road of any description, I wonder how some of us are going to get there."

"And the sermon is long always. All these things are, indeed, to be regretted. I would regret them more sincerely, my boy, did I not know that you will offer a sacrifice of a stuffed street car, within hearing of other men, breathing an incense of whiskey, beer and tobacco, hung on a strap by your side for two miles, and then pay fifty cents for the privilege of sitting in a cinder yard in the burning sun for two hours longer, while in the interims of the game a sunburn land will blow disconsolate smoke out of a dozen mouths into your eyes, and some come to talk to the rest of the family into a state of moral paralysis about the blackest game you ever saw played on that ground."

"Ah, my boy! you see what staying away from church does. It develops a habit of lying. There isn't one man in a hundred who could go on the witness stand and give, under oath, the same reasons for not going to church that he gives to his family every Sabbath morning. My—m, if you did not think you ought to go, you wouldn't make any excuses for not going. No man apologizes for doing right."

A CHRISTIAN QUESTION.

Have you won a soul for Jesus since last Christmas? It would seem that a Christian ought to be able to win a soul in three hundred and sixty-five days. If any are constrained to give a negative reply to the question, ask why I have not won a soul? Ask it on your knees and resolve that you will be able, God helping, to say, "Yes," instead of "No" next Christmas.—Christian Standard.

TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS' worth of new machinery has arrived at Middlesborough, Ky., from Boston, for the South Boston Iron Works, and the plant will soon start up. It is the only gun and ordnance plant in the South.