

# REV. DR. TALMAGE.

## The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Gospel of the Weather."

Text: "Hath the rain a father?"—Job xxviii, 28.

This Book of Job has been the subject of unbounded theological wrangle. Men have made it the ring in which to display their ecclesiastical pugilism. Some say that the Book of Job is a true history; others, that it is an allegory; others, that it is an epic poem; others, that it is a drama. Some say that Job lived eighteen hundred years before Christ, others say that he never lived at all. Some say that the author of this book was Job; others, David; others, Solomon. The discussion has tended some in blank infidelity. Now, I have no trouble with the Books of Job or Revelation—the two most mysterious books in the Bible—because of a rule I adopted some years ago.

I waded down into a Scripture passage as long as I can touch bottom, and when I cannot then I wade out. I used to wade in until it was over my head, and then I got out. I study a passage of Scripture so long as it is a comfort and help to my soul, but when it becomes a perplexity and a spiritual upturning I quit. In other words, we ought to wade in up to our heart, but never wade in until it is over our head. No man should ever expect to swim across this great ocean of divine truth. I go down into that ocean as I go down into the Atlantic Ocean at East Hampton, Long Island, just far enough to bathe; then I come out. I never had any idea that with my weak limbs about I could strike my way clear over to Liverpool.

I suppose you understand your family genealogy. You know something about your parents, your grandparents, your great-grandparents. Perhaps you know where they were born, or where they died. Have you ever studied the parentage of the shower, "Hath not the rain a father?" This question is not asked by a poetaster or a scientist, but by the head of the universe. To humble and to save Job God asks him fourteen questions. About the world's architecture, about the retraction of the sun's rays, about the tides, about the snow crystal, about the lightning, and then He arraigns him with the interrogation of the text, "Hath the rain a father?"

With the scientific wonders of the rain I have nothing to do. A minister gets through with that kind of sermons within the first three years, and if he has piety enough he gets through with it in the first three months. A sermon has come to me to mean one word of four letters, "help!" You all know that the rain is not an orphan. You know it is not cast out of the gates of heaven founding. You would answer the question of my text in the affirmative.

Safely housed during the storm, you hear the rain beating against the window pane, and you find it searching all the crevices of the window sill. It first comes down in solitary drops, pattering the dust, and then it deluges the fields and angers the mountain torrents, and makes the traveler implore shelter. You know that the rain is not an accident of the world's economy. You know it was born of the cloud. You know it was rocked in the cradle of the wind. You know it was sung to sleep by the storm. You know that it is a flying evangel from heaven to earth. You know it is the gospel of the weather. You know that God is its father.

If this be true, then how wicked is our murmuring about climatic changes. The first eleven Sabbaths after I entered the ministry it stormed. Through the week it was clear weather, but on the Sabbath the old country meeting house looked like Noah's ark before it landed. A few drenched people sat before a drenched pastor; but most of the farmers stayed at home and thanked God that what was bad for the church was good for the crops. I committed a good deal of sin in those days in denouncing the weather. Ministers of the Gospel sometimes fret about stormy Sabbaths or hot Sabbaths, or inclement Sabbaths. They forget the fact that the same God who ordained the Sabbath and sent forth his ministers to announce salvation also ordained the weather. "Hath the rain a father?"

Merchants, also, with their stores filled with new goods, and their clerks haugling idly around the counters, commit the same transgression. There have been seasons when the whole spring and fall trade has been ruined by protracted wet weather. The merchants then examined the "weather probabilities" with more interest than they read their Bibles. They watched for a patch of blue sky. They went complaining to the store and came complaining home again. In all that season of wet feet and dripping garments and impassable streets they never once asked the question, "Hath the rain a father?"

So agriculturists commit this sin. There is nothing more annoying than to have planted corn rot in the ground because of too much moisture, or may all ready for the mow dashed by a shower, or wheat almost ready for the sickle spoiled with the rust. How hard it is to bear the agricultural disappointment that the God has infinite resources, but I do not think He has capacity to make weather to please all the farmers. Sometimes it is too hot, or it is too cold, it is too wet, or it is too dry, it is too early, or it is too late. They forget that the God who promised seed time and harvest, summer and winter, cold and heat, also ordained all climatic changes. There is one question that ought to be written on every barn, on every fence, on every haystack, on every farmhouse, "Hath the rain a father?"

If you only know what a vast enterprise it is to provide appropriate weather for this world we would not be so critical of the Lord. Isaac Watts at ten years of age complained that he did not like the hymns that were sung in the English chapel. "Well," said his father, "Isaac, instead of your complaining about the hymns, go and make hymns that are better." And he did go and make hymns that were better. Now, I say to you if you do not like the weather get up a weather company and have a president, and a secretary, and a treasurer, and a board of directors, and ten million dollars of stock, and then provide weather that will suit us all. There is a man who has a weak head, and I he cannot stand the glare of the sun. You must have a cloud always hovering over him.

I like the sunshine. I cannot live without plenty of sunlight, so you must always have enough light for me. Two ships meet in mid-Atlantic. The one is going to Southampton and the other is coming to New York. Provide weather that, while it is abate for one ship, it is not a head wind for the other. There is a farm that is dried up for the lack of rain, and there is a pleasure party going out for a field excursion. Provide weather that will suit the dry farm and the pleasure excursion. No, sirs, I will not take one dollar of stock in your weather company. There is only one Being in the universe who knows enough to provide the right kind of weather for this world. "Hath the rain a father?"

My text also suggests God's minute supervision. You see the divine Sonship in every drop of rain. The jewels of the shower are not flung away by a spendthrift who knows not how many he throws or where they fall. They are all shining princes of heaven. They all have eternal lineage. They

are all the children of a king. "Hath the rain a father?" Well, then, I say if God takes notice of every minute raindrop He will take notice of the most insignificant affair of my life. It is the astronomical view of things that bothers me.

We look up into the night heavens, and we say, "Worlds! worlds!" and how insignificant we feel! We stand at the foot of Mount Washington or Mont Blanc, and we feel that we are only insects, and then we say to ourselves, "Though the world is so large, the sun is one million four hundred thousand times larger." "Oh!" we say, "it is no use, if God wheels that great machinery through immensity He will not take the trouble to look down at me." Infidel conclusion. Saturn, Mercury and Jupiter are no more rounded and weighed and swung by the hand of God than are the globules on a lilac bush the morning after a shower.

God is no more in magnitudes than He is in minutes. If He has scales to weigh the mountains, He has balances delicate enough to weigh the infinitesimal. You can no more see Him through the telescope than you can see Him through the microscope; no more when you look up than when you look down. Are not the hairs of your head all numbered? And if Himalaya has a God, "Hath not the rain a father?" I take this doctrine of a particular Providence, and I thrust it into the very midst of your everyday life. If God fathers a raindrop, is there anything so insignificant in your affairs that God will not father that?

When Druzyne, the gunsmith, invented the needle gun, which decided the battle of Sadowa, was it a mere accident? When a farmer's boy showed Blucher a short cut by which he could bring his army up soon enough to decide Waterloo for England, was it a mere accident? When Lord Byron took a piece of money and tossed it up to decide whether or not he should be affianced to Miss Millbank, was it a mere accident which side of the money was up and which was down? When the Christian army was besieged at Baziers and a drummer came in at midnight and rang the alarm bell, not knowing what he was doing, but waking up the host in time to fight their enemies that moment arriving, was it an accident?

When in one of the Irish was a starving mother, lying with her starving child, sank down and fainted on the rocks in the night and her hand fell on a warm bottle of milk, did that just happen so? God is either in the affairs of men or our religion is worth nothing at all, and you had better take it away from us, and instead of this Bible, which teaches the doctrine, give us a secular book, and let us, as the famous Mr. Fox, the member of parliament, in his last hour, cry out: "Read me the eighth book of Virgil!"

"Oh! my friends, let us rouse up to an appreciation of the fact that all the affairs of our life are under a king's command and under a father's watch. Alexander's war horse, Bucephalus, would allow anybody to mount him when he was unharmed, but as soon as they put on that war horse, Bucephalus, the saddle and trappings of the conqueror he would allow no one but Alexander to touch him. And if a scullion horse could have so much pride in his owner, shall not we immortals exult in the fact that we are owned by a king? "Hath the rain a father?"

Again my subject teaches me that God's dealings with us are inexplicable. That was the original force of my text. The rain was a great mystery to the ancients. They could not understand how the water should get into the cloud, and getting there, how it should be suspended, or falling, why it should come down in drops. Modern science comes along and says there are two portions of air of different temperature, and they are charged with moisture, and the one portion of air decreases in temperature so the water may no longer be held in vapor, and it falls. And they tell us that some of the clouds that look to be only as large as a man's hand, and to be almost quiet in the heavens, are great mountains of mist four thousand feet from base to top, and that they rush miles a minute.

But after all the brilliant experiments of Dr. James Hutton, and Saussure, and other scientists, there is an infinite mystery about the rain. There is an ocean of the unfathomable in every raindrop, and God says to-day as He said in the time of Job, "If you cannot understand one drop of rain, do not be surprised if My dealings with you are inexplicable." Why does that aged man, deopicted, beggared, vicious, sick of the world, and his world sick of him, live on, while here is a man in an ocean of the unfathomable, God, hard working, useful in respect, who dies? Why does that old gossip, gadding along the street about everybody's business but her own, have such good health, while the Christian mother, with a flock of little ones about her who she is preparing for usefulness and for heaven—the mother who you think could not be spared an hour from that household—way does she lie down and die with a cancer?

Why does that man, selfish to the core, go on adding fortune to fortune, consuming everything on himself, continue to prosper, while that man, who has been giving ten per cent. of all his income to God and the church, goes into bankruptcy? Before we make stark fools of ourselves, let us stop pressing this everlasting "why." Let us worship where we cannot understand. Let a man take that one question, "Why?" and follow it far enough, and push it, and he will land in wretchedness and perdition. We want in our theology fewer interrogation marks and more exclamation points. Heaven is the place for explanation. Earth is the place for trust. If you cannot understand so minute a thing as a raindrop, how can you expect to understand God's dealings? "Hath the rain a father?"

Again, my text makes me think that the rain of tears is of divine origin. Great clouds of trouble sometimes hover over us. They are black and they are gored, and they are thunderous. They are more portentous than Salvator or Claude ever painted—clouds of poverty, or persecution, or bereavement. They hover over us, and they get darker and blacker, and after awhile a tear starts, and we think by an extra pressure of the eyelid to stop it. Others follow, and after awhile there is a shower of tearful emotion. Yes, there is a rain of tears. "Hath that rain a father?"

"Oh," you say, "a tear is nothing but a drop of limpid fluid secreted by the lacrimal gland—it is only a sign of weak eyes." Great mistake. It is one of the Lord's richest benedictions to the world. There are people in Blackwell's Island insane asylum, and at Utica, and at all the asylums of this land, who were demented by the fact that they could not cry at the right time. Said a maniac in one of our public institutions, under a gospel sermon that started the tears, "Do you see that tear? that is the first I have wept for twelve years. I think it will help my brain."

There are a great many in the grave who could not stand any longer under the glacier of trouble. If that glacier had only melted into weeping they could have endured it. There have been times in your life when you would have given the world, if you had possessed it, for one tear. You could shriek, you could blaspheme, but you could not cry. Have you never seen a man holding the hand of a dead wife, who has been all the world to him? The temples livid with excitement, the eye dry and frantic, no moisture on the upper or lower lid. You saw there were bolts of anger in the cloud, but no rain. To your Christian comfort, he said, "Don't talk to me about God; there is no God, or if there is I hate Him; don't talk to me about

God; would He have left me and these motherless children?"

But a few hours or days after, coming across some lead pencil that she owned in life, or some letters which she wrote when he was away from home, with an outcry that appals, there bursts the fountain of tears, and as the sunlight of God's consolation strikes that fountain of tears, you find out that it is a tender-hearted, merciful, pitiful and all compassionate God who was the Father of that rain. "Oh," you say, "it is absurd to think that God is going to watch over tears." No, my friends. There are three or four kinds of them that God counts, bottles and eternizes. First, there are all parental tears, and there are more of these than any other kind, because the most of the race die in infancy, and that keeps parents mourning all around the world. They never get over it. They may live to shout and sing afterward, but there is always a corridor in the soul that is silent, though it once resounded.

My parents never mentioned the death of a child who died fifty years before without a tremor in the voice and a sigh, oh, how deep fetched! It was better she should die. It was a mercy she should die. She would have been a lifelong invalid. But you cannot argue away a parent's grief. How often you hear the mother say, "Oh, my child, my child!" Then there are the filial tears. Little children soon get over the loss of parents. They are easily diverted with a new toy. But where is the man that has come to thirty or forty or fifty years of age, who can think of the old people without having all the fountains of his soul stirred up? You may have had to take care of her a good many years, but you never can forget how she used to take care of you.

There have been many sea captains converted in our church, and the peculiarity of their conversion was that they nearly all prayed ashore by their mothers, though the mothers went into the dust soon after they went to sea. Have you never heard an old man in delirium of some sickness call for his mother? The fact is we get so used to calling for her the first ten years of our life we never get over it, and when she goes away from us it makes deep sorrow. You sometimes, perhaps, in days of trouble and darkness, when the world would say, "You ought to be able to take care of yourself"—you wake up from your dreams finding yourself saying, "Oh, mother! mother! have these tears no divine origin? Why, take all the warm hearts that ever beat in all lands, and in all ages, and put them together and their united throbs would be weak compared with the throbs of God's eternal sympathy. Yes, God also is father of all that rain of repentance."

Did you ever see a rain of repentance? Do you know what it is that makes a man repent? I see people going around trying to repent. They cannot repent. Do you know no man can repent until God helps him to repent? How do I know? By this passage.

"Him hath God exalted to be a prince and a Saviour to give repentance." Oh, it is a tremendous hour when one wakes up and says: "I am a bad man. I have sinned against the laws of the land, but I have wasted my life; God asked me for my services and I haven't given those services. Oh, my sins; God forgive me." When that tear starts it thrills all heaven. An angel cannot keep his eyes off it, and the church of God assembles around, and there is a commingling of tears, and God is the Father of the rain, the Lord, long suffering, merciful and gracious.

In a religious assemblage a man arose and said: "I have been a very wicked man; I broke my mother's heart. I became an infidel, but I have seen my evil way, and I have surrendered my heart to God, but it is a grief that I never can get over that my parents should never have heard of my salvation; I don't know whether they are living or dead." While he was yet standing in the audience a voice from the gallery said, "Oh, my son, my son!" He looked up and he recognized her. It was his old mother. She had been praying for him a great many years, and when the foot of the cross the prodigal son and the praying mother embraced each other, there was a rain, a tremendous rain, of tears, and God was the Father of those tears. Oh, that God would break us down with a sense of our sin, and then lift us up with an appreciation of His mercy. Tears over our wasted life. Tears over a greivful spirit. Tears over an injured father. Oh, that God would move upon this audience with a great wave of religious emotion!

The king of Carthage was dethroned. His people rebelled against him. He was driven into banishment. His wife and children were outrageously abused. Years went by, and the king of Carthage made many friends. He gathered up a great army. He marched again toward Carthage. Reaching the gates of Carthage the best men of the peace came out barefooted and bareheaded and with ropes around their necks, crying for mercy. They said, "We aousel you and we aousel your family, but we cry for mercy." The king of Carthage looked down upon the people from his chariot and said, "I came to bless, didn't come to destroy. You drove me out, but this day I pronounce drove me out for all the people. Open the gates and let the army come in." The king marched in and took the throne, and the people all shouted, "Long live the king!"

My friends, you have driven the Lord Jesus Christ, the King of the church, away from your heart; you have been mistreating Him all these years; but He comes back to-day. He stands in front of the gates of your soul. If you will only pray for His pardon He will meet you with His gracious spirit and He will say: "Thy sins and thine iniquities I will remember no more. Open wide the gate unto you." And then, all through this audience, from the young and the old, there will be a rain of tears, and God will be the father of that rain!

### He Was the Man.

As a peddler of rugs was passing a house on Joy street a woman opened the door and called to him:

"You man, there—say."

He halted and looked at her and saw the grim determination in her eye.

"Ain't you the same young feller that sold me a rug las' spring?"

He was, but something in her voice made him forget to tell the truth.

"No'm, this is a new root for me. That mus' have been Soapy Jim. He's out of the bis'ness now."

"I reckoned it was you," persisted the woman; "think a spell. It was a red and yaller rug with a green border, and I paid for it once a week for two months. I do believe you're the same young feller."

"Never was in this part of the town afore, ma'am," vowed the man.

"Is that so? Well, if you'd been the same man I was goin' to buy another rug for myself and one for my sister who is going to Dakoty, but I wouldn't want to deal with a stranger. Excuse me for doubtin' your word, but you do favor that young man amazingly. I see now you ain't him."

She went in and shut the door, and he knew that he had made the mistake of a lifetime.—Free Press.

## RELIGIOUS READING.

### HOING AND PRAYING.

Said Farmer Jones in a whining tone, To his good old neighbor Gray, "I've worn my knees through to the bone, But it ain't no use to pray."

"Your corn looks just twice as good as mine, Though you don't pretend to be A shinin' light in the church to shine, An' tell salvation's free."

"I've prayed to the Lord a thousand times For to make that 'ere corn grow; An' why your'n beats it so and climbs I'd give a deal to know."

Said Farmer Gray to his neighbor Jones, In his quiet and easy way, "When prayers get mixed with lazy boues They don't make farmin' pay."

"Your weeds, I notice, are good and tall, In spite of all your prayers; You may pray for 'em till the heavens fall, If you don't dig up the tares."

"I mix my prayers with a little toil, Along in every row; An' I work this msture into the soil, Quite vig'rous with a hoe."

"An' I've discovered, though still in sin, As sure as you are born, This kind of compost well worked in, Makes pretty decent corn."

"So while I'm praying I use my hoe, An' do my level best, To keep down the weeds along each row, An' the Lord, he does the rest."

"It's well for to pray, both night an' morn, As every farmer knows; But the place to pray for thrifty corn Is right between your rows."

"You must use your hands while praying, though, If an answer you would get, For prayer-worn knees an' a rusty hoe Never raised a big crop yet."

"An' so I believe, my good old friend, If you mean to win the day, From ploughing, clean to the harvest's end, You must hoe as well as pray."

—[Selected.]

### TRUSTING A BOY.

It is an axiom of common life that one way to drive a person to untrustworthiness is to distrust him. Conversely, the throwing one on his sense of undivided personal responsibility is likely to increase his efficiency in any form of work committed to him. A certain clear-headed, true-hearted mother, who thoroughly understood how to help her boy by showing her confidence in him, was one day reassured in her attitude of confidence by his saying to her: "A feller can't do anything wrong when his mother trusts him so." Many another boy would feel that, even though he did not quite say it, if only he were granted the opportunity to feel what it means to be trusted.—[Philadelphia Sunday-School Times.]

### STEALING HOPE.

Infidelity comes to men and demands of them to surrender their religion and hope of the future, enforcing the demand by endeavoring to bring into contempt the source from which they get their idea of God and justice. But it never brings forth anything to supply the vacancy caused by the departed hope, which once held the storm-tossed soul to the distant shore of the great unknown. He who creeps into my yard and steals his horse is called a thief, and the law demands that he should be punished. And he, who by wicked endeavors and low cunning, surrounds a man with false logic, and by sophistry, bewilders him and steals his hope of Heaven and the blessing of present religion, is a thief who steals life's greatest blessing, and ought to be shunned by all lovers of Him who planted hope to spring eternal in the human breast.

The worst thieves in existence are those who steal the happiness of mind and soul—who prowl around the land robbing mankind of the dearest treasure to which men are heir. Men who are sold-still of moral principle that they can blaspheme God and the Bible, and assault pure and undefiled religion, would, naturally, if not prevented by civil law, indulge in anything which their brutish appetites might crave. Virtue, home and property are only saved from such men by civil law vigorously prosecuted.

### COURTESY TO SERVANTS.

The servant's right to be politely treated is just as absolute and indefensible as that of the Queen. She is a child of the great King, and to her applies the royal law, according to the Scripture, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." That law, which is the highest of all, surely includes politeness. If we are bound to love our neighbors as ourselves, we are bound to treat them courteously at any rate. That is the first and most fundamental of our duties to them. Your servant, dear madam, is your neighbor—the nearest of all your neighbors. She has a right, then, under this royal law—which is itself the spirit of all just laws—to be courteously treated by you. It is no more condescension for you to use respect and gentleness in your intercourse with her, than it is for her to sweep your floors or to build your fires. You are entitled to no more credit for speaking kindly to her, than you are for speaking her pocket handkerchiefs. If you do not govern yourself, in all your conversation with her, by the same laws of courtesy, which you observe in your conversation with the callers in our parlors, you are a very vulgar person. The maid in your kitchen is a woman; the guest in your parlor is nothing more. Will you give to silks, and feathers, and a purse, what you deny to womanhood? That is the very essence of vulgarity. Do not say that the guest never tries your temper as the servant does. You know that many of those whom you greet with smiles, tell lies about you when they are beyond your sight. The laws of good manners lead you to treat their deceitfulness with forbearance. Should they not require equal forbearance toward the ignorant servant girl in our kitchen?—[Heath and Home.]

### DON'T HEAR EVERYTHING.

The art of not hearing should be learned by all. It is fully as important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which so much money and time are expended. There are so many things which it is painful to hear, very many of which, if heard, will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness, that every one should be educated to take in or shut out sounds, according to his pleasure. If a man falls into a violent passion, and calls us all manner of names, at the first word we should shut our ears and hear no more. If, in a quiet voyage of life we find ourselves caught in one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding, we should shut our ears as a sailor would furl his sails, and making all tight, send before the gale. If a hot and restless man begins to inflame our feelings, we should consider what mischief the fiery sparks may do in our magazine below, where our temper is kept, and instantly close the door. If, as

## TEMPERANCE.

has been remarked, all the petty things said of one by heedless or ill-natured idlers were to be brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pin-cushion stuck full of sharp remarks. If we would be happy, we should among good men we should open our eyes when among bad men shut them. It is not worth while to hear what our neighbors say about our children, what our rivals say about our business, our dress or our affairs. The art of not hearing, though untaught in our schools, is by no means unpractical in society. We have noticed that a well-to-do woman never hears vulgar or impertinent remarks. A kind of discreet deafness saves one from many insults, from much quarrel, from not a little connivance in dishonorable conversation.—[Treasure Trove.]

### TURN IT DOWN, BOYS!

If urged to lift the glass that tempts you, In city grand or humble town; Be he that tempts, the king or czar, Quick, turn your glass and set it down!

If those that ask you vex and tease, Perhaps condemn you with a frown, Be firm, mind not the looks and sneer, Quick, turn your glass and set it down!

If health you crave and strength of arm, Would keep your hardy hue of brown, Nor have the scarlet flush of sin, Quick, turn your glass and set it down!

If in your trouble others say, "In sea of drink your sorrow drown," Look out lest drown the drinker too, Quick, turn your glass and set it down!

Cold water, boys, hurrah, hurrah! Will help to health, wealth and renown; If urged to give these treasures up, Quick, turn your glass and set it down!

### THE MOTIVE FORCE.

The strain at this moment is the rampant, loss pressure of a huge commerce in liquor. There is money in it, and that is the motive force. Money nerve every man; money palliates every conscience. Say that the commerce is wrong, prove that it is harmful, yet you are at a loss to put your finger on the line that divides the guiltless from the guilty man. Would you condemn the peasant who tills the vines under the sun of Italy? Yet that is the starting point of wine. Is the farmer blamable who raises hops, or his neighbor who sows barley? Yet beer comes therefrom. Is the culture of corn culpable. Yet we remember the humor of the canny Scot upon his native heath who dryly remarked: "We do not raise corn in our country, but we destroy a mighty lot of it after it has been turned into whiskey." Is the workman to be excused who accepts employment in a brewery, when, perchance, he can obtain it nowhere else? The brewer king will aver—"I manufacture—no one is obliged to drink, much less, if I drink, obliged to undo himself by excess." The retailer behind the bar will proclaim his irresponsibility for any who patronize him. Were we fighting the battle of temperance with guns we would hardly know where to shoot—at least where to shoot first. It teaches us to drop the thought of individuals. It permits us to dispense with personalities, do away with hates and malice, and all that opprobrious declamation and these damnatory epithets, that go so far to aggravate persons, to embitter discussion, and to disgust well disposed classes who really want to see temperance classes. We can array ourselves against the liquor commerce. The term is sufficiently definite. Those in it are fast organizing for their own defence. It needs no prophet to say—"Thus art the men." By their own association, combination and concert of action, they act plainly enough—"We are the men." It is sufficient for us to keep steady aim at the business, regardless of persons. Let them identify themselves. Be sure their sin will find them out.

The liquor manufacture and commerce is producing and offering a commodity which it wants to sell. It is greedy of profits, and profits require trade. Profits are larger, the larger the sales. The business, believes in pushing things, believes in putting goods upon the people. It searches for markets as eagerly as the weaver and merchant of cloths. It opens markets. It fosters demand. It is going to leave no stone unturned to stimulate trade, to increase consumption, to multiply buyers, to swell the volume of transactions, and so pile up wealth. This is the Goliath that confronts us to-day, and defies the armies of the living God. Against that giant lies the stress of battle.—[Temperance Review.]

### GOOD RESULTS IN IOWA.

Prohibition is producing good results in Des Moines, Iowa. The Chicago Assessor thus sums up the present situation: "Liquor dealers and anti-prohibitionists, who are constantly harping on the blighting effects of prohibition upon the prosperity of a city, will not be able to draw much comfort from the experience of Des Moines, in. Des Moines is a city of sixty thousand people, and has not an open saloon within its limits, and yet it is just now enjoying one of the most remarkable prosperities, such a thing as a house or store-room to rent can scarcely be found at any price, while more than a thousand new residences and more than a million dollars' worth of new business blocks, some of them the finest in the West, are in process of erection. Bank clearances run from twenty-five to fifty per cent. higher than a year ago; its manufactured products for 1890 exceeded those of 1889 by more than five million dollars. Every kind of business is extremely prosperous, and the actual statistics of the transfer companies show that the population is increasing, by new arrivals alone, at the rate of a third each year month. A good many other cities would like to be killed in the same way that prohibition has killed Des Moines."

### TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES.

"Perpendicular drinking" is again lawful in Boston.

Dr. L. D. Mason says that apures usually begin on beer and wine.

It is not the last drink that makes a man a drunkard, but the first.

The abstainers amongst the English troops in India now number 16,576.

The apprehensions for drunkenness in London had risen from 20,678 in 1887 to 31,353 in 1889.

The State Viticultural Commissioner of California proposes a Viticultural Trust of the interest of the wine and brandy makers of that State.

One of the pamphlets widely distributed by the Brewers Literary Bureau the past year is very appropriately entitled "The Art of Drinking."

Dr. Descartes, of Paris, writes, that over half the income of all medical men of France comes directly or indirectly from excessive use of spirits.

On a recent Monday morning, Topeka, the capital of prohibition Kansas, and a city of 32,000 inhabitants, had but one case before the police court.

San Francisco has 4500 saloons or places where liquor is sold at retail. If the population of the city is 350,000 there is one saloon to every seventy-three persons. If the whole population is 50,000, there is a saloon for every thirteen and a half voters.