

TALMAGES SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Helping to Fill the Ships That Are to Carry Food for the Starving People of India—An Elongated Piece for Millions of Famined Sufferers in a Distant Land.

"Talmage: 'This is Ahamas which refused from India even unto Ethiopia.'—Hebrew 2, 1.

Among the 773,639 words which make up the Bible only once occurs the word "India." In this part of the Scriptures, which the rabbis and Megillah Rabbis, or the voluminous of Esther, a book sometimes complained against because the word "God" is not even once mentioned in it, although one rightly disposed can see God in it from the first chapter to the last, we have it set forth that Xerxes, or Ahamas, who invaded Greece with 3,000,000 men, but returned in a poor fisher's boat, had a vast dominion, among other regions, India. In my text India takes its place in Bible geography, and the interest in that land has continued to increase until, with more and more enthusiasm, all around the world Bishop Heber's hymn about "India's coral strand" is being sung. Never will I forget the thrill of anticipation that went through my body and mind and soul when after two weeks' tossing on the seas around Ceylon and India—for the winds did not, according to the old hymn, "blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle"—our ship sailed up one of the mouths of the Ganges, past James and Mary Island, so named because a royal ship of that name was wrecked there, and I stepped ashore at Calcutta, amid the thrills and the temple and sculptures of that City of Palaces, the strange physiognomies of the living and the monuments of the dead. I had never expected to be there, because the sea and I long ago had a scolding falling out, but the facilities of travel are so increasing that you and your children will probably visit that land of boundless fascination.

Christ during His earthly stay was never outside of Asia. When He had, sixteen or eighteen years to spare from His active work, instead of spending that time in Europe I think He goes farther toward the heart of Asia—namely, India. The Bible says nothing of Christ from twelve years of age until thirty, but there are records in India and traditions in India which represent a strange, wonderful, most excellent and supernatural being as staying in India about that time. I think Christ was there much of the time between His twelfth and His thirtieth year; but, however that may be, Christ was born in Asia, suffered in Asia, died in Asia, ascended from Asia, and all that makes me turn my ear more attentively toward that continent as I hear its cry of distress.

Remember that I remember that some of the most splendid achievements for the cause of that Asiatic Christ have been made in India. How the heart of every intelligent Christian beats with admiration at the mere mention of the name of Henry Martyn! Having read the life of our American David Brainerd, who gave his life to evangelizing our American savages, Henry Martyn goes forward to give his life for the salvation of India, dying from exhaustion of service at thirty-one years of age. Lord Macaulay, writing of him says: Here Martyn lies. In manhood's early bloom The Christian hero found a pagan tomb, Religion, sorrowing o'er her favorite son, Points to the glorious trophies which he won. Immortal trophies! Not with slaughter red, Nor stained with tears by friendless orphans shed, But trophies of the cross. In that dear name, Through every scene of danger, toil and shame, Onward he journeyed to that happy shore, Where danger, toil and shame are known no more.

In there in all history, secular or religious, a most wonderful character than William Carey, the converted shoemaker of England, daring all things for God in India, translating the Bible into many dialects, building chapels and opening mission houses and laying foundations for the redemption of the country, and although Sidney Smith, who sometimes laughed at things he ought not to have sacrificed, had in the learned Edinburgh Review scoffed at the idea of what he called "low born, low bred mechanics" like Carey attempting to convert the Brahmins, Carey stopped not until he had started influences that eternity, no more than time, shall have power to arrest. \$15,000 Bibles going forth from his printing presses at Serampore. His sublime humility showed itself in the epiphany he ordered from the old gospel hymn:

A wretched, poor and helpless worm, On thy kind arms I fall.

Need I tell you of Alphonse Lacaze, the Swiss missionary in India, or of William Butler, the glorious American Methodist missionary in India, or of the royal family of the Souders of the Reformed Church of America, my dear mother, whom I remember I give a kiss of love in passing, or of Dr. Alexander Duff, the Scotch missionary whose visit to this country some of us will remember forever? When he stood in the old Broadway tabernacle, New York, and pleaded for India until there was no other depth of religious emotion for him to stir and no loftier height of Christian eloquence for him to scale, and closed in a whirlwind of hallications, I could believe that which was said of him—that while pleading the cause of India in one of the churches of Scotland he got so overwrought that he fell in the pulpit in a swoon and was carried into the vestry to be resuscitated, and when restored to his senses and preparation was being made to carry him out to some dwelling where he could be put to bed he impelled his friends to take him back to the pulpit to complete his plea for the salvation of India, no sooner getting on his feet than he began where he left off, but with more gigantic power than before he faltered. Not just as noble as any I have mentioned are the men and women who are there now for Christ's sake and the redemption of that people. Far away from their native land, famished on one side and black plague on the other side, swamps reaching on them malaria and jungle lying on them with wild beasts or biting with cobrae, the names of these missionaries of all denominations to be written so high on the roll of martyrs that no names of the last 1800 years shall be written above them. You need to see them at their work in schools and churches and laboratories to appreciate them. All honor upon them and their households while I write the dying lips of their wanderers.

Most interesting are the people of India. At Calcutta I said to one of their leaders, who spoke English well: "Have these idols which I see any power of themselves to help or destroy?" He said: "No; they only represent God. There is but one God."

"When people die, where do they go to?" "That depends upon what they have been doing. If they have been doing good, to heaven; and if they have been doing evil, to hell."

"But do you not believe in the transmigration of souls, and that after death we go into birds or animals of some sort?" "Yes. The last creature a man is thinking of while dying is the one into which he will go. If he is thinking of a beast, he will go into a beast."

"I thought you said that at death the soul goes to heaven or hell?" "He goes there by a gradual process. It may take him years and years."

"Can any one become a Hindoo? Could I become a Hindoo?" "Yes; you could."

"How could I become a Hindoo?" "By doing as the Hindoos do." From that continent of interesting folk, from that continent that gave the Christ, from that continent which has been cleared by so many missionary heroes, there comes a groan of 80,000,000 people in hunger. More people are in danger of starving to death in India today than in any other population of the United States. In the famine in India in the year 1877, about 6,000,000 people starved to death. That is more than all the people of Washington, of New York, of Philadelphia, of Chicago, put together. But that famine was not a tenth part as awful as the one there now raging. Twenty thousand are dying there of famine every day. Whole villages and towns have died—every man, woman and child; none left to bury the dead. The vultures and the jackals are the only pallbearers. Though some help has been sent, before full relief can reach them I suppose there will be at least 10,000,000 dead. Starvation, even for one person, is an awful process. No food, the vitals gnaw upon themselves, and faintness and languor and pangs from head to foot, and horror and despair and insanity take full possession.

One handful of wheat or corn or rice per day would keep life going, but they cannot get a handful. The crops failed, and the millions are dying. Oh, it is hard to be hungry in a world where there are enough grain and fruit and meat to fill all the hungry mouths on the planet; but, alas, that the sufferer and the supply cannot be brought together. There stands India today! Look at her! Her face dusky from the hot suns of many centuries; under her turban such sighs of brow as only a dying nation feels; her eyes hollow with unutterable woe; the tears rolling down her sunken cheeks; her back bent with more agonies than she knows how to carry; her ovens containing nothing but ashes. Gaunt, ghastly, wasted, the dew of death upon her forehead and a pallor such as the last hour brings, she stretches forth her trembling hand toward us, and with hoarse whisper she says: "I am dying! Give me bread! That is what I want! Bread! Give it to me quick. Give it to me now—bread! Bread! Bread!" America has heard the cry. Many thousands of dollars have already been contributed. One ship laden with breadstuffs has sailed from San Francisco for India. Our senate and house of representatives, in a bill signed by our sympathetic president, have authorized the secretary of the navy to charter a vessel to carry food to the famine sufferers, and you may help fill that ship. We want to send at least 600,000 bushels of corn. That will save the lives of at least 1,000,000 people. Many will respond in contributions of money, and the barns and corncribs of the entire United States will pour forth their treasures of food. When that ship is laden till it can carry no more, we will ask him who holds the winds in his fist and plants his triumphant foot on stormy waves to let nothing but good happen to the ship till it anchors in Bengal or Arabian waters. They who help by contributions of money or breadstuffs toward filling that relief ship will favor their own food for their lifetime with appealing qualities and insure their own welfare through the promise of him who said, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble."

Oh, what a relief ship that will be! It shall not turn a screw nor host a sail until we have had something to do with its cargo. Just seventy-one years ago from these Eastern times a ship on similar errand went out from New York harbor—the old war frigate Constellation. It had once carried guns of death, but there was famine in Ireland, and the Constellation was loaded with 800 tons of food. That ship, once covered with smoke of battle, then covered with Easter hosannas; that ship, constructed to battle England, going forth over the waters to carry relief to some of her starving subjects. Better than sword-pruning hook was that old war frigate, turned into a white winged angel of resurrection, to roll away the stone from the mouth of Ireland's sepulchre. On like errand five years ago the ship Lee put out with many tons of food for famine struck Russia. One Saturday afternoon on the deck of that steamer, as she lay at Brooklyn wharf, a wonderful scene took place. A committee of the King's Daughters had decorated the ship with streamers and bunting, American and Russian flags intertwining. Thousands of people on the wharves and on the decks join in invoking God's blessing on the cargo, and the long motor Doxology in "Old Hundred" sounded grandly up amid the masts and rigging. Having had the joy of seeing that ship thus consecrated, we had the additional joy of standing on the docks of St. Petersburg when the planks of the relief ship were thrown out and the representatives of the municipality and of royalty went aboard her, the long freight train at the same time rolling down to take the food to the starving, and on alternate cars of that train American and Russian flags floating. But now the Hunger in India is mightier than any that Ireland or Russia ever suffered. Quicker ought to be the response, and on so vast a scale that the one ship would become a whole, the Philadelphia another, Boston another, Philadelphia another, Charleston another, New Orleans another. Then let them all meet in some harbor of India. What a peroration of mercy for the nineteenth century! I would like to stand on the wharf at Calcutta or Bombay and see such a fleet come in. With what joy it would be welcomed! The associated would lift their heads on shriveled hands and elbows, and with thin hands ask, "Is it coming—something to eat?"

And whole villages and towns, too weak to walk, would crawl out on hands and knees to get the first grain of corn they could reach and put it to their famished lips. May I cry out for you and for others to those sufferers: "Wait a little longer, bear up a little more, oh, dying men of India; oh, starving women; oh, emaciated babies! Relief is on the way, and more relief will soon be coming. We send it in the name of the Asiatic Christ, who said: 'I was hungry, and ye fed me. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me.'"

Christian people of America, I call your attention to the fact that we may now, as never before, by one magnificent stroke open the widest door for the evangelization of Asia. A stupendous obstacle in the way of Christianizing Asia has been the difference of language, but at those people understand the gospel of bread. Another obstacle has been the law of caste, but in what language can we teach them the truthfulness of the gospel? Another huge difficulty in the way of Christianizing

Asia has been that those people thought the religion we would have them take was no better than their Hindooism or Mohammedanism, but they will now see this crusade for the relief of people 14,000 miles away that the Christian religion is of a higher, better and grander type than any other religion, for when did the followers of Brahma or Vishnu or Buddha or Confucius or Mohammed ever demonstrate like interest in people on opposite sides of the world? Having taken the bread of this life from our hands, they will be more apt to take from us the bread of eternal life. The missionaries of different denominations in India at forty-six stations are already distributing relief sent through the Christian Herald. Is it not plain that those missionaries, after feeding the hunger of the body, will be at better advantage to feed the hunger of the soul? When Christ, before preaching to the 8000 in the wilderness, broke for them the miraculous loaves, He indicated that the best way to prepare the world for spiritual and eternal considerations is first to look after temporal interests. Oh, church of God in America and Europe!

This is your opportunity. We have on occasions of Christian patriotism cried, "America for God!" Now let us add the battle shout, "Asia for God!" In this movement to give food to starving India I hear the rustling of the wing of the Apocalyptic angel, ready to fly through the midst of heaven proclaiming to all the kingdoms and people and tongues the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ. And now I bethink myself of something I never thought of before. I had noticed that the trope is God's favorite gift, and upon that subject I addressed you some time ago, but it did not occur to me until now that the gospel seems to be moving in a circle. It started in Asia, Bethlehem, an Asiatic village; Jordan, an Asiatic river; Calvary, an Asiatic mountain. Then the gospel moved on to Europe. Within the chapels and churches and cathedrals and Christian universities of that continent. Then it crossed to America. It has prayed and preached and sung its way across our continent. It has crossed to Asia, taking the Sandwich Islands in its way, and now in all the great cities on the coast of China people are singing "Rock of Ages" and "There is a Fountain Filled With Blood," for you must know that not only have the Scriptures been translated into those Asiatic tongues, but also the evangelical hymns. My missionary brother, John, translated some of them into Chinese, and Mr. Gladstone gave me a copy of the hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," which he had himself translated into Greek. The Christ who it seems spent sixteen or eighteen years of His life in India is there now in spirit, converting and saving the people by hundreds of thousands, and the Gospel will move right on through Asia until the story of the Saviour's birth will anew be made known in Bethlehem, and the story of a Saviour's sacrifice be told anew on and around Mount Calvary, and the story of a Saviour's agonizing be told anew on the shoulder of Mount Olivet. And then do you not see the circle will be complete? The glorious circle, the circle of the earth!

May 10 was a memorable day, for then was laid the last tie that connected the two rail tracks which united the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The Central Pacific railroad was built from California eastward. The Union Pacific railroad was built westward. They were within arm's reach of meeting, only one more piece of the rail track to put down. A great audience assembled incontinent to see the last tie laid. The locomotives of the eastern and western train stood panting on the tracks close by. Oration explained the occasion, and prayer solemnized it, and music enchanted it. The tie was made of polished laurel wood, bound with silver bands, and three spikes were used—a gold spike, presented by California; a silver spike, presented by Nevada, and an iron spike presented by Arizona. When all hands uncovered and all hearts thrilling with emotion, the hammer struck the silver spike into its place, the cannon boomed it amid the resounding mountain echoes and the telegraphic instruments clicked to all nations that the deed was done. My friend, if the laying of the last tie that bound the east and the west of one continent together was such a resounding occasion, what will it be when the last tie of the track of gospel influence, reaching clear around the world, shall be laid amid the anthems of all nations? The spikes will be the golden and silver spikes fashioned out of the Christian generosity of the hemispheres. The last hammer stroke that completes the work will be heard by all the raptured and piled up galleries of the universe, and the mountains of earth will shout to the throne of heaven: "Hallelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth! Hallelujah, for the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ!"

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STRANGE EFFECTS OF X RAYS. A Blister and an Ugly-Looking Spot Where They Acted on a Man's Leg. Stephen Smith, of Toronto, Canada, some time ago fractured his leg, and when it mended he discovered that the leg was shorter than its mate. He entered action against his doctor, and resolved to submit as evidence of unskillful treatment a photograph of the fracture. Four experiments with X rays proved unsuccessful, and at the fifth he exposed his leg to the rays for about two hours. He felt no immediate effects from the long exposure, but shortly afterward a large blister formed, and when it died away left a dark-brown spot, about three and a half inches square, and of a peculiar gangrenous black. Some doctors state that the skin, flesh, nerves and ligaments have been completely destroyed in the spot which the X rays pierced, while other medical experts are not yet satisfied on this point, and are following the symptoms with great care.

Singular Accident to a Ball Player. A horrible warning has been given to baseball players and athletes who seek lemons during the exciting moments of the game. Benben Washington was playing ball near West Chester, Penn., with a lemon in his mouth. In the excitement of trying to stop a hot liner the lemon slipped into Washington's throat and lodged in the stomach. Next day Dr. Joseph Reynolds cut the baseball player open and extracted the lemon from his stomach. The youth may lose his life.

Western Fruit Crop in Danger. Unseasonably cold weather during the last three days has created the gravest fears among the fruit growers in the Central West. Throughout Illinois and Indiana and the southern part of Wisconsin the cold has been especially severe, and the reports are anything but reassuring.

Novel Athletic Meeting. At a big athletic meet to be held in Chicago on a new 2 1/2 mile railway track will be allowed to compete. The National Association of Railway Cripples now has a membership of 1500, and many of them, with the aid of artificial legs and arms, have become noteworthy athletes.

RELIGIOUS READING.

"I PRAY THEE VISIT ME." O God, O kinsman loved, but not enough, O man with eyes made after death, Whose feet have trod along our pathways rough, Whose lips draw human breath; By that one likeness which is ours and thine, By that one nature which doth hold us kin, By that high heaven where sinless thou dost shine, To draw us sinners in; By Thy last silence in the judgment hall, By long foreknowledge of the deadly tree, By darkness by the wormwood and the gall, I pray Thee visit me. —Jean Ingelow.

THE RESEARCH OF CHRISTIANITY. The art of photography is now so perfect that the whole side of a great newspaper can be taken in miniature so small as to be carried in a little pin or button. So every letter and point is photographed in one little phrase—"not to be ministered unto, but to minister." He came not to be served—if this had been His aim He would never have left heaven's glory, where He wanted nothing, where angels praised Him and ministered unto Him. He came to serve. "He went about doing good. He altogether forgot Himself. He served all He met who would receive His service. At last He gave His life in uttermost service—giving it a ransom for others. He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. You say you want to be like Christ. You pray Him to print His own image on your heart. Here, then, is the image. It is no vague dream of perfection that we are to think of when we ask to be made like Christ. The old monks thought that they were in the way to become like Christ when they went into the wilderness, away from men, to live in cold cells or on tall columns. But that is not the thought which this picture suggests. "To minister"—that is the Christian thing. Instead of fleeing away from the world we are to live among men, to serve them, to seek to bless them, to do them good, to give our life for them. —J. B. Miller, D. D.

RELIEF IN IMMORTALITY UNIVERSAL. When you laid the white flowers upon the coffin, and listened to the dull thud of earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, and bent eagerly forward to catch a last glimpse of that which enshrined the loved one, hidden from sight, with pale lips and breaking heart you asked once more, "If a man die, shall he live again?" What proof have we, what evidences "the dead are not dead, but alive?" My not immortal, be, after all, only "a beautiful dream." Only "a lofty aspiration of the human heart," doomed to disappointment? Generation after generation has come and gone, but not one of the myriads who have passed into the silent land has ever been permitted to return and tell us the great secret that lies beyond the grave. But through all that deep, unbroken silence of ages, men and women have never lost their faith in a future life. In every age, in every country, men and women have had some belief in a life beyond the grave. —Rev. S. G. Fielding.

JESUS INSISTS ON OBEDIENCE. Obedience is everything in a Christian life. We are told that without faith it is impossible to please God, but faith can usually be spelled o-b-e-d-i-e-n-c-e. Obedience is necessary always to prove our faith. "Faith without works is dead." Some people think that believing a sound creed makes one religious. But Jesus insists on obedience. He says that mere hearing His words without doing them is building on sand, and that all who build on such a foundation will be swept away when the floods come. Creeds are important. We must have true beliefs about God and His truth, but no matter how right our creeds are, if we do not follow Christ and do His will, all our beautiful religion will be but a showy house built on the sand, which some day will be carried away in life's floods. —Forward.

A PRAYER FOR SACRIFICE. O thou, who comest from Edom, glorious in thy apparel, traveling in the greatness of thy strength, who speaketh in righteousness, mighty to save, graciously behold thy people who call upon thee. In all our affliction thou wast afflicted and the angel of thy presence saved us. Thou who didst tread the winepress alone, when of the people there was none with thee, soo now the travail of thy soul and be satisfied. To thee, sacrificed for us, do we here and now, in thy presence and in the weak of thy Passion present ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy and living sacrifice unto thee, beseeching thee so to strengthen us by thy grace that we may both follow the example of thy patience and also be made partakers of thy resurrection, who art with the Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

AS ONE SEES HE WALKS. How differently do men walk! One bends forward, another backward; one steps firm, another cautiously; one is quick and another slow. These differences are not altogether matters of muscular strength or weakness or of nerve activity. A man's stepping and attitudes depend a good deal on his eyesight. If he has "progressive near-sight" he is likely to show it in his mode of bodily progression. And one's spiritual gait depends chiefly on his spiritual sight. If he sharply discerns the law of right and duty it will tell upon his "daily walk and conversation." If he lives in intimate recognition of God's countenance his walk will be free, unswerving, upright, unshaken, full of grace. —S. S. Times.

WITH CHRIST IS PEACE. Where is the task that terrifies the man who lives by Christ? Where is the discouragement over which he will not walk, to go to the right which he must reach? You may starve him, but he has this inner food. You may darken his life, but he has this inner light. You may make war about him, but he has this peace within. You may turn the world into a hell, but he carries this inner heaven safely through its fiercest fire. He is like Christ Himself; he has meat to eat that we know not of, and in the strength of it he overcomes all that, and is conqueror through his Lord. —Phillips Brooks.

O Corn of Wheat, which God for us did sow In the rough furrows of this world of woe, That Thou the Bread of Life for us mightst be, To nourish us to all eternity; Grant us, through faith, O Christ, to feed on Thee! —Anna E. Hamilton.

And was trees on the banks of the river of eternal death.—Rev. J. B. Wright-nour. We know that we are made in the image of God because we cannot in our best moments accept any standard but this—of perfection to be sought after through eternity; the grandeur of our being is that there will always be something beyond for us to seek. —Lucy Laroom. Your life needs days of retirement, when it shuts the gates upon the noisy whirl of action and is alone with God. The true fast is the making of an emptiness about the soul that the higher fullness may fill it.

LIVING WORDS FROM THE PULPIT.

THE WAIF OF THE NILE.

Estimating the Reproach of Christ Greater Riches than the Treasures of Egypt. Heb. xi. 26.

Moses, the waif of the Nile, holds a unique place in human history. He was perhaps the greatest endowment of the sons of men, and his training and development were no less exceptional. God's supreme gift to the race comes generally in the form of a wonderful child. And the advent of the child is not always sung by herald angels. He is not always welcomed by kings and wise men from afar with gold, frankincense and myrrh. It is rather otherwise. The treasure is usually hidden away in the overlooked boy. Quite a chapter might be written on the overlooked boy in human history and what became of him. David was such a boy. When Samuel went down to the house of Jesse to anoint a king, David was considered altogether beneath the prophet's notice that day, and the king came from the sheep cotes of Bethlehem. When Moses was born there seemed to be no place for him on the face of the earth, and he was set adrift on the Nile and under the providence of God. Though a slave child, his home was a palace and his guardian a princess of the blood. "This cometh forth from the Lord of hosts, which is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working." It is curious to contrast the work of Pharaoh with that of Pharaoh's daughter. The king built a great pyramid as his memorial, but the princess educated a poor man's child and her work still grows with the centuries in all the world.

The text carries us into the very secret of the greatness of Moses. It gives us his guiding principle, his central and dominant thought. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." His life, his character, his eternal destiny will be the outcome of his ruling idea. We are told that Moses esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt. Two things are held in striking contrast here, spiritual wealth and material wealth—real being and immense having. Let us look narrowly into this, for human life means holding these scales for ourselves and balancing them inclining to the one side or the other.

But how could Moses bear the reproach of Christ when he lived so many centuries before Christ? Well, the phrase is right. "There is a light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world." The reproach, the sacrifice and difficulty involved in obeying conscience in following the impulse of mercy, in living up to one's best is prompted by the spirit of Christ, which moves in every heart.

When Moses was on the mount of Transfiguration with Christ they talked about the cross as the true interpretation of life. So we are to understand by the reproach of Christ fellowship of the heights; and all heights are difficult. Seeing that all that Moses did was prompted by the finest honor, by the most generous sentiments and the utmost brotherliness what was there to reproach? It is not difficult to imagine the reproaches heaped upon Moses from all quarters when he dared to identify himself with the hopes and hardships of Israel.

Doubtless they called him a fanatic or a crank, or terms which implied the same thing. By all means no fire or heat or enthusiasm over your scheme of human improvement. It is not in good form you know. People will talk about it. You will get mixed up with the common people. In fact you will altogether lose your east and standing. Or they might say, doubtless did say, "Your act is ungrateful and base. Remember what the Princess did for you. Think how she lives in you and for you. Consider the admiration and loyalty of your friends. How can you turn your back on them and go over to those Hebrew slaves, miserable creatures that they are? However," they would say, "blood will tell; you are but a low-born Hebrew anyhow." Blood will tell. The climax of the reproach would be reached when the act of Moses would be stigmatized as folly. You are a fool Moses, to surrender the treasures of Egypt, which are fully yours, its honor, its wealth, its leisure, its luxury, for the shame and poverty and bitter toil of Israel.

But Moses took another view of the matter and he was right. Wealth really means well-being and that is not always found in possession or mere material expansion. A man may possess many millions and be compelled by dyspepsia to live on wheat. The man who has a moderate income and good health and sound digestion is the wealthier man. A man may have great possessions and be densely ignorant. The man with moderate possessions and with great thought and purposes is far wealthier. There are riches of the mind, of the heart and of the soul which surpass far away the treasures of Egypt. A man without great possessions or exalted position may still be rich toward the beauty of the world about him, toward science, art and literature, he may be rich in sympathy and help toward the human world about him and before him, he may be rich in soul toward God and the heavens of the holy. Who can figure out for us the exceeding and evanescent abiding riches of a clear conscience, clear and serene and stainless as the heavens? Dare any man put a price upon his own self-respect? Can any burden be heavier than that of self-scorch? Holiness, justice, truth and humanity, however much they may involve reproach on earth, bring at last a far that is unspeakable and full of glory. That waif of the Nile was right. He had respect to the recompense of reward. His eye was ever upon the reigning of the skies.

A Queer Coincidence. In 1869 a Rev. Dr. Crane wrote a tract on popular amusements in which he said that "novel reading has become the vice of the age," and warned his readers and listeners against so evil a habit, so soul-destroying a recreation as novel reading. His son is Stephen Crane, who has lately been making considerable reputation as a writer of novels.