REV. DR. TALMAGE

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON

TEXT: *"And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those; the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon. It shall not be found there, but the redeemed shall walk there, and the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.*—Isaiah xxxv., 8-10.

There are thousands of people here this morning who want to find the right road. You sometimes see a person halting at cross-roads, and you can tell by his looks that he wishes to ask a question as to what direction he had better take. And I stand in your presence this morning conscious of the fact there are many of you here who realize that there are a thousand wrong roads, but only one right one, and I take it for granted that you have come in to ask which one it is. Here is one road that opens widely, but I have not much faith in it. There are a great many expensive tollgates scattered all along that way. Indeed at every rod you must pay in tears, or pay in flagellations. On that road, if you get through it at all, you have to pay your own way, and since this differs so much from what I have heard in regard to the right way, I believe it is the wrong way.

Here is another road. On either side of it are houses of sinful entertainment, and invitations to come in and dine and rest, but from the looks of the people who stand on the piazza I am very certain that it is the wrong house and the wrong way. Here is another road. It is very beautiful and macadamized. The horses' hoofs clatter and wring, and they who ride over it spin along the highway until suddenly they find that the road breaks over an embankment, and they try to halt, and they saw the bit in the mouth of the fiery steed and cry "Whoa! whoa!" But it is too late, and—crash!—they go over the embankment. We shall turn this morning and see if we cannot find a different kind of a road.

You have heard of the Appian Way. It was three hundred and fifty miles long. It was twenty-four feet wide, and on either side the road was a path for foot passengers. But I have this morning to tell you of a road built before the Appian Way, and yet it is as good as when first construed. Millions of souls have gone over it. Millions more will come.

First, this road of the text is the King's highway. Well, my Lord the King decided to build a highway from earth to heaven. It should span all the chasms of human wretchedness; it should tunnel all the mountains of earthly difficulty; it should be wide enough and strong enough to hold fifty thousand millions of the human race, if so many of them should ever be born. It should be blasted out of the "Rock of Ages," and cemented with the blood of the Cross, and be lifted amid the shouting of angels and the execration of devils.

The King sent His Son to build that road. He put head and hand and heart to it, and after the road was completed, waved His blistered hand over the way crying, "It is finished."

Still further—this road spoken of is a clean road. Many a fine road has become miry and foul because it has not been properly cared for, but my text says the unclean shall not walk on this one. Room on either side to throw away your sins. Indeed, if you want to carry them along, you are not on the right road. That bridge will break, those overhanging rocks will fall, the night will come down, leaving you at the mercy of the mountain bandits, and at the very next turn of the road you will perish. But if you are really on this clean road of which I have been speaking, then you will stop ever and anon to wash in the water that stands in the basin of the eternal rock. Aye, at almost every step of the journey you will be crying out, "Create within me a clean heart."

If you have no such aspirations as that it proves that you have mistaken your way, and if you will only look up and see the fingerboard above your head you may read upon it the words, "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death." Without holiness no man shall see the Lord, and if you have any idea that you can carry along your sins, your lusts, you worldliness and yet to the end of the Christian race you are so awfully mistaken that, in the name of God, this morning I shatter the delusion.

Still further, the road spoken of is a plain road. "The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein"—that is, if a man is three-fourth an idiot he can find this road just as well as if he were a philosopher.

Many a man has been familiar with all the higher branches of mathematics and yet could not do the simple sum, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Many a man has been a fine reader of tragedies and poems and yet could not "read his title clear to mansions in the skies." Many a man has botanized across the continent and yet did not know the "Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley." But if one shall come in the right spirit, asking the way to heaven, he will find it a plain way. The pardon is plain. The peace is plain. Everything is plain.

He who tries to get on the road to heaven through the New Testament teaching will get on beautifully. He who goes through philosophical discussion will not get on at all. Christ says, "Come to Me, and I will take all your sins away, and I will take all your troubles away." Now, what is the use of my discussing it any more? Is not that plain? After this Bible has pointed you the way to heaven, is it wise for me to detain you with any discussion about the nature of the human will, or whether the atonement is limited or unlimited? There is the road—go on it. It is a plain way.

Still further, this road to heaven is a safe road. Sometimes the traveler in those ancient highways would think himself perfectly secure, not knowing there was a lion by the way lurking his head deep between his paws, and then when the right moment came, under the fearful spring, the man's life was gone and there was a mangled carcass by the roadside. But, says my text, "No lion shall be there." I wish I could make you feel this morning your entire security. I tell you plainly that one minute after a man has become a child of God he is as safe as though he had been ten thousand years in heaven. He may slip, he may slide, he may stumble, but he cannot be destroyed. Kept by the power of God through faith unto complete salvation. Everlastingly safe.

The severest trial to which you can subject a Christian man is to kill him, and that is glory. In other words, the worst thing that can happen a child of God is heaven. The body is only the old slippers that he throws aside just before putting on the sandals of light. His soul, you cannot hurt it. No fires can consume it. No floods can drown it. No devils can capture it.

His soul is safe. His reputation is safe. Everything is safe. "But," you say, "suppose his store burns up?" Why, then it will only be a change of investments from earthly to heavenly securities. "But," you say, "suppose his name goes down under the hoof of scorn and contempt?" The name will be so much brighter in glory. "Suppose his physical health fails?" God will pour into him the floods of everlasting health, and it will not make any difference. Earthly subtraction is heavenly addition. The tears of earth are the crystals of heaven. As they take rags and tatters and put them through the paper mill and they come out beautiful white sheets of paper, so often the rags of earthly destitution, under the cylinders of death, come out a white scroll upon which shall be written eternal emancipation.

Still further, the road spoken of is a pleasant road. God gives a bond of indemnity against all evil to every man that treads it. "All things work together for good to those who love God." No weapon formed against them can prosper. That is the bond, signed, sealed and delivered by the President of the universe. What is the use of your fretting, O child of God, about food? "Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into bands, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them." And will He take care of the sparrow, will He take care of the hawk, and let you die? What is the use of your fretting about clothes? "Consider the lilies of the field. Shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

Oh, this King's highway! Trees of life on either side bending over until their branches interlock and drop midway their fruit and shade. Houses of entertainment on either side of the road for poor pilgrims. Tables spread with a feast of good things and walls adorned with apples of gold in pictures of silver. I start out on this King's highway, and I find a harper, and I say, "What is your name?" The harper makes no response, but leaves me to guess, as with his eyes toward heaven and his hand upon the trembling strings this tune comes rippling out upon the air: "The Lord is my light and my salvation. Whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life. Of whom shall I be afraid?"

I go a little farther on the same road and meet a trumpeter of heaven, and I say, "Haven't you got some music for a tired pilgrim?" And wiping his lip and taking a long breath, he puts his mouth to the trumpet and pours forth this strain: "They shall hunger no more, neither shall they thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

I go a little distance farther on the same road, and I meet a maiden of Israel. She has no harp, but she has cymbals. They look as if they had rusted from sea spray, and I say to the maiden of Israel, "Have you no song for a tired pilgrim?" And like the clang of victors' shields the cymbals clap as Miriam begins to discourse, "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and the rider hath He thrown into the sea."

I pursue this subject only one step farther. What is the terminus? I do not care how fine a road you may put me on, I want to know where it comes out. My text declares it, "The redeemed of the Lord come to Zion." You know what Zion was. That was the King's palace. It was a mountain fastness. It was impregnable. And so heaven is the fastness of the universe. No howitzer has long enough range to shell those towers. Let all the batteries of earth and hell blaze away; they cannot break in these gates. Gibraltar was taken; Sebastopol was taken, Babylon fell, but those walls of heaven shall never surrender either to humanity or satanic besiegement. The Lord God Almighty is the defense of it. Great capital of the universe! Terminus of the King's highway!

When my last wound is healed, when the last heartbreak is ended, when the last tear of earthly sorrow is wiped away, and when the redeemed of the Lord shall come to Zion, then let the harpers take down their harps, and all the trumpters take down their trumpets, and all across heaven there be chorus of morning stars, chorus of white robed victors, chorus of martyrs from under the throne, chorus of ages, chorus of worlds, and there be but one song sung, and but one name spoken, and but one throne honored—that of Jesus only.

The Sullen Hamster.

As the squirrel was said by the old Norsemen to bring all the news of the animals to Thor, because he was the merriest and most sociable of beasts, so in the talk of the Russian peasants the hamster is the synonym for all that is sullen, avaricious, solitary and morose. Even in color he is unlike any other animal, being light above and dark below. This gives the hamster somewhat the same incongruous appearance that a pair of black trousers and a light coat lend to a man; in other respects he is like a large, shaggy guinea pig, with very large teeth and puffy cheeks, into which he can cram a vast quantity of rye or beans for transport.

Each hamster lives in a large, roomy burrow all by himself, in defense of which he will fight like a badger against any other hamster who may try to enter. Family life he wholly avoids, never allowing a female inside his burrow, but keeping her at a good distance and making her find her own living for herself and family. The last burden is, however, not a serious one, for by the time the young ones are three weeks old each discovers that family life is a great mistake and sets off to make a bachelor burrow for itself and save up beans for the winter. For, in addition to its other amiable qualities, the hamster has that of avarice in a marked degree, and heaps up treasures of corn, rye and horse beans far in excess of his own private wants for the winter. His favorite plan is to dig a number of treasure chambers, all communicating with a central guard room, in which the owner eats and grows fat until the hardest frosts begin, when he curls himself up to sleep until the spring.

But this life of leisure does not begin until the harvest has been gathered. While the crops are ripening, the hamsters work incessantly to increase their hoards, and as much as three hundred weight of grain and beans have been taken from a hamster's burrow. After harvest the peasants often search with probes for the treasure chambers of the robbers, and during the present scarcity in Central Europe they will no doubt exact a heavy tribute from the hamsters' stores.—Spectator.

Cinnamon Destroys Disease Germs.

After prolonged research and experiments in Pasteur's laboratory, M. Chamberland is reported to have come to the conclusion that no living germ of disease can resist the antiseptic power of essence of cinnamon for more than a few hours. It destroys microbes as effectively, if not as rapidly, as corrosive sublimate. Even the scent of it is fatal, and M. Chamberland holds that a decoction of cinnamon ought to be taken freely by persons living in places affected by typhoid or cholera. There is nothing new in all this. In the oldest known medical prescriptions for infectious diseases cinnamon was a prominent ingredient, and it was in great request during the plagues of London. There is no reason for doubting that the physicians of those earlier days were as familiar with its medical properties as with its odor.—New York Herald.

Chicago brewers have formed a $10,000,000 combine to purchase local saloons.

DOWN IN A SALT MINE.

WHAT MEN DO THERE A THOUSAND FEET UNDER GROUND.

Solid Masses of Salt Broken Up by Blasts—Hauling the Salt by Mule Power.

WHEN the signal for the car to descend sounds, the first thing to do is to hug your hat down on your head for keeps, and by the time you have got that act accomplished it seems as though you were going down at about the rate of a thousand miles a minute. You have seen one streak of greased lightning chase another—well, it's no comparison. It seems as though the cable has been cut, and you are just dropping down to the bottom. You can't see, and the only thing to be heard is that terrible roar of the air as you rush through space. After the first two or three hundred feet there is a feeling it would be hard to explain, sort of a goneness as it were, and you don't care much whether school keeps or not, and the changes are so different and varied that one begins to wonder what will come next.

When near the bottom the car on which you are riding begins to slow up, and then comes the most peculiar experience of all. You imagine that you are shooting upward, and you will soon be among the stars. You can imagine the sensation from going down at the rate of about one hundred miles a minute to going up at about seven times that rate. Finally the car lands at the bottom of the shaft, and you breathe a sigh of relief as you step out.

Well, the first thing you do is to look for salt; it's there, all around you, above, beneath, on all side, but it don't look much like salt near the bottom of the shaft, as lights are burned constantly and the smoke has blackened the walls. You look away to the east, through a long, dark tunnel, and you discern in the far distance some flickering lights, and you are informed that they are lights used by the workmen who are engaged in mining the salt. Your guide steps up to a man near where you land and says: "Three lights, please," and three tallow candles are handed out. It may seem a little strange that tallow candles are used in this age of kerosene, gas, and electricity, but such is the case, and they are the only lights used in the mine, and each man carries one, and they are hung up from the ceiling where the mining of salt is going on, and they are the handiest lights that can be used. They don't purchase these lights by the dozen or hundred, but by the cartload.

The candles were lighted, and with them in hand we followed the guide and proceeded to make a tour of the mine; we might add, a partial tour, for it would take a person something like a week to walk all over the mined territory. We followed the guide along through dark and winding pathways, until we reached a point where the workmen were busily engaged mining the salt. They were not at work with picks picking it out, as might be supposed, but were breaking up the large lumps and shoveling it into the cars, the salt having been blasted out ahead of them. While some were engaged in shoveling the salt, others were drilling holes into the solid mass, making ready for a blast, machines run by compressed air being used for this purpose.

As before stated, the main tunnel runs directly east, and is nearly a half mile in length. Near the shaft two other tunnels branch off from the main tunnel, one on either side, and run parallel with it. These, we believe, are termed air-shafts. From these shafts rooms branch off both north and south, and in these rooms is where the salt is mined. These rooms are nothing more nor less than short tunnels, and in time will probably be lengthened out as far as the main tunnel, or even further, as they can go miles in any direction and still be in the salt. The rooms are, perhaps, twenty or thirty feet wide, and from seven to eight feet in height. A section of salt some thirty feet in thickness is left between each room as a support to the solid mass above. A thickness of five or six feet is left above as a roof, and a substantial roof it makes, as the salt in its natural state is almost as hard as rock. There are no other supports than the columns of salt that are left.

Of these rooms mentioned there are fifty or sixty at the present time, and the workmen are distributed about, working in several rooms at a time. There is no necessity of a foreman in each room, as the number of carloads of salt delivered at the shaft tells the tale as to whether the men are shirking their duty or not. A railway runs through the main tunnel and branches extend in all directions. The cars are hauled from the several rooms by large, powerful mules, and there are some thirty of these in the mine.

There is a blacksmith's shop in the mine where the tools are repaired and the mules are shod, and there is also a large stable where the mules are sheltered during the night. Of course they would be well sheltered in the mine, any way, but if allowed to roam about they could find nothing to eat but salt and the railroad track, and the average mule cannot exist on a diet of this kind. This stable is far ahead of the ordinary stables about the country, and there is every convenience and luxury for his muleship. The stables are some forty or fifty feet in length and twenty or thirty feet wide, with wood floor and wooden stalls and mangers. This is the only combustible substance there is about the mine, and there are no exposed lights anywhere about it. Directly in the rear of the stables is what is known as the barnyard. This is a large room cut in the solid salt, and here the mules are turned out for recuperation.

One may imagine that a salt mine is a bad place to work, but aside from the fact that it is a little dismal, there are no bad features about it. Unlike a coal mine, it is clean, and there is almost an even temperature the year round, ranging from fifty eight degrees to sixty degrees, winter and summer. The ventilation is perfect, and the system for supplying fresh air is not excelled by any mine in the world. In some of the passageways the air rushed through with such velocity as to extinguish the lights.

The experience in going up the shaft is somewhat different from that while going down. The signal is given from below after you have been safely stationed in the car, and away she goes, your hat sinks down firmly on your head, and your clothing seems to sit right down tight where it belongs. A person who is a little weak in the knees would also have a tendency to sit right down tight on the bottom of the car. The roar of the wind as you hustle up toward daylight is about all that can be heard. When near the top the speed is lessened, and it is then that one imagines that he is going down again at the rate of about 1000 miles a minute, but finally the daylight begins to peep down at you and you are landed safely on top, only a few seconds having elapsed since you walked upon the car below.—Geneseo (N. Y.) Democrat.

Trees Which Bear But Once.

The sago palm tree bears but one crop of fruit. Its load of nuts is its first and final effort in the way of fruit bearing. The nuts become ripe and are strewn in thousands around the tree until the great stem stands up by itself, empty and bare. The branches turn brown and drop one by one to the ground. Inside the trunk the work of decay is going on until what at one time was a mass of white sago and pith becomes nothing but a collection of rotten brown fibers. One day the trade wind blows more strongly than usual and the leafless column of the trunk falls with a crash, destroying in its fall many of the young palms that are already springing from the nuts scattered some months before. The talipot or Palmyra palm, a native of Ceylon, is another tree which flowers and bears fruit but once. When about eighty years old, which is when it has attained its full growth, the flower spike bursts from its envelope with a loud report. In the course of fifteen or twenty months it showers down an abundance of nuts, and this effort to produce a numerous succession proves fatal to the parent. The fruit is round and very hard, about the size of a cherry, and so abundant that one tree will produce sufficient to plant a large district.—Brooklyn Eagle.

There were 1500 railroad accidents in New Jersey last year.

The World's Fair has already cost nearly nine millions.

Vanderbilt's Way.

A writer in the Figaro throws an interesting light upon Mr. Vanderbilt's method of buying pictures. The millionaire, it seems, went once to Meissonier and asked him which of his works was, in his own opinion, his chef d'ouvre. Meissonier answered: "The Chess Players." "Whom does it belong to?" was Mr. Vanderbilt's next question. "To Herr Meyer, of Dresden," was the answer. That very night Mr. Vanderbilt dispatched a secretary to Dresden, who went straight to Herr Meyer and demanded to know his price. "$50,000," replied the owner, thinking that he had effectually frightened his interrogator. "I take it," said the secretary to the great astonishment of Herr Meyer, and take it he did.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The educational system of Australia is under the protection of the Government, which supplies schoolhouses, teachers and money, and the system is generally good.

At a Paris fair a prize was awarded to the man with the most monstrous nass affair.

The World's Fair has already cost nearly nine millions.

S. K. Coburn, Mgr., Clarie Scott, writes: "I find Hall's Catarrh Cure a valuable remedy." Druggists sell it, 75c.

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"There goes Blobski, the boomerang poet." "How did he get that name?" "By his verses always coming back to him."—Philadelphia Record.

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If affliction with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle

Every man's ideal woman is one who would believe he caught whales in the river if he told her so.—Atchison Globe.

Mr. G. W. Doner.

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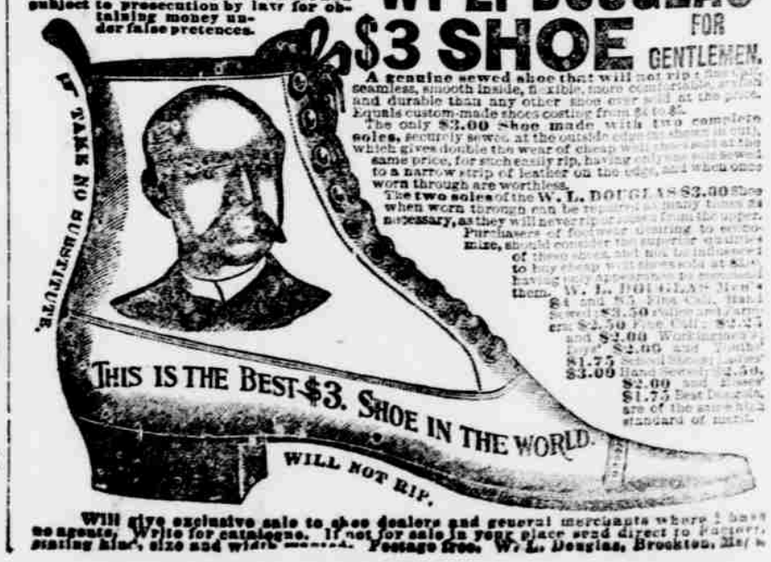
CAUTION.—Beware of dealers substituting shoes without W. L. Douglas name and the price stamped on bottom. Such substitutions are fraudulent and subject to prosecution by law for obtaining money under false pretences.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.



A genuine sewed shoe that will not rip, smooth inside, flexible, more comfortable and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Equals custom-made shoes costing from $4 to $5.

The only $2.00 shoe made with two complete soles, securely sewed at the outside edge as shown in cut, which gives double the wear of cheap shoes sold at the same price, for such easily rip, having only one sole sewed to a narrow strip of leather on the edge, and which soon worn through are worthless.

The two soles of the W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 Shoe when worn through can be repaired as many times as necessary, as they will never rip across from the upper.

Purchasers of footwear wishing to economize, should consider the superior qualities of these shoes, and not be induced to buy cheap worthless shoes with fine appearance to mislead them.

W. L. DOUGLAS Men's $4 and $5 Fine Calf, Hand Sewed $3.50 Welt and Extra Fine $2.50 Fine Calf, $2.00 and $1.75 Workingmen's Dress $1.00 and Boys' $1.75 $2.00 and $1.75 Best Boys' School Shoes are of the same high standard of merit.

Will give exclusive sale to shoe dealers and general merchants where I have no agents. Write for catalogue. If not for sale in your place send direct to Factory, stating kind, size and width wanted. Postage free. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.