TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

THE LITTLE BOTHERS.

he Great Troubles, Try The Souls, of Both Men and Women.

at: "The Lord thy God will send the set."-Deuteronomy vii., 20.

ems as if the insectile world were de seems as if the insectile world were de-junct to extirpate the human race. It heards the grainfields and the orchards the vineyards. The Colorado beetle, Nebraska grasshopper, the New Jersey st, the universal potato bug seem to you the work which was begun ages ago in the insects buzzed out of Noah's ark wark was prepared.

s ark was opened.

my text, the hornet fives out on its wasIt is a species of wasp, swift in its
en and violent in its sting. Its touch is
are to man or beast. We have all seen attle run bellowing under the cut of its e. In boyhood we used to stand caudy looking at the globular nest hung the tree branch, and while we were not at the wonderful covering we were with something that sent us shricking. The hornet goes in swarms. It has no over hundreds, and twenty of alighting on one man will produce

Persians attempted to conquer a stan city, but the elephants and the supon which Persians rode were sted by the horner, so that the whole was broken up and the besteged city pseud. This burning and noxious instance out the Hittites and the Canantrom their country. What gleaming d and chariot of war could not accom- was done by the puncture of an insect.

cland enariot of war could not accom-iwas done by the puncture of an insect. Lord sent the horner, if ries is, when we are assaulted by behavioths of trouble we become gire, and we assault them. We get on high metried steed of our courage, and make a cavalry charge at them, and if is with us we come out stronger and e than when we went in. But, alas! for sinsectile annoyance of life, these foes call to shoot, these things without any slupols weight, the gents, and the gs, and the flee, and the wasps, and ternets! In other words, it is the small gag annoyances of our life which drive and use us up. In the best con-life, for some grand and giorious God has sent the hornet, tark, in the first place, that these

inging annoyances may come in the forroots organization. People who nervous organization. People who trated under typhord fevers or with bones get plenty of sympathy, but ies anybody that is nervous? The say, and the family say, and every-say, "Oh, she's only a little nervous, it?" The sound of a heavy foot, the dearing of a threat, a discord in a want of harmony between the ad the glove on the same person, a ewer, a passing slight, the wind from majority of the people in this connectorworked, and their corves are the research. Agreed multipude are underlined Leyden, who, when he was as physician that it he list not stop y his obysician that it be lid not step my white he was in such heart physicial he would die, resembed, "Documents I live or die, the wood must some T speak have a blooding sensitive. The flies love to high on anything mathese people are like the Camansoken of in the text or in the context—are a very thin covering and are vuller at all points. "And the Lord sont street."

a, the small insect annoyances may es who are always saying disagreeings. There are some people you be with for an hour but you feel I and comforied. Then there are soople you cannot be with for five absfore you feel miserable. They do not of disturb you, but they sting you ne. They gather up all the yarn ogossips spin, and retail it. They p all the adverse criticisms about rson, about your business, about me, about your church, and ur ear the funnel into which they They laugh heartily when they tell

ple are brought to our attention beautiful and with the finest of ospects, and into awhile, she camin I poor. What did he came to the city? The instead of giving Ruth and find o to say, "How awide but you do or five years, a number times a as asked if I had not the consump-passing through the room I would hear people sigh and -ay, "A-ah, or this world." I resolved in those and I never, in any conversation, ay anything depressing, and by the God I have kept the resolution, esple of whom I speak reap and he great harvest field of discourageone day you greet them with a hi-good morning," and they come t you with some depressing infor-"The Lord sent the hornet."

see so many people in the world to say disagreeable things and greeable things, I come almost in er moments to believe what a man I went to get the horse at stable, and the hostler, a plain to me, "Mr. Talmage, I saw that ched to the young o en yesterlay."
es." He said, "No use, no use. ailure.

all insect annoyances of life somewhich does not amount to a post-stration, but which bothers you u want to feel the best. Perhaps it headache which has been the plague f life, and you appoint some oc-f mirth or sociability or usefulness, the clock strikes the hour you canse your appearance. Perhaps the slotween the ear and the forehead, lape of a neurnigic twings. Nobody if or sympathize with it, but just at when you want your intellect arp, keen, disconcerting thrust.

rd sent the hornet." Is these small insect annoyances will e shape of a domestic irritation. and the kitchen do not always. To get good service and to keep se of the greatest questions of the Sometimes it may be the arro-and inconsiderateness of employes, ver be the fact we all admit their insect annoyances winging their insect annoyances. If from the culinary department. If of God be not in the heart of the per, she cannor maintain her equi-The men come home at night and ory of these annoyances, and say, home troubles are very little They are small, small as wasps, ing. Martha's nerves were all un-n she rushed in asking Christ to , and there are tens of thousand o are dying, stung to death by domestic annoyances.

deent the hornet." all insect distu pances may also the shape of business irritations, men here who went through 1857
24th of September, 1869, without sir balance, who are every day unifittle annoyances—a clerk's ill. ravagance of a partner who overor the underselling by as account, or the underselling by as rivel, or the whis tering of store aces in the street, or the making of

some little bad debt which was against your judgment, just to please somebody else.

It is not the panies that kill the merchants. Panies come only once in ten or twenty years. It is the constant din of these everyday annoyances which is sending so many of our best merchants into nervous dyspepsia and paralysis and the grave. When our National commerce fell flat on its face, these men stood up and felt almost deflant, but their life is going away now under the swarm of these pestiferous annoyances. "The Lord sent the hornet."

I have noticed in the history of some mat

I have noticed in the history of some dust their annoyances are multiplying and that they have a hundred where they used to have ten. The naturalist tells us that a was sometimes has a family of 20,006 wasy, and it does seem as if every annoyance of your

sometimes has a family of 20,006 wasg,, and it does seem as if every annoyance of your life brooded a million. By the help of God I want to show you the other side. The hornet is of no use? Oh, yes! The naturalists tell us they are very important in the world's economy, they kill spiders, and they clear the atmosphere, and I really believe God sends the annoyances of our life upon us to kill the spiders of the soul and to clear the atmosphere of our skies.

These annoyances are sent on us, I think, to wake us up from our lethargy. There is nothing that makes a man so lively as a nest or "yellow jackets," and I think that these annoyances are intended to persuade us of the fact that this is not a world for us to stop in. If we had a bed of everything that was attractive and soft and easy, what would

was attractive and soft and easy, what would we want of heaven? We think that the hollow treesends the hornet, or we may think that the devil sends the hornet. I want to correct your opinion. "The Lord sent the hornet."

Then I think these annoyances come on us to culture our patience. In the gymnasium you find upright, parallel bars—upright bars, with holes over each other for pags to be put in. Then the gymnast takes a pag in each hand, and he begins to climb one inch at a time, or two inches, and getting his strength cultured reaches after awhile the strength cultured reaches after awhile the colling. And it seems to me that these annovances in life are a moral gymnasium, each worriment a peg with which we are to climb higher and higher in Christian attainment. We all love to see patience, but it cannot be cultured in fair weather. Patience is a child of the storm. If you had everything desirable, and there was nothing more to get, what would you want with patience? The only time to culture it is when you are lied about and sick and half dead.

"Oh," you say, "if I only had the circumstances of some well-to-do man I would be patient, too. You might as well say, "If it were not for this water, I would swim," or, "I could shoot this gun if it were not for the

I could shoot this gun if it were not for the harge." When you stand chin deep in anof could shoot this gan if it were not for the charge," When you stand chin deep in an novances is the time for you to swim out toward the great headlands of Christian attainment, so as to know Christ and the power of His resurrection and to have fellowship with His sufferings.

You know that a large fortune may be spent in small change, and a vast amount of spent charges or may go away in small de-

spent in small change, and a vast amount of moral character may go away in small depletions. It is the little troubles of life that are baying more effect upon you than great ones. A swarm of becasts will kill a grainfield sooner than the incursion of three or four eattie. You say, "Since I lost my child, since I lost my property, I have been a different man." But you do not recognize the ferrent man." But you do not recognize the arealtecture of little annoyances that are hewing, dursing, sutting, sharing, splitting and interjoining your moral qualities. Bats may sink a ship. One lector match may send destruction through a block of storehouses. Catherine de' Melicis got her death from smelling a poisonous rose. Columbus, by stopping and asking for a piece of bread and a drink of water at a Franciscan convent, was led to the discovery of a new world. And there is an intimate connection butween trifles and immensities, between setween triffes and immensities, between nothings and everythings.

Now, be careful to let none of those an-

noyances go through your soul unarraigned. Compet them to administer to your spiritual wealth. The scratch of a sixpenny nail sometimes produces lockjaw, and the clip of a most infinitesmal annoyance may damage you forever. Do not let any annoyance or perplexity come across your soul without its

making you better.
Our Government does not think it belit-Our Government does not think it belli-tling to put a tax on small articles. The in-dividual taxes do not amount to much, but in the aggregate to millions and millions of dollars. And I would have you, O Christian man, put a high tariff on every annoyance and vexation that comes through your soul. This might not amount to much in single cases, but in the aggregate it would be a vesat revenue of spiritual strength and satisgreat revenue of spiritual strength and satisfaction. A bee can suck honey even out of a nettle, and if you have the grace of God in your heart you can get sweetness out of that which would otherwise irritate and annoy.

A returned missionary told me that a com-pany of adventurers rowing up the Ganges were stung to death by flies that infest that region at certain seasons. I have seen the region at certain seasons. I have seen the earth strewn with the carcasses of men slain by insect annoyances. The only way to get prepared for the great troubles of life is to conquer these small troubles. What would you say of a soldier who refused to load his gan or to go into the conflict because it was only a skirmish, saying: "I am not going to expend my ammunition on a skirmish. to expend my ammunition on a skirmish. Wait until there comes a general engagement, and then you will see how courageous I am and what battling I will do." The general would say to such a man, "If you are not faithful in a skirmish, you would be nothing in a general engagement." And I have to tell you, O Christian men, if you cannot apply the principles of Christ's religion on a small scale, you will never be able to apply them on a large scale.

If I had my way with you, I would have you possess all possible worldly prosperity. I would have you each one a garden—a river flowing through it, geraniums and shrubs on the sides and the grass and flowers as beau-

the sides and the grass and flowers as beau-tiful as though the rainbow had fallen. I would have you a house, a splendid man-sion, and the bed should be covered with up-hoistery dipped in the setting sun. I would holstery dipped in the setting sun. I would have every hall in your house set with statues and statuettes, and then I would have the four quarters of the globe pour in all their luxuries on your table, and you should have forks of silver and knives of gold, inlaid with diamonds and amethysts. Then you should each one of you have the finest horses and your pick of the equipages of the world. Then I would have you live 150 years, and you should not have a pain or ache until the you should not have a pain or ache until the last breath.

inst breath.

"Not each one of us?" you say, Yes. Each one of you. "Not to your enemies?" Yes. The only difference I would make with them would be that I would put a little extra gilt on their walls and a little extra embroidery on their slippers. But, you say, "Why does not God give us all these things?" Ab, I bethink myself, He is wiser, It would make fools and sluggards of us if we had our way. No man puts his best picture in the portice or vestibule of his nouse. God meant this world to be only the God meant this world to be only the restibule of heaven—that great gallery of the universe toward which we are aspiring. We must not have it too good in this world, or we would want no heaven.

Polycarp was condemned to be burned to death. The stake was planted. He was fas-tened to it. The fagots were placed around him, the fires kindled, but history tells us that the flames bent outward like the canvas of a ship in a stout breeze, so that the flames, instead of destroying Polycarp, were only a wall between him and his enemies. They had actually to destroy him with the poniard. The flames would not touch him. Well, my hearer, I want you to understand that by God's grace the flames of trial, instead of consuming your soul are colly stead of consuming your soul, are only going to be a wall of defense and a canopy of blessing. God is going to fulfill to you the blessing and the promise, as He did to Poly-carp, "Waen thou walkest through the fire, thou shall not be burned." Now you do not understand. You shall know hereafter. In heaven you will bless God even for the hor-

One of the 1812 Pensioners Dies.

Mrs. Ephraim Herrick, whese husband was a soldier in the War of 1812, died at her home, in the town of Milan, Dutchess County, N. Y. She was ninety years of age, and was one of the first pensioners of the War of 1812.

RELIGIOUS READING.

STIMULUS OF CONVICTION.

In nine cases out of ten a man of strong convictions is a man of force. His actions are prompt, energetic, decisive, persistent. He accomplishes more than the man of weak or vaciliating convictions, even when the latter is physically or mentally better equipped. There seems to be something irresistible and Titanic about a firm believer in anything. Even the man who believes in nothing but himself, so he believe honestly and firmly, is a distant power in whatever movement he may take part. It is the best thing in the world for a young man or a young woman to be so filled with believe in any good thing that they cannot, even for one moment, put it eat of their thought and life. What a wonderful stimulus there is in any abiding conviction!

Take, for instance, faith in parents. The child who believes utterly in the goodness and wisdom of father and mother is inevitably moved to pattern after them, to grow

bly moved to pattern after them, to grow into the same likeness, to become wise and good in its measure and kind. There is a constant incentive in every kind of faith The man who believes earnestly in a princi-

The man who believes earnestly in a princi-ple finds that there is an undying impulse within him to adjust his life, and all life, to the measure of that principle. "I believe, therefore I do," is just as much an axiomatic truth as, "I believe, therefore I am."

We have seen young people growing up who had absolutely no convictions; and in every instance their characters showed defi-ciency in force. There seemed to be nothing in them to overcome the mental and moral inertia of an unawakened soul—no enthus; in them to overcome the mental and moral inertia of an unawakened soul—no enthusiasm, no strong zestful grasp of life. But en the other hand, we have seen boys and girls who helived in a truth, or a movement or a selence, or a man, with all their hearts and have marked the force, the directness, the persistent, definite activity of these young lives. They do not see the second of the second fives. They feit, and shadowed that they felt, the stimulus of conviction. And the greater, and deeper, and stronger, and more significant the belief, of course the more power it puts into life. Cass feeling, for instance, is a kind of belief in a prevailing social condition, that makes men stronger, and tariffeli strongly and faithfully claumish, but patrio tism is a higher and broader and nobler be her in the solidarity of a nation, that makes men herces and martyrs when occasion calls. The grandest and most potent, conviction in the world is the belief that G at is, and that He governs and loves the universe. When a young person is possessed of strong religious faith, the whole life springs into a kind of joyons, triumphant enthusiasm. There is an unfailing source of inspiration in the soul, a glad, outdowing carnesiness in the heart, that enrich life and make it fruitfui. The young Christian never knows what it is to lack meentive, purpose, directed energy. Every day is suffused with neaning, eloquent with epportunity. The listlessness which so often curses a life without faith, has no place in the life of the Chris. tine. All is joyons activity, grateful carnest-ness, glowing hope. Riessed are they who in their youth are haptized with the joy of God's service! They will nover lack the determining purpose and atomiant energy which alone can make iffe full, poyous, tra-tumphant—a victory, and a song, and a crown forever and ever.

This life is the childhood of which yonder life is the manhood. As the childhood is, so shall the manhood be. We are making heaven new. By building into conscious principles, by creating in our souls naly tastes, we are rearing the wall of jusper, and paving the streets of gold, and beautifying the eternal mansions. I believe heaven to be just this; a new setting of the principles we are mastering, and working into our nerwe are mastering, and working into our is sonalities, and embodying in our works as character, here and now. By doing well of fragmentary duties day by day we are gettin ready to sing the new song of heaven. The ready to sing the new song of heaven. This story is told in connection with a celebrated musician who had a large number of the constant of th agements. He did his best and forced the whole man into the work. When the day of celebration came he was chosen as the favorite pupil. He felt that he did not kno complete piece of music. Tremblin. ly he took his place at the instrument; but when the score which he was to play was placed before him he throbbed and torilled with delight to find that all of the completed work was made up of the fragments which he had mastered, and which were now perfectly arranged. To gave him courage, and so he performed in such a way as deservedly to win the plandits of the great audience. We are that musician. When we go bence we shall find that the fragmentary Christian earth-life, with its principles and its loves and its Christ-spirit, is that out of which beaven is made. Henven is the boly life of earth giorifled and per-feetly arranged and grandly transfigured. Rev. David Gregg, D. D., in "The Heaven-

LIVING TO CHRIST.

Living to Jesus Christ every day and in the minutest things of life is the secret of fruitfulness. A fruitful Christian is a growth, not a sudden creation. A noble Christiy character cannot be finished up by a religion character cannot be finished up by a religion of Sundays and sacraments and special services; it is the product of many days of sunshine and storm, of drawing in the vital sap from Jesus as the living Head, of conflict and prayer and self-denials, and of down-pourings of the Holy Spirit. The religion which would rather be poor than touch a dishonest dollar, which would rather go through a Sunday's flerce storm to its mission school than to lie on its lounge, a religsion school than to lie on its lounge, a relig-ion which in all things serve Christ for the sheer love of serving Him—this is the kind of spiritual growth whose fruit "tastes of the divine life within it." Blessed is that Chris-tian whose trond boughs are inden with "apples of gold" for God's "baskets of sil-ter." Such blessedness is within the reach Such blessedness is within the reach of every one who reads this. Ask yourself, "Atu I bearing the genuine fruits of the Holy spirit?"—Theodore L. Cuyler.

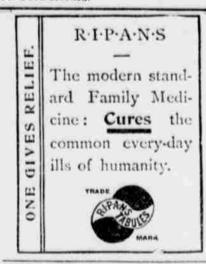
CROWD IT OUT. Life is very much a matter of emphasis. Just as some books, according to Bacon, are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, while some few should be chewed and digested, so It is with objects of interest and pursuit, Some things may without injury slightly oc cupy us, which would inevitably degrade us were we to become wrapped up in them. If men would sit down quietly with their con-science and settle on the things of primary importance, and the pursue those things with all diligence, letting their matters fall into the background, the occupation of the preacher would be gone. If men would edit their lives with half as much painstaking as a good newspaper is edited, crowded out and erowding in according to a fixed ruling principle instead of following the whims of the hour, we should see better results. They would care less about conditions and more about conduct, less about dollars and more about duties, less about pleasures and more about principles, less about fortune and more about mithfulness, less about trouble and more about truth.

A PATHUJIC SENTENCE.

A Sunday-school teacher handed to her scholars little slips of paper on which was printed the question, "What have I to be thankful for?" Among the replies that were ilianskiul for?" Among the replies that were given on the following Sunday was this pathetic sentence written by a little girl who had learned by bitter experience probably the painful truth it implied, "I am thankful there are no public houses in heaven."

Jewels of Austria's Empress. Truly gem fit for a queen are those possessed by the Empress of Austria, says the Princess. The Austrian crown jewels have just been rearranged in one of the rooms of the Burg at Vienna, called the Schatzkammer, or Treasury, and make a regal show. The empress state jewels, which she now seldom wears, are superb; she has a particular weakness for emeralds, and her collection is the finest in existence. The necklaces, pendants, earrings, zones, rings and tlaras of these most precious stones remind one of Aladdin in the "Arabian Nights" and his presents to the Princess Badroulbadour. One stone, as large as a plum, is hollowed out as a bonbonniere and tipped with gold. A watch given by the shah to her majesty some years ago is also composed of a single immense emerald and has a chain of diamonds of the purest water. Single stones in their unset state are also shown; one diamond of 135 carats belonged to Charles the

D'Auber-Who is that homely woman rhapsodizing before the picture of the handsome society matron? D'Angelo She's the original of the painting.-New York Herald.





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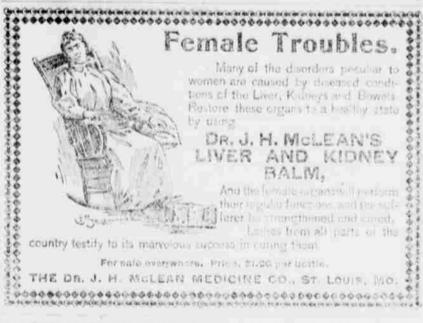
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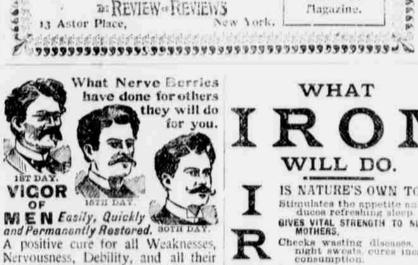
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The Hub Democratic.

Eleven municipal elections occurred in various parts of the State of Massachusetts Tuesday. In nearly all instances a heavy vote was east. In Boston a hot contest was been waged between partisans of Joshib Quincy, the Democratic nominae for mayor, and Fig. 1. and Edwin U. Curtis, the present Republican incumbent, and the result is that Boston again falls back into the line of Democratic cities by a plurality of about 4,500 for Quincy against a plurality of 2,557 for Curtis in 1854.

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Given up.

The schooner Elwood is missing, and is supposed to have gone down off the Alaskan coast between Cook's Injet and Glazier Bay with all on board. He failure to arrive at San Francisco has passed all reasonable time and the friends of her master Capt. Wymans, scarcely have a hope that he is alive.