REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HEAVENLY CONGRATULATIONS.

The Sermon as Delivered by the Brooklyn Divine.

TEXT: *"Likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance."*—Luke xv., 7.

A lost sheep! Nothing can be more thoroughly lost. I look through the window of a shepherd's house at night. The candles are lighted. The shepherd has just placed his staff against the mantle. He has taken off his coat, shaken out of it the dust and hung it up. I see by the candle light that there are neighbors who have come in. The shepherd, fagged out with the long tramp, sits down on a bench, and the wife and the children and the neighbors say to him, "Come, now, tell us how you found the poor thing." "Well," he says, "this morning I went out to the yard to look at the flock. No sooner had I looked over the fence than I saw something wrong. The fact was they did not count right. Ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine—only ninety-nine. McDonald, you know we had a hundred. And I wonder which one was gone, and I began again, and I counted ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine. Well, I whistled up the dogs, and I started on the fields and across the bridges, and I tracked the moors, and I leaped the gullies, but no bleating of the poor thing did I hear. I said to myself, 'The lamb must have fallen into a ditch, or a pack of wolves from the mountain must have torn it to pieces and sucked its life out.' But I could not give it up. You see it was a pet lamb. It was that one with the black spot on the right shoulder that used to come and lick my hand as I crossed the field, and somehow I could not give it up. So I went on and on and on until after awhile I heard the dogs bark, and I said, 'What's that?' Then I hastened to the top of the hill, and I looked down and there I saw the poor lamb. It had fallen into the ditch and as I came where it was and bent over the ditch and stooped down to lift the poor thing out, I wish you could have seen the loving and imploring and tender way it looked at me. I lifted it out, and it was all covered with the slush and the mud. It was an awful thing to do, but I lifted it out, and it was so lame and so weak it could not walk alone, so I threw it over my shoulder and I started homeward, and the condition of that lamb you may judge of from the coat which I have just hung up. But I tramped on and on until it is safe in the yard, poor thing! Thank God, thank God!" Then the shepherd's wife spread the table and brought out the best fare that the cabin could afford, and they sat up very late that night, and they talked, and they laughed, and they sang, and they ate, and they drank, and they danced, and told over and over again the story of the lost sheep that was found.

With such tenderness and rusticity of illustration does Christ represent the soul's going off and the soul's coming back, when He says, "Likewise there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance." To repent is to feel that you are bad, and to be sorry about it, and to turn over a new leaf, and to pray for forgiveness and help. Just as soon as a man does that, they hear right away of it in heaven.

There are no gossips in glory going around to chatter and laugh when a man fails, but there are many souls in glory who are glad to run about and tell it when a man is saved. The news goes very quick from gate to gate, and from north wall to south wall, and from east wall to west wall, and in three minutes every citizen of heaven has heard of it, for "there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

I can very easily understand how there should be joy in heaven over a Pentecost with three thousand souls saved in one day—no mystery about that, I can understand how there should be joy in heaven over the Parish of Schotts, when four hundred souls were saved under one sermon of Mr. Livingston; I can understand how there should be joy in heaven over the great awakening in the time of Harland Page, when in one year four hundred and seventy-three thousand souls were brought to God in the United States; I can understand very easily how there should be joy in heaven over five hundred thousand souls converted in 1857, in this country; but mark you, my text announces there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one, just one, sinner that repenteth.

Some cathedrals have one tower; some cathedrals have two, three, four towers. Did you ever hear them all ring at once? I am told that the bell in the cathedral of St. Paul rings only on rare occasions, for instance, at the death or the birth of a king. Have you seen a cathedral with four towers, and have you heard them all strike into one great chime of gladness? Here is a man who is moral. He is an example to a great many professors of religion in some things; he never did a mean thing in his life; he pays all his debts, and is a good citizen and a good neighbor, but he says he is not a Christian.

Some day the Holy Spirit comes into his heart and he sees that he cannot depend upon his morality for salvation. He says: "O Lord God I have been depending upon my good works; I find I am a sinner, and I want Thy salvation. Lord, for Jesus's sake, have mercy on me!" And God pardons him, and immediately one of the towers of heaven strikes a silvery chime, for there are four towers to the heavenly temple. Here is a man who is bad; he knows he is bad, and everybody else knows he is bad, but he is not an outcast—far from being an outcast. He moves in respectable circles. But one day, by the power of the Holy Ghost, he rouses up to see his sinfulness and he says: "O Lord, have mercy! I am a wanderer, and without Thee I perish. Have mercy!" God hears him, and immediately two of the towers of heaven strike a silvery chime.

But here is an outcast. He was picked up last night out of the gutter and carried to the police station. He has been in the penitentiary three times. He is covered and soaked with loathsomeness and abomination. Arousing from his debauch, he cries out: "O God, have mercy on me. Thou who didst pardon the penitent thief, hear me cry for mercy." And the Lord listens and pardons, and no sooner is the poor wretch pardoned than three of the great towers of heaven strike up a silvery chime. But here is a waif of the street. She passes under the gaslight, and your soul shudders with a great horror. No pity for her. No commiseration for her.

As she passes down the street she hears a song in a midnight mission, and she listens to that song she hears:

All may come, whoever will,
This Man receives poor sinners still.

She puts into that harbor, she kneels by the rough bench near the door; she says: "O Lord! Thou who didst have mercy on Mary Magdalen, take my blistered feet off the red hot pavement of hell." God says, "My daughter, thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace." Now, all the four towers of heaven strike a silvery chime, and they who pass through the celestial streets say: "What's that? Why, the worst sinner must have been saved. Hear all the four towers ring and ring and ring!" "And there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

My subject impresses you, I think, with the thought that it is possible for us to augment the happiness of heaven. People think that souls before the throne are as happy as they can be. I deny it. Look at that mother before the throne of God. When she died she left her son in this world a vagabond. That son repented of his iniquities and came to God. The report of that salvation has reached heaven. Do you tell me that mother before the throne of God has not her joy richly augmented? There is many a man in this house to-day who could go out with a torch and kindle a new bonfire of victory on the hills of heaven. If you would this day repent and come to God, the news of your salvation would reach heaven, and then, hark! to the shout of the ransomed. Your little child went away from you into the good land. While she was here you brought her all kinds of beautiful presents. Sometimes you came home at nightfall with your pockets full of gifts for her, and no sooner did you put your night key into the latch than she began at you, saying, "Father, what have you brought me?" She is now before the throne of God. Can you bring her a gift to-day? You may. Coming to Christ and repenting of sin, the tidings will go up to the throne of God and your child will hear of it. Oh, what a gift for her soul to-day! She will skip with new gladness on the everlasting hills when she hears of it.

My subject also impresses me with the idea that heaven and earth are in close sympathy. People talk of heaven as though it were a great way off. They say it is hundreds of thousands of miles before you reach the first star, and then you go hundreds of thousands of miles before you get to the second star, and then it is millions of miles before you reach heaven. They say heaven is the center of the universe and we are on the rim of the universe. That is not the idea of my text. I think the heart of heaven beats very close to our world. We measure distances by the time taken to traverse those distances.

It used to be a long distance to San Francisco. Many weeks and months were passed before you could reach that city. Now it is six or seven days. It used to be six weeks before you could voy age from here to Liverpool. Now you can go that distance is six or seven days. And so I measure the distance between earth and heaven, and I find it is only a flash. It is one instant here and another instant there. It is very near to-day. Do you not feel the breath of heaven on your face? Christ says in one place it is not twenty-four hours' distance, when He says to the penitent thief, "This day, this day, shalt thou be with Me in paradise." It is not a day, it is not an hour, it is not a minute, it is not a second.

Oh, how near heaven is to earth. By oceanic cables you send a message. As it is expensive to send a message, you compress a great deal of meaning in a few words. Sometimes in two words you can put vast meaning. And it seems to me that the angels of God who carry news from earth to heaven need to take up this hour in regard to your soul, only two words in order to kindle with gladness all the redeemed before the throne, only two words, "Father saved," "mother saved," "son saved," "daughter saved." And "there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

My subject also impresses me with the fact that the salvation of the soul is of vast importance. If you should make $300,000 this year, do you suppose that news would be carried to heaven? It would not be of enough importance or significance to be carried heavenward. If at the next quadrennial election you are made President of the United States, do you suppose that news would be carried to heaven? Do you suppose that the news of a revolution in France or Spain would be carried to heaven? These things are not of enough importance, but there is one item that is sure to be carried. It is the salvation of your soul. It is your repentance before God.

The flying hoofs of God's couriers clash through the gates and the news goes from gate to mansion, and from mansion to temple, and from temple to throne, and "there is joy in heaven" among the angels of God over one sinner forgiven. It must be of vast importance to be of any moment in heaven, your salvation in that land where gladnesses are the every day occurrence, in that land where the common stones of the field are jasper and emerald and chrysoprasus and carbuncle and sardonyx. And yet the news of your salvation makes joy before the throne of God.

Having found in my own experience that this religion is a comfort and a joy, I stand here to commend it to you. In the days of my infancy I was carried by Christian parents to the house of God, and consecrated in baptism to the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost; but that did not save me. In after time I was taught to kneel at the Christian family altar with father and mother and brothers and sisters, the most of them now in glory; but that did not save me.

In after time I read Doddridge's "Rise and Progress" and Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted," and all the religious books around my father's household, but that did not save me. But one day the voice of Christ came into my heart saying, "Repent, repent; believe, believe," and I accepted the offer of mercy, and though no doubt there was joy in heaven over the conversion of other souls because of their far-reaching influence, I verily believe when I gave my heart to God there were some spirits in heaven the gladder for the deed. "There is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Turn this day to the Lord who bought you. Let this whole audience surrender themselves to Jesus Christ. If for ten, twenty, fifty years you have not prayed, begin now to pray.

"Oh," you say, "I can't pray." Can you not say, "God be merciful to me, a sinner?" "No," you say, "I can't say that." Then can you not look to the throne of mercy? "No," you say, "I can't look up." Can you not give some signal like that which was given by the lad in the hospital? He was sick and suffering and dying, and wanted speedily to go away from all suffering and pain, and he said to his comrades in the hospital, "It is strange to me that Jesus doesn't see me when He goes through here nights and takes others to Himself. He goes through here and He doesn't see me. I must be asleep and He doesn't know I want to go.

"Now, I tell you how I'll arrange it. I'll go to sleep with my hands up, and then when Jesus comes through the hospital by night He will see my hand lifted, and He will know that I want to go with Him." So it was done. For that night Jesus went through the hospital and took the suffering lad, and the next morning the nurse passing through the wards of the hospital saw a dead hand lifted braced on one side against the pillow, and the left hand holding the elbow of the right arm. Jesus had seen the signal and answered it. Oh, sick soul, wounded soul, dying soul, canst thou not give some signal? Wilt thou not lift one hand or one prayer? God grant that this day there may be joy in heaven among the angels of God over your soul forgiven!

The most timely article in the February Century is the one written by Mr. C. C. Buel, assistant editor of the magazine, which records the results of of a personal investigation by him, in behalf of the readers of the Century, into the history, methods and designs of a just now notorious institution. The title of the paper is "The Degradation of a State; or, the Charitable Career of the Louisiana Lottery." Mr. Buel goes back to the time when the lottery interests of the country were centered in New York City, and shows that the Louisiana Lottery was established for the benefit of New York gamblers and lottery dealers. The article describes the people who have been the chief beneficiares of this extensive gambling institution, and exposes the methods of bribery and political corruption by which the franchise was obtained, is maintnined, and, as it is now feared, is to be extended.

No Chimneys.

Chimneys are scarce in the City of Mexico. There are not ten dwelling houses that have them. Charcoal is the only fuel used for cooking and heating.

GRAND ARMY COLUMN

THE FIRST OHIO CAVALRY.

What They Accomplished During the Battle at Lookout Mountain.

While the infantry boys are getting the flag planted on Lookout Mountain, I'll tell what the boys of the 1st Ohio Cav. were doing in the rear of the rebel army. We crossed the river above Chattanooga on a pontoon in the afternoon, and that night went into camp in the woods by a road. From a prisoner our officers learned that Gen. Bragg's wagon train was out in that direction after forage, and would come that way going to camp. Our outpost was instructed to just let them pass in through our line, and they thought it was some of their own cavalry until they were into our camp, and then they were informed they were prisoners, and they were terribly disgusted to think they had driven right into our lines. The mules and prisoners were sent to Chattanooga and the wagons, with their loads, were all burnt. Gen. Bragg's headquarter teams were among the lot, and they had large, fine mules.

The night following found us in camp at Cleveland., Tenn. Two soldiers of Co. D found a warehouse full of tobacco, and by daylight every man in the company had from 20 to 200 plugs to take back to Chattanooga to sell to the infantry. That day we were ordered to tear up the railroad towards Dalton, Ga., and many of the boys left their tobacco in camp. When we got back at night we found our tobacco all taken back to the owner by our Regimental Provost-Marshal.

While out that day we tore up several miles of railroad, burnt the ties and bent the rails in all shapes. That night the rebs fired on our pickets, and they kept exchanging shots until daylight, when the rebels came in force with artillery (we had none with us) and commenced shelling us out of the town. There was a large shot and shell manufactory there, a brick building, and it was full of all kinds of large and small ammunition, and when the fire got in among that it made a terrible fuss, and lots of the shells went through the roof and bursted high up in the air. The only serious damage tho rebels did to us that morning was to hurt one horse and one man by a piece of a shell. Several of the boys were hit with spent balls, which did no serious damage; Thomas Amrine, of Co. D, caught a ball in his mouth—A. THOMPSON, in National Tribune.

Round Top Saved by the 139th Pa.

Abraham Brown, Orderly Sergeant, Company H, One hundred and Thirty ninth Pennsylvania, Agnew Postoffice, Pa., says, although no credit has been given in the numerous articles to his regiment, which belonged to the First Brigade, Second Division, Sixth Corps, for the part they took at Gettsburg, yet he wants to assure the comrades that they arrived just in time to save Round Top. The 139th was ordered by Colonel Collier to hold their fire until they saw the white of the enemy's eyes. They did not have long to wait, as the rebels came quickly with Syke's Regulars before them, and when the Regulars had passed through the Colonel yelled "There they are, boys, fastgive it to them," which they did as as they could load and fire, each man expending about ten rounds, which forced them to halt. The regiment then advanced in a right-oblique direction towards the valley of death, and on the way captured two prisoners, and got two more down in the valley behind the big rock near where the marker of the 96th Pa. now stands. They held this position all day of the 3d of July, and had fifteen wounded, Captain Sample mortally, beside 20 men were sunstruck. Col. Collier was wounded in the foot on the 3d and had to retire. On the evening of the 3d the 5th Pa. Bucktails advanced the picket line and captured several sharpshooters who had been annoying the writer's regiment. Two companies of the 139th assisted the Bucktails, and the other eight companies supported the skirmish line, which extended to the right and up to the famous Wheatfield, and then up to the Peach Orchard, where the Lieut. Colonel ran them into the rebels, and they opened on them, and the regiment was ordered back by an Aid. The writer's regiment followed the retreating rebels on the morning of the 5th, and passed through the rebel hospital, where the ground was covered with their dead and dying.

clay, we are lost and ruined for this time. You will be sleeping in the city of the silent when the Alliance awakes from the baleful influence and arraying itself with the principles for which it was organized stands out a conqueror. We have a right to be represented in the national government and we will be. We have men there to whom we have plighted our faith and from whom we have vows of constancy; they are representing us there. Shall we wrest the matter from them and turning our backs upon them, brand them as traitors or non-competent simply because they refuse to manacle their judgment by conforming to opinions formed by those not in a position to know.

He Had Noticed It.

Jerrold, all his life long, bitterly protested against the fashion of translating and adapting, which excluded the work of native writers and gave a reputation to men for work which they had not originated. Talking once with Mr. Planche (a noted adapter of plays) on this question, Planche insisted that some of his characters were original. "Don't you remember," he said, "my baroness in 'Ask No Questions'?" "Yes, indeed. I don't think I ever saw a piece of yours without being struck by your barrenness," was the reply.

KEYSTONE GULLINGS

Wm. Cramer, of Everson, was killed by a train at Redstone Junction.

Scranton, at a public meeting last evening, subscribed $100 to the Russian famine relief fund.

An accidental explosion of dynamite occurred on a new railroad extension near Carrolton and seven Hungarians were more or less injured, one dying soon after.

Gussie Gribble, 16 years old, of Uniontown, while in an epileptic fit, fell into the grate fire in her home and was fatally burned. She is a daughter of the late Dr. John Boyd.

George Wehr, a barber of Freedom, was struck by a train at Rochester and probably fatally injured.

Mary Brown, single, 25 years old, was drowned in a tub of water at Tarentum, having fallen into it while in a fit.

Two Delamaters Go Free.—Counsel for the Commonwealth in the Delamater trial monopolized the time of the court in proving by sundry depositors the indebtedness of the Delamater bank at the time of the failure. At the opening of the court Joshua Douglass, one of the counsels for defendants, moved that the court take the case from the jury and decide for the defendants upon the ground of insufficient evidence. At the conclusion of the debate which followed, the court decided that there was not sufficient evidence showing that G. B. Delamater and T. A. Delemater had knowledge of insolvency. As regards the defendant, G. W. Delamater, there was, perhaps, some evidence that might go to the jury, the court reserving the right to render a decision on the points raised by council for G. W. Delamater at some future time during the trial.

The comptroller of the currency appointed Mr. Emerson Collins of Williamsport receiver of the First National bank of Muncy.

The Rev. J. G. Shannon of the Methodist church at Newport, was run over by a horse on the street and fatally injured.

Henry Snell, aged 65, was found dead in a barn at New Cumberland.

Samuel McMillan, a well-known tailor of New Castle, while temporarily insane, wandered from home and was found later almost frozen to death near the Gormley school house. He cannot recover.

Ed Wolfenberger, a railroad brakeman was fatally injured in a peculiar manner at Somerset. While attempting to couple a car to a locomotive his gum overshoe became frozen to the track, and before he could extricate himself he was run down by the locomotive and so horribly mangled that he died in a few hours.

D. C. Benham, of Beaver Falls, died, aged 65 years. Four days ago he was attacked by la grippe, which developed into pneumonia. He was elected assessor on the Republican ticket Tuesday.

Robert Foster, of New Castle, fell between the bumpers of a New York Pennsylvania & Ohio freight train last night and was so badly squeezed that he will die.

Four boys were playing marbles on the ice of Sandy Lick creek at Reynoldsville. Three of them raced for a marble and ran into a hole in the ice. One was rescued by the fourth boy, and the other two, James Farrell and Frank Martin were drowned. One of the mothers appeared on the scene and was so overcome that she had to be carried home. All efforts to secure the bodies from their ice-bound grave have been unsuccessful.

Fifteen men employed in the bridge department of the Lehigh Valley railroad were discharged at Easton. The reason assigned was lack of work. Railroaders are depressed by the discharges, as it is feared that this is the first of a series of dismissals following the lease of the Lehigh Valley system by the Reading.

It is authoritatively asserted that the Pennsylvania railroad will extend its line to Scranton, at a cost of $6,000,000. By doing this it becomes a competitor of the Reading amalgamated combination for the coal trade.

During a quarrel in a lumber region camp of Potter county, Martin Glover, a boy of 15 years, struck his little cousin, Guy Madison, 5 years old, with an ax, almost severing his head from the body. The children quarreled over the possession of the implement.

By the sudden breaking of his train, John Sweeney, a brakeman on the West Penn road, aged 35, was thrown from a car and instantly killed Sunday night.

A reunion of the army of the Potomac, with many distinguished guests, will occur at Scranton June 15 and 16.

At Shenandoah, Frank Mitchell, aged 13 years attempted to board a coal train. He fell beneath the wheels, and only lived about three hours after the accident.

John Haverall, a foreigner, laborer, was killed at the steel works of the Pottstown Iron company by the explosion of a quantity of dynamite.

A boy and a girl, the children of Engineer Wayne Simcox of Pennsylvania railroad, aged 8 and 10 years, were drowned in the river at Sunbury. They were skating and went into an air-hole. The girl went in trying to rescue her brother.

The gripp is still raging at Burgettstown. Many patients are very low.

Willie Putnam, a Bradford boy, suicided Saturday because a valentine displeased him.

Henry Rial, of New Castle, was attacked by a vicious horse Saturday and had his hand torn off.

Thursday, April 14, has been set by Gov. Pattison as the day for the execution of W. H. Painten, who murdered of Mrs. Strominger in York county.

John and Andrew Zosdick, brothers, were killed by a Panhandle train at Willow Grove.

The stockholders of the Muncy National Bank will petition Congress to investigate the affairs of the institution, with a view of finding out what became of the money which disappeared from the vault.

Diphtheria is epidemic at Maytown, where thirty new cases were developed in two days. Owing to the prevalence of the disease the village school has been closed, and every effort is being made to stamp out the disease.

While playing with a revolver today Willie Putnam, aged 13, of Bradford, shot himself. He died shortly afterward.

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The debt of Crawford county has been decreased $40,000 under the management of the present reform board of county commissioners.

John Bell, aged 20 years, dropped dead while skating in a rink at Johnstown Saturday night.

Petey Kinney, of Conemaugh, died at Johnstown at the age of 100 years and 6 months. He has been a resident of Johnstown since the beginning of the century, and was the oldest pioneer in the section. A very singular circumstance in connection with his death is that he foretold the dread event of the flood.

John Espart was instantly killed in a quarry by a mass of stone falling on him at Union Furnace, near Altoona.

The Chesapeake Nail Works and the puddling department of the Central Iron Works at Harrisburg shut down, throwing 300 men out of work.

John Dunlap died at Connellsville. He was born in county Galway, Ireland, February 22, 1787, lacking a few days of being 105 years old.

Engines at Harrisburg were summoned to a fire at Elizabethtown, eighteen miles away, which did $35,000 damage.

An amonia machine exploded in a hotel at Harrisburg and the engineer and chief clerk were injured.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 28TH.

"Jeremiah Persecuted "Text, Jeremiah i-19. Commentary.

11. "And it came to pass, that when the army of the Chaldeans was broken up from Jerusalem for fear of Pharaoh's army:" We are now in the reign of Zedekiah, son of Josiah, the last of the kings of Judah. He, like the three who preceded him, would not listen to the words of Jehovah, although at times he seemed inclined to do differently, as we shall see, and even asked the prophet to pray for him and for the people; verses 1-3. But the end was now near; the city is besieged, and God is about to give "The dearly beloved of His soul" into the hands of her enemies (chapter xii., 7). There is, however, a little respite, for Pharaoh's army comes forth out of Egypt, and the Chaldeans depart from Jerusalem (verses 5, 10).

12. "Then Jeremiah went forth out of Jerusalem to go into the land of Benjamin to separate himself thence in the midst of the people." The Revised Version says, "To receive his portion there." Anathoth, in the land of Benjamin, was his home (chapter i., 1). He had been a faithful witness for God in the holy city, and his testimony had been rejected. It was most natural that he should desire to take advantage of this lull in the siege to retire if possible to the quiet of his own town.

13. "And when he was in the gate of Benjamin a captain of the ward took Jeremiah, the prophet, saying, Thou fallest away to the Chaldeans." That the righteous should be falsely accused, persecuted and even slain by the unrighteous seems a strange thing to many. It troubled David and Asaph and even Jeremiah himself. See the experiences of the first two in Ps. xxxvii and lxxiii. In Jer. xii., 1, we find the prophet talking with God after this fashion, "I know, O Lord, that Thou art righteous, but why do the wicked prosper and why are they happy that deal treacherously?" The admonition to all in similar circumstances is found in Heb xii., 1-3.

14. "Then said Jeremiah, It is false, but he harkened not to him; so Irijah took Jeremiah and brought him to the princes." If the prophet saw only Irijah he would naturally be greatly provoked, but if he saw the hand of God he would be quiet. When Job lost his family and his property through the malice of Satan he said, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord" (Job i., 21).

15. "Wherefore the princes were wroth with Jeremiah and smote him, and put him in prison." Jesus forewarned His apostles that thus would they be treated and worse, but that they must not be offended (Math. x., 28; John xvi., 1, 2; Acts v., 18, 40; xvi., 23). And from the glory He sent word to one of the churches that the devil would cast some of them into prison, and that they would have tribulation ten days, but they must be faithful even though slain for Him (Rev. ii., 10).

16. "When Jeremiah was entered into the dungeon and had remained there many days." Blessed is the man that endureth trial (Jas. i., 12). We cannot endure what does not continue, and yet that is just what we are apt to wonder at, that a trial should continue instead of being quickly removed in answer to prayer. Consider Paul's prayer and testimony in II Cor. xii., 8-10, and remember the same grace is yours.

17. "Then Zedekiah, the king, sent and took him out, and the king asked him secretly in his house and said, Is there any word from the Lord?" This was one of those secret interviews which the king had with the prophet, apparently willing to do right, but really afraid of his own people.

18. "Moreover, Jeremiah said unto King Zedekiah, What have I offended against thee?" In somewhat similar form, Paul the prisoner, appealed to Festus (Acts xxv., 11). Both Jeremiah and Paul had only spoken the words and done the works of Jehovah, and that was just what Jesus did, and for that they crucified Him. The way of God being contrary to man's way provokes the evil that is in man and stirs up his wicked heart. "The carnal or natural mind is enmity against God."

19. "Where are now your prophets which prophesied unto you, saying, The king of Babylon shall not come against you, nor against this land." There were false prophets who taught the people that the king of Babylon would not come against the city, and that what he had already taken he would restore in two years (chapter xxviii., 2-4), but they were lying prophets, and their words were vain words.

20. "Therefore, hear now, I pray thee, O my Lord the King, cause me not to turn to the house of Jonathan the scribe, lest I die there." While we are not to fear death, but rejoice "to die to gain," and "to depart is to be with Christ" (Phil. i., 21, 23), yet we are not to throw away our lives unnecessarily, but take all possible care of our mortal bodies, which are temples of the Holy Ghost, aiming only to glorify God in life or death (Phil. i., 20).

21. "Then Zedekiah, the king, commanded that they should commit Jeremiah into the court of the prison and that they should give him daily a piece of bread. Thus Jeremiah remained in the court of the prison." Although after this he was for a short time in a most filthy dungeon, from which he was delivered by Ebed-Melech, the Ethiopian, with ropes and rotten rags, yet the court of the prison was his lodging, and there he was when the city was taken (chapter xxxviii., 12, 13, 28). There the captain of the guard of the Babylonian army found him, and by command of the king did well by him. See chapters xxxix., 11, 12; xl., 4, 5. So God kept His promise to Jeremiah (chapter i., 19), and delivered him, though many a time they sought his life. So will He keep His word always, and we may unwaveringly trust Him and rely upon Him. See, also, His promises to Ebed-Melech in chapter xxxix., 16-18, and remember that the same God makes equally great promises to all who put their trust in Him. In reference to Daniel it is written, "So Daniel was taken up out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed in his God." For the same reason his three friends walked in the midst of the fire unhurt (Dan. vi., 23; iii., 25). Relying upon the same God, Paul could say: "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." "I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion; and the Lord shall deliver me from every evil work and will preserve me unto the heavenly kingdom" (II Tim. i., 12; iv., 17, 18). All who go forth in the name of the Lord, at His command, to do His bidding, may surely rely upon these words, "They that war against thee shall be as nothing and as a thing of naught, for I, the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying, Fear not, I will help thee" (Isa. xli., 12, 13).—Lesson Helper.

TEMPERANCE.

WHO BIDS FOR THE CHILDREN?

Not children of color, in slave-days
These, grouped by the auctioneer's stand,
But children of every nation—
Children of every land.
"Who bids? who bids for the children?
The world will soon be their own.
From the laborer who digs in the ditches,
To the monarch who sits on the throne,
None but will give place to the children
As he lays by his shovel or crown."

Then a man in his Maker's image
Rose up with a brimming bowl,
And cried, "I bid for the children—
Bid for them, body and soul,
In behalf of Satan's kingdom,
With its stains, and guilt, and crime,
I will lead them into the darkness,
Through lanes of sin and slime."

Then up rose Temperance workers;
A man with a kingly air;
And—each bearing a glass of water—
A woman sweet and fair.
"We bid! we bid for the children!
In behalf of the kingdom of Light.
From the siren snare of the tempter
We will lead them out from the night.

"By paths full of all life's sweetness,
By rivers deep and broad,
They shall walk in ways of honor,
By the arch-fiend never trod.
And when we rest from labor,
And the world becomes their own,
They who fought as temperance children
Shall cast down Bacchus's throne."
—L. A. Obear, in Temperance Banner.

WINE-DRINKING AT DINNER.

In an article in the North American Review, the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew says, "Within the last ten years a great change has come over dinners in the number and variety of wines served. This is especially the case in the United States and in England. Formerly there was a succession of wines, one with each course. Anyone who went through with such a dinner, after astonishing his digestion with white wines and sherry, with claret, champagne, Burgundy, Madeira, brandy and liquors, became an easy subject for Carlsbad waters and a premature grave. I have noticed in London the last two seasons that at the English dinner they now go almost to the other extreme, serving claret and champagne, according to the preferences of the guests for one or the other, through the whole meal. We have not come exactly to that yet, but at a New York dinner, while you still find several varieties of wines, champagne is the one which is served mainly through the entire evening. The amount of wine which is consumed per head is constantly diminishing at all dinners, and the number of men who abstain altogether is decidedly on the increase. The sparkling mineral water is largely performing the functions formerly filled by the stronger beverages."

THE NERVES AND NARCOTICS.

The American Analyst has reproduced from the Deutsche Revue a suggestive article on the nerves and narcotics, in which are pointed out the deplorable results of alcohol as affecting the nervous system. It says: "Long before delirium tremens or other serious brain disturbances appear, they are preceded by manifold nervous disturbances, the real cause of which is not often understood." The writer adds: "I have frequently found that rheumatic pains that were ascribed to a cold were nothing but alcohol neutritis, a mild form of inflamation of the nerves, resulting from the use of alcohol, which disappeared when the habit was given up, only to return with the slightest repetition of the indulgence." It is further affirmed that "most habitual drinkers, and some of them very early, are subject to changes in the vascular organs, such as fatty degeneration of the heart and arterio-sclerosis, which lead to grave affections of the nervous system, like apoplexy and softening of the brain. Finally, it may be taken as proved, that the children of drunkards, if they are not carried off prematurely by brain troubles, are frequently afflicted with serious nervous ailments, such as epilepsy, idiocy, and the like." This is corroborative testimony from a scientific authority of high standing, to which all who are addicted to the use of alcoholic beverages of any kind will do well to give heed.—National Temperance Advocate.

A BIG BUSINESS IN DRUNKARD MAKING.

The Pabst Brewing Company, of Milwaukee, in a little advertising pamphlet which was compiled for them by the present Governor of Wisconsin, and of which at least three editions, one of 20,000,000 copies, and another of 17,000,000, have been gratuitously distributed, thus boasts of the magnitude of its business in drunkard making:

"The annual output of this company for 1890 exceeded 700,000 barrels; 21,700,000 gallons; 173,600,000 pints, or 520,800,000 glasses, that is, one for every human creature in all the earth, excepting only Asia. If all the rain, snow, hail and mist storms which have occurred in the Northwestern States in the last three years were condensed into one tremendous deluge and rushed to their surface in a single day, the annual product of the Pabst Brewing Company would equal what would fall upon ten acres in the full four and twenty hours and continue the flood for an hour and thirty minutes longer. The floor space occupied by the Pabst Brewing Company is over thirty-four acres. The daily output of beer is more than forty carloads. The output of bottled beer was 7,000,000 bottles, and the corks alone cost $80,000 in 1890. They pay the Government $700,000 in taxes each year."

This one brewery, according to these figures, sold last year an amount equal to nine glasses of beer for every man, woman and child in America, and Uncle Sam took as his portion of the swag $700,000. The consumers paid for this beer (reckoning an average of four cents a glass) nearly $21,000,000. They got back one dollar out of thirty in taxes, and had to pay for an enormous amount of crime, pauperism and disease engendered. It pays the Pabst Brewing Company; does it pay anybody else? Even the number of employes could be multiplied by at least three if this money went into other lines of trade.—The Voice.

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES.

For bringing a jug of wine into the jury room in Columbus, N. C., a grand juryman was fined $50 and costs.

Thirteen million children are being taught scientific temperance in the schools of forty-four States of the Union.

Wisconsin has the credit of organizing the first State Loyal Temperance Legion. It is composed entirely of graduates.

There has not been a murder in Johnson County, Ky., for forty years, and there is not a drop of liquor of any kind sold in the county.

Many women are seeking the cure for intemperance at the Keeley Institute, and on a recent week over 150 were numbered among the inmates.

A coroner's jury in Philadelphia, one day recently found that Michael McCloskey, eight years old, died of heart disease, accelerated by his drinking whisky.

In Norway public houses have been practically abolished in the rural districts and greatly diminished in numbers in the towns. Bergen, with a population of 60,000, has only fourteen licensed houses.

Perhaps the worst feature of the plan to sell intoxicating liquors at the World's Fair is the probability that under this guise the dreaded and demoralizing barmaid will be introduced into our country as a permanent institution.

As a result of Miss Burnett's active work organizing in Utah Territory, the W. C. T. U. there has grown from thirty to 231 in the last fifteen months, 760 children are enrolled in the Loyal Temperance Legions. Miss Burnett has given twenty-eight lectures and addressed fifteen meetings, besides having charge of press and prison work.