DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

OUR POSSESSIONS ARE THE LORD'S.

The Sermon as Delivered by the Brooklyn Divine.

TEXT: "*All are yours.*"—I Corinthians iii., 22.

The impression is abroad that religion puts a man on short allowance; that when the ship sailing heavenward comes to the shining wharf it will be found out that all the passengers had the hardest kind of sea fare, that the soldiers in Christ's army march most of the time with an empty haversack; in a word, that only those people have a good time in this world who take upon themselves no religious obligation.

I want to-day to find out whether this is so, and I am going to take account of stock. I am going to show what are the Christian's liabilities, and what is his income, and what are his warrantee deeds, and what are his bonds and mortgages, and I shall find out before I finish just how much he is worth, and I shall spread before you the balance sheet in time to warn you all against the religion of Jesus Christ if indeed it be a failure, and in time for you all to accept it if indeed it be a success. I turn first to the assets, and I find there what seems to be a roll of Government securities—the empire of heaven promising all things to the possessor. The three small words of my text are a warrantee deed to the whole universe when it says "All are yours."

In making an inventory of the Christian's possessions I remark in the first place that he owns this world. My text implies it and the preceding verse asserts it—"whether Paul or Apollos or Cephas or the world." Now it would be an absurd thing to suppose that God would give to strangers privileges and advantages which He would deny His own children. If you have a large park, a grand mansion, beautiful fountains, stalking deer and statuary, to whom will you give the first right to all these possessions? To outsiders? No, to your own children. You will say, "It will be very well for outsiders to come in and walk these paths and enjoy this landscape, but the first right to my house, and the first right to my statuary, the first right to my gardens shall be in the possession of my own children."

Now this world is God's park, and while He allows those who are not His children, and who refuse His authority, the privilege walking through the gardens, the possession of all this grandeur of park and mansion is in the right of the Christian—the flowers, the diamonds, the silver, the gold, the morning brightness and the evening shadow. The Christian may not have the title deed to one acre of land as recorded in the clerk's office, he may never have paid one dollar of taxes, but he can go up on a mountain and look off upon fifty miles of grain field and say, "All this is mine; my Father gave it to me." "All are yours."

A lawyer is sometimes required to search titles, and the client who thinks he has a good right to an estate puts the papers in his hands, and the lawyer goes into the public records and finds everything right for three or four or five years back; but after awhile he comes to a break in the title, to a deficit, to a diversion of the property; so he finds out that the man who supposed he owned it owns not an acre of the ground, while somebody else has the full right to the entire estate. Now I examine the title to all earthly possessions. I go back a little way, and I find that men of the world—bad men, selfish men, wicked men—think they have a right to all these possessions; but I go further back, and I trace the title from year to year and from century to century, until I find the whole right vested in God. Now to whom did He give it? To His own children! "All are yours."

The simple fact is, that in the last days of the world all the architecture, all the cities, all the mountains, all the villages will be in the possession of the church of Christ. "The meek shall inherit the earth." Ships of Tarshish shall bring presents. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." "All are yours." "But," you say, "what satisfaction is there in that when I haven't possession of them?" These things will come before the Supreme Judge of the universe and He will regulate the title, and He will eject these squatters upon the property that does not belong to them, and it shall be found that "All are yours."

So, again, the refinements of life are the Christian's right. He has a right to as good apparel, to as beautiful adornments, to as commodious a residence as the worldling. Show me any passage in the Bible that tells the people of the world they have privileges, they have glittering spheres, they have befitting apparel that are denied the Christian. There is no one who has so much a right to laugh, none so much a right to everything that is beautiful and grand and sublime in life as the Christian. "All are yours." Can it be possible that one who is reckless and sinful and has no treasures laid up in heaven is to be allowed pleasures which the sons and daughters of God, the owners of the whole universe, are denied?

So I remark that all the sweet sounds of the world are in the Christian's right. There are people who have an idea that instruments of music are inappropriate for the Christian's parlor. When did the house of sin or the bacchanal get the right to music? They have no right to it. God, in my text, makes over to Christian people all the pianos, all the harps, all the drums, all the cornets, all the flutes, all the organs. People of the world may borrow them, but they only borrow them; they have no right or title to them. God gave them to Christian people in my text, when He said, "All are yours."

David no more certainly owned the harp with which he thrummed the praise of God than the church of Christ owns now all chants, all anthems, all ivory keyboards, all organ diapasons, and God will gather up these sweet sounds after awhile, and He will mingle them in one great harmony, and the Mendelsshons and the Beethovens and the Mozarts of earth will join their voices and their musical instruments, the soft south wind and the loud-lunged euroclydon will sweep the great organ pipes, and you shall see God's hand striking the keys and God's foot tramping the pedals in the great oratorio of the ages!

So all artistic and literary advantages are in the Christian's right. I do not care on whose wall the picture hangs, or on whose pedestal the sculpture stands, it belongs to Christians. The Bierstadts and the churches are all working for us. "All are yours." The Luxembourgs, the Louvre, all the galleries of Naples and Rome and Venice—they are all to come into the possession of the church of Jesus Christ. We may not now have them on our walls, but the time will come when the writ of ejectment will be served and the church will possess everything. All parks, all fisquonds, all colors, all harvests—all, "all are yours."

Secondly, I remark that the right to full temporal support is in the Christian's name. It is a great affair to feed the world. Just think of the fact that this morning sixteen hundred millions of our race breakfasted at God's table! The commissary department of a hundred thousand men in any army will engage scores of people, but just think of the commissary department of a world! Think of the gathering up from the rice swamps, and the tea fields, and the orchards, and the fisheries! No one but God could tell how many bushels it would take to feed five continents.

Then, to clothe all these people, how many furs must be captured and how much flax broken and how much cotton picked. Just think of the infinite wardrobe where sixteen hundred millions of people get their clothes! God spreads the table first of all for His children. Of course that would be a very selfish man who would not allow other people to come and sit at the table sometimes; but first of all, the right is given to Christian people, and therefore it is extreme folly for them ever to fret about food or raiment.

Who fed the whales sporting off Cape Hatteras this morning? Out of whose hand did the cormorant pick its food? Whose loom wove the butterfly's wing? Who hears the hawk's cry? If God takes care of a walrus, and a Siberian dog, and a wasp, will He not take care of you? Will a father have more regard for reptiles than for his sons and daughters? If God clothes the grizzly bear, and the panther, and the hyena, will He not clothe His own children? Come, then, this morning, and get the key of the infinite storehouse. Come and get the key of the infinite wardrobe. Here they are—all the keys. "All are yours."

So all the vicissitudes of this life, so far as they have any religious profit, are in the right of the Christian. If you should stand among the Alleghany Mountains, especially near what is called the "Horseshoe," you would find a train of cars almost doubling on itself, and sitting in the back car you see a locomotive coming as you look out of the window, and you think it is another train when it is only the front of the train in which you are riding; and sometimes you can hardly tell whether the train is going toward Pittsburg or toward Philadelphia, but it is on the track, and it will reach the depot for which it started, and all the passengers will be discharged at the right place. Now there are a great many sharp curves in life. Sometimes we seem to be going this way and sometimes we seem to be going that way, but if we are Christians we are on the right track and we are going to come out at the right place. Do not get worried, then, about the sharp curve.

A sailing vessel starts from New York for Glasgow. Does it go in a straight line? Oh, no. It changes its track every little while. Now you say, "This vessel, instead of going to Glasgow, must be going to Havre, or it is going to Hamburg, or it is going to Marseilles." No, no. It is going to Glasgow. And in this voyage of life we often have to change our tack. One storm blows us this way, and another storm blows us that way; but He who holds the winds in His fist will bring us into a haven of everlasting rest just at the right time. Do not worry, then, if you have to change tack.

One of the best things that ever happened to Paul was being thrown off his horse. One of the best things that ever happened to Joseph was being thrown into the pit. The losing of his physical eyesight helped John Milton to see the battle of the angels. One of the best things that ever happened to Ignatius was being thrown to the wild beasts in the Coliseum, and while eighty thousand people were jeering at his religion he walked up to the fiercest of all the lions and looked him in the eye, as much as to say, "Here I am, ready to be devoured for Christ's sake."

All things work together for your good. If you walk the desert, the manna will fall and the sea will part. If the feverish torch of sickness is kindled over your pillow, by its light you can read the promises. If the waves of trouble dash high above your girdle, across the blast and across the surge you can hear the promise, "When thou passeth through the waters I will be with thee." You never owned a glove, or a shoe, or a hat, or a coat more certainly than you own all the frets and annoyances and exasperations of this life, and they are bound to work out your present and your eternal good. They are the saws, the hammers, the files by which you are to be hewn and cut and smoothed for your eternal well being.

Here is a vessel that goes along the coast; it hugs the coast. The captain of that vessel seems chiefly anxious to keep the paint on his ship from being marred or the sails from being torn. When that vessel comes to port, nobody looks on it with any interest. But here is a vessel that went across the sea with vast product and comes in with vast importation—sails patched, masts spliced, pumps all working to keep out the water; it has come through the hurricane which has sunk twenty steamers. The bronzed men are cheering among the rigging. Now the men-of-war anchored in the harbor boom forth their welcome through the portholes.

So there are some Christians who are having an easy time. It seems to them smooth sailing all the way. When they get into heaven there will be no excitement, there will be very few people who will ever find out they are there; but those Christians who have gone through a hundred midnight hurricanes—storm to the right of them, storm to the left of them, storm all the way—when they come up the harbor of heaven, all the redeemed will turn out to greet them, and bid them hail and welcome.

I go further, and tell you that the Christian owns not only this world, but he owns the next world. No chasm to be leaped, no desert to be crossed. There is the wall; there is the gate of heaven. He owns all on this side. Now, I am going to show you that he owns all on the other side. Death is not a ruffian that comes down to burn us out of house and home, destroying the house of the tabernacle, so that we should be homeless forever. Oh, no! He is only a black messenger who comes to tell us it is time to move, to tell us to get out of this hut and go up into the palace.

The Christian owns all heaven. "All are yours." Its palaces of beauty, its towers of strength, its castles of love. He will not walk in the eternal city as a foreigner in a strange city, but as a farmer walks over his own premises. "All are yours." All the mansions yours. Angels your companions. Trees of life your shade. Hills of glory your lookout. Thrones of heaven the place where you will shout the triumph. Jesus is yours. God is yours. You look up into the face of God and say, "My Father." You look up into the face of Jesus and say, "My brother."

Walk out upon the battlements of heaven and look off upon the city of the sun. No tears. No sorrow. No death. No smoke of toiling warehouse curling on the air. No voice of blasphemy thrilling through that bright, clear Sabbath morning. No din of strife jarring the air. Then take out your deed and remember that from throne to throne, and from wall to wall, and from horizon to horizon "All are yours."

Then get up into the temple of the sun, worshipers in white, each with a palm branch, and from high gallery of that temple look down the thousands of thousands, and the ten thousand times ten thousand, and the one hundred and forty and four thousand, and the great "multitude that no man can number," and louder than the rush of the wheels, louder than the tramp of the redeemed, hear a voice saying, "All are yours!"

See the great procession marching around the throne of God. Martyrs who went up on wings of flame. Invalids who went up from couches of distress. Toilers who went up from the workhouse, and the factory, and the mine. All the suffering and the bruised children of God. See the chariots of salvation; in them those who were more than conquerors. See them marching around about the throne of God forever and forever, and know that "all are yours!"

O ye who have pains of body that exhaust your strength and wear out your patience, I hold before you this morning the land of eternal health and of imperishable beauty, and "all is yours!" O ye who have hard work to get your daily bread, hard work to shelter your children from the storm, I lift before you the vision of that land where they never hunger, and they never thirst, and God feeds them, and robes cover them, and the warmth of eternal love fills them, and all that is yours!

Oh, if there be any present who are yet enemies of the Cross of Christ, I beseech them at once to be reconciled to God! Remember if you are not found among that white robed army who follow the Saviour in His victorious march, your part must be with those concerning whom it is said, "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven in flaming fire, taking vengeance on those that know not God and obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of His power when He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe."

MARBLE in quantity has been discovered in Sussex County, New Jersey, near Stanhope. It is the first find of consequence in the State. The ledges are estimated to be worth $100,000.

SOLDIERS' COLUMN.

PEACH TREE CREEK.

How the 13th N. Y. Independent Battery Made it Hot for Hood's Rebels.

Although as to numbers engaged on the Union side, it was a small affair compared with the battle of Atlanta, which was fought two days later, still it was of sufficient importance for the time being to occupy all the leisure moments of those who were "in it," and to retain a place in the memories of the survivors during all the after years of their lives. The battle-ground, the valley or ravine in front, the rise, the timber to the right and rear, the fight over the guns, the flanking on our right and rear, are all brought before me again. Notwithstanding this was so many years ago, I seem to have a better recollection of the doings of that afternoon than of other afternoons since then.

The battery was Capt. Bundy's 13th N. Y. Independent L. A. The full battery of six guns was present. Some of the infantry preceeded the battery in locating a line of battle and putting up slight breastworks, in case Hood should take the offensive.

After crossing Peach Tree Creek in the morning, we were waiting in column all the forenoon. An ominous silence reigned. About noon an Orderly came dashing up to the Captain, and gave him directions to go into battery on the line-of-battle on a distant hill, and to move with all haste.

Immediately comes the order: "Attention! Drivers, mount! Cannoneers, mount! Forward, march!—Trot!—Gallop!"

Then the drivers yell and lash their horses and they break into a full run; the wheels bound along over ditches, logs, stumps and stones that would tear a farm wagon all to pieces. The cannoneers are bounding up six inches from their seats, and hanging on for dear life; for a fall under the wheels would be worse than a rebel bullet. Up the long hill we go, down another one, across a ravine, then up again to another elevation, the horses never slacking their speed until we arrive at the ground where we are to go into battery—seemingly in utter confusion, but we are on the ground in five minutes after starting. In one minute more the guns are unlimbered and run forward, the limbers turned round, the guns loaded and run into the embrasures, each gun, each limber, and each caisson in its proper place. In five minutes more our pickets are driven in and the battle is on.

I was a cannoneer of the left gun of the left section. The section was commanded by Lieut. McGurrin. The guns that were captured and recaptured were the right section. The guns that turned the cross-fire on the rebs were the middle section. Our gunner, Corp'l Lynch, was killed at the start, and Lieut. McGurrin took his place. All the appearances indicated that we had business on our hands. In fact, we had been warned for two or three days that Hood had superseded Johnston, and to look out for him; as he was likely to strike hard at some unexpected point, and it so happened that the Second Division of the Twentieth Corps was the place selected to make the assault.

They flanked us on the right; they killed off our men and captured two of our guns; but it was a repetition of the experiment of the fellow who bit off more than he could chew. They did not hold the ground nor the guns.

After the action commenced my personal observation extended but little beyond our own gun. The smoke enveloped us so that we could neither see to the right nor to the left. Besides, we were pretty busily occupied with "our own knitting," without taking observations. The fire of our section was to the front, and if anybody escaped the stream of fire from the guns I think they would be scared to death by the noise we made. My own ears ached as if they would burst from the continual roar of the guns. They drowned every other sound. I heard no infantry-firing at all, though they were firing rapidly like ourselves. We fired our guns just as rapidly as five men, drilled to move as machinery, and commanded by an expert, could do it. Three shots a minute from each gun, rolling out in one continuous roar, which made the ground shake and tremble, and this without any cessation for two hours. The range was point-blank, and we kept the guns all the time depressed, firing alternately double canister and short-fuse shell. The canister would sweep the ground, mowing swaths through the advancing columns like a tornado of fire. The shell would cut down trees, take off bark and limbs, then burst in front of the rebel ranks, hurling death and destruction around. We would occasionally fire solid shot, which would cut down trees, ricochet over the heads of one line and plow through the ground, throwing dirt over the next line, then bound and roll along, diminishing in velocity, until it would kill two or three soldiers a mile to the rear, when its force was almost spent. And what is most remarkable, that in all this two hours of musketry and artillery some escaped unscathed.

It was a hot afternoon, being the 20th of July, 1864, and after the battle was over our pantaloons and shirts were dripping with perspiration, and our faces were so smeared with powder and sweat that we resembled darkies more than white people, and we were so exhausted that we could hardly stand up.

We lost that day 18 men in killed and wounded, about half the men that were at the guns. One's life was in danger anywhere in that neck of woods that afternoon. A man was as safe at the front as in the rear. One of our wounded men was killed while being taken to the rear.

I was sent to the rear for water to swab the gun. When I arrived at a certain point I thought I could see a depression in the ground that might contain water. I asked some infantrymen who were lying on their faces (I suppose guarding our right rear) if there was any water out there. They replied: "Don't go out there. A man was killed going across there only a moment ago." I remarked that killing was the order of business just then, and I must have some water, so I ducked my head and started. The bullets commenced whistling past my ears, but they miscalculated. I did not stand in one place a great length of time. In fact, if I had been timed, it would have been shown that I made a splendid record of speed. I found some muddy water, scooped up some, and the bullets "zipped" past my head again as I returned.

All earthly things have an end, and this battle did also. It seemed to me that we were loading and firing for two hours just as fast as we could work the guns; perhaps it was not so long. After we had ceased firing, and the smoke had cleared away from our gun a group of us stood resting on the left wheel. A wreath of smoke rose from a tree about 200 yards to our right front, and a bullet came from a sharpshooter's gun, crashed into the hub of the wheel we had hold of, and three buckshot glanced on the tire and spattered lead upon us. It was a pretty good shot. We hastily loaded our gun with solid shot, ran it forward, aimed and fired. It cut the tree in two about 10 feet above the ground. We were too tired to go and see what became of the reb, but he did not molest us any more.—F. M. LEE, in National Tribune.

Eight Year Old Soldier.

John W. Messick died at Evansville, Ind., a few days ago, after a brief illness. He was probably the youngest person who enlistened in the Union army during the rebellion, joining Company A, Forty-second Indiana infantry at the age of 8 years and serving three years as a drummer boy when he was honorably discharged.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

PHILADELPHIA won the series from Boston.

CHILDS, of Cleveland, is the League's best run getter.

CLEVELAND has won the majority of her extra-inning games.

RUSIE, HUTCHINSON and Buffington are together having an off-year.

THIS is Chicago's worst season since the League was organized in 1876.

WELCH has been released by the Baltimores. Shoch will take Welch's place.

PETE BROWNING has a batting average of .335 with Cincinnati, and .310 for the whole season.

RHINES and Harrington have been reinstated by the Cincinnati Club. Mullane has been released.

EWING, of New York, is not a successful first-baseman. His weakness causes a lack of confidence to every man who throws to him.

THE Boston team won by its superior work in the pitcher's position, its remarkable fielding and development of team work at critical stages of the contest.

WARD'S second base play is a model to copy from. He faces every kind of a ball, and no fear of an error deters him a moment. This is true ball playing.

MILLIGAN leads the batting for the Washingtons, Hoy the base stealing, and Radford the base on balls, while Richardson leads the country at second base and short stop.

GORE has been released and Outfielder Newman, of the defunct Minneapolis Western League team, signed by the New Yorks. Newman has a batting average of .350.

OUTFIELDER JOE KELLY has been signed by the Pittsburg Club. Kelly was purchased from the Omaha Club. He will play centrefield and John Corkhill will be released.

KEEFE, the veteran pitcher, was given the usual ten days' notice of his release by the Philadelphia Club. On what grounds the club decided to dispense with Keefe's services is not known.

THE best record thus far in box work this season is that of Pitcher Young, of the Cleveland team, in disposing of his batting adversaries without a single earned run to their credit in a sixteen-inning game.

THE present New York team is a whole sermon against expensive teams. It draws $50,000 from the club treasury, and is one of the bitterest disappointments ever placed upon the field. There is not even the excuse of "hard luck" or accident to lift the team out of its disgrace.

THE Brooklyn team deserves fully as much honor as the champions. Manager Ward did not have the benefit of a club as experienced as the Bostons, and started with somewhat of an experimental team. His success is little short of wonderful, and his players are entitled to hold the name of Ward's Wonders.

THE first season of the National League championship has closed. The Bostons won with comparative ease, although no to the last two weeks either Brooklyn or Philadelphia had a possible chance. The following is the order of the finish: Boston, 703; Brooklyn, 662; Philadelphia, 605; Cincinnati, 587; Cleveland, 554; Pittsburgh, 487; Washington, 431; Chicago, 443; St. Louis, 425, New York, 419; Louisville, 390; Baltimore, 267.

Queen Carola Offers a Prize.

On of the most interesting prizes offered at the Red Cross exhibition now being held at Leipsic is that given by Queen Carola of Saxony for the best scheme for providing medicines, nourishment, and protection for the wounded during and immediately after a battle. Every exhibit in the Leipsic exhibition has to undergo the test of actual use before receiving a prize. Queen Carola has always taken a great interest in the Red Cross Knights, and it was the late Minister of War for Saxony who first suggested that this exhibition should be held.

THE bicycle fever has invaded Sweden. A club of ladies has been organized there, and they are reported as enthusiastic.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, JULY 24.

"The Young Man Healed." Acts iii., 1—16—Golden Text: Acts iii., 16—Commentary.

1. "Now Peter and John went up together into the temple at the hour of prayer, being the ninth hour." This was probably at the time of the evening sacrifice, about three o'clock in the afternoon. It was the hour at which Jesus died on Calvary (Math. xxvii., 46-50). We are reminded that prayer can be acceptable only through the merits of Jesus our sacrifice. See Rev. viii., 3, 4. Compare David and Daniel praying three times a day (Ps. lv., 19; Dan. vi., 10).

2. "And a certain man, lame from his mother's womb, was carried, whom they laid daily at the gate of the temple." This man, over forty years of age (chapter iv., 22), had apparently no thought of ever being healed, but desired only the alms of the worshipers, that thus he might eke out a living. We wonder why, when Jesus healed the man born blind (John ix., 1), probably at the same gate, He passed by this man, who was also afflicted from his birth. Did He purposely leave this man for Peter and John to heal?

3. "Who, seeing Peter and John about to go into the temple, asked an alms." How many there are who are spiritually lame, and like Mephibosheth, lame on both feet through the fault of another—Adam and his sin (II Sam. iv., 4; ix., 13); who know nothing of the King's table, but desire only temporal gifts.

4. "And Peter, fastening his eyes upon him, with John said, Look on us." They must have passed him many a time before, for he was there every day, but now they are by the Spirit in them led to give heed to him. If we were always filled with the Spirit then God would work in us (Phil. ii., 13; Heb. xiii., 21) and we would see many an opportunity of making Him known to the people whom we meet and pass unnoticed every day.

5. "And he gave heed unto them expecting to receive something of them." It was money he wanted, and for money reached out his hand, as almost any one will. He little thought of the durable riches and righteousness (Prov. viii., 18) which were within his reach

6. "Then Peter said, 'Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee; in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk.'" There is something more than money which can be had without money (Isa. lv., 1). Money for which all people toil cannot give health of body at all times, and never health of soul (Ps. xlix., 6, 7). But Jesus, who is heaven's riches for body and soul, may be had by all (John i., 12; vi., 37; iii., 16; Rev. xxii., 17).

7. "And he took him by the right hand and lifted him up; and immediately his feet and ankle bones received strength." God in Peter reached out the hand to him, and wrought through Peter in the name of Jesus on behalf of the lame man, according to Mark xvi., 20. Why may not every believer believing Isa., xli., 13, be used at least in some measure in the same way. According to your faith (Math. ix., 29).

8. "And he, leaping up, stood and walked, and entered with them into the temple, walking and leaping and praising God." Long before had the prophet said that such things as this would come to pass (Isa. xxxv. 6). But who can tell the feelings of this man under this sevenfold manifestation of the power of Jesus's name? What do we know of the power of this name?

9. "And all the people saw him walking and praising God." When God works mightily people must see it; and if there are no works of God manifest in us, where is the evidence that God is in us? If people glorified God in Paul (Gal. i., 24) why not in us also? Perhaps we have not Paul's ambition (Phil. i., 20; iii., 8-14.)

10. "And they knew that it was he; and they were filled with wonder and amazement at that which happened unto him." The change was marked and unmistakable. Perhaps some of them would think of the man born blind, whose eyes Jesus had opened and be compelled to conclude that this Jesus although crucified was yet alive. That is what believers are now on earth for, that the mighty works of God may be seen in them and Jesus thus made known (II Cor. iv., 11).

11. "And as the lame man which was healed held Peter and John, all the people ran together unto them, greatly wondering." The healed man naturally clung to his deliverers, and the crowd ran to see the healed and the healers. There being but little of the power of God in the church today, the crowd have to be drawn by entertainments and suppers and concerts; but let some of the power that was seen on this occasion be again manifest and the things which now disgrace the church shall speedily vanish.

12. "Ye men of Israel, why marvel ye at this, or why look ye so earnestly on us?" Thus Peter spoke to the people as with wonder they gazed first at the healed man and then at the apostles. Not knowing God the invisible, people will gaze upon and wonder at the visible instruments whom God is graciously pleased to use. And as soon as the instrument is willing to be magnified the power ceases (I Cor. i., 29).

13. "The God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, the God of our fathers, had glorified His Son Jesus, whom ye delivered up." With the power of the risen, ascended and glorified Jesus manifest in the healed man, Peter now preaches unto them Jesus and the resurrection according to the Scriptures of the prophets (verse 18), urging them to repentance and to look for the return of Christ to restore all things (verses 19-21).

14. "But ye denied the Holy One and the Just, and desired a murderer to be granted unto you!" He faithfully and fearlessly charges home upon them their sin, not only of preferring a murderer to the Holy One, but of actually murdering the Holy One. Consider the testimony of men and demons to the holiness of Jesus, (Mark i., 23, 24; Math. xxvii., 4, 19, 54).

15. "And killed the Prince of Life, whom God hath raised from the dead; whereof we are witnesses." Man crucified the Son of God, but God raised Him from the dead and and gave Him glory (Eph. i., 20; I Pet. i., 21), saying, "Sit Thou at My right hand until I make Thine enemies Thy footstool" (Ps. cx., 1; Acts ii., 34-36).

16. "And His name, through faith in His name, hath made this man strong." The faith of Peter and John in the name of Jesus brought perfect soundness to this man who had been for over forty years a cripple. What has our faith in Jesus ever accomplished for others? Consider the faith of the four in Mark ii., 3, 5. I do believe that the very same Jesus whose name is wonderful, and for whom nothing is too wonderful (Isa. ix., 6; Jer. xxxii., 17) is alive today.—Lesson Helper.

MONEY WORSE THAN WASTED.

The six thousand saloons in Chicago are said to have sold the past year 2,034,096 barrels of beer, at the cost to the consumer of somewhat over $40,000,000. Had that money, so much worse than wasted, been saved and judiciously used, the labor question might have begun to wear a very different face. Forty millions would go a long way toward better homes, better schooling, better social advantages, and a brighter outlook for the future.

Daily ought we to renew our purposes, and to stir up ourselves to greater fervor, and to say, "Help me, my God, in this my good purpose, and in thy holy service, and grant that I may now this day begin perfectly."—Thomas a Kempis.

Our fireside conversations, our thoughts as we pass along the streets, our spirit in the transaction of business, all have some amount—small though it be—of moral value.—Goulbourn

KEYSTONE GULLINGS

ON ROOTS AND WILD CHERRIES.

HOW IMPORTED RAILROAD LABORERS ARE FORCED TO SUBSIST.

The imported laborers who have been clamoring all the week for the $2,000 due them for work on the Reading, Lancaster and Baltimore railroad, started for Mohnsville and Adamstown. Their condition is wretched. They are almost without clothing and for days have been subsisting on roots and wild cherries. The Directors of the Poor gave them some food, and about a dozen have secured transportation to New York. A squad of police has been guarding the bridges over the Schuylkill to prevent the horde from entering Reading. Nothing has been heard for some days from Contractor Warren, who left last week for New York to secure money from the syndicate which undertook to float the bonds in England from which the money to build the road is to be realized.

TWO DEATH WARRANTS SIGNED.

Gov. Pattison signed the death warrants of William F. Keck of Lehigh county and Henry Davis of Philadelphia. They will be executed on Thursday, September 8.

AT Union township, Huntingdon county, Thomas Frew's barn, two horses, wagons, etc., was burned by incendiaries. Loss, several thousand dollars; no insurance.

LIGHTNING struck and killed John Rainey, aged 16, of Pardoe, Mercer county, while standing by a stack of hay which was destroyed.

GABRIEL EYTH, while suffering from a temporary fit of insanity, jumped from a second-story window of the Nixon house, Butler, and ran down street into a barn where he shot himself, dying immediately.

THOMAS WHITE, aged 18, was sentenced by Judge Ingham, of Greene county, to five years in the penitentiary for the killing of John McHenry, in Center township.

CHARLES HEIDEGER, aged 50 years, while setting in a swing at Phillipsburg, fell a distance of two feet, breaking his back, which caused paralysis. He is not expected to recover.

WILLIAM D. WALLACE, as guardian for Frederica J. Smith, of New Castle, has sued the Pittsburg & Western road for $30,000 damages, alleging that the gross carelessness of the road in August, 1889, was responsible for the death of Miss Smith's brother and permanent injury to herself.

THE citizens of Dunn's station, Washington county, are greatly excited over the striking of an immense gas well near that place. The well penetrated the sand yesterday evening and immediately began gassing heavily. A little more drilling developed it into one of the largest gassers in the state, the test showing a pressure of 250 pounds to the minute. The well is owned by the Carnegie company.

DEAD rats in a well caused typhoid fever and killed the wife and daughter of Ira White, at Washington, last week.

GEORGE HAMMOND, 21 years of age, and his father, John Hammond, aged 44, were killed at the Wheeler mines, near Uniontown, by a fall of slate.

EDWARD ST. CLAIR GIBBONS, manager of the opera house at Shenandoah, was killed by falling down cellar steps.

ERIE boasts of a population of 45,367, according to the directory just published.

THIRTY turkeys and 40 chickens were slaughtered by a mink in two nights on John Kline's farm at Tulpehocken.

THE following was the prize essay of a little Pethlehem girl: "A sheep has two eyes, two ears, a nose, a mouth, a head, four feet and a tongue. He also has wool, skin, flesh, a tail and bones."

THERE is a peculiar disease among the cattle in some counties in this state, which has thus far baffled the skill of cattle men. The first symtoms is the drying up of the milk, and finally the animal becomes blind and dies in great agony. A number of steers have also died from this disease.

A FEW days ago a young woman in Wellsboro was seized with a fit of coughing, and she was choked by something in her throat, which she finally coughed up and found that the article that she had coughed up was a common pin heavily coated with rust. The most remarkable part of the incident is that the young lady has no recollection of ever swallowing a pin.

NEWSY GLEANINGS.

YELLOW FEVER prevails in Honduras.

THE iron ore trade still remains stagnant.

THERE are fears of a cholera epidemic in Europe.

THE oils wells in this country supply 190,000 barrels a day.

HEREAFTER all telegraphing in Spain will be done by military operators.

THERE were no less than five stage robberies in Montana during June.

THE next President of the United States will receive about 7,000,000 votes.

THE pack of canned lobsters is expected to fall off fifty per cent. compared with last season.

A TUNNEL to cost $1,000,000 has been started at Leadville, Col., to drain the mining camps.

JAMES MULLEN, of Louisville, Ky., bled to death from a hole in his tongue about the size of a pin.

THE chiefs of the Arapahoes and Cheyenne Indians refuse to accept the beef issue from the Government.

THE embezzlements of the first six months of the present year amounted to the large sum of $3,895,814.

RELIEF boats provided and provisioned by the State, have left New Orleans for the flooded district of the State.

DROUTH famine in Northern Mexico and Southwest Texas looms up as one of the great calamities of the year.

ADVICES from nearly all business centres show a gradual growth in confidence, though not in the volume of business done.

THE Governments of Germany and Austria are acting in concert in the adoption of measures to prevent cholera from entering their countries.

UNITED STATES cavalry to the number of four hundred are encamped near Douglas, Wyoming, presumably to take a hand in the rustler troubles.

H. L. LINCKS, of Huron, South Dakota, Vice-President of the National Alliance, succeeds L. L. Polk, deceased, as President of the organization.

THE estate of the late Father Mollinger of Pittsburg, worth $800,000, and supposed to have been given to the church, is claimed by a poor cousin living in New York.

THINGS are going to be lively in the Bering Sea this season. The migrating herds are now near the passes in the closed sea and the cruisers are following them.

THE present wheat crop in Kansas promises to exceed any ever known. Farmers are offering $2 to $3 a day with board for help.