REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOLLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

TEXT: *The sun shall be turned into darkness.*—Acts ii., 20.

Solar eclipse is here prophesied to take place about the time of the destruction of ancient Jerusalem. Josephus, the historian, says that the prophecy was literally fulfilled, and that about that time there were strange appearances in the heavens. The sun was not destroyed, but for a little while hidden.

Christianity is the rising sun of our time, and men have tried with the uprolling vapors of skepticism and the smoke of their blasphemy to turn the sun into darkness. Suppose the archangels of malice and horror should be let loose a little while and be allowed to extinguish and destroy the sun in the natural heavens. They would take the oceans from other worlds and pour them on this luminary of the planetary system, and the waters go hissing down amid the ravines and the caverns, and there is explosion after explosion until there are only a few peaks of fire left in the sun, and these are cooling down and going out until the vast continents of flame are reduced to a small acreage of fire, and that whitens and cools off until there are only a few coals left, and these are whitening and going out until there is not a spark left in all the mountains of ashes and the valleys of ashes and the chasms of ashes. An extinguished sun. A dead sun. A buried sun. Let all worlds wail at the stupendous obsequies.

Of course this withdrawal of the solar heat and light throws our earth into a universal chill, and the tropics become the temperate and the temperate becomes the Arctic, and there are frozen rivers and frozen lakes and frozen oceans. From Arctic and Antarctic regions the inhabitants gather in toward the center and find the equator as the poles. The slain forests are piled up into a great bonfire, and around them gather the shivering villages and cities. The wealth of the coal mines is hastily poured into the furnaces and stirred into rage of combustion, but soon the bonfires begin to lower and the furnaces begin to go out and the nations begin to die. Cotopaxi, Vesuvius, Etna, Stromboli, Californian geysers cease to smoke, and the ice of hail storms remains unmelted in their craters. All the flowers have breathed their last breath. Ships with sailors frozen at the mast and helmsmen frozen at the wheel, and passengers frozen in the cabin; all nations dying, first at the north and then at the south. Child frosted and dead in the cradle. Octogenarian frosted and dead at the hearth. Workmen with frozen hand on the hammer and frozen foot on the shuttle. Winter from sea to sea. All congealing winter. Perpetual winter. Globe of frigidity. Hemisphere shackled to hemisphere by chains of ice. Universal Nova Zembla. The earth an ice floe grinding against other ice floes. The archangels of malice and horror have done their work, and now they may take their thrones of glacier and look down upon the ruin they have wrought.

What the destruction of the sun in the natural heavens would be to our physical earth, the destruction of Christianity would be to the moral world. The sun turned into darkness. Infidelity in our time is considered a great joke. There are people who rejoice to hear Christianity caricatured, and to hear Christ assailed with quibble and quirk and misrepresentation and badinage and harlequinade.

I propose this morning to take infidelity and atheism out of the realm of jocularity into one of tragedy, and show you what they propose, and what, if they are successful, they will accomplish. There are those in all our communities who would like to see the Christian religion overthrown, and who say the world would be better without it. I want to show you what is the end of this road, and what is the terminus of this crusade, and what this world will be when atheism and infidelity have triumphed over it, if they can. I say, if they can. I reiterate it, if they can.

In the first place, it will be the complete and unutterable degradation of womanhood. I will prove it by facts and arguments which no honest man will dispute. In all communities and cities and states and nations where the Christian religion has been dominant, woman's condition has been ameliorated and improved, and she is deferred to and honored in a thousand things, and every gentleman takes off his hat before her. If your associations have been good, you know that the name of wife, mother, daughter, suggest gracious surroundings. You know there are no better schools and seminaries in Brooklyn or in any city of this country than the schools and seminaries for young ladies. You know that while woman may suffer injustice in England and the United States, she has more of her rights in Christendom than she has anywhere else.

Now, compare this with woman's condition in lands where Christianity has made little or no advance—in China, in Barbary, in Borneo, in Tartary, in Egypt, in Hindostan. The Burmese sell their wives and daughters as so many sheep. The Hindoo Bible makes it disgraceful and an outrage for a woman to listen to music or look out of the window in the absence of her husband, and gives as a lawful ground for divorce a woman's beginning to eat before her husband has finished his meal. What mean those white bundles on the ponds and rivers in China in the morning? Infanticide following infanticide. Female children destroyed simply because they are female. Woman harnessed to a plow as an ox. Woman veiled and barricaded, and in all styles of cruel seclusion. Her birth a misfortune. Her life a torture. Her death a horror. The missionary of the cross to-day in heathen lands preaches generally to two groups—a group of men who do as they please and sit where they please; the other group—women hidden and carefully secluded in a side apartment, where they may hear the voice of the preacher but may not be seen. No refinement. No liberty. No hope for this life. No hope for the life to come. Ringed nose. Cramped foot. Disfigured face. Embruted soul. Now compare those two conditions. How far toward this latter condition that I speak of would woman go if Christian influences were withdrawn and Christianity were destroyed? It is only a question of dynamics. If an object be lifted to a certain point and not fastened there, and the lifting power be withdrawn, how long before that object will fall down to the point from which it started? It will fall down, and it will go still further than the point from which it started. Christianity has lifted woman up from the very depths of degradation almost to the skies. If that lifting power be withdrawn she falls clear back to the depth from which she was resurrected, not going any lower because there is no lower depth. And yet, notwithstanding the fact that the only salvation of woman from degradation and woe is the Christian religion, and the only influence that has ever lifted her in the social scale is Christianity—I have read that there are women who reject Christianity. I make no remark in regard to those persons. I make no remark in regard to them. In the silence of your own soul make your observations.

If infidelity triumph and Christianity be overthrown, it means the demoralization of society. The one idea in the Bible that atheists and infidels most hate, is the idea of retribution. Take away the idea of retribution and punishment from society, and it will begin very soon to disintegrate; and take away from the minds of men the fear of hell, and there are a great many of them who would very soon turn this world into a hell. The majority of those who are indignant against the Bible because of the idea of punishment are men whose lives are bad or whose hearts are impure, and who hate the Bible because of the idea of future punishment for the same reason that criminals hate the penitentiary. Oh, I have heard this brave talk about people fearing nothing of the consequences of sin in the next world, and I have made up my mind it is merely a coward's whistling to keep his courage up. I have seen men flaunt their immoralities in the face of the community, and I have heard them defy the judgment day and scoff at the idea of any future consequence of their sin; but when they came to die they shrieked until you could hear them for nearly two blocks, and in the summer night the neighbors got up to put the windows down because they could not endure the horror.

I would not want to see a rail train with five hundred Christian people on board go down through a drawbridge into a watery grave. I would not want to see five hundred Christian people go into such disaster, but I tell you plainly that I could more easily see that than I could for any protracted time stand and see an infidel die, though his pillow were of eider down and under a canopy of vermilion. I have never been able to brace up my nerves for such a spectacle. There is something at such a time so indescribable in the countenance. I just looked in upon it for a minute or two, but the clutch of his fist was so diabolic, and the strength of voice was so unnatural, I could not endure it. "There is no hell, there is no hell, there is no hell!" the man had said for sixty years; but that night when I looked in the dying room of my infidel neighbor, there was something on his countenance which seemed to say: "There is, there is, there is, there is."

The mightiest restraints to-day against theft, against immorality, against libertinism, against crime of all sorts—the mightiest restraints are the retributions of eternity. Men know that they can escape the law, but down in the offender's soul there is the realization of the fact that they cannot escape God. He stands at the end of the road of profligacy, and he will not clear the guilty. Take all idea of retribution and punishment out of the hearts and minds of men, and it would not be long before Brooklyn and New York and Boston and Charleston and Chicago became Sodoms. The only restraints against the evil passions of the world to-day are Bible restraints.

Suppose now these generals of atheism and infidelity got the victory, and suppose they marshaled a great army made up of the majority of the world. They are in companies, in regiments, in brigades—the whole army. Forward, march! ye hosts of infidels and atheists, banners flying before, banners flying behind, banners inscribed with the words: "No God! No Christ! No punishment! No restraints! Down with the Bible! Do as you please!" The sun turned into darkness.

Forward, march! ye great army of infidels and atheists! And first of all you will attack the churches. Away with those houses of worship! They have been standing there so long and deluding the people with consolation in their bereavements and sorrows. All those churches ought to be extirpated; they have done so much to relieve the lost and bring home the wandering, and they have so long held up the idea of eternal rest after the paroxysm of this life is over. Turn the St. Peters and St. Pauls and the temples and tabernacles into club houses. Away with those churches!

Foward, march! ye great army of infidels and atheists, and next of all they scatter the Sabbath-schools—the Sabbath schools filled with bright eyed, bright cheeked little ones, who are singing songs on Sunday afternoon, and getting instruction when they ought to be on the street corners playing marbles or swearing on the common. Away with them! Forward, march! ye great army of infidels and atheists, and next of all they will attack Christian asylums—the institutions of mercy supported by Christian philanthropies. Never mind the blind eyes and the deaf ears and the crippled limbs and the weakened intellects. Let paralyzed old age pick up its own food, and orphans fight their own way, and the half reformed go back to their evil habits. Forward, march! ye great army of infidels and atheists, and with your battle axes hew down the cross and split up the manger of Bethlehem.

On, ye great army of infidels and atheists, and now they come to the graveyards and the cemeteries of the earth. Pull down the sculpture above Greenwood's gate, for it means the resurrection. Tear away at the entrance of Laurel Hill the figure of Old Mortality and the chisel. On, ye great army of infidels and atheists, into the graveyards and the cemeteries; and where you see "Asleep in Jesus," cut it away, and where you find a marble story of heaven, blast it, and where you find over a little child's grave: "Suffer little children to come unto me," substitute the words "delusion" and "sham," and where you find an angel in marble, strike off the wings, and when you come to a family vault, chisel on the door: "Dead once, dead forever."

But on, ye great army of infidels and atheists, on! They will attempt to scale heaven. There are heights to be taken. Pile hill on hill and Pelion upon Ossa, and then they hoist the ladders against the walls of heaven. On and on until they blow up the foundations of jasper and the gates of pearl. They charge up the steep. Now they aim for the throne of him who liveth forever and ever. They would take down from their high place the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost. "Down with them!" they say. "Down with them from the throne!" they say. "Down forever! Down out of sight! He is not God. He has no right to sit there. Down with him! Down with Christ!"

A world without a head, a universe without a king. Orphan constellations. Fatherless galaxies. Anarchy supreme. A dethroned Jehovah. An assassinated God. Parricide, regicide, deicide. That is what they mean. That is what they will have, if they can, if they can, if they can. Civilization hurled back into semi-barbarism, and semi-barbarism driven back into Hottentot savagery. The wheel of progress turned the other way, and turned toward the dark ages. The clock of the centuries put back 2000 years. Go back, you Sandwich Islands, from your schools and from your colleges, and from your reformed condition, to what you were in 1820, when the missionaries first came. Call home the 500 missionaries from India and overthrow their 2000 schools where they are trying to educate the heathen, and scatter the 140,000 little children that they have gathered out of barbarism into civilization. Obliterate all the work of Dr. Duff in India, of David Abeel in China, of Dr. King in Greece, of Judson in Burmah, of David Brainard amid the American aborigines, and send home the three thousand missionaries of the cross who are toiling in foreign lands, toiling for Christ's sake, toiling themselves into the grave. Tell these three thousand men of God that they are of no use. Send home the medical missionaries who are doctoring the bodies as well as the souls of the nations. Go home, London missionary society. Go home, American board of foreign missions. Go home, ye Moravians, and relinquish back into darkness and squalor and filth and death the nations whom ye have begun to lift.

Oh, my friends, there has never been such a nefarious plot on earth as that which infidelity and atheism have planned. We were shocked a few years ago because of the attempt to blow up the parliament houses in London; but if infidelity and atheism succeed in their attempt they will dynamite a world. Let them have their full way and this world will be a habitation of three rooms—a habitation with just three rooms; the one a madhouse, another a lazaretto, the other a pandemonium. These infidel bands of music have only just begun their concert—yea, they have only been stringing their instruments. I to-day put before you their whole programme from beginning unto close. In the theatre the tragedy comes first and the farce afterward; but in this infidel drama of death the farce comes first and the tragedy afterward. And in the former atheists and infidels laugh and mock, but in the latter God himself will laugh and mock. He says so: "I will laugh at their calamity and mock when their fear cometh."

From such a chasm of individual, national, world-wide ruin, stand back. Oh, young men, stand back from that chasm! You see the practical drift of my sermon. I want you to know where that road leads. Stand back from that chasm of ruin. The time is going to come (you and I may not live to see it, but it will come, just as certainly as there is a God, it will come) when the infidels and the atheists who openly and out and out and above board preach and practice infidelity and atheism will be considered as criminals against society, as they are now criminals against God. Society will push out the leper, and the wretch with soul gangrened and ichorous and vermin covered and rotting apart with his beastiality, will be left to die in the ditch and be denied decent burial, and men will come with spades and cover up the carcass, where it falls, that it poison not the air, and the only text in all the Bible appropriate for the funeral sermon will be Jeremiah xxii., 19: "He shall be buried with the burial of an ass."

A thousand voices come up to me this morning, saying: "Do you really think infidelity will succeed? Has Christianity received its death blow? and will the Bible become obsolete?" Yes, when the smoke of the city chimney arrests and destroys the noonday sun. Josephus says about the time of the destruction of Jerusalem the sun was turned into darkness; but only the clouds rolled between the sun and the earth. The sun went right on. It is the same sun, the same luminary as when at the beginning it shot out like an electric spark from God's finger, and to-day it is warming the nations, and to-day it is gilding the sea, and to-day it is filling the earth with light. The same old sun, not at all worn out, though its light steps one hundred and ninety million miles a second, though its pulsations are four hundred and fifty trillion undulations in a second. Same sum, with beautiful white light made up of the violet and the indigo and the blue and the green and the red and the yellow and the orange—the seven beautiful colors now just as when the solar spectrum first divided them.

At the beginning God said: "Let there be light," and light was, and light is, and light shall be. So Christianity is rolling on, and it is going to warm all nations, and all nations are to bask in its light. Men may shut the window blinds so they cannot see it, or they may smoke the pipe of speculation until they are shadowed under their own vaporing; but the Lord God is a sun! This white light of the Gospel made up of all the beautiful colors of earth and heaven, violet plucked from amid the spring grass, and the indigo of the southern jungles and the blue of the skies, and the green of the foliage, and the yellow of the autumnal woods, and the orange of the southern groves, and the red of the sunsets. All the beauties of earth and heaven brought out by this spiritual spectrum. Great Britain is going to take all Europe for God. The United States are going to take all America for God. Both of them together will take all Asia for God. All three of them will take Africa for God. "Who art thou, oh great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shall become a plain." The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. Hallelujah, amen!

The Working Girls' Friends

"What class of persons are your best customers?" asked a reporter for the *Mail and Express* of a New York bird fancier recently.

"Shop girls, seamstresses, milliners and other working women," was his unexpected reply. "Rich folks buy the parrots, educated canaries, the rare foreign birds and the expensive aquaria, but the pretty working girls are the best and steadiest buyers of the common varieties, and without their custom we should fare badly. We are one with the florists in that respect."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, you just ask the florists—I mean the cheap sidewalk florists of the market and street corners—who are their best customers, and you will get the same answer that I have given you. I can't understand it, either."

"These pets and flowers," said a modest working girl to the reporter a half-hour later, "they cheer us and we should feel lost without them. Why, we can almost always tell when one of our companions is going wrong, that is, coming home late, becoming bold any gay and entertaining longings for dress and ornaments, by her giving away her pets and plants or neglecting them."

The canary is by long odds the favorite pet with working girls. The little sky-blue nonpareil birds, as they are called, love birds, Java sparrows and others are well represented. Guinea pigs and white mice also occasionally receive their share of fostering attention in these humble homes. As to flowers, the hardier, cheaper and prettier of pot plants are the most popular. The geranium is the most common; then comes the heliotrope, then the fuschia, and they also cultivate the wall flower, daisy, the gilly flower, the primrose, several varieties of the pink, the oxalis or wood sorrel and whatever will thrive in circumscribed quarters with limited care. The working girls are often put to their ingenuity to have their pets and flowers attended to during their absence from home in the pursuit of their vocation, especially in cold weather, when the more delicate specimens are apt to suffer severly in the lofty, unwarmed tenements if not cared for. Sometimes one who is too ill to seek her daily work, but able to be about within doors, will minister to the wants of a dozen or more of such possessions on behalf of companions lodging in the same house. Sometimes a kind-hearted landlady will volunteer similar offices for a trifling reciprocation in the way of stitching, mending, or of some cheap but pretty worsted or cardboard ornaments for her vacant walls.

Flowers in China.

The Chinese have a passion for flowers. You may see on the hundreds of canals that cut up the country around Shanghai boats, whose dingy and miserable appearance betokens the poverty, even the beggary, of their occupants, and yet, near the stern, on top of the saw bang, or cooking canopy—the "galley"—you will see from two to a dozen pots of flowers. Little Chinese girls nearly always place a sprig of some bright flower in their glossy tresses of raven black, and they sometimes show a good deal of taste in the arrangement of their nose gays.

Just about the first of February, or near the Chinese New Year, one may see men and boys selling branches of a small bush that bears a yellow flower, somewhat resembling the spicebush flowers of Virginia. The flower has, to a Chinese, associations bright and pleasant as those that clung around the far famed hawthorn that bloomed in old England on "Old Christmas day." You can buy in the market for a few chien or cash a little flower pot with a few bulbs of daffodil in it, and by keeping it in the window of your room soon have a few bright-looking flowers. The Chinese do not plant in their parks such elaborate flower beds as the Americans and Europeans, but they are very fond of pot flowers.—*Vick's Magazine.*

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Odd Names.

There are many English names remarkable for their oddity. Many of them it would be hard to classify, or to form any idea of their origin. Many years ago the following list was taken from a newspaper giving an account of a political meeting in a suburb of Philadelphia. Most of them would seem like fictitious names made up for some humorous story:

Adam Dialogue, Jacob Juvenal, Jacob Hollowbush, David Barndollar, John Hoggerbetz, Anthony Able, George Limeburner, Peter Fetters, John Perkenpine, Peter Linensheets, John Dickensheets, Barzellai Flick, Frederick Everback, Nelson Swallow, Solomon Sell, George Crock, Jacob Lightcap, John Winpenny, John Rodenpillar, Samuel V. Rex, Jacob Sauserman, Richard Slaughter, Samuel Haycock.

The following is a miscellaneous selection: Preserved Fish, Christian Grumbling, Sylvanus Shuffleboottom, William Sheepshanks. It is told of the two gentlemen wearing the last two names, happening to meet in a common friend's house, who introduced them to each other saying: "Mr. Sheepshanks, Mr. Shuffleboottom—Mr. Shuffleboottom, Mr. Sheepshanks," each seemed to notice the oddity of the other's name, and thought that their friend was jesting, and one of them curtly asked: "Do you intend to insult us?"

In Philadelphia, fifty years ago, there were two distinguished physicians, with the characteristic names Physic and Hartshorne, and later, a dentist by the name Toothaker. Among the California teachers there was one by the name Rattan, a name not as properly appreciated now as it would have been fifty or sixty years ago, when the rattan was the schoolmaster's sceptre, and the boys got a rattaning for mischief or negligence.

Not many years ago there were in Boston, New York and Philadelphia four eminent Unitarian clergymen, by the names Bellows, Furness, Sparks and Burnap. These fiery and suggestive names, were, in this case, very inappropriate, as none of them were believers in Gehenna, amd all of them with characters the opposite of their names.

Not long ago there was a sign in St. Louis bearing the inscription: "Swindler, Dealer in Real Estate," a name which might have deterred a superstitious person from investing his money with one whose character might accord with his name.—*Chicago Current.*

Where It Got Its Name.

Many persons have wondered how doing a lively galop got to be called "dancing the racquet." Mrs. Simmons, a well known young lady of Washington, composed a few years ago a galop and was at a loss to give it a name. One day being disturbed by children in the room she called out: "Don't make such a racket," which was caught up and repeated by the children as they went out. It occurred to her that it was a good name for her piece, and so with a touch of French she called it the Racquet Galop, and over 200,000 copies of it have been sold.—*Philadelphia Times.*

"Then let the moon usurp the rule of day.
And winking tapers show the sun his way;
For what my senses can perceive,
I need no revelation to believe."

Ladies suffering from any of the weaknesses or ailments peculiar to their sex, and who will use Dr. Peirce's Favorite Prescription according to directions, will experience a genuine *revelation* in the benefit they will receive. It is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful, menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

Where hunger commands, valor must obey.

Happiness.

The foundation of all happiness is health. A man with an imperfect digestion may be a millionaire, may be the husband of an angel and the father of half a dozen cherubs, and yet be miserable if he be troubled with dyspepsia, or any of the disorders arising from imperfect digestion or a sluggish liver. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are the safest and surest remedy for these morbid conditions. Being purely vegetable, they are perfectly harmless.

A newspaper reporter who was looking for a sensation, stepped upon a bananna peel and discovered one forthwith.

Thousands of cures follow the use of Dr Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents.

The forty-fourth annual session of the National Division, sons of Temperance, will be held in the city of Toronto, Canada, commencing Wednesday, July 11, 1888.

B. B. B.

[Botanic Blood Balm.]

The puerile effort on the part of any one to decry the inestimable value of IODINE in modern medicine may deceive and mislead the ignorant, but is truly ridiculous to physicians and other students of medical science. It is a base characteristic of quackery to promulgate such falsity, and with financial gain an only object, is indeed disreputable. In the cure of the worst form of Blood Poison, Iodide of Potash is indispensable—a fact acknowledged by all intelligent physicians—combined (as in the case of B. B. B.) with certain vegetable ingredients every fault of the drug is removed, and it does not disorder the stomach or clog the kidneys.

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B. B. B. Company—MY DEAR SIR: We had all despaired of my wife ever recovering. Her mouth was one solid ulcer, and for two months or more her body was broken out with sores until she lost a beautiful head of hair, also eyelashes and eye-brows; in fact, she seemed to be a complete wreck. Now comes the great secret which I want all the world to know: That three bottles of Blood Balm medicine has done the work which would sound incredible to any one who did not know it to be so. To-day my wife is perfectly healthy, and has a three-months' old babe, also perfectly healthy.

Very respectfully, H. L. CASSIDY.

B. B. B.

An Odd Whim.

Two gentlemen were conversing in the United States Circuit Court room, says the New York *Telegram*, when one, pointing to Lawyer Gifford, who is counsel in a patent suit involving $4,000,000 or $5,000,000, said:

"How man rooms do you suppose there are in that man's house?"

The other gentleman would be blessed if he knew, and then asked how many.

"One hundred and eleven," was the reply. Man No. 2 smiled, said that was one on him, and asked if the house was a hotel.

"No, no!" exclaimed man No. 1. "There's no hotel about it. He lives in his own private dwelling on Jersey City Heights. I don't know what they do with so many rooms; suppose they entertain a great deal. This is the way they came about:

"Mr. Gifford's father, Livingston Gifford, the eminent patent lawyer, had a hobby for building a new room. Every time he won a case he built a new room. Thus the dwelling gradually grew, from extensions to wings, until it reached its present hotel dimensions. Now the house is as big as a New England village, and the stranger needs a pocket compass and calcium light to find his room."

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Farmers and others who have a little leisure time for the next few months will find it to their interest to write to B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, whose advertisement appears in another column. They offer great inducements to persons to work for them all or part of their time.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Thompson's Eye-water. Druggist sell at 25c. per bottle.

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The head gardener at the Alleghany (Penn.) City Park has planted in a bed there a portrait of Mr. Lincoln that is startlingly true to its great original.

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