The Sunday Sermon as Delivered by the Brooklyn Divine.

while you were resting, or it was in the clubroom, or it was in a social circle, or it was in the street on the way home from busines, or it was on some occasion which you remember without me describing it.

Some one got the laugh on the Bible and caricatured the profession of religion as hypocrisy, or made a pun out of something that Christ said. The laugh started and you joined in, and not one word of protest did you utter. What kept you silent! Modesty? No. Incapacity to answer? No. Lack of opportunity? No. It was a blow on both your lips by the wing of the dumb devil. If some one should malign your father or mother or wife or husband or child you would flush up quick, and either with an indignant word or doubled up fist make response. And yet here is our Christian religion which has done so much for you and so much for the world that it will take all eternity to celebrate it, and yet when it was attacked you did not so much as say: "I differ, I, object, I am sorry to hear you say that. There is another side to this."

You Christian people ought in such times se these to co armed, not with earthly

as say: I differ, i Object, I am sorry to this."

You Christian people ought in such times as these to go armed, not with earthly weepons, but with the sword of the Spirit. You ought to have four or five questions with which you could confound any man who attacks Christianity. A man ninety years old was telling me a few days ago how he put to flight a scoffer. My aged friend said to the skeptic, "Did you ever read the history of Joseph in the Bible" "Yes," said the man; 'tit is a fine story, and as interesting a story as I ever read," "Well, now," said my old friend, "suppose that account of Joseph stopped half way?" "Oh," said the man, "then it would not be entertaining." "Well, now," said my friend, "we have in this world only half of everything, and do you not think that when we hear the last half things may be consistent, and that then we may find that God was right?"

Oh, friends, better load up with a few intercogation points. You cannot afford to be silent when God and the Bible and the things of eternity are assalled. Your silence gives consent to the bombardment of your father's house. Tou allow a slur to be cast

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

on your mother's dying pillow. In behalf of the Christ, who for you want through the agonies of assassination on the rocky bluff back of Jerusalem, you dared not face a sickly joke. Better load up with a few questions so that next time you will be ready.

bluft back of Jerusalem, you dared not face a sickly joke. Better load up with a few questions so that next time you will be ready.

Say to the scoffer: "My dear sir, will you tell me what makes the difference between the condition of woman in China and the United States! What do you think of the sermon on the mount? How do you like the golden rule laid down in the Scrittures? Are you in favor of the ten commandments? In your large and extensive reading have you come across a lovelier character than Jesus Christ? Will you please to name the triu rephant deathbeds of infidels and atheists? How do you account for the fact that among the out and out believers in Christianity were such persons as Benjamin Franklin, John Ruskin, Thomas Carlyle, Babington Macaulay, William Penn, Walter Scott, Charles Kingsley, Horace Bushnell, James A. Garfield, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Admiral Foote, Admiral Farragut, Ulysses S. Grant, John Milton, William Shakespeare, Chief- Justice Marshall, John Adams, Daniel Webster, George Washington? How do you account for their fondness for the Christian religion? Among the innumerable colleges and universities of the earth will you name me three started by infidels? Bown in your beart are you really happy in the position you occupy antagonistic to the Christian religion? Whes do you have the most rapturous ha few moch questions and how in the face as to suggest a Dunk in your beart are you veally happy in the position you occupy antagonistic to the Christian religion? Whes do you have the most rapturous ha few moch questions and any he has an engagement and must go. You will put him on a rout compared with which our troops at Bull Run made no time at all. Arm yourself, not with arguments but interrogation points, and I promise you victory. Shall such a man as you, shall such a man as you, shall such a woman as you surreader to one of the meanest spirits that ever smoked up from the pit-the dumb devil spoken of in the text?

mentioned in the text—the dump use.

There has been apotheosization of silence.

Some one has said that silence is golden, and sometimes the greatest triumph is to keep your mouth shut. But sometimes silence is a crime and the direct result of the baleful influence of the dumb devil of our text.

There is hardly a man or woman in this bouse to-day who has not been present on some occasion when the Christian religion became a target for raillery. Perlaps it was over in the store some day when there was not much going on and the clerks were in a group, or it was in the factory at the noon spell, or it was in the factory at the noon spell, or it was in the factory at the noon spell, or it was in a social effect.

"The glorious hymn, "Stand Up for So Jesus" was suggested by the last words of underlying assemblages, if we could reason to the triple assemblages, if we could reason to would arive back the dumn.

That glorious hymn, "Stand Up for So Jesus" was suggested by the last words of underlying assemblages, if we could reason to the triple assemblages, if we could reason to would arive back the dumn.

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Jesus "Parla There is a words of underlying assemblages, if we could reason to would arive back the dumn.

That glorious hymn, "Stand Up for So Jesus" was suggested by the last words of underlying assemblages, if we could reason to would arive back the dumn.

Jesus "Parla There is a was up as was suggested by the last words of the transition of in a transiting machine.

Have in Jesus, "heard th dering Boy I'o-night." Is a song that has sayed hundreds of dissipated young men.

Tom, the drummer boy in the army, was found crying, and an officer asked him what was the matter! "Oh." he said, "I had a dream last night. My sister died ten years ago, and my mother never was herself again and she died soon after. Last night I dreamt I was killed in battle, and that mother and sister came down to meet me." After the next battle was over, some one crossing the field heard a voice that he recognized as the voice of Tom, the drummer boy, singing "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." But at the end of the first verse the voice became very feeble, and at the end of the second verse it is topped, and they went up and found! Tom, the drummer boy, leaning against a stump and dead.

That hymn, "Oh, for a Thousand Tongues to Sing," was suggested to Charles Wesley by Peter Bohler, who, after his conversion, said, "I had better keep silent about it." "No," said Wesley, "iff you had ten thousand tongues you had better use them for Christ." And then that angel of hymnology penned the words:

Oh for a thousand tongues to sing

Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
Tis music in the sinuer's ears,
"Tis life and health and peace,

The life and health and peace.

While much of the modern music is a religious doggerel, a consecrated nonsense, a sacred tomfoolery. I would like to see some great musican of our time lift the baton and marshal Luther's Judgment Hymn, Yarmouth, Dundee, Ariel, Brattle Street, Uxbridge, Pleyel's Hymn, Harwell, Antioch, Mount Pleyah and Coronation, with a few regiments of mighty tunes made in our time, and storm Asia, Africa and America for the kingdem of God. But the first thing to do is to drive out the dund devil of the text from all our churches.

Do not, however, let us lose ourselves in generalities. Not one of us but has had our lives sometimes touched by the evil spirit of the text—this awful drash devil.

word that might have led a man or woman into a Christian life. The opportunity was fairly put before us. The word of invitation or consolation or warning came to the inside gate of the mouth, but there it halted. Some lindering power locked the jaws to gether so that fivey did not open. The tongue lay flat and still in the bottom of the mouth as though struck with paralysis. We were mute. Though Gol had given us the outh as though struck with paralysis.

mouth as though struck with paralysis. We were mute. Though God had given us the physiological apparatus for speech, and our business and the command of our will, could have made the laryngeal muscles move and the vocal organs vibrate, we were wickedly and retailly silent. For all time and eternity we missed our chance.

Or it was a prayer meeting, and the services was thrown onen for prayer and remarks, and there was a dead hait—everything silent as a graveyard at midnight. Indeed it was a graveyard at midnight. An embarassing pause took place that put a wet blanked on all the meeting. Men, bold enough on business exchange or in worldly circles, shut their eyes as though they were praying at all. They were busy hoping some-body else would do his duty. The women flushed unler the awful panse and made their fans more rapidly flutter. Some brother with no cold coughed, by that sound trying to fill up the time, and the meeting was slain. But what killed it?—the dumb devil.

Special process on between process of the company o

Time files away fast,
The while we never remember;
How soon our life here
Grows old with the year
That dies with the next December.

Many animals never drink, but absorb sufficient moisture from their tissues from the air or from their foods. Mr Blanchard in his book on Abyssinia, say Mr that neither the doreas nor Bennett's ga zelle (two allied species) ever drink.
Darwin states, in his "Voyage of a Naturalist," that unless the huanacoes, cr wild llamas of Patagonia, drink salt water, in many localities they must drink none at all. The large and interdrink none at all. The large and interesting group of sloths are alike in never drinking. A parrot is said to have lived in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, for fifty-two years without a drop of water. It is often said that rabbits in a wild state never drink. The late Rev. J. G. Wood doubted whether this idea J. G. Wood doubted whether this idea was correct, and recorded the fact that they feed on the herbage when it is heavy with dew, and therefore practically drink when eating. In the autumn and winter, when sheep are feeding on turnips, they require little or no water.—New York Dispatch.

# Rosewood is Naturally Black.

Many people suppose that rosewood takes its name from its color, but this is mistake. Rosewood is not red nor rellow but almost black. Its name comes yellow, but almost black. Its name comes from the fact that when first cut it exhales a perfume similar to that of the rose, and, although the dried rosewood of commerce retains no trace of this early perfume, the name lingers as a relic of the early history of the wood.—Boston Transcript.

# SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, MAY 22.

"Daniel and His Companions," Daniel 8-21. Golden Text: Daniel i., 8. Commentary.

8. "But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the kinc's meet, nor with the wine which he drank." This portion of the first verse of our lesson is the Golden Text for the day; we therefore give a little extra space to it. We see Daniel, one of a company of young Jews. carried captive in the third year of Jehoiskir, in the pelace of the king of Babylon, in training to stand in due time before the king as one of his wises men. While being taught the wisdom of the Chaldeans they are to be nourished with food and wine from the king's table. Daniel determines that he and his companions will not defile themselves with food which has been offered to idois, for they are true worshipers of the only living and 'true God, and understand to the wind of the devise of the wind the delivers are commanded to do all things, even their eating and drinking, to the glory of God (Cor. x., 30), and this one command covers the whole temperance question for the Christian.

9. "Now God had brought Daniel into

Cor. vi., 10).

18, 19. "Now at the end of the days, the prince of the eunuchs brought them in before Nebuchadnezzar, and among them all was found none like Daniel. Hananiah, Michael and Azariah; therefore stood they before the king." The food and wine from the king's table, and all the wisdom of Babysion, could not do for the others what the God of Daniel could and did do for those who relied upon Him and yielded their bodies to Him. Happy are those, who can truly say, "My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from Him (Ps. lxii..)

to Him. Happy are those who can truly say, "My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from Him (Fs. lxii., b). Then as to standing before the king of Babylon, they were conscious that they stood also before the King of Kings, and could say, with Elijah, "The Lord God of Israel liveth before whom I stand" (I Kings xvii., 1. See also Lute i., 19).

20. "And in all matters of wisdom he found them ten times better than all the magicians and astrologers that were in all his realm." In reference to the dreams on the wall of chapters ii., v., v., there was no comparison, for all the magicians failed, and only the God of heaven gave the interpretation through His servant Daniel. There are those who think that a little stimulant in the form of strong drink does help a man's mind and brain; but the only stimulant that Daniel knew or used was "The power of God and the wisdom of God" (I Cor. i., 24). All who seek Him shall excel now as then.—Lesson Helper.

THE INFAMOUS TRAFFIG.

The New York Evangelist, under the heading. "The Infamous Traffic," says:
"Very suggestive is the recent protest received from Gungunyana, King of Gazadand, in South Africa, against the forcing of strong drink upon his unhappy country by Christian nations! This is a strange reversal of postions. England and America send missionaries to Africa that the poor, ignorant natives might be enlightened by the Gospel, and yet at the very same time these Christian (†) nations send shiploads of rum that excites every evil passion and makes the poor benighted savages more of a brute than before, and destroys his soul and body in hell! Was there ever a more gigantic plece of hypocris? If this infamous traffic is allowed to go on, destroying whole tribes and races, it will be a question whether the recent discoveries in Africa, with the opening of the Dark Continent to 'civilization,' have not proved a curso rather than blessing."

HALF a gallon of train oil an hour will calm the most boisterous sea.

## SOLDIERS' COLUMN.

(A Memorial Day Recitation.)

3Y CAPT, JACK CRAWFORD, "THE POET SCOUT." Son of a Veteran? Yes, sir, and proud of the title, too;
Proud that my sire, now sleeping here, once wore the honored blue;
Proud of the record that he made in Dixle's blood-flecked land;
Proud of the country such as he saved from wrecker's hand;
Proud of the starry flag that floats so gallantly above;
A country reunited in bonds of patriot love;
Proud of the blest assurance that above those cloudless banks.
My father's soul now musters in the spirit soldier ranks.
True. I was but a lad, sir, when the battle

True, I was but a lad, sir, when the battle summons came,
And had no real conception of the patriotic Which glowed with lurid luster in each loyal Northman's breast, and drew them to the colors, my father with the rest.

But often in the evening, when the lamp was burning dim nother's knee, she'd talk and in my youthful bosom grew a patriot at that which newed my father in many a state of the sheet which newed my father in many a

As that which nerved my father in many a bloody fight.

bloody fight.

All through those years of carnage my mother's gentle face
Seemed the dread fear to mirror which in heart found place—
Fear that her soldier husband in the battle front might fall,
And die amid the conflict, pierced by disloyal ball.

How eager she scanned the papers that brought us news of the fight,
Her eyes would with loyal gleaming and patriot fire be alight.

As she read how the corps had never for a single moment swerved—

The gallant old Fi teenth Corps, sir, in which my father served.

One day near the close of the conflict the

One day near the close of the conflict the weeks ago, was the oldest railroad man in

which my father served.

One day near the close of the conflict the news of a battle came,
And in the long list of wounded appeared my dear father's name—
With lips all trembling and bloodless, my mother read this to me:

"John lane—gunshot wound in the ankle—amputated above the knee."

"John lane—gunshot wound in the ankle—amputated above the knee."

With a moan of Piteous anguish she clasped me close to her breast,
And as to her throbbling bosom my boyish form she pressed.

She cried to the God of battles to with comforting hand sustain.

The dear one who far in the Southland lay writhing in keenest pain.

My father came home on crutches, in his

My father came home on crutches, in his

My tather came home on crutches, in his faded suit of blue,
And into his arms my mother with a cry of happiness flew;
Forgotten the roar of battle, forgotten the weeks of pain,
As he cried: "Thank God, old mother, I live to see you again!
You haven't as sound a husband as you placed in the hands of God.
And sent to the front of battle; for 'neath Missisippi's sod!
I left one good leg belind me, but its loss I'll never regret.
For our dear old country is safe, mother, and the old flag is waving yet."
But the hardships and exposures through

and the old flag is waving yet."

But the hardships and exposures through those years of dreary strife,
The trials and the rigors which cling to a soldier's life,
Had fastened their deadly clutches in my father's system, and
He became a helpless cripple, scarce able to lift a hand.
At last by his loving comrades his body was hither borne.
To await the reveille summons on the resurrection morn,
And here, as a sacred duty, on each Memorial Day,
These wreathes of beautiful flowers o'er his cherished form I lay.
Son of a Veteran? Yes, sir; and I glory in

Son of a Veteran? Yes, sir; and I glory in the name: son of a veteran? Yes, sir, and I glory in the name;
The thought of my father's valor sets my youthful heart affame
With the fires of patriotism, the same that filled his breast,
When with his valorous comrades to the battle front he pressed,
And if again in the future our country should threatened be
By hand of domestic traitor or foeman from o'er the sea.
I'll spring to the front at the summons, and try to battle as brave
As the hero warrior sleeping 'neath flowers in this honored grave.

—National Tribune.

-National Tribune.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 1.

They May Not Have Known What It Meant, but they Obeyed It.



10th Me., and Orderly Seageant of his company. He was every inch a soldier, brave a soldier, brave and true, albeit a little prone to
stick to the letter
prather than to the
spirit of the law.
The articles of war
were his study-

were his study—his vade mecum. In short, he was excessively military all through. At the close of the late war John came home and was shortly afterward installed into the responsible position of sexton of our church, and he straighened things out wonderfully. On the very first Sabbath after his taking charge we found posted upon the walls of the church vestibule an imposing document headed, an imposing document headed, "General Order No. 1."

"General Order No. 1."

There had been trouble in certain quarters resulting from the difficulty which ladies who came to church late found in gaining their seats when gentlemen had got in ahead of them. John determined to remedy this, so he issued, "General Order No. 1," which read as follows:

"Rules to be observed when a lady wishes to enter a pew in which gentle.

"Rules to be coserved when a lady wishes to enter a pew in which gentle-men are already seated. Let the lady advance one pace beyond the pew— halt—about face—and salute. The halt—about face—and salute. The pew will be vacated by the gentlemen by a flank movement. The squad should rise simultaneously when the lady presents herself and face outward—then deploy into the aisle, the head man facing the lady, the others passing to his rear, when, if necessary, the line will be perfected up and down the aisle by a right or left countermarch, as the case may require, the right in as the case may require, the right in

"The lady, when the way is clear,

will salute again and advance to her position in the pew, after which the gentlemen will break from the rear obliquely and resume their places.

"Parties performing this evolution have possession of the aisle until it is completed, and none others will interfere.

[Signed] JONH F. F -- Sexton.

### Things went straight after that, PROMINENT PEOPLE.

THE Pope has the largest private fortune EMIN PACHA, the African explorer, has ecome blind, it is stated.

MOODY AND SANKEY have been urgently equested to visit Australia. M. RESSMANN, the newly appointed Italian linister to Paris, is a German by birth. THE writings of Gladstone fill twenty-two pages of the printed catalogue of the British Museum.

JUSTICE LAMAR, of the United States Su-preme Court, is well enough once more to go out driving.

OUT CITYING.

GENERAL LONGSTREET has become quite infirm with years, and is now very deaf, as that conversation with him has to be through an ear trumpet.

THE colored ex-Senator, Blanche K. Bruca, received the name "Blanche Mackrae, of Virginia, who was his mother's mistress.

MRS. JEKKINS and Mrs. Coulton, the two romen alternates to the Minneapolis Con-ention from Wyoming, are said to be forci-le speakers and energetic workers at the

nours at his desk.

SIR JAMES ALLPORT, who died a few weeks ago, was the oldest railroad man in England in point of service. He began as a lamp-room porter and was at the head of the great Midland Railroad Company when he died.

in-Chief of the Ku-Kiux in South Carolina, died suddenly a few days since, at his residence near Virginia Beach, aged sixty-four. He received a wound near Appoinantox, shortly before the surrender of hee, from which he never recovered.

JAMES GROUDIE, Sr., of Chicago, is dead. He built the first ocat to cross the Atlantic by steam power alone. The boat was the Koyal William, which made the rip from Pictou, Nova Scotia, to Gravesend in 1883. He was eighty-three years old and leaves a wife and six children, all living in Chicago.

wife and six children, all living in Chicago.
COLONEL A. K. MCCLURE, the editor of
the Philadelphia Times, whose building was
burned down a short time ago, was attending a banquet on the evening of the fire and
was just rising to correspond to the teast on
"The Press" when word came that the building was in flames. He hastened to the
scene, saw quickly that the case was hopeless
and then coolly returned to the banquet,
Among the losses in the building was his
valuable political library which he had been
collecting for fifty years.

### THE NATIONAL GAME.

WHITEWASHES are frequent enough this

THE Bostons expect to win the pennant without trouble. Without trouble.

Kelly is doing most of the catching for the Boston team.

Priviler Galvin, of Pittsburg, is in his thirty-eighth year.

thirty-sighth year.
Joycs, of Brooklyn,batted safely in every
one of his first eleven games.
The Boston team so far leads all the
League teams in base-running.

RYAN, of Chicago, is probably the best throwing outfielder in the profession.

RYAN, of Chicago, is probably the best throwing outfielder in the profession.

ANSON, of Chicago, has finally realised the value of bunt hitting, and is practicing his men att daily.

MCALEER, of Cleveland, scored against the New Yorks in a recent game, from second base, on a hit to the pitcher.

HUTCHINSON, of Chicago, and Rusie, of New York, the two crack pitchers of the country last season, are still out of form.

MANAGER POWERS attributes the recent poor showing of the New York's to "Rusie's lame arm and back and lack of team work."

THE first baseball fatility of the season occurred at Dover, N. H., when Jones Ricker died from in juries received while sliding to the home plate.

SENATORS HIGGINS, WOLCOTT AND DUROIS, who are frequently among the spectators at Washington, used to play ball with their college nines.

THE allegation is made that when a game of baseball is in progress at Washington, it is almost possible to fin a quorum of the House of Representatives among the spectators.

THE size, tone and enthusiasm of the attendance everywhere afford and the proper in the strendance of the progress of the attendance everywhere afford and the size to the attendance everywhere afford a survey and the size to the attendance everywhere afford and the size the survey and the size the dance afford and the size to the attendance and the size the size to the attendance and the size the size the size that the size that the size the size

The size, tone and enthusiasm of the attendance everywhere afford no practical demonstration of the repeated winter assertion that baseball "is dying out" and that "consolidation would ruin the game." The articles of war O'Brein, of Brooklyn, had a funny experience at Louisville. He made the circuit of the bases on a throng the base of the bases on a fixed by the control of the bases on a fixed by the control of the bases on a fixed by the control of the bases on a fixed by the control of the bases on a fixed by the control of the bases on a fixed by the control of the bases on a fixed by the control of the bases on a fixed by the control of the bases on a fixed by the control of the control o or the bases on a base on balls, a steal and a passed ball. It was then discovered that he had batted out of his turn, and he was declared out by Umpire Lynch.

he had batted out of his turn, and he was declared out by Umpire Lynch.

DUNLAP, once the greatest of second baseman, is idle in Philadelphia. He is still looking for a call from some major league club. He is waiting patiently for the explosion of "phenomenon," but the magnates seem to have forgotten him totally.

SAYS Manager Bancroft: "Why should agame of ball that is stopped by rain—say in the third or fourth inning—be played all over again? My idea is that the club in the lead should retain its advantage and the next day take up the game at the point at which it was abandoned. When a trot is interrupted by darkness the horses are not compelled to run all the heat once more. I hold that the same principle applies to baseball."

A Simple Way to Avoid Dust A Simple Way to Avoid Dust.
Here is a hint in regard to the prevention of dust that is well worth attention. Dutch artists of old, who had a perfect terror of dust, always chose, if possible, to have their studios in close proximity to a canal. If this was not practicable they got over the difficulty by keeping a large tub of water in their studios, most of the dust flying about the room being caught in this receptacle. The neighborhood of a river the substitute to caught in this receptacie. The negative borhood of a river, the substitute f the Dutch canal, may not always desirable at the present time, but bowl of water, especially in the days, when we rejoice in any excutor multiplying the bric-abrae in cooms, is within everybody's reach.

THE losses of sheep during the past year throughout the country generally were lighter than during any recent season.

By local ap diseased po way to curr tional reme flamed come Eustechian fact hearin deafness is mailon can stored to it destroyed caused by c flamed com We will; case of dee cannot cur Send for ci Sold by I the first

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