

DR. CHAPMAN'S SERMON

A SUNDAY DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED PASTOR-EVANGELIST.

Subject: Two Hundred Fainting Men—Every Person is Called into the Kingdom of God For a Purpose—We Shall Be Made to Account For Work Done

NEW YORK CITY.—The following scholarly and readable sermon, prepared for the press by the popular pastor-evangelist, the Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman. The subject of the discourse is "Two Hundred Fainting Men," and it was preached from the text, "Two hundred men were lying in the dust, and they could not go over the Brook Besor." I. Samuel 30: 10.

In some respects we are reminded in this story of the celebrated charge of the Light Brigade, possibly because there were 600 of David's soldiers, and perhaps because they fought valiantly and bravely. While the rank and file would not compete with the men who fought at Sebastopol or Inkerman, for they had been a discontented lot in their homes and in their service, yet there were some really great soldiers among them, and they were as ready to die as were those 600 illustrious men who made the gallant charge not many years ago.

At the time of the text David was living at Ziklag, and he and his men had been away in battle. The battle has been waged, the victory has been won, and they are homeward bound. They have camped for the last night, and to-morrow morning they will be with their loved ones. The march, and when they come to the hill where before they could naturally see Ziklag the first man shades his eyes with his hands and looks. His face grows pale and he begins to shudder. Ziklag is in ashes, and as they come nearer their wives and children and all their property have been carried away. They are about to turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit.

They are about to turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit.

They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit.

They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit.

They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit.

They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit.

They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit.

They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit.

They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit.

They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit.

They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit.

They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they cannot turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in a hot pursuit.

rather unto the furtherance of the gospel; so that my bonds in Christ are manifest in all the places, in all other places." Philippians 1: 12-13. There are those who say if I were only in a more enlarged sphere I would be brave and true, but this is not at all certain if you are not brave and true where you stand to-day.

"Just where thou art lift up thy voice, and sing the song that bears the heart; And thy sweet song and eager hand To lift, to save, just where thou art. Just where thou standest light thy lamp, 'Tis dark to others as to thee; Their hearts are ledged by unseen thorns, Their burdens fret as thine fret these."

"Out yonder, in the broad, full glare Of many lamps that own no light; And thy sweet song amid the gear Of many voices slowly fall; While these thy kindred wandered on Uncheered, unlighted, to the end. Hear to thy hand, thy mission goes, Wherever sad hearts need a friend."

First—Perhaps you are where you are because you have not filled full that position; and God will never call you to a higher place until you have overflowed where you are. Mourning and fretting because you are not where you want to be are not the things that God desires. The bonds are only tight because of the fretfulness. Two birds in two cages in a room give an illustration. One dashing itself against the bars because it is imprisoned, injuring itself and stopping its song; the other singing as if it would outsing the lark in the meadows, and moving thereby its mistress opens the cage and sets it free. He who does the best he can where God has placed him has put his foot on the round of the ladder that leads up to higher things.

Second—Usefulness is not the primary object for the Christian. We say, "Oh, that we might be more useful," but first that we desire to be more holy, for that is God's will. There is nothing better for the most of us than sorrow and disappointment or trial because these things shape character. There is little merit in being good when everything about us makes us good, and usefulness is the result of character, is to character what the fragrance is to the rose. The gardener does not aim first for the fragrance, but to make the rose perfect, and the gardener takes care of himself. If you study the sermons of Whitfield, Wesley, Spurgeon and Moody you may wonder why these sermons produced such mighty effects. It was because the power was in the messenger rather than in the message.

To be right with God, to be holy, to be like Christ, is our first duty, and through the door of holiness we pass to usefulness. In the early painting days of West, Morse, the philosopher, entered his studio. He was painting his masterpiece of "Christ Rejected," when he said to his friend, "Lend me the brush, and I will paint the picture," and if you have ever seen this picture you have seen the hands of Morse painted in the stead of Christ. If you are in bonds for Christ's sake the very thought will take from you the sting of living possibly out of sight and doing only common things as you have done in other days, yet the time will come when you will be free.

Perhaps there are those here who are in bondage because they have never yet become Christians. In the old World street mission there came one day a man hovey a man of about four feet high, like a veritable dwarf, but when he stood up he stood up as tall as a man. He was a Jew, and he yielded himself to Christ. He stood up as straight as an athlete. Perhaps this is what you need. Sighing for peace, you have not found it, searching for pleasure it has eluded his grasp. Oh, come to Christ to-day for He may set you free.

Then discipline may free us. Rawlin's White, the old martyr, was decrepit and bowed with age, but when he stepped into the fire suddenly these were bonds were as straight as a string as it had ever been in the days of his youth, and it may not be when sorrow came to you and your heart was almost breaking, when the straightness of his body took hold upon you that God was but seeking to free you from bondage and lead you out into a larger field of service. The thing from which you stand away He meant for your education.

A dear friend of mine with whom I traveled recently said, "I was but an average Christian until one day God came into my life and took my daughter, and I stood in the midst of my sorrow I yielded myself to Him, gave Him my time and my money and everything that I had, and I stepped out into a life of blessing such as I had never known, and I would not give the last twelve years for all my life before put together." And then, too, we shall be free when we see Him. For the man who is free from the bonds most circumscribed here will doubtless find when he stands in the presence of the King that he was but in a preparation for a mission among the saints at which the very angels might stand amazed.

If all these seem like hardships to us and we have been without comfort, then let us wait until the day of reward shall come. The mother who has had a hard time with her children, just wait and do your best. When Charles Wesley comes to judgment, and all the hosts that have been won to Christ by His power of music come, it will be a great day, and when John Wesley comes to judgment with all the souls of Methodism with him it will be a marvelous day, and higher than the throne of either Charles Wesley or John will be throne of Susana Wesley, their mother.

The old preacher who has been discouraged all his life because his church was so small and his work so apparently insignificant, needs only to wait until that great day, and when that old minister who preached in Falkirk stands in His presence and says possibly to Him, "Master, I have a little field," he will hear Him say, "But you led Robert Moffat to me," and as Joseph Parker said the man who added Robert Moffat to the church added a continent to the kingdom. And when the old English minister whose field was very circumscribed, whose name is not generally known, stands in His presence and says, "Master, I did the best I could, but my church was small." He will say to him, "But you led Charles Spurgeon to Christ, and Spurgeon led a multitude."

Then Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn came up the River Thames they had a great entrance into the city of London. Fifty barges followed the Lord Mayor. Officers were dressed in scarlet. Musicians chanted upon the banks of the river, and she who was to be the queen clad in garments of beauty, walking upon velvet, entered Westminster Abbey, and the service was a great one, but it is as nothing compared to the end when the rewards are given to those who have simply been faithful.

If you are sick, He will say, "and ye visited Me," and the young Christian Endeavorer will say, "But, Master, when?" and He will answer, "it was when you walked through the wards of the hospital and gave a flower to this one and a cup of cold water to that one." "I was weak and ye helped Me," and this business man will say, "But, Master, when?" and He will answer, "it was the coin you gave to the man in the crowded streets of the city yesterday, and who for that coin would have starved." And to the mother who has cared for her children, and the business man who has faithfully performed the task of his business, and the father who has been true in his home He will say, "Inasmuch as ye did it, unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

So you see it is not at all a question as to where we have labored or how small our experience has been, but have we done our best. If so, we shall receive a reward.

SOUTH HADBILLSTOERN

FINANCIAL FACTS OF THE CONFEDERACY SOUND LIKE ROMANCE.

The First Currency was Shabby Looking Stuff, Printed on Inferior Paper, and the Work of the Engraver Was Badly Done—Greedy of Speculators.

The financial history of the Confederate States will never be written. The story of the unsuccessful effort of the Southern republic to create and maintain a currency would read like a romance in this practical, cold-blooded age.

At the beginning of our Civil War the South had just closed a decade of exceptional progress and development, and her cotton product alone was in such general demand that it would have been easy to utilize it in a way that would have strengthened the new Government and given it a fair start.

According to experienced financiers, the cotton stored on Southern plantations and in the warehouses was the fall of 1861 might easily have been purchased by the Government for six per cent, Confederate bonds. It could have been shipped to Europe before the Federal blockade became efficient, and during the following three years it would have yielded the enormous sum of \$1,000,000,000.

And this money, mind you, would have been gold, the only currency that is worth anything to a new nation forced to fight its way from the very first.

The Southern people were patriotic and unselfish, as a rule, throughout their long struggle, and in the early days of the Confederacy all classes gave it their encouragement and support in every possible way.

The first Confederate currency was shabby looking stuff, printed on inferior paper, and the work of the engraver was so badly done that unscrupulous persons in the North found it easy to turn out counterfeit, which soon flooded the entire South.

But the people welcomed it because it was the money of the Confederacy. They knew very little about Mr. C. G. Meminger, the Secretary of the Treasury, but he had been selected by President Davis, and that was enough for them to know.

So there was a currency craze from the beginning. Everybody wanted the new, crisp bills, and the prophets of evil kept their forebodings to themselves.

For some time the new money held its own. During the early months of 1861 those who came from the North and from Europe spent their gold and silver freely in Richmond and other Confederate cities.

If anybody anticipated the rapid depreciation and collapse of the currency they wisely held their tongue. In 1861, from January 1 to May 1, it depreciated five per cent; by October 1 ten per cent, and by December 1 it had lost twenty per cent.

In 1862 it took \$2.50 in this money to buy \$1 in gold on the 1st of September. In 1863 it was down to three for one February 1, and twenty-one for one October 15.

In 1864 it went down to twenty-three for one, September 15, and after Atlanta's capture and destruction it depreciated rapidly until the shoppers during the Christmas holidays found that \$51 in Confederate currency was only equal to one little gold dollar.

In 1865 it went down in a hurry. January 1 it was sixty for one; April 1 it was eighty for one. By April 28 the cause was hopeless. A dollar in gold then commanded \$500 in Confederate bills. On the 29th of the same month it stood \$800 for \$1. The next day it was \$1000 for \$1, and on May 1 a dollar in gold brought \$1200, the last actual sale.

Shortly after the fall of Savannah, in December 1864, the month's pay of a Confederate private soldier would only buy him a pound of meat. A decent hat was worth \$200; a nice suit of clothes \$800; a bushel of wheat from \$40 to \$50; a drink of good whisky, \$10, and a horse several thousand dollars.

Before the final collapse of the currency in Richmond, beef, pork, and butter sold for \$35 a pound, and flour brought \$1400 a barrel.

WHY MT. PELEE EXPLODED.

Gases Produced by Inrush of Sea Water Upon Lava.

The fearful loss of life at Martinique and the suddenness of the destruction seem mysterious to most people, and are scarcely to be accounted for by any of the text books relating to volcanic phenomena.

But yet there appears to be a simple and scientific explanation of all that occurred there in those few fearful minutes. All geologists admit that the common cause of violent volcanic eruptions is the generation of steam at enormously high pressure by water coming in contact with very hot lava at great depths, and that the gases and "smoke" ejected are chiefly steam and cinders or ashes.

But the surviving eye witnesses of the volcanic eruption at Martinique speak of the "tornado of fire" which suddenly swept over the city and killed most of the people and instantly set on fire the buildings and shipping; and also of the suffocating vapors that immediately killed most of those that escaped the outburst of flame. This fire can be fully explained by the dissociation of the oxygen and hydrogen of the water that came in sudden contact with intensely heated lava within the volcano.

As it was probably sea water, the chlorine of the salt would also be separated as a gas. These gases, escaping with great violence, and in vast volumes, mixed with steam, would eject the hot stones and cinders and then instantaneously explode in the open air, causing the intensely violent outburst of hot flames that swept down the mountain and over the town, for such a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen is among the most explosive of all known gases, and it produces an intense heat.

If chlorine were present, as was doubtless the case, it would also form an explosive mixture with the hydrogen, generating hydrochloric acid gas. This is an exceedingly suffocating gas—deadly if inhaled in any considerable amount. It is always produced when sea water comes in contact with highly heated lava deep within the crater of volcanoes near the sea.

The burned condition in which most of the dead and wounded were found, and the evidences of suffocation in other cases, prove conclusively that this separation and explosive reunion of the elements of sea-water were the immediate causes of the "whirlwind of flame" and the sudden destruction of life. The vast explosive flame doubtless reached the city before the stones that were ejected by the same outburst of the gases could fall there.

The writer, in teaching geology during many years, has always applied this explanation to other violent volcanic eruptions, like that of Krakatoa, in opposition to the text books, but the eruption at Martinique proves its correctness most completely. At Krakatoa no eye witnesses were left alive to tell what happened.

A similar explosive effect, on a small scale, is produced when a small quantity of water is thrown upon the hot coals in a furnace. The hydrogen separates from the oxygen of the water and then explodes with an outburst of hot flames. Instances have occurred when terrible explosions have been produced by water accidently getting into blast furnaces and other very hot furnaces.

In all such cases great volumes of hydrogen are liberated, and mixing with the air explode very violently, with the production of very hot flames. In a volcano the hot lava and the water are in unlimited quantities and under enormous pressures, far beyond any that can be produced artificially.—A. E. Verrill, Yale University. New Haven.

When Mountain Climbing Began. Now that Cecil Rhodes has established the poetry and romance of the Matoppo it is worth recalling how very modern is this love of mountains and mountain scenery. Even till the eighteenth century was more than half told their rugged grandeur was regarded with superstitious awe on the one hand, and with entire indifference on the other. For Europeans the Alps had now come to the conclusion that much of the contagion was spread by tame pigeons and doves which carried the contagion from place to place.

The evidence on which this theory is based is that scarlet fever spread under strict quarantine from a house on the roof of which there was a large pigeon cot. The only live stock about the house not quarantined was the pigeons, which flew about the neighborhood.

If they didn't carry the disease germs the authorities don't know how the fever was spread.—New York Sun.

Dust-Borne Disease. In the discussion at the recent congress of surgeons in Berlin on the first aid to the wounded on the battlefield it was brought out by Burnus, Bartelsmann and others that the danger in modern warfare is not so much from primary infection by the small-caliber projectile of rapid-fire rifles as from secondary infection by contamination of the wound from the clothing or the dust of the battlefield. The effect of the dust surgeon is, therefore, more to exclude septic and tetanus germs than to disinfect the wound. But to come nearer home, the danger of dust is emphasized by the report that New York City has over 450 street sweepers on the sick list with diseases due to the inhalation of infectious dust. A number of infections are so commonly conveyed in dust as to merit the designation of "dust diseases." Of these cerebro-spinal meningitis is of frequent occurrence in cities during the spring months.—American Medicine.

POPULAR SCIENCE

F. G. Weichmann writes to Science that an analysis of a sample of mineral dust from the Martinique eruption—dust which fell on the ship Alejandro del Bueno, which was at the time about one hundred miles distant from the island—gave results as follows: Silica, 53.34 per cent; sesqui-oxide of iron and aluminum, 30.68 per cent; calcium oxide, 10.77 per cent; magnesium oxide, 4.12 per cent; sulphur, 0.7 per cent; phosphorus, a trace. The powder is highly magnetic.

There is a plant in Holland known as the evening primrose, which grows to a height of five or six feet, and bears a profusion of large, yellow flowers, so brilliant that they attract immediate attention, even at a great distance. But the chief peculiarity about the plant is the fact that the flowers, which open just before sunset, burst into bloom so suddenly that they give one the impression of some material agency. A man who has seen this sudden blooming says it is just as if some one had touched the land with a wand and thus covered it all at once with a golden sheet.

Says the National Geographic Magazine: Glittering snowfields and vast glaciers now cover the summits of the mighty volcanic mountains of the western United States.—Mt. Shasta, 14,350 feet; Mt. Ranier, 14,525 feet; Mt. Hood, 11,225 feet, and other noble peaks. One of the most remarkable of these extinct volcanoes is the well-known Mt. Mazama, in Oregon. The crater of Mt. Mazama is now occupied by a lake five to six miles in diameter. The lake is 6230 feet above the sea, is 1975 feet deep and surrounded by almost vertical walls, towering 900 to 2200 feet. This is the only crater lake in the United States.

We are in the habit of seeking the shade of a tree as a means of getting cool, but that is not the only power it has of reducing the temperature. On the same principle that a lump of ice will cool a glass of water a tree will cool the air around it, because its own temperature is uniformly about forty-five degrees; that is to say, the temperature of a tree as a body. This is little understood, perhaps, but it is a recognized scientific fact, and it adds much force to the argument in favor of planting trees in cities. A clump of trees is capable of making a material reduction in temperature. The woods, therefore, are cool, not only because they are shady, but because the trees are constantly fighting off the heat.

The scientific cause of a tornado's destructive effect is not generally understood. The effect is produced by different air-pressures. The normal air-pressure on all surfaces at sea level is 17.7 pounds for each square inch, or about 2117 pounds for each square foot. The pressure in the centre of a tornado, in the dark "funnel," is one-fourth lighter; that is to say, about 529 pounds lighter. Now, before a tornado reaches a house, the air-pressure on every square foot of wall, inside and out, and of roof and floor, is 2117 pounds, and as this pressure is exerted in every direction, it is not appreciable. But when the tornado comes the pressure on the outside of the house is suddenly reduced to the extent of 529 pounds, while the inside pressure remains unchanged. The inevitable result is an explosion from the inside. The walls and doors of a house under these circumstances are always blown outwards, not inwards.

When Mountain Climbing Began. Now that Cecil Rhodes has established the poetry and romance of the Matoppo it is worth recalling how very modern is this love of mountains and mountain scenery. Even till the eighteenth century was more than half told their rugged grandeur was regarded with superstitious awe on the one hand, and with entire indifference on the other. For Europeans the Alps had now come to the conclusion that much of the contagion was spread by tame pigeons and doves which carried the contagion from place to place.

The evidence on which this theory is based is that scarlet fever spread under strict quarantine from a house on the roof of which there was a large pigeon cot. The only live stock about the house not quarantined was the pigeons, which flew about the neighborhood.

If they didn't carry the disease germs the authorities don't know how the fever was spread.—New York Sun.

Dust-Borne Disease. In the discussion at the recent congress of surgeons in Berlin on the first aid to the wounded on the battlefield it was brought out by Burnus, Bartelsmann and others that the danger in modern warfare is not so much from primary infection by the small-caliber projectile of rapid-fire rifles as from secondary infection by contamination of the wound from the clothing or the dust of the battlefield. The effect of the dust surgeon is, therefore, more to exclude septic and tetanus germs than to disinfect the wound. But to come nearer home, the danger of dust is emphasized by the report that New York City has over 450 street sweepers on the sick list with diseases due to the inhalation of infectious dust. A number of infections are so commonly conveyed in dust as to merit the designation of "dust diseases." Of these cerebro-spinal meningitis is of frequent occurrence in cities during the spring months.—American Medicine.

Something About Gardeners. A skilled gardener commands easily a salary of from \$1500 to \$2000 a year. There are a dozen such men in this city, who have ten or more assistants, and who devote their own time only to the highest branches of the gardening art—to making orchid seedlings, to grafting and to originating new species of flowers. These men write for horticultural magazines and get their photographs in horticultural papers. Some of them have whole boxes full of medals and ribbons from various flower shows. As a rule they are foreigners. They serve, in learning their art, an apprenticeship that is much longer than the course of a medical college or a law school.—Philadelphia Record.