REV DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOLLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

TEXT: "*The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.*"—Luke xvi., 8.

Sacred stupidity and solemn incompetency and sanctified laziness are here rebuked by Christ. He says worldings are wider awake for opportunities than are Christians. Men of the world grab occasions while Christian people let the most valuable occasions drift by unimproved. That is the meaning of our Lord when he says: "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."

A marked illustration of the truth of that maxim is in the slowness of the Christian religion to take possession of the secular printing press. The opportunity is open, and has for some time been open, but the ecclesiastical courts and the churches and the ministers of religion are for the most part allowing the golden opportunity to pass unimproved. That the opportunity is open I declare from the fact that the secular newspapers are glad of any religious facts or statistics that you present them. Any animated and stirring article relating to religious themes they would gladly print. They thank you for any information in regard to churches. If a wrong has been done to any Christian church or Christian institution you could go into any newspaper of the land and have the real truth stated. Dedication services, ministerial ordinations and pastoral installations, corner stone laying of a church, anniversary of a charitable society will have reasonable space in any secular journal, if it have previous notice given. If I had some great injustice done me there is not an editorial or a reportorial room in the United States into which I could not go and get myself set right, and that is true of any well known Christian. Already the daily secular press during the course of each week publishes as much religious information and high moral sentiment as does the weekly religious press. Why then does not our glorious Christianity embrace these magnificent opportunities? I have before me a subject of first and last importance. How shall we secure the secular press as a mightier re-enforcement to religion and the pulpit.

The first thing toward this result is cessation of indiscriminate hostility against newspaperdom. You might as well denounce the legal profession because of the shysters, or the medical profession because of the quacks, or merchandise because of the swindling bargain makers, as to slambang newspapers because there are recreant editors and unfair reporters and unclean columns. Guttenberg, the inventor of the art of printing, was about to destroy his types and extinguish the art because it was suggested to him that printing might be suborned into the service of the devil, but afterward he bethought himself that the right use of the art might more than overcome the evil use of it, and so he spared the type and the intelligence of all following ages. But there are many to-day in the depressed mood of Guttenberg with uplifted hammer, wanting to pound to pieces the type, who have not reached his better mood in which he saw the art of printing to be the rising sun of the world's illumination. If instead of fighting newspapers we spend the same length of time and the same vehemence in marshaling their help in religious directions, we would be as much wiser as the man who gets consent of the railroad superintendent to fasten a car to the end of a rail train, shows better sense than he who runs his wheelbarrow up the track to meet and drive back the Chicago limited express. The silliest thing that a man ever does is to fight a newspaper, for you may have the floor for utterance perhaps one day in the week, while the newspaper has the floor every day of the week. Napoleon, though a mighty man, had many weaknesses, and one of the weakest things he ever did was to threaten that if the English newspapers did not stop their adverse criticism of himself he would with four hundred thousand bayonets cross the channel for their chastisement.

Don't fight newspapers. Attack provokes attack. Better wait till the excitement blows over and then go in and get justice, for get it you will if you have patience and common sense and equipoise of disposition. It ought to be a mighty sedative that there is an enormous amount of common sense in the world, and you will eventually be taken for what you are really worth, and you cannot be puffed up and you cannot be written down, and if you are the enemy of good society that fact will come out, and if you are the friend of good society that fact will be established. I know what I am talking about, for I can draw on my own experience. All the responsible newspapers as far as I know are my friends now. But many of you remember the time when I was the most continuously and meanly attacked man in this country. God gave me grace not to answer back, and I kept silence for ten years, and much grace is required. What I said was perverted and twisted into just the opposite of what I did say. My person was maligned, and I was presented as a gorgon, and I was maliciously described by persons who had never seen me as a monstrosity in body, mind and soul. There were millions of people who believed that there was a large sofa in this pulpit, although we never had anything but a chair, and that during the singing by the congregation I was accustomed to lie down on that sofa and dangle my feet over the end. Lying New York correspondents for ten years misrepresented our church services, but we waited, and people from every neighborhood of Christendom came here to find the magnitude of the falsehoods concerning the church and concerning myself. A reaction set in and now we have justice, full justice, more than justice and as much overpraise as once we had under appreciation, and no man that ever lived was so much indebted to the newspaper press for opportunity to preach the Gospel as I am. Young men in the ministry, young men in all professions and occupations, wait. You can afford to wait. Take rough misrepresentation as a Turkish towel to start up your languid circulation, or a system of massage or Swedish movement, whose pokes and pulls and twists and thrusts are salutary treatment. There is one person you need to manage and that is yourself. Keep your disposition sweet by communion with the Christ who answered not again, the society of genial people, and walk in the sunshine with your hat off and you will come out all right. And don't join the crowd of people in our day who spend much of their time damning newspapers.

Again, in this effort to secure the secular press as a mightier re-enforcement of religion and the pulpit, let us make it the avenue of religious information. If you put the facts of churches and denominations of Christians only into the columns of religious papers, which do not in this country have an average of more than ten thousand subscribers, what have you done as compared with what you do if you put these facts through the daily papers which have hundreds of thousands of readers? Every little denomination must have its little organ, supported at great expense, when, with one-half the outlay, a column or half a column of room might be rented in some semi-omnipotent secular publication and so the religious information would be sent round and round the world. The world moves so swiftly to-day that news a week old is stale. Give us all the great church facts and all the revival tidings the next morning or the same evening. My advice, often given to friends who propose to start a new paper, is: "Don't! Don't! Employ the papers already started." The biggest financial hole ever dug in this American continent is the hole in which good people throw their money when they start a newspaper. It is as most as good and as quick a way of getting rid of money as buying stock in a gold mine in Colorado. Not more printing presses, but the right use of those already established. All their cylinders, all their steam power, all their pens, all their types, all their editorial chairs and reportorial rooms are available if you would engage them in behalf of civilization and Christianity.

Again: If you would secure the secular press as a mightier re-enforcement of religion and the pulpit, extend widest and highest courtesies to the representatives of journalism. Give them easy chairs and plenty of room when they come to report occasions. For the most part they are gentlemen of education and refinement, graduates of colleges, with families to support by their literary craft, many of them weary with the push of a business that is precarious and fluctuating, each one of them the avenue of information to thousands of readers, their impression of the services to be the impression adopted by multitudes. They are connecting links between a sermon or a song or a prayer and this great population that tramp up and down the streets day by day and year by year with their sorrows uncomforted and their sins unpardoned. More than eight hundred thousand people in Brooklyn, and less than seventy-five thousand in churches, so that our cities are not so much preached to by ministers of religion as by reporters. Put all journalists into our prayers and sermons. Of all the hundred thousand sermons preached to-day, there will not be three preached to journalists, and probably not one. Of all the prayers offered for classes of men innumerable the prayers offered for this most potential class will be so few and rare that they will be thought a preacher's idiosyncrasy. This world will never be brought to God until some revival of religion sweeps over the land and takes into the kingdom of God editors and reporters, compositors, pressmen and newsboys. And if you have not faith enough to pray for that and toil for that, you had better get out of our ranks and join the other side, for you are the unbelievers who make the wheels of the Lord's chariot drag heavily. The great final battle between truth and error, the Armageddon, I think will not be fought with swords and shells and guns, but with pens, quill pens, steel pens, gold pens, fountain pens, and, before that, the pens must be converted. The most divinely honored weapon of the past has been the pen, and the most divinely honored weapon of the future will be the pen; prophet's pen and evangelist's pen and apostle's pen followed by editor's pen and reporter's pen and author's pen. God save the pen! The wing of the Apocalyptic angel will be the printed page. The printing press will roll ahead of Christ's chariot to clear the way.

"But," some one might ask, "would you make the Sunday newspapers also a re-enforcement?" Yes, I would. I have learned to take things as they are. I would like to see the much scoffed at old Puritan Sabbaths come back again. I do not think the modern Sunday will turn out any better men and women than were your grandfathers and grandmothers under the old-fashioned Sunday. To say nothing of other results, Sunday newspapers are killing editors, reporters, compositors and pressmen. Every man, woman and child is entitled to twenty-four hours of nothing to do. If the newspapers put on another set of hands that does not relieve the editorial and reportorial room of its cares and responsibilities. Our literary men die fast enough without killing them with Sunday work. But the Sunday newspaper has come to stay. It will stay a good deal longer than any of us stay. What, then, shall we do? Implore all those who have anything to do with issuing it to fill it with moral or religious information; live sermons and facts elevating. Urge them that all divorce cases be dropped, and instead thereof have good advice as to how husbands and wives ought to live lovingly together. Put in small type the behavior of the swindling church member, and in large type the contribution of some Christian man toward an asylum for feeble minded children or a seaside sanitarium. Urge all managing editors to put meanness and impurity in type pearl or agate, and charity and fidelity and Christian consistency in brevier or bourgeois. If we cannot drive out the Sunday newspaper let us have the Sunday newspaper converted. The fact is that the modern Sunday newspaper is a great improvement on the old Sunday newspaper. What a beastly thing was the Sunday newspaper thirty years ago! It was enough to destroy a man's respectability to leave the tip end of it sticking out of his coat pocket. What editorials! What advertisements! What pictures! The modern Sunday newspaper is as much an improvement on the old time Sunday newspaper as one hundred is more than twenty-five; in other words, about 75 per cent. Improvement. Who knows that by prayer and kindly consultation with our literary friends we may have it lifted into a positively religious sheet, printed on Saturday night and only distributed, like the *American Messenger*, or the *Missionary Journal*, or the *Sunday School Advocate*, on Sabbath mornings? All things are possible with God, and my faith is up until nothing in the way of religious victory would surprise me. All the newspaper printing presses of the earth are going to be the Lord's, and telegraph and telephone and type will yet announce nations born in a day. The first book ever printed was the Bible by Faust and his son-in-law, Schoeffer, in 1460, and that consecration of type to the Holy Scriptures was a prophecy of the great mission of printing for the evangelization of all the nations. The father of the American printing press was a clergyman, Rev. Jesse Glover, and that was a prophecy of the religious use that the Gospel ministry in this country were to make of the types.

Again, we shall secure the secular press as a mightier re-enforcement of religion and the pulpit by making our religious utterances more interesting and spirited, and then the press will reproduce them. On the way to church some fifteen years ago, a journalist said a thing that has kept me ever since thinking. "Are you going to give us any points to-day?" "What do you mean?" I asked. He said: "I mean by that anything that will be striking enough to be remembered." Then I said to myself: What right have we in our pulpits and Sunday-schools to take the time of people if we have nothing to say that is memorable? David did not have any difficulty in remembering Nathan's thrust: "Thou art the man;" nor Felix in remembering Paul's point blank utterance on righteousness, temperance and judgment to come; nor the English King any difficulty in remembering what the court preacher said, when during the sermon against sin the preacher threw his handkerchief into the king's pew to indicate whom he meant. The tendency of criticism in the theological seminaries is to file off from our young men all the sharp points and make them too smooth for any kind of execution. What we want, all of us, is more point, less humdrum. If we say the right thing in the right way the press will be glad to echo and re-echo it. Sabbath school teachers, reformers, young men and old men in the ministry, what we all want if we are to make the printing press an ally in Christian work is that which the reporter spoken of suggested—points, sharp points, memorable points. But if the thing be dead when uttered by living voice, it will be a hundredfold more dead when it is laid out in cold type.

Now, as you all have something to do with the newspaper press either in issuing a paper or in reading it, either as producers or patrons, either as sellers or purchasers of the printed sheet, I propose on this Sabbath morning, June 17, 1888, a treaty to be signed between the church and the printing press, a treaty to be ratified by millions of good people if we rightly fashion it, a treaty promising that we will help each other in our work of trying to illumine and felicitate the world, we by voice, you by pen, we by speaking only that which is worth printing, you by printing only that which is fit to speak. You help us and we will help you. Side by side be these two potent agencies until the Judgment Day, when we must both be scrutinized for our work, healthful or blasting. The two worst off men in that day will be the minister of religion and the editor if they wasted their opportunity. Both of us are the engineers of long express trains of influence, and we will run into a depot of light or tumble them off the embankment.

What a useful life and what a glorious departure was that of the most famous of all American printers, Benjamin Franklin, whom infidels in the fury of their resources have often fraudulently claimed for their own, but the prayer who moved that the Philadelphia convention be opened with prayer, the resolution lost because a majority thought prayer unnecessary, and who wrote at the time he was viciously attacked: "My rule is to go straight forward in doing what appears to me to be right, leaving the consequences to Providence," and who wrote this quaint epitaph showing his hope of resurrection, an epitaph that I hundreds of times read while living in Philadelphia:

The Body
of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Printer
(Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents torn out,
And stript of its lettering and gilding),
Lies here food for worms.
Yet the work itself shall not be lost,
For it will (as he believed) appear once more
In a new
And more beautiful edition,
Corrected and Amended
By
The Author.

That Providence intends the profession of reporters to have a mighty share in the world's redemption is suggested by the fact that Paul and Christ took a reporter along with them, and he reported their addresses and reported their acts. Luke was a reporter, and he wrote not only the book of Luke, but the Acts of the Apostles, and without that reporter's work we would have known nothing of the Pentecost, and nothing of Stephen's martyrdom, and nothing of Tabitha's resurrection, and nothing of the jailing and unjailing of Paul and Silas, and nothing of the shipwreck at Melita. Strike out the reporter's work from the Bible and you kill a large part of the New Testament. It makes me think that in the future of the kingdom of God the reporters are to bear a mighty part.

About thirteen years ago a representative of an important newspaper took his seat in this church, one Sabbath night, about five pews from the front of this pulpit. He took out pencil and reporter's pad, resolved to caricature the whole scene. When the music began he began, and with his pencil he derided that, and then derided the prayer, and then derided the reading of the Scriptures, and then began to deride the sermon. But, he says, for some reason his hand began to tremble, and he, rallying himself, sharpened his pencil and started again, but broke down again, and then put pencil and paper in his pocket and his head down on the front of the pew and began to pray. At the close of the service he came up and asked for the prayers of others and gave his heart to God; although still engaged in newspaper work, he is an evangelist, and hires a hall at his own expense and every Sabbath afternoon preaches Jesus Christ to the people. And the men of that profession are going to come in a body throughout the country. I know hundreds of them, and a more genial or highly educated class of men it would be hard to find, and, though the tendency of their profession may be toward skepticism, an organized, common sense Gospel invitation would fetch them to the front of all Christian endeavor. Men of the pencil and pen, in all departments, you need the help of the Christian religion. In the day when people want to get their newspapers at three cents, and are hoping for the time when they can get any of them at one cent, and, as a consequence, the attaches of the printing press are by the thousand ground under the cylinders, you want God to take care of you and your families. Some of your best work is as much unappreciated as was Milton's "Paradise Lost," for which the author received $25, and the immortal poem, "Hohenlinden," of Thomas Campbell when he first offered it for publication, and in the column called "Notices to correspondent's" appeared the words: "To T. C.—The lines commencing 'On Linden when the sun was low' are not up to our standard. Poetry is not T. C.'s forte."

O men of the pencil and pen, amid your unappreciated work you need encouragement and you can have it. Printers of all Christendom, editors, reporters, compositors, pressmen, publishers and readers of that which is printed, resolve that you will not write, set up, edit, issue or read anything that debases body, mind or soul. In the name of God, by the laying on of the hands of faith and prayer, ordain the printing press for righteousness and liberty and salvation. All of us with some influence that will help in the right direction, let us put our hands to the work imploring God to hasten the consummation. A ship with hundreds of passengers approaching the South American coast, the man on the lookout neglected his work and in a few minutes the ship would have been dashed to ruin on the rocks. But a cricket on board the vessel, that had made no sound all the voyage, set up a shrill call at the smell of land, and the Captain, knowing that habit of the insect, the vessel was stopped in time to avoid an awful wreck. And so, insignificant means now may do wonders and the scratch of a pen may save the shipwreck of a soul.

Are you all ready for the signing of the contract, the league, the solemn treaty proposed between journalism and evangelism? Aye, let it be a Christian marriage of the pulpit and the printing press. The ordination of the former on my head, the pen of the latter in my hand, it is appropriate that I publish the banns of such a marriage. Let them from this day be one in the magnificent work of the world's redemption.

Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to Thee;
And over land and stream and main,
Now wave the scepter of Thy reign.
O, let that glorious anthem swell,
Let host to host the triumph tell,
Till not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Sky or reigns

The World's Largest Tunnel.

An engineering work that has taken over a century to construct can hardly fail to offer some points of interest in its history and illustrate the march of events during the years of its progress. An instance of this kind is to be found in a tunnel not along ago completed, but which was commenced over 100 years ago. This tunnel, or adit, as it should be more strictly termed, is at Schemnitz, in Hungary. Its construction was agreed upon in 1873, the object being to carry off the water from the Schemnitz mines to the lowest part of the Gran Valley. The work is now complete, and it forms the largest tunnel in the world, being 10.27 miles long, or about one mile longer than St. Gothard, and two and a half miles longer than Mont Cenis. The hight is 9 feet 10 inches and the breadth 5 feet 3 inches. This tunnel, which has taken so long in making, has cost very nearly a million sterling, but it appears to have been well spent—at least the present generation has no reason to grumble, for the saving from being able to do away with water-raising appliances amounts to $75,000 a year.

There is no further point, however, worth notice, for if we have the advantage of our great-grandfathers in the matter of mechanical appliances, they were certainly better off in the price of labor. The original contract for the tunnel made in 1782 was that it should be completed in 30 years and should cost $35 per yard run. For 11 years the work was done at this price, but the French Revolution enhanced the cost of labor and materials to such an extent that for 30 years little progress was made.

For 10 years following much progress was made, and then the work dropped for 20 years more, until the water threatened to drown the mines altogether. Finally the tunnel was completed in 1888, the remaining part costing $105 per yard, or more than three times as much as the original contract rate.—*Omaha Bee.*

Europe has a new coin. It is the coin of the present German Emperor and bears his profile. The die was actually prepared in the lifetime of the last Emperor.

Total abolition of slavery in all British colonies occurred August 1, 1838.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

In the State of Maine there are 84,000 pounds of ground wood fiber and 188,000 pounds of chemical wood fiber made daily.

A society has been founded in Paris for the scientific study of the mouth and its accessories in their various affections.

The National Telephone Company, of Scotland, has several submarine cables of seven, eight and nine miles in length, which give perfect satisfaction.

In the new process of making watch springs the steel wire is first treated to an oil bath, and is then brought to the proper degree of heat by electricity. With the old method the wire was heated first and then plunged in oil.

The smallest known flowering plant, scarcely visible to the naked eye, is *Wolffia microscopia*, a water-weed of India. Two species of the same genus, the larger about one-twenty-fifth of an inch in diameter, grow in the eastern United States.

One of the chief industries of Bulgaria is the production of the attar of roses. The sheltered valley of Kezanlyk, known as the Vale of Roses, is the center of this production, and the product of this district was 1,100,000 francs in 1884. Steps are being taken to encourage the industry in other parts of the Bulgarian territory.

Dr. N. A. Randolph, an English physician, states that minnows which thrived in brook water, and remained alive in it without food for many days, died in a few hours when placed in distilled water properly aerated. He holds that one of the chief dietetic advantages of salads and uncooked vegetables in general is that the mineral elements have not been removed from them.

Dr. Underwood, the customs medical officer at Kin-Klang, China, attributes the comparative immunity of the Chinese in that region from typhoid fever—notwithstanding that most of the factors favoring the disease are present in abundance—to the fact that "cold, unboiled water is rarely or never used when tea can be had." The explanation is simple: A boiling temperature destroys the typhoid poison.

Poison for some animals is food for others. Hogs can eat henbane or hyocyamus, which is fatal to dogs and most other animals. Dogs and horses are not easily poisoned with arsenic. Goats eat water hemlock with impunity; pheasants, stramonium; rabbits, belladonna; and morphia is said to be innocuous to pigeons. There is some truth in the old saying that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison." This is due to habits and idiosyncrasies.

There has been an official inquiry into the loss of the British ship Athelstan, which was burned from the spontaneous ignition of her cargo of coal. According to the account given by a London contemporary, during the time the fire was confined below the deck, the Captain and chief mate were surprised to find flames issuing from the tops of the iron fore and main masts, which were hollow, and had a number of perforations in them below deck for the purpose of ventilation. They operated like two chimneys, to make a furnace of the ship's hold.

A telephone transmitter by Mr. John M. Graham, of Pittsburg, Penn., says the *Scientific American*, consists of two pairs of contact springs, arranged to press opposite ends of electrodes carried by springs bearing on the diaphragm, one contact spring of each pair being connected with one terminal of the induction coil, the electrodes operated by the diaphragm being connected with the terminals of the local battery, whereby the current in the local circuit is reversed during each vibration of the diaphragm.

How the Brakes Work.

Said a railroad man one day: "I'll bet not one in a hundred of the people who travel on railroad trains understand how the pressure of air is used to apply the brakes to the train. When the air brake was first invented the air was turned into the cylinder under each car when the car was to be stopped, and the pressure was exerted to force the brakes up against the wheels. But at the present day the brakes are held against the wheels by springs, and the air is turned into the cylinders to push the brakes away from the wheels as the train is in motion. When it is desired to stop the train the air is let out and the springs apply the brake and stop the train.

The last method of using air pressure has great advantages over the old way on the score of safety. When an accident happens to a train one of the first effects it is apt to have is to rupture the air pipes leading from the engine to the cylinders under the cars, and that of itself stops the train instantly. It is very important for every one to understand this matter, because a child five years old can stop a train in thirty seconds from any car in the train if he simply understands how. You will see, if you look for it, that there is a sort of rope projecting from the toilet-room of every car. That connects with the air pipes under the train. If you catch hold of it and give a little jerk it will stop the train before it has gone 200 yards."

A New York State man is making a kite large enough to draw a buggy, and he proposes to be drawn around the country in that manner this summer.

The Result of Merit.

When anything stands the test of fifty years among a discriminating people, it pretty good evidence that there is merit somewhere. Few, if any, medicines have met with such continued success and popularity as has marked the progress of BRANDRETH'S PILLS, which, after a trial of over fifty years, are conceded to be the safest and most effectual blood purifier, tonic and alterative ever introduced to the public.

That this is the result of merit, and that BRANDRETH'S PILLS perform all that is claimed for them, is conclusively proved by the fact that those who regard them with the greatest favor are those who have used them the longest.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

The Internal Revenue Bureau has decided that a druggist may keep spirits and wine for use in combination with drugs in the preparation of medicines that are not beverages, without paying a special tax as a liquor dealer, but he cannot sell these liquors even on a physician's prescription without first securing a license.

Mummies Made to Order.

A gentleman who has just returned from an extended foreign tour, was asked yesterday why he had not brought home from Egypt, among other curios, a mummy. He said there was a great deal of fraud in the mummy business. Persons purchasing mummies, of course, like to get them as well preserved and natural looking as possible, and as those found are generally in a more or less dilapidated condition, vendors have engaged in the business of manufacturing bogus mummies. They bargain with tramps, beggars and such people for their defunct carcasses, paying therefore a sum sufficient to make their remaining days short and sweet. These fellows are preserved and pickled and then smoked till they are good imitations of the genuine mummy. Whole rows of these articles can be seen in smokehouses at once. When sufficiently dry they are wrapped in mummy cloth and sold, to Americans, chiefly, bringing a high price.—*Portland Oregonian.*

For constipation, "liver complaint," or biliousness, sick headache, and all diseases arising from a disordered condition of the liver and stomach, take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets—a gentle laxitive or active cathartic, according to size of dose.

Dr. Petitham, of Liege, Belgium, says alcoholism has increased with frightful rapidity in that country and calls for immediate and thorough action against it.

Chronic nasal catarrh positively cured by Dr. Sage's Remedy.

The national meeting of Dunkards, recently in session, decided that persons wishing to unite with that denomination must quit using tobacco before they take baptism.

Was America Ever Discovered?

At the time when Columbus started in search of the New World, nearly every man, woman and child in Europe insisted that there was no New World to discover. When he came back, crowned with success, a large proportion of these good people adhered to their theory; and if they were alive to-day many of them would doubtless insist that America had never been discovered at all. A man will give up anything in the world more readily than a pet theory. For example, look at the individuals who still maintain that consumption is incurable. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has cured thousands of cases, and will cure thousands more, but these people can't give up their point. Nevertheless the "Discovery" will cure any case of consumption, if taken in time.

Native drinks prepared by the Kaffirs of Southern Africa are exceedingly intoxicating. In the native churches of all denominations, no native is admitted to membership unless he solemnly promises to abstain from Kaffir beer. Its manufacture is punished by special legislation.

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