

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The New Tabernacle."

TEXT: "What mean ye by these stones?" -Joshua iv., 6.

The Jordan, like the Mississippi, has bluffs on the one side and flats on the other. Here and there a sycamore shadows it. Here and there z willow dips into it. It was only a little over waist neep in December as I waded through it, but in the months of April and May toe snows on Mount Lebanon thaw and flow down into the valley, and then the Jordan overflows its banks. Then it is wide, deep, raging and impetuous. At this season of the year I hear the tramp of forty thousand armed men coming down to cross the river. You say, why do they not go up nearer the rise of the river at the old camel ford? Ah! my friends, it is because it is not safe to go around when the Lord tells us to go ahead. The Israelites had been going around forty years, and they had enough of it. I do not know how it is with you, my brethren, but I have always got into trouble when I went around, but aiways got into safety when I went ahead.

There spreads out the Jordan, a raging torrent, much of it snow water just come down from the mountain top; and I see some of the Israelites shivering at the idea of plunging in, and one soldier says to his comrade, "Joseph, can you swim?" And another says: "If we get across the stream we will get there with wet clothes and with damaged armor, and the Canaanites will slash us to pieces with their swords before we get up the other bank." But it is no time to halt. The great host marches on.

The priests carrying the ark go ahead, the people follow. I hear the tramp of the great multitude. The priests have now come within a stone's throw of the water. Yet still there is no abatement of the flood. Now they have come within four or five feet of stream; but there is no abatement of flood. Bad prospect! It seems as if the Israelites that crossed the desert are now going to be drowned in sight of Canaan. But "Forward!" is the cry. The command rings all along the line of the host. "Forward!" Now the priests have come within one step of the river. This time they lift their feet from the solid ground and put them down into the raging stream. No sooner are their feet there than Jerdan flies.

On the right hand God piles up a great mountain of floods; on the left the water flows off toward the sea. The great river for hours halts and rears. The back waters, not being able to flow over the passing Israelites, pile wave on wave until perhaps a sea bird would find some difficulty in scaling the water cliff. Now the priests and all the people have gone over on dry land. The water on the left hand side by this time has reached the sea; and now that the miraculous passage has been made, stand back and this stupendous pile of waters leap. God takes His hand from that walls of floods, and like a hundred cataracts they plunge and roar in thunderous triumph to the sea. How are they to celebrate this passage? Shall it be with music? I suppose the trumpets and cymbals were all worn out before this. Shall it be with banners waving? Oh. no; they are all faded and orn. Joshna cries out, "I will tell you how to celebrate this-build a monument here to commemorate the event," and every priest puts a heavy stone on his shoulder and marches out and drops that stone in the divinely ap-pointed place. I see the pile growing in height, in breadth, in significance; and, in after years, men went by that spot and saw this monument, and cried out one to another, in fulfillment of the prophecy of the text, "What meant ye by these stones?" Blessed be God, He did not leave our church in the wilderness! We have been wandering about for a year and a half worshiping in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, and the Academy of Music, New York. And some thought we would never reach the promised land. Some said we had better take this route and others that. Some said we had better go back, and some said there were sons of Anak in the way that would eat us up, and before the smoke had cleared away from the sky after our tabernacie had been consumed, people stood on the very site of the place and said: "This church will never again be built." We came down to the bank of Jordan; we looked off upon the waters. Some of the sympathy that was expressed turned out to be snow water melted from the top of Lebanon. Some said: "You had better not go in; you will get your feet wet." But we waded in, pastor and people, farther and farther, and in some way, the Lord only knows how, we got through; and to-night I go all around about this great house, erected by your prayers and sympathies and sacrifices, and cry out in the words of my text: "What mean ye by these stones?" " It is an outrage to build a house like this, so vast and so magnificent, unless there be some tremendous reasons for doing it; and so, my friends, I pursue you to-night with the question of my text, and I demand of these trustees and of these elders and of all who have contributed in the building of this structure, "What mean ye by these st-ies?" But before I get your answer to my question you interrupt me and point to the memorial wall at the side of this pulpit, and say, "E rplain that unusual group of memorials, What mean you by those stones?' By permission of the people of my beloved charge I recently visited the Holy Lands, and having in mind by day and night during my ab-sence this rising house of prayer, I bethought myself, "What can I do to make that place significant and glorious?" On the morning of December the 3d we were at the foot of the most sacred mountain of all the earth, Mount Calvary. There is no more doubt of the locality than of Mount Washington or Mount Blanc. On the bluff of this mountain, which is the shape of the human skull, and so called in the Bible, "The place of the skull," there is room for three crosses. There I saw a stone so sug-gestive I rolled it down the hill and transported it. It is at the top of this wall, a white stone, with crimson veins running through it-the white typical of purity the crimson suggestive of the blood that paid the price of our redemption. We place it at the top of the memorial wall, for above all in this church for all time, in sermon and

the auman race, declaring "God hath made of one blood all nations."

Since Lord Elgin took the famous statuary from the Acropolis, the hill adjoining Mars Hill, the Greek Government makes it impos-sible to transport to other lands any antiquities, and armed soldiers guard not only the Acropolis, but Mars Hill. That stone I obtained by special permission from the Queen of Greece, a most gracious and bril-hant woman, who received us as though we had been old acquaintances, and through Mr. Tricoupis, the Prime Minister of Greece, and Mr. Snowden, our American Minister

Consul, that suggestive tablet was sawed from the pulpit of rock on which Paul preached. Now you understand why We have marked it "The Gospel." Long after my lips shall utter in this church their last message, these lips of stone will tell of the Law, and the Sacrifice, and the Gospel. This day I present them to the church and to all who shall gaze upon them. Thus you have my answer to the question, "What mean you by these stones"

But you cannot divert me from the question of the text as I first put it. I have interpreted these four memorials on my right hand, but there are hundreds of stones in these surrounding walls and underneath us. in the foundations, and rising above us in the towers. The quarries of this and transatlantic countries at the call of crowbar and chisel have contributed toward this structure.

"What mean ye by these stones?" You mean among other things that they shall be an earthly residence for Christ. Christ did not have much of a home when He was here. Who and where is that child crying? It is Jesus, born in an outhouse. Where is that hard breathing? It is Jesus, asleep on a rock. Who is that in the back part of a fishing smack, with a sailor's rough overcoat thrown over Him? It is Jesus, the worn out voyager. O, Jesus! is it not time that Thou hadst a house? We give Thee this. Thou didst give it to us first, but we give it back to Thee. It is too good for us, but not half good enough for Thee. Oh! come in and take the best seat here. Walk up and down all these aisles. Speak through these organ pipes. Throw thine arm over us in these arches. In the fint up of these brackets of fire speak to us, stying, "I am the light of the world." O King! make this thine audience chamber. Here proclaim righteousness and make treaties. We clap our hands, we uncover our heads, we lift our ensigns, we cry with multitudinous acclamation until the place rings and the heavens listen, "O King! live forever!"

Is it not time that He who was born in a stranger's house and buried in a stranger's grave should have an earthly house? Come in, O Jesus! not the corpse of a buried Christ, but a radiant and trumphant Jesus, conqueror of earth and heaven and hell.

He lives, all gory to His name, He lives, my Jesus, still the same,

Oh, the sweet joy this sentence gives-I know that my Redeemer lives.

Blessed be His glorious name forever! Again, if any one asks the question of the text, "What mean ye by these stones?" the reply is we mean the communion of saints. Do you know that there is not a single denomination of Christians in Brooklyn that has not contributed something toward the building of this house? And if ever, standing in this place, there shall be a man who shall try by anything he says to stir up bitterness between different denominations of Christians, may his tongue falter, and his cheek blanch, and his heart stop! My friends, if there is any church on earth where there is a mingling of all denominations it is our church. I just wish that John Calvin and Arminius, if they were not too busy, would come out on the battlements and see us. Sometimes in our prayer meetings I have heard bretbren use the phrases of a beautiful liturgy, and we know where they come from; and in the same prayer meetings I have heard brethren made audible ejaculation, "Amen!" "Praise ye the Lord!" and we did not have to guess twice where they came from. When a man knocks at our church door, if he comes from a sect where they will not give him a certificate, we say: "Come in by confession of faith." While Adoniram Judson, the Baptist, and John Wesley, the Methodist, and John Knox, the glorious old Scotch Presbyterian, are shaking hands in heaven, all churches on earth can afford to come into close communication: "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." Oh, my brethren, we have had enough of Big Bethel fights-the Fourteenth New York regiment fighting the Fifteenth Massachusetts regiment. Now, let all those who are for Christ and stand on the same side go shoulder to shoulder, and this church, instead of having a sprinkling of the divine blessing, go clear under the wave in one glorious immertion in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. I saw a little child once, in its dying hour. put one arm around its father's nack and the other arm around its mother's neck and bring them close down to its dying lips and give a last kiss. Oh, I said, those two persons will stand very near to each other always after such an interlocking. The dying Christ puts one arm around this denomination of Christians, and the other arm around that denomination of Christians, and He brings them down to His dying lips while He gives them this parting kiss: "My peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you.

two classes-believers and unbalievers. To

augment the number of the one and subtract from the number of the other we built this church, and toward that supreme and eter-nal idea we dedicate all our sermons, all our songs, all our prayers, all our Sabbath handshakings. We want to throw defection into the enemy's ranks. We want to make them either surrender unconditionally to Christ or else fly in front, scattering the way with canteens, blankets and knapsacks. We want to popularize Christ. We would like to tell the story of His love here until men would feel that they had rather die than live another hour without His sympathy and love and mercy. We want to rouse up an enthusiasm for Him greater than was felt for Nathaniel Lyon when he rode along the ranks; greater than was exhibited for Wellington when he came bacz from Waterloo; greater than was expressed for Napoleon when he stepped ashore from Elba. We really believe in this place Christ will enact the same scenes that were enacted by Him when He landed in the orient, and there will be such an opening of blind eyes and unstopping of deaf ears and casting out of unclean pirits-such silencing bestormed Gennesarets as shall make this house memorable five hundred years after you and I are dead and forgotten. Oh, my friends, we want but one revival in this church, that beginning now and running on to the day when the chisel of time, that brings down even St. Paul's and the Pyramids, shall bring this house into the dust.

Oh, that this day of dedication might be the day of emancipation of all imprisoned souls. My friends, do not make the blunder of the ship carpenters in Noah's time, who helped to build the ark, but did not get into it. God forbid that you who have been so generous in building this church should not get under its influences. "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." Do you think a man is safe out of Christ? Not one day, not one hour, not one minute, not one second. Three or four years ago, you remember, a rail train broke down a bridge on the way to Albany, and after the catastrophe they were looking around among the timbers of the crushed bridge and the fallen train and found the conductor. He was dying, and had only strength to say one thing, and that was, "Hoist the flag for the next train." So there come to us to-night, from the eternal word, voices of God, voices of angels, voices of departed spirits, crying: "Lift the warning. Blow the trumpet. Give the alarm. Hoist the flag for the next train."

Oh, that to-night my Lord Jesus would sweep His arm around the great audience and take you all to His holy heart. You will never see no good a time for personal consecration as now. "What mean ye by these stones?" We mean your redemption from sin and death and hell by the power of an omnipotent gospel.

Well, the Brooklyn Tabernacle is erected again. We came here to-night not to dedicate it. That was done this morning. Tonight we dedicate ourselves. In the Episcopal and Methodist churches they have a railing around the altar, and the people come and kneel down at that railing and get the sacramental blessing. Well, my friends, it would take more than a night to gather you in circles around this altar. Then just bow where you are for the blessing. Aged men, his is the last church tuat you will ever dedicate. May the God who comforted Jacob the Patriarch, and Paul the aged, make this house to you the gate of heaven; and when, in your old days, you put on your spectacles to read the hymn or the Scripture lesson, may you get preparation for that land where you shall no more see through a glass darkly. May the warm sunshine of heaven thaw the snow off your foreheads! Men in middle life, do you know that this is the place where you are going to get your fatigues rested and your sorrows appeased and your souls saved? Do you know that at this altar your sons and daughters will take upon themselves the vows of the Christian, and from this place you will carry out, some of you, your precious dead? Between this baptismal font and this communion table you will have some of the tenderest of life's experiences. God bless you, old and young and middle aged. The money you have given to this church to-day will be, I hope, the best financial investment you have ever made. Your worldly investments may depend upon the whims of the money market, or the honesty of business associates, but the money you have given to the house of the Lord shall yield you large percentage, and declare eternal dividends long after the noonday sun shall have gone out like a spark from a smitten anvil and all the stars are dead.

RELIGIOUS READING.

CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR. Beside the dead I knelt for prayer, And felt a presence as I prayed. Lo! it was Jesus standing there, He smiled; "Be not afraid !"

Lord. Thon hast conquered death, we hnow Restore again to life," I said, "This one who died an hour ago." He smiled : "She is not dead !"

"Asleep then, as Thyself didst say, Yet thou canst lift the lids that keep Her prisoned eyes from ours away! He smiled: "She doth not sleep."

'Nay, then, tho' haply she do wake, And look upon some fairer dawn, Restore her to our hearts that ache!" He smiled: "She is not gone!"

"Alas' too well we know our loss, Nor hope again our joy to touch Until the stream of death we cross." He smiled : "There is no such!"

"Yet our beloved seem so far, The while we yearn to feel them near. Albeit with Thee we trust they are." He smiled : "And I am here!

"Dear Lord, how shall we know that they Still wask unseen with us and Thee, Nor sleep, nor wander far away?" He smiled: "Abide in Me."

- [Rossiter W. Raymond.

THE BIBLE.

You find the Bible the patriot's charterbook, the child's delight, the old man's comfort and the young man's guide. In its pages the sick and weary find the solace which they need and the tempted meet with timely succor. Its words whisper hope and peace to the dying, and minister daily food to the healthy and vigorous household. With the pious music of its sublime or plaintive songs echo the roofs of ten thousand times ten thousand Christian temples, and the child's prayer, night and morn, is lisped forth in the simple and comprehensive words which were dictated by Him who is its central light.-[Dr. Beard.

A BALANCE IN THE BANK.

The question of a balance in the bank which we can draw upon when this world has been burned up, is of far more importance than a balance for our heirs to quarrel over when we cannot use it any longer. The truly rich man is he who is rich toward God, "whose treasure is laid up in heaven, where neither moth uor rust doth corrupt. and where thieves do not break through and And these riches are within the steal." reach of everyone.

The capital for increasing their riches has been provided for all by the Lord Jesus Christ, and we are invited to participate in its bet efits. And yet we run wild over corner lots, and new additions, and seldom try to work the problem Christ gave when he said, "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and love his own soul?" -[Kansas Methodist Chautauqua.

eighty new-born infants have each raised wail of protest at the fates for thrusting en stence upon them, while as many mon human beings, weary with the struggles at life, have opened their lips to utter these last sigh.

In a minute the lowest sound your ear an catch has been made by 990 vibrations, while the highest tone reached you after making 2,228,000 vibrations.

In a minute an express train goes a mile and a street car thirty-two rods; the faster trotting horse 147 9-13, and an average walker has gotten over sixteen rods.

In each minute in the United States, night and day, all the year around, twenty-four barrels of beer have to go down 12.00 throats, and 4,830 bushels of grain have come to bin .- [Cleveland Press.

TEMPERANCE.

REGINNING AT THE RIGHT END.

Scientific instruction on the evils attent ant on the use of alcoholic stimulants is now given in thirty-three States. This is begin ning temperance work at the right end. As that can be done to save the slaves of strong drink should be done. It is better work however, to prevent souls from being the enslaved than to rescue those in chains Here, surely, in the effort to train the young is an opportunity for common union in ten perance work. To this all temperance workers should direct their earnest attention .- New York Observer.

DRINK AND MURDER.

A sober man scruples to do that which a drunken man will execute without heaits. tion. These words embody the essential motive that induces people to have necourse to stupefying drugs and drinks. People employ them either for the purpose of stifling remorse, after having performed an action disapproved of by their conscience, or ela in order to induce a state of mind in which they shall be capable of doing something contrary to the dictates of their conscience. and to which the animal nature of man is impelling him.

A sober man has conscientious scrubles to steal, to commit murder. A drunken man on the contrary, is troubled with no such scruples. Hence it is that if a person wishes to do something which his conscience forbids him to do he first stupefies his faculties.

I recollect being struck by the statement made by a man cook on his trial for the murder of the old lady-a relative of mine-in whose service he had been living. From the account he gave of the crime, and the manner in which it was perpetrated, it appears that when he had sent his paramour, the maidservant, out of the house, and the time had come for him to do the deed, he seized a knife and repaired to the bedroom where his intended victim was, but as he drew near he felt that in his sober senses he could not possibly perpetrate such a crime. "A sober man has conscientious scruples." He turned back, guiped down two tumblers of brandy that he had provided beforehand, and then, and not beforehand, felt that he was ready to de the deed, and did it.

Nine-tenths of the total number of crime nat stain h are committed in same way: "First take a drink to give you courage. Nor is this all. Not only do people cloud their own faculties in order to stiffe the voice of conscience, but, knowing what the effect of alcohol is, whenever they wish to make other people perform an act that is contrary to the dictates of their conscience they pur-posely stupefy them in order to render them temporarity deaf to its remonstrances. In war soldiers are always made drunk when they are about to be sent into close hand-tohand combat. During the storming of Se-bastopol all the French soldiers were completely intoxicated. After the storming of a fortrees in the Central Asian war, when the Russian soldiers showed no inclination to plunder and kill the defenseless old men and children of the place, Skobeleff ordered them to be duly plied with brandy till they were drunk. Then they rushed out to accomplish the ghastly work .- Tolstoi, in Contempo rary Review.

How swift the heavenly course they run. Whose hearts and faith and hopes are oue.

I heard a Baptist minister once say that mente are not totally faulty. Have we not Men make the laws which legalize the fee. The affair was to come off in a he thought in the millennium it would be put the seal of greatness where it does not barn, and when the principals entered all one great Baptist church; and I heard belong? In what respect is the world better Methodist minister say that he thought the ring there were sixty-two of us doltoday for the existence of rich men like in the great millennial day it would be all Crosus, of conquerors like Alexander, of lar men present. They shook hands, one great Methodist church; and I have philosophers like Plato, of authors like "put up" in good shape, and the knowknown a Presbyterian minister who Cicero? ing ones predicted a hot time. At the thought that in the millennial day it would What really valuable thing should we lose be all one great Presbyterian church. Now first punch the Terror made, bowever, had such men never existed? Gather all the TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES. I think they are all mistaken. I think the conquerors of the world-together, and sav the other fell down seemingly unconmillennial church will be a composite whether they have been as useful to this scious, and after working over him for nade into whisky it is shoeking. church; and just as you may take the best world as one John Bunyan or one John five minutes the meek-eyed man stood When a man is driven to drink, it is be-Wesley. Put all your philosophical books parts of five or six tunes, and under the skilful hands of Handel, Mozart or Beethoven up and said : together, and declare whether they have acentwine them into one grand and overpower-According to Dr. Norman Kerr, the two "Gents, I am sorry to inform you that complished as much for humanity as the ing symphony, so, I suppose, in the latter Epistle of Paul to the Galatians. Match Bis-Chain Lightning is a dead man. He days of the world, God will take the best woach of choiera are panic and alcohol. mark and Luther, and judge a other po'has evidently died of heart faiture, and parts of all denominations of Christians and itician or preacher has the best of it in the A petition against the employment of under the adverse circumstances the weave them into one great ecclesiastical long run. On the other hand, if you blot harmony, broad as the earth and high as the fight cannot go on. I'll have to send out Abraham, Joseph. Moses. David the singer (not David the king), Elijah, Isalah, heavens, and that will be the church of the for the police." signatures. future. Or, as mosaic is made of jasper and John the Baptist, Paul, from human history, Of course everybody made a hustle The British canteen system has been von usher in blackness of darkness.- [A. F. agate and many precious stones cemented to get away, only too anxious to escape together-mosaic a thousand feet square in Schauffler, in S. S. Times. arrest and detention, and the barn was St. Mark's, or mosaic hoisted in colossal liquor shops. seraphim in St. Sophia's-so I suppose God emptied in thirty seconds. Next day, song and prayer, shall be the sacrafice of Mount Cavalry. Look at it. That stone was one of the rocks rent at the crucifixion. That will make, after a while, one great blending In Ireland the number of arrests for drunk-"IN A MINUTE." as I was going down the river on a of all creeds, and all faiths, and ali Christian "Well, well, don't fret; I'll be there in a steamboat, I heard two men in the sentiments, the amythest and the jasper. and minute.' stateroom next to mine disputing. the chalcedony of all different experiences heard the cry, "It is finished." Was ever But, my friend, a minute means a good any church on earth honored with such and belief, cemeted side by side in the great "Well, make it an even divide," climbs up to 92,000. deal, notwithstanding you affect to hold it said a memorial? mosaic of the ages: and while the nations The W. C. T. U. of Baltimore has I of no consequence. Did you ever stor to look upon the columns and at thitraves of Beneath it are two fables of stone which think what may happen in a minute? No. "Of course, its even," replied the I had brought from Mount Sinai where the the stupendous church of the future, and Well, while you are murdering a minute other, "Bill worked in the crowd. cry out, "What mean ye by these stones!" law was given. Three camels were three for yourself and one for me, before you ce' weeks crossing the desert to fetch them. there shall be incumerable voices to reyou played dead on 'em, and I had the ready to sit down to the business we have in When at Cairo, Egypt, I proposed to the Christian Arab that he bring one stone from spond, "We mean the Lord God c. nipoten: hand, I will amuse you by telling you some rig there to get as off. Purty slick subscribed. things that will happen meantime. reigneth." game, but you died too soon. You Mount Sinai, he said, "We can easier bring Still further, you mean by these stones the In a minute we shall be whirled around ought to have waited until I got in one two rocks than one, for one must balance them on the back of the camel," and I did salvation of the people. We did not build this church for mere worldly reform or for on the outside of the earth by its diurnal on you." motion a distance of thirteen miles. At the not think until the day of their arrival how an educational institution, or as a platform same time we shall have gone along with much more suggestive would be the two, be-cause the law was written on two tablets of on which to read essays and philosophical the earth, in its grand journey around the sun, 1080 miles. Pretty quick traveling, you The Road to Fortune. drink or let it alone. disquisitions, but a place for the tremendous work of soul saving. Oh, I had rather be stone. Those stones marked with the words "You look prosperous." say? Why that is slow work compared with "Mount Sinai" felt the earthquake that shook the means in this church of having one soul "I am prosperous," the rate of travel of the light which just now the mountains when the law was given. The prepared for a joyful eternity than five reflected from that mirror, made you wink, "What line are you in?" lower stone of the wall is from Mars Hill, the thousand souls prepared for mere worldly success. All churches are in two classes, all A minute ago that ray was 11,160,000 miles "I manufacture a complete assortplace where Paul stood when he preached that famous sermon on the brotherhood of away. ment of silver antiques." communities in two classes, all the race in In a minute, all over the world about an the other."

A SL Louis Charity.

A meek-eyed, mild-spoken man dropped around to the hotel in St. Louis one evening last fall, and as fast as he came to any one whom he sized up as "safe" he said:

"It is a case of charity-a noble charity-but we are opposed to anything like a subscription. The widow wouldn't have it that way, you know. We have, therefore, arranged for a tenround go between the Missouri Terror and the St. Louis Chain Lightning. Comes off at 10 o'clock-admision \$1. It's for blood, and the money goes to the widow of the best dog-handler in the United States."

It seems a sort of duty to go around with the crowd and pay the admission

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WRITE.

Some persons are never easy until they are gossiping. They tell all they know, and write to their friends all the petty details of matters which do not at all concern them. But persons who tell all they know are sure to tell a great deal they do not know, and so do great mischief. They gabble, and gossip, and tell tales, speaking of things which they do not half understand, and so inevitably misrepresenting matters which they discuss, until sensible people are afraid to have them in their homes.

Any person admitted into a family should know better than to talk or write about the affairs which pertain to the household, and persons who will accept the hospitalities of a home, and repay the privileges enjoyed by retailing the tittle-tattle and gossip which can be picked up in almost any family, prove themselves ignorant of what belongs to good breeding, and unfit to be trusted in society. A sensible man would as soon have a skunk in his yard as to have a gabbling, tattling talebcarer in the house who tells all she knows and guesses at and invents the rest. The person who hears but does not talk, and who is able to hold his tongue and restrain his curiosity, stands like a massive brick wall in the mid-t of a deva-tating conflagration, which checks the progress of the fire, and saves trouble and ensures safety .--[The Christian.

LITTLE GREAT MEN.

Jesus never mentioned any of carth's great men, so called, with words of praise. There had been great conquerors before his time, like Alexander the Great but He never alluded to them. There had been philosophers like Plato and Aristotle and Socrates, but He never spoke of them. Rich men had received the notice of their fellowmen. but he never mentioned one of them by name. None of those of whom human history speaks most largely came in for a word of commendation from Him or from his apostles in later years.

This should hid us pause and make us stop and think whether our human judg-

LAW AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

The Pittsburg Christian Advocate, commenting upon the legalization of the liquot traffic, says:

We have made laws to authorize base men, 17 they pay twenty-five dollars a year in some States, and a thousand doilars a year in others, to set up in all towns and cities their vice producing, drunkard making establishments! And so we do what a heathen Chinese Emperor refused to do-we run our municipal governments and our State and national governments largely by the great revenues which are collected from the vices and crimes of our people. And now we have millions on millions of money invested in wineries, distilleries and breweries, and in wholesale and retail liquor houses, and millions on millions in the immense stocks of liquors. It has come to be a gigantic business. It is strong and mighty. It has been e-tablished by legislation. It cannot be destroyed without legislation. We have permitted it by law, we must prohibit it by law. It exists in village and town, in city and State and nation, by the sanctions of law and the protection of the Government. It stands to reason that, in order to abolish it, we must take away the shield of law and the protection of the Government everywhere, and enact prohibition laws and Constitutional amendments.

liquor traffic; only a minority of such men, and of those who elect them to be legislators, are total abstainers. To change these liquor selling laws, the men who authorize them must somehow be reached and converted. How shall it be done?-National Advocate.

Corn in the field is shocked, and when it is

cause he has himself loosened the brake.

things to guard against in case of the ap-

young girls as harmaids, has been presented the King of Sweden. The petition had 10,000

adopted in the barracks of Germany, with a view to keeping the soldiers away from the

enness steadily increases. In 1887, there were 79,000 arrests for that cause; in 1898. the number reaches \$7,000, and in 1889,

chased a building in that city which is being fitted up for their headquarters. The build ing with its furnishings will cost about \$30," 600, of which sum \$21,000 has already been One of the best moves the devil can make, says the Ram's Horn, is to persuade a bigheaded man to trust in his own strength There isn't a drunkard on earth to-day who didn't start out with the idea that he could Dr. Nansen, in his recently published vol-ume, says that his experience during the crossing of Greenland led him to "take a de cided stand against the use of stimulants and narcotics of all kinds, from tes and coffee of the one hand to tobacco and alcoholic drinks