REV. TALMAGE'S SERMON

"THE SUNDIAL OF AHAZ."

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

TEXT: "*And Isaiah the prophet cried unto the Lord: and He brought the shadow ten degrees backward by which it had gone down in the dial of Ahaz.*"—II King xx, 11.

Here is the first clock or watch or chronometer or timepiece of which the world has any knowledge. But it was a watch that did not tick and a clock that did not strike. It was a sundial. Ahaz, the king, invented it. Between the hours given to statecraft and the cares of office he invented something by which he could tell the time of day. This sundial may have been a great column, and when the shadow of that column reached one point it was nine o'clock A. M., and when it reached another point it was three o'clock P. M., and all the hours and half hours were so measured. Or it may have been a flight of stairs such as may now be found in Hindostan and other old countries, and when the shadow reached one step it was ten o'clock A. M., or another step it was four o'clock P. M., and likewise other hours may have been indicated.

The clepsydra or water clock followed the sundial, and the sandglass followed the clepsydra. Then came the candle clock of Alfred the Great and the candle was marked into three parts, and while the first part was burning he gave himself to religion, and while the second part was burning he gave himself to politics, and while the third part was burning he gave himself to rest. Afterwhile came the wheel and weight clock, and Pope Sylvester the Second, was its most important inventor. And the skill of centuries of exquisite mechanism toiled at the timepieces until the world had the Vick's clock of the Fourteenth century and Huyghens, the inventor, swung the first pendulum and Dr. Hooke contrived the recoil escapement. And the "endless chain" followed and the "ratchet and pinion lever" took its place, and the compensation balance and the stemwinder followed, and now we have the buzz and clang of the great clock and watch factories of Switzerland and Germany and England and America turning out what seems to be the perfection of timepieces. It took the world six thousand years to make the present chronometer. So with the measurement of longer spaces than minutes and hours. Time was calculated from new moon to new moon; then from harvest to harvest. Then the year was pronounced to be three hundred and fifty-four days and then three hundred and sixty days, and not until a long while after three hundred and sixty-five days. Then events were calculated from the foundation of Rome, afterward from the Olympic games. Then the Babylonians had their measurement of the year and the Romans theirs and the Armenians theirs and the Hindoos theirs. Chronology was busy for centuries studying monuments, inscriptions, coins, mummies and astronomy, trying to lay a plan by which all question of dates might be settled and events put in their right place in the procession of the ages. But the chronologists only heaped up a mountain of confusion and bewilderment until in the sixth century Dionysius Exiguus, a Roman abbot, said, "Let everything date from the birth at Bethlehem of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world." The abbot proposed to have things dated backward and forward from that great event. What a splendid thought for the world! What a mighty thing for Christianity! It would have been most natural to date everything from the creation of the world. But I am glad the chronologists could not too easily guess how old the world was in order to get the nations in the habit of dating from that occurrence in its documents and histories. Forever fixed is it that all history is to be dated with reference to the birth of Christ, and, this matter settled, Hales, the chief chronologist, declared that the world was made five thousand four hundred and eleven years before Christ, and the deluge came three thousand one hundred and fifty-five years before Christ, and all the illustrious events of the nineteen centuries and all the great events of all time to come have been or shall be dated from the birth of Christ. These things I say that you may know what a watch is, what a clock is, what an almanac is, and learn to appreciate through what toils and hardships and perplexities the world came to its present conveniences and comforts, and to help you to more respectful consideration of that sundial of Ahaz planted in my text.

We are told that Hezekiah, the king, was dying of a boil. It must have been one of the wort kind of carbuncles, a boil without any central core and sometimes deathful. A fig was put upon it as a poultice. Hezekiah did not want to die then. His son, who was to take the kingdom, had not yet been born, and Hezekiah's death would have been the death of the nation. So he prays for recovery and is told he will get well. But he wants some miraculous sign to make him sure of it. He has the choice of having the shadow on the sundial of Ahaz advance or retreat. He replied it would not be so wonderful to have the sun go down, for it always does go down sooner or later. He asks that it go backward. In other words, let the day instead of going on toward sundown, turn and go toward sunrise. I see the invalid king bolstered up and wrapped in blankets looking out of the window upon the sundial in the courtyard. While he watches the shadow on the dial the shadow begins to retreat. Instead of going on toward six o'clock in the evening it goes back toward six o'clock in the morning. The big poultice had been drawing for some time, and sure enough the boil broke and Hezekiah got well. Now I expect you will come on with your higher criticism and try to explain this away and say it was an optical delusion of Hezekiah, and the shadow only seemed to go back or a cloud came over and it was uncertain which way the shadow did go, and as Hezekiah expected it to go back he took the action of his own mind for the retrograde movement. No; the shadow went back on all the dials of that land and other lands. Turn to II Chronicles xxxii., 31, and find that away off in Babylon the mighty men of the palace noticed the same phenomenon. And if you do not like the Bible authority turn over your copy of Herodotus and find that away off in Egypt the people noticed that there was something the matter with the sun. The fact is that the whole universe waits upon God, and suns and moons and stars are not very big things to Him, and He can with His little finger turn back an entire world as easily as you can set back the hour hand or minute hand of your clock or watch.

At the opening of the new year people are moralizing on the flight of time. You all feel that you are moving on toward sundown and many of you are under a consequent depression. I propose this morning to set the hands of your watches and clocks to going the other way. I propose to show you how you make the shadow of your dial like the shadow on the dial of Ahaz to stop going forward and make it go backward. You think I have a big undertaking on hand, but it can be done if the same Lord who reversed the shadow in Hezkiah's courtyard moves upon us. While looking at the sundial of Hezkiah and we find the shadow retreating we ought to learn that God controls the shadows. We are all ready to acknowledge His management of the sunshine. We stand in the glow of a bright morning and we say in our feelings if not with so many words, "This life is from God, this warmth is from God." Or, we have a rush of prosperity and we say, "These successes are from God. What a providential thing it was I bought that lot just before the rise of real estate! How grateful to God I am that I made that investment! Why, they have declared ten per cent. dividend! What a mercy it was that I sold out my shares before that collapse!" Oh, yes; we acknowledge God in the sunshine of a bright day or the sunshine of a great prosperity. But suppose the day is dark? You have to light the gas at noon. The sun does not show himself all day long. There is nothing but shadow. How slow we are to realize that the storm is from God and the darkness from God and the chill from God. Or we buy the day before the market retreats, or we make an investment that never pays, or we purchase goods that we cannot dispose of, or a crop of grain we sowed is ruined by drought or freshet, or when we took account of stock on the first of January we found ourselves thousands of dollars worse off than we expected. Who under such circumstances says, "This loss is from God. I must have been allowed to go into that unfortunate enterprise for some good reason: God controls the east wind as well as the west wind."

My friends, I cannot look for one moment on that retrograde shadow of Ahaz's dial without learning that God controls the shadows and that lesson we need all to learn. That He controls the sunshine is not so necessary a lesson, for anybody can be happy when things go right. When you sleep eight hours a night and rise with an appetite that cannot easily wait for breakfast and you go over to the store and open your mail to read more orders than you can fill, and in the next letter you find a dividend far larger than you have been promised, and your neighbor comes in to tell you some flattering thing he has just heard said about you, and you find that all the styles of goods in which you deal have advanced fifteen per cent. in value, and on your way home you meet your children in full romp and there are roses on the center of the tea table and roses of health in cheeks all round the table, what more do you want of consolation? I don't pity you a bit. You feel as if you could boss the world. But for those in just opposite circumstances my text comes in with an omnipotence of meaning. The shadow! Oh, the shadow! Shadow of bereavement! Shadow of sickness! Shadow of bankruptcy! Shadow of mental depression! Shadow of persecution! Shadow of death! Speak out, oh sundial of Ahaz, and tell the people that God manages the shadow! As Hezekiah sat in his palace wrapped in invalidism and surrounded by anodynes and cataplasms and looked out upon the black hand of the only clock known at that time and saw it move back ten degrees, he learned a lesson that a majority of the human race need this hour to learn—that the best friend a man ever had controls the shadow. The setbacks are sometimes the best things that can happen. The great German author, Schiller, could not work unless he had in his room the scent of rotten apples, and the decay of the fruits of earthly prosperity may become an inspiration instead of a depression. Robert Chambers's lame feet shut him up from other work, and he became the world renowned publisher, and helped fashion the best literature of the ages. The painful disorder like that of Hezekiah called a carbuncle is spelled exactly the same as the precious stone called the carbuncle, and the pang of suffering may become the jewel of immortal value. Your setback, like that of Ahaz's sundial, may be recovery and triumph. I never had a setback but it turned out to be a set forward. You never would have become a Christian if you had not had a setback. The highest thrones in heaven are for the setbacks. In 1861 the shadow of the sundial of this nation was set back, and all things seemed going to ruin, and it was set back further in 1862, and further in 1863, and still further in 1865, but there is not an intelligent and well balanced man—north or south, east or west—but feels it was set back toward the sunrise.

But I promise to show you how the shadows might be turned back. First, by going much among the young people. In most family circles there are grandchildren. By this divine arrangement most of the people who have passed the meridian of life can compass themselves by juvenility. It is a bad thing for an old man or old woman to sit looking at the vivacity of their grandchildren shouting, "Stop that racket!" Better join in the fun. Let the eighty-year-old grandfather join the eight-year-old grandson or granddaughter. My father and mother lived to see over eighty children and grandchildren and great grandchildren, and a more boisterous crew were never turned out on this sublunary sphere, and they all seemed to cry to the old folks, "Keep young," and they did keep young. Don't walk with a cane unless you have to or only as a defence in a city afflicted with too many canines. Don't wear glasses stronger than necessary, putting on number tens when eighteens will do as well. Don't go into the company of those who are always talking about rheumatism and lumbago and shortness of breath and the brevity of human life. It is too much for my gravity to hear an octogenarian talking about the shortness of human life. From all I can find out he has always been here and from present prospects he is always going to stay. Remain young. Hang up your stockings in Christmas time. Help the boys fly the kite. Teach the girls how to dress their dolls. Better than arnica for your stiff joints and catnip tea for your sleepless nights will be a large dose of youthful companionship.

Set back the clock of human life. Make the shadow of the sundial of Ahaz retreat ten degrees. People make themselves old by always talking about being old and wishing for the good old days, which were never as good as these days. From all I can hear the grandchildren are not half as bad as the grandparents were. Matters have been hushed up. But if you have ever been in a room adjoining a room where some very old people, a little deaf, were talking over old times, you will find that this age does not monopolize all the young rascals. It may now be hard to get young people up early enough in the morning, but their grandparents always had to be pulled out of bed. It is wrong now to play mischevious tricks on the unsuspecting, but eighty years ago at school that now venerable man sat down on a crooked pin not accidently placed there, and purposely drove the sleigh riding party too near the edge of the embankment that he might see how they would look when tumbled into the snow. And that man who has so little patience with childish exuberance was in olden times up to pranks, one-half of which if practiced by the eight-year-old of to-day would set grandfather and grandmother crazy. Revive your remembrance of what you were between five and ten years of age, and with patience capable of everything join with the young. Put back the shadow of the dial not ten degrees, but fifty and sixty and seventy degrees.

Set back your clocks also by entering on new and absorbing Christian work. In our desire to inspire the young we have in our essays had much to say about what has been accomplished by the young; of Romulus, who founded Rome when he was twenty years of age; of Cortes, who had conquered Mexico at thirty years; of Pitt, who was Prime Minister of England at twenty-four years; of Raphael, who died at thirty-seven years; of Calvin, who wrote his "Institutes" at twenty-six; of Melancthon, who took a learned professor's chair at twenty-one years; of Luther, who had conquered Germany for the Reformation by the time he was thirty-five years. And it is all very well for us to show how early in life one can do very great things for God and the welfare of the world, but some of the mightiest work for God has been done by septuagenarians and octogenarians and nonagenarians. Indeed, there is work which none but such can do. They preserve the equipoise of senates, of religious denominations, of reformatory movements. Young men for action, old men for counsel. Instead of any of you beginning to fold up your energies, arouse anew your energies. With the experience you have obtained and the opportunities of observation you have had during a long life, you ought to be able to do in one year now more than you did in ten years right after you have passed out of your teens. Physical power less, your spiritual power ought to be more. Up to the last hour of their lives what powers for good old Dr. Archibald Alexander, old Dr. Woods, old Dr. Hawes, old Dr. Minor, old Dr. McIlvane, old Dr. Tyng, old Dr. Candlish, old Dr. Chalmers! What have been Bismarck to Germany, and Gladstone to England, and Oliver Wendell Holmes to America in the time of an advanced age? Let me say to those in the afternoon of life: Don't be putting off the harness; when God wants it off he will take it off. Don't be frightened out of life by the grip as many are. At the first sneeze of an influenza many give up all as lost. No new terror has come on the earth. The microbes as the cause of disease were described in the Talmud seventeen hundred years ago as "invisible legions of dangerous ones." Don't be scared out of life by all this talk about heart failure. That trouble has always been in the world. That is what all the people that ever passed out of this life have died of—heart failure. Adam had it and all of his descendants have had it or will have it. Do not be watching for symptoms or you will have symptoms of everything. Some of you will yet die of symptoms. Symptoms are often only what we sometimes see in the country—a dead owl nailed on a barn door to scare living owls. Put your trust in God, go to bed at ten o'clock, have the window open six inches to let in the fresh air, sleep on your right side, and fear nothing. The old maxim was right, "Get thy spindle and distaff ready, and God will send the flax."

But while looking at this sundial of Ahaz and I see the shadow of it move, I notice that it went back toward the sunrise instead of forward toward the sunset—toward the morning instead of toward the night. That thing the world is willing now to do, and in many cases has done. There have a great many things been written and spoken about the sunset of life. I have said some of them myself. But my text suggests a better idea. The Lord who turned back that day from going toward sundown and started it toward sunrise is willing to do the same thing for all of us. The theologians who stick to old religious technicalities until they become soporifics would not call it anything but conversion. I call it a change from going toward sundown to going toward sunrise. That man who never tries to unbuckle the clasp of evil habit and who keeps all the sins of the past and the present freighting him and who ignores the one redemption made by the only one who could redeem, if that man will examine the sundial he will find that the shadow is going forward and he is on the way to sundown. His day is on the road to night. All the watches that tick, all the clocks that strike, all the sand glasses that empty themselves, all the shadows that move on all the sundials indicate the approach of darkness. But now, in answer to prayer, as in my text the change was in answer to prayer, the pardoning Lord reverses things and the man starts toward sunrise instead of sunset. He turns the other way. The Captain of salvation gives him the military command, "Attention! Right about face!" He was marching toward indifference, marching toward hardness of heart, marching toward prayerlessness, marching toward sin, marching toward gloom, marching toward death. Now he turns and marches toward peace, marches toward light and marches toward comfort and marches toward high hope and marches toward a triumph stupendous and everlasting, toward hosannas that ever hoist and hallelujahs that ever roll. Now if that is not the turning of the shadow on the dial of Ahaz from going toward sundown to going toward sunrise, what is it?

I have seen day break over Mount Blanc and the Matterhorn, over the heights of Lebanon, over Mount Washington, over the Sierra Nevadas, and mid-Atlantic, the morning after a departed storm when the billows were liquid Alps and liquid Sierra Nevadas, but the sunrise of the soul is more effulgent and more transporting. It bathes all the heights of the soul, and illumines all the depths of the soul, and whelms all the faculties, all the aspirations, all the ambitions, all the hopes with a light that sickness cannot eclipse, or death extinguish, or eternity do anything but augment and magnify. I preach the sunrise. As I look at that retrograde movement of the shadow on Ahaz's dial, I remember that it was a sign that Hezekiah was going to get well and he got well. So I have to tell all you who are by the grace of God having your day turned from decline toward night to assent toward morning, that you are going to get well, well of all your sins, well of all your sorrows, well of all your earthly distresses. Sunrise!

But, says one, all that you say may be true but that does not hinder the horrors of dissolution. Why, you who are the Lord's are not going to die. All that the grave gets of you as compared with your chief, your immortal nature, is as the clippings of your finger nails as compared with your whole body. As you run the scissors along the edge of your thumb nail and cut off that which is no use but rather a hindrance, you do not mourn over the departure of that fragment which flies away. Death will be only the scissoring off of that which could be of no use, and the soul has no funeral over that which would be an awful nuisance if we could not get rid of it. This body as it now is, what a failure it would make of heaven if our departing soul had to be burdened with it in the next world. While others there go ten thousand miles a minute we would take about an hour to walk four miles, and while our neighbor immortals could see a hundred miles we could see only ten miles, and the fleetest and the healthiest of our bodies if seen there would make it necessary to open in heaven an asylum for cripples. No, no; one of the best possible things that will happen to us will be the sloughing off of this body when we have no more use for it in its present state. When it shall come up in its resurrected form we will be very glad to get it back again, but not as it is now with its limitations and bedwarfments innumerable. Sunrise!

> There shall I bathe my weary soul
> In seas of heavenly rest,
> And not a wave of trouble roll
> Across my peaceful breast.

Sunrise! But not like one of those mornings after you had gone to bed late or did not sleep well, and you get up chilled and yawning and the morning bath is a repulsion and you feel like saying to the morning sun shining into your window, "I do not see what you find to smile about; your brightness is to me a mockery." But the inrush of the next world will be a morning after a sound sleep, a sleep that nothing can disturb, and you will rise, the sunshine in your faces; and in your first morning in heaven you will wade down into the sea of glass, mingled with fire, the foam on fire with a splendor you never saw on earth, and the rolling waves are doxologies, and the rocks of that shore are golden and the pebbles of that beach are pearl, and the skies that arch the scene are a commingling of all the colors that St. John saw on the wall or heaven—the crimson, and the blue, and the saffron, and the orange, and the purple, and the gold, and the green wrought on those skies in shape of garlands, of banners, of ladders, of chariots, of crowns, of thrones. What a sunrise! Do you not feel its warmth on your faces? Scoville McCullum, the dying boy of our Sunday-school, uttered what shall be the peroration of this sermon, "Throw back the shutters and let the sun in!" And so the shadow of Ahaz's sundial turns from sunset to sunrise.

A Long Dinner.

George the Fourth asked Dr. Gregory what was the longest sederunt after dinner that he had ever heard of on credible authority. The doctor answered: "The longest I know of was at the house of a learned Scottish judge, Lord Newton. A gentleman called at his house, in York Place, Edinburgh, at a late hour, and was informed that his lordship was at dinner. Next day, the same gentleman called at an early hour, and, being again informed that the judge was at dinner, expressed surprise that the dinner of that day should be so much earlier than the dinner of the day before. 'It is the very same dinner,' replied the servant; 'his lordship has not yet risen from the table.'"

GRAND ARMY COLUMN.

THE 1ST MASS. CAV.

Partial History of a Gallant Regiment That Suffered Severe Losses.

My regiment, the 1st Mass., Cav., was organized in September, 1861, at Readville, Mass., with Robert Williams (formerly Captain in the Regular cavalry) as Colonel. It saw its first service in the expedition against Pocotaligo. Later on it participated in the battle of James Islands, S. C., and I will venture to say there was no better cavalry school in the country than that established and actively presided over by our Colonel at Hilton Head and Beaufort. Who will forget that, to us, unmerciful introductory exercise—bareback riding? By it many were sorely wounded. To be sure, the wounds were not deep and would heal over during the night, but to go out day after day and be rewounded in the same place was a trial of patience of which Job had no conception. But we were credited afterwards with having good seats, and I might add tough ones, thanks to our tutor, who knew his business.

May 30, 1862, two battalions: under Lieut.-Col. Horace Binney Sargent, were sent to join the Cavalry Brigade of the Army of the Potomac, and they followed its fortunes most actively from that time to the end. Of the many fights in which we took part in Virginia I will speak of but one, and that briefly. This took place at Aldie, June 17, 1863. Here we sustained our heaviest loss. It was about 3 p. m. that Gen. Kilpatrick, misunderstanding the enemy's force, ordered the 1st Mass. and the 2d N. Y. to "gain those hills," pointing up the road. Near the top of said hills stood the residence of a Mr. Farr, with its usual accompaniment of outbuildings, fences, etc., around and about which the enemy were posted in force. The 2d N. Y. took to the woods to the left of the road, and soon waked up old "welkin" and rang him vigourslу, while the 1st Mass., my company (H) deployed, went up on the right. Our course lay over clear fields, excepting one or two fences so we were in full view of the enemy from near our starting point to finish.

What a beautiful opportunity the rebels had to practice on living targets, with at first but little danger to themselves. How we envied the 2d N. Y. their cover. Strange to say, but few of us were hurt. They generally over-shot us.

When near the creek, we gained the intervening space with a rush, but encountering a regiment of the enemy, which appeared to me to be from 5,000 to 10,000 strong, we were soon rushed back, as was squadron after squadron of our boys, as fast as sent in, resulting, of course, in knocking our regiment all to pieces.

Then up came our support (God save the mark!), who turned, and led the enemy, yelling in triumph, into and through us, and nearly a quarter of a mile beyond where we had held them. But there the scene shifted, for when near our battery they ran into and rudely jostled some of the 1st Me.Cav., who were just coming up. Great Scott! how mad the Maine boys got over it. In fact, it seemed to me that they always traveled with a "chip" on their shoulders. The result was that ere the enemy reached the place of safety, which was far within their own lines, they had received many striking reminders of Maine grit, and from that time on things were more to our liking.

That made our boys rested on their arms victorious. But of this, however, I was not fully advised; for I was a tired, hungry, and crestfallen prisoner, fearing the worst for my regiment, for many of its members were my companions in misery. Had we seen the following returns our hearts would have sunk within us: Number of regiment present for duty June 17, 1863, 296; killed, wounded and prisoners, 198; percentage of loss, 66.89 per cent.; or virtually 67 per cent.

At our last reunion, (the 25th.) held at Boston, October 28, our committee on Aldie Memorial reported in substance as follows:

On a patch of ground 10 feet square, which has been deeded to the First Massachusetts Cavelry Association by Farr (son of the one above referred to) there has been erected a monument of Quincy granite, seven feet high by 16 inches thick, and about two and a half feet wide. On the face next the road near which it rests, is carved a horse's head, bridled and the regimental badge (which consists of cross-sabers, horshoe and sun burst) in half relief. In this, a reproduction of the one at Gettysburg. Under this is the following inscription:

> 1st Mass. Cavalry,
> Third Brigade,
> Second Cavalry Division,
> June 17, 1863.
> Erected by the 1st Mass.
> Cav. Association, 1891.

On the sides of the monument are the names of the killed and wounded. This we believe to be the only monument of a Northern regiment on Southern soil.

I have seen in the best of all papers the per cent. of killed in the charge of the Light Brigade, but do not remember having seen total losses. Will you kindly furnish me full particulars thereof. Not, however, that I expect our casualty list will bear comparison therewith. In fact there is no comparison between a regiment that fought once, and rested on its laurels, and another that fought and never rested until its laurels, with those of many other gallant commands, were woven into a crown of victory for our whole army.—L. W. BARTLETT, in "National Tribune."

THE NEW TARIFF.

A REVIEW OF THE SITUATION BY MR. HORR—THE PROTECTION SHIP HEADING TRUE FOR NATIONAL PROSPERITY AND NOW SAILING WITH A FAIR WIND.

Ex-Congressman Horr, of Michigan, gives in the New York *Tribune* a masterful review of the work accomplished by the McKinley tariff law during the past year. We quote from the article as follows:

The first year's business under the new tariff law has been completed and its resources are now known. The report of the Secretary of the Treasury is made, and from it, the President, in his message to Congress, has condensed the whole result. I give it below. This statement should be read by every man and woman in the United States. It contains an answer full and complete to every false statement made and reported so often in the fall of 1890. Here is what the President says:

"It is not my purpose to enter at any length into a discussion of the effects of the legislation to which I have referred; but a brief examination of the statistics of the Treasury and a general glance at the state of business throughout the country will, I think, satisfy any impartial inquirer that its results have disappointed the evil prophecies of its opponents, and in a large measure realized the hopeful predictions of its friends. Rarely, if ever before, in the history of the country has there been a time when the proceeds of one day's labor or the product of one farmed acre would purchase so large an amount of those things that enter into the living masses of the people. I believe that a full test will develop the fact that the tariff act of the Fifty-first Congress is very favorable in its average effect upon the prices of articles entering into common use.

"During the twelve months from October 1, 1890, to September 30, 1891, the total value of our foreign commerce (imports and exports combined) was $1,747,806,406, which was the largest of any year in the history of the United States. The largest in any previous year was in 1890, when our commerce amounted to $1,647,130,039, and the last year exceeds this enormous aggregate by over $100,000,000. It is interesting, and to some will be surprising, to know that during the year ending September 30, 1891, our imports of merchandise amounted to $824,715,270, which was an increase of more than $11,000,000 over the value of the imports of corresponding months of the preceding year, when the imports of merchandise were unusually large in anticipation of the tariff legislation then pending. The average annual value of the imports of merchandise for the ten years, from 1881 to 1890, was $692,186,522, and during the year ending September 30, 1891, this annual average was exceeded by $132,528,469.

"The value of free imports during the twelve months ending September 30, 1891, was $118,092,387 more than the value of free imports during the corresponding twelve months of the preceding year, and there was during the same period a decrease of $106,846,508 in the value of imports of dutiable merchandise. The percentage of merchandise admitted free of duty during the year to which I have referred, the first under the new tariff, was 48.18, while during the preceding twelve months, under the old tariff, the percentage was 34.27, an increase of 13.91 per cent. If we take the six months ending September 30 last, which covers the time during which sugars have been admitted free of duty, the per cent. of value of merchandise imported free of duty is found to be 55.37, which is a larger percentage of free imports than during any prior fiscal year in the history of the Government.

"If we turn to exports of merchandise the statistics are full of gratification. The value of such exports of merchandise for the twelve months ending September 30, 1891, was $923,091,136, while for the corresponding previous twelve months it was $860,177,115, an increase of $62,914,021, which is nearly three times the average annual increase of exports of merchandise for the preceding twenty years; this exceeds in amount and value the exports of merchandise during any year in the history of the Government. The increase in the value of exports of agricultural products during the year referred to over the corresponding twelve months of the prior year was $45,846,197, while the increase in the value of exports of manufactured products was $16,838,240."

What about that Chinese wall? What about the advance in the price of manufactured goods? What about no new manifests? How about no new industries? How about the balance of trade which those gentlemen said would be so largely against us? How about the general distress which they told us was sure to follow? What about that bankrupt Treasury they predicted so loudly and so long? Have there been no treaties formed under the reciprocity clause of the bill? Is the treaty made with Brazil a lie? Is the one made with San Domingo false? Is the Spanish treaty a myth?

Come, gentlemen, you did all the lying. Now, walk up to the captain's office and settle.

Not one single prediction which they made about the result of that legislation has come to pass. A square fight was made on the merits of that law in Ohio this year, and the people sustained the law. New industries have been established; and more are soon to follow. Manufactured goods are cheaper, not higher. The products of the farm are bringing better prices. Mortgages are being paid off. Labor is well employed. More money is in circulation per capita than ever before; and it is all good money. Every dollar is worth its face in gold.

We are about to enter upon another National campaign, and the Republicans are full of courage and confidence. Even the Democrats have ceased their gibberish about the Republican party being dead. Their leading journals are all agreed that without the State of New York in the coming election the Democracy is doomed to defeat. The Republicans may win without that State. The Democracy, by no manner of means, can do so. The great Northwest is again practically conceded to the Republicans. They are therefore going to win the contest united and strong.

We Republicans know in what we believe. We are in favor of protection, in favor of honest money, in favor of reciprocity, and fair elections and an honest count. We are in favor of this American Republic, and purpose to stand by our own country.

How about our friends, the Democrats? They are divided and at war among themselves. They have just closed a contest for Speaker, in which they said things about each other as hard as we have ever charged them with. They are not agreed on any great public policy. Some of them are for and some against the free coinage of silver. Some are for and some are against free trade. Some are for Mr. Cleveland and some against him. Some claim that reciprocity is a good thing for this country, while others pronounce it a fraud. The Democrats seem able to unite upon only one thing. They can at any rate join in denouncing the Republican party and its principles. They cannot agree upon any policy of their own.

Meantime the new tariff law is proving the wisdom of its authors by blessing the entire nation. The fruit it bears shows the nature of the tree. The National debt is being paid. Our soldiers are receiving their welcomed pensions. A navy is being built. The treasury of the nation is in excellent condition. Our people are prosperous. The United States is getting ready to produce its own tin plate, and is even opening up mines of pure tin. Already pigs of tin metal taken from American mines are sold weekly in our markets. Linen factories are being built and run on American soil, and are consuming the fibre of American flax. Factories for the manufacture of beet sugar are in process of erection; and the culture of the sugar beet will soon be one of the great industries of the farmers of this country. The wild theories as to finance and Governmental aid have had their run, and people are once more coming to their senses. Cranks have had their day, and now men of sound business sense are fast coming to the front.

One such able, clear and convincing statement as is made by Secretary Foster in his report is worth more to clear away the mist and teach the people financial wisdom than a dozen volumes of such vagaries as are daily published by the Jerry Simpsons, and set afloat by the "fiat money" fiends of the United States.

Hence I say to the Republicans of this nation be of good cheer. Our party was never in better form for a square stand-up fight than it is to-day. The situation is in every way more promising than it was four years ago. The Democratic House of Representatives in Congress has just organized. If there is anything in the situation unfavorable to the Republican cause, you can safely trust that House to remove it. The Administration is being run carefully, conservatively, and with consummate skill and marked ability. Borrow no trouble about the coming candidate! He will be some one in whom our people believe, in whom we can safely trust. The convention at Minneapolis will decide that question wisely and well. In the meantime let us all unite in an old-fashioned, well-directed effort to present a solid front.

Jewish Colonization.

Recently various schemes have been advanced to ease the condition of the Jews—the persecuted race of all modern history. The latest is that of Dr. Paul Friedman, a native of Berlin, who proposes acquiring the Land of Midian, which lies on the northern side of the Red Sea and the Gulf of Akabab, and colonizing it with Jews. Although the territory is small, 160x70 miles, it is extremely fertile and capable of supporting 500,000 people. It is now inhabited by about 10,000 Bedouins, a race somewhat akin to the Jews.

Historically the Land of Midian is interesting, being mentioned in the Bible and by Jewish writers many times. It was to that land that Moses fled when he killed the Egyptian. The Midianite race, moreover, is said to have been descended from Middan, the fourth son of Abraham of Keturah. The story of the overthrow of the Midianite race is one of the most graphically told in Holy Writ. It began during the wanderings of the Israelites, whom Moses was training to warlike methods. The Midianites, probably through fear of the multitudes occupying their pastures, became hostile to their distant kinsmen. It was then that the Midianitish women sought to seduce the men of Israel from the paths of virtue and the worship of the true God to that of Baalpeor. Then the fatal command of Moses went forth: "Avenge the Lord on Midian," and 12,000 Israelite soldiers went out and slew 128,000 Midianites. How they saved the women and children and how Moses ordered the execution of all male children and all women who had borne a child is told at length. After a lapse of two centuries the Midianites again grew powerful and sought revenge. The second Midianite war followed, which ended in the terrible battle of the Valley of Jezreel when Gideon and his little army of 300 men destroyed "120,000 men that drew sword," and 15,000 more. After this the Midianites lifted up their heads no more, and they fade out of Hebrew history, and serve only as references for the poets and prophets.

THE total coinage at the Philadelphia Mint for the year just ended was about 9,000,000 pieces, to the value of $13,000,000.