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AT THE TABERNACLE.

DR. TALMAGE MORALIZES ON THE LESSON OF DANIEL'S EXPERIENCE.

Firmness to Do the Right Commands the Respect Even of the Worst Men—The Lord Can Shut the Mouths of Social, Political and Commercial Lions.

BROOKLYN, May 8.—Dr. Talmage took for his subject today the character of Daniel, and drew from it lessons of sound practical value for the young men, of whom so large a number are always to be seen among the most eager and attentive listeners in the Tabernacle congregations. His text was Daniel vi, 3: "Daniel was first."

Where in romance can you find anything equal to what Daniel was in reality? A young man, far away from home, introduced into the most magnificent and most dissolute palace of all the earth. The king, wishing to make this young man a prodigy in personal appearance, orders his attendants to see that he has plenty of meat and wine, and Daniel refuses these delicacies and insists on a vegetable diet, refusing everything but pulse and water, waving back all the rich viands with a determined "No, I thank you." He surpasses all the princes in brilliancy. As this sun rises higher and higher in the firmament it puts out all the stars, and if there is anything the stars hate it is the sun.

Daniel becomes so much of a favorite with King Darius that our young hero is promoted to be prime minister or secretary of state—the Frelinghuysen or the Bismarck of the ancients. But no man ever attained such high position without exciting the envy of others. The meanest and wrathiest passion of the soul is jealousy. You see it among all professions and occupations. I am sorry to say you see it as much among clergymen as among other classes of men. It is a passion bitter as hell and it is immediately recognized, and yet, though it blackens the man who indulges in it, men will kindle this fire which consumes only themselves.

There were demagogues in Babylon, who, highly appreciative of their own capacity, doubted the policy of elevating such a young man as Daniel. They said: "Why, we know more than he does. We could manage the public affairs better than he can manage them. The idea of putting Dan in such a place as that." Old Babylon was afraid of young Babylon. They began to plot his ruin. He was an illustrious target. The taller the cedar the more apt to be struck with the lightning.

THE MALICE OF DEMAGOGUES.

These demagogues asked Darius to make an unalterable decree that any man who within thirty days shall ask a petition of any one except the king shall be put to death. Darius, not mistrusting any foul play, makes such a decree. The demagogues have accomplished their purpose, for they knew that Daniel would not stop sending up petitions to his God; and Daniel, instead of being affrighted by the decree, went three times a day to his housetop for prayer. He is caught in the act. He is condemned to be devoured by the lions.

Such a healthy young man will be for the leonine monarchs the best banquet they ever had. By the rough executioners of the law he is hurried away toward the den. I hear the growl of the monsters and their pawing of the dust, and as their mouth is placed to the ground the solid earth quakes with their bellow. The door is removed and Daniel shoved into the den, which was all agleam with fiery eyeballs that seem to roll and snap in the caverns. They approach the defenseless man. Their appetite was sharp with hunger. One stroke of their paw, one crunch of their teeth and he would have been lifeless. How strange a welcome Daniel receives from the monsters. They fawn about him. They cover his feet with their long manes. They are struck with the lockjaw. That night Daniel's sleep is calm and undisturbed, with his head pillowed on the warm neck of the tamed lions.

But King Darius was not so happy. He loved Daniel and he hated the stratagem by which his favorite had been condemned. He paces his floor all night. He cannot sleep. At the least sound he starts and his flesh creeps with horror. A bad conscience will make the bravest man a coward. He watches eagerly for the dawn, which seems so long in tarrying. At the first streak of light he starts out to find the fate of Daniel. The palace gate opens and jars heavily behind him while yet the city is asleep. He comes to the den. He looks through the crevices, but sees nothing. He dare not speak. Expecting the worst, his heart stops.

Gathering strength he puts his mouth to the rifts in the rock and cries, "Oh, Daniel, is thy God whom thou servest continually able to deliver thee from the lions?" An answer comes rolling up out of the deep darkness: "Oh, king, live forever. My God hath sent his angel and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me." The young man is brought out and the demagogues who made the plot are thrown in. But they hardly struck the bottom of the den when their flesh rent, and their bones cracked, and the blood spurted through the rifts, while the fierce monsters shook the rocks with their terrible roar, announcing to all ages the truth that while God defends his people, the way of the wicked shall perish.

JEALOUSY IS CRUEL AS THE GRAVE.

Now you see from this subject that in the eyes of many the greatest offense you can commit is success. Of what crime had this young man been guilty that he should come under the bitter hatred of the demagogues? Why, he had got to be prime minister of Babylon. That they could not forgive. Behold in this sketch a touch of human nature. As long as poverty pinches you, and you run the gantlet between the tax gatherer and the landlord, and you have hard work to educate your children, there will be multitudes of men to say: "Poor fellow. He ought to succeed. How sorry I am for him." But after awhile you begin to emerge from the darkness. That was a capital investment. You purchased at just the right time. Fortune became good natured and smiled. You builded your own house. You got to be one of the first men on the street. Now, as you pass, a number of those late sympathizers stand on the corner of the street. They scowl at you from under the rim of their hats. You have more money now than they have, and you ought to be scowled at from under the rim of their hats.

Before you get fully past you hear a word or two. "Stuck up," says one. "Didn't get it honestly," says another. "Will burst soon," says a third. Every stone in your new house was laid on their heart. Your horses' hoofs went over their nerves. Your carriage tire cut their neck. What have you done, outrageous culprit? You ought to be cast to the lions. You have dared to achieve success. Depend upon it, that if in any one respect you rise far above your fellows—if you are more truthful, more wise, more eloquent, more influential—the shadow of your success will chill somebody. The road of honor and virtue is within reach of the enemies' guns. Jealousy says, "Stay down, or I will knock you down." In midair a snowflake said to a snowbird, "I don't like you." "Why don't you like me?" said the snowbird. "Because," replied the snowflake, "you are going up and I am coming down."

Success is often a synonym for scorn. The first thing a man wants is religion. The second is grit. If you do not want to face wild beasts you must never get to be prime minister. If you are now, as a young man, rising in any one respect I bless God for your advancement, but I wish to say before I quit this thought, look out for the lions. Young merchants, young lawyers, young physicians, young ministers have much sympathy, and kind advice is given them at first, but as you become your own masters and begin to succeed in your different occupations and professions, how is it then, young merchants, young lawyers, young physicians, young ministers? How is it then?

THE FIRM FOUNDATION OF FAITH.

Again, behold in our subject an exhibition of true decision of character. Before Daniel were condemnation and death if he continued faithful to his religion. Yet, just as before, three times a day he prayed with his face toward Jerusalem. There is nothing more fatal for the religious or worldly advancement than a spirit of indecision. How often youth is almost gone before the individual has determined upon his profession.

There are those who for thirty or forty years have accomplished nothing anywhere because they have not felt themselves settled. They have thought of the law, of medicine, of merchandise, of mechanism. They have some idea of going west. Perhaps they will go east. Perhaps they won't. They may go north or south. Perhaps they will invest their money in railroads or in real estate. Perhaps they won't. They are like a vessel starting from New York harbor, which should one day decide on going to Liverpool, and the next on New Orleans, and the next on Marseilles. How many men have for a long while been out on the great sea of life and they do not know to what port they are destined? It is an everlasting tacking of ship, but no headway.

The man who begins to build a house in the Corinthian style and when half way up concludes to make it Doric, and then completes it in Ionic will have an unseemly pile and be cursed of every school of architecture. These men that try everything get to be nothing. God wrote in your brain and engraved on your bones what you ought to be. Then be that, nothing more or nothing less. In that direction is your success. Every other road is ruin. Having adjusted your compass go ahead. Set your teeth together. Small difficulties do not notice. Great difficulties, by God's grace strike them down. Onward! Let cowards skulk. Act you like sons of God.

If you want to sail to the land of gold you must double the Cape. To usefulness and strong character there is no overland route. Over the great deeps you must fly. Most of the way it is either head wind or tempest. Character, like the goldfinch of Tonquin, is magnificent when standing firm, but loses all its splendor in flight. There is no such thing as failure to those who trust in God. Paul got to be an apostle by falling off his horse. Stephen was stoned into heaven.

When a young man resolves on a religious life he does not always find it smooth sailing. Old companions laugh and say, with sarcastic tone, "He has got to be pious." They go on excursions, but do not ask him. They prophesy that his religion will not hold out. They call him "long faced." They wonder if he is not getting wings. They say sharp things about him for themselves to laugh at. When he passes they grimace and wink and chuckle and say loud enough to be heard, "There goes a saint." If you have never seen life as it is you know not what strength of resolution it often requires for a young man to be a Christian.

SELF DENIAL NECESSARY TO SUCCESS.

Again, let this story of Daniel teach us that the way to future success is through present self denial. Not only did Daniel show his willingness for self restraint by refusing the luxuries of the king's table, but must have denied himself much social enjoyment and sightseeing in order to have attained most wonderful proficiency in study. The rush of the chariots under his window and the sound of mirth that rang out on the air of Babylon would have attracted most young men into the streets and to expensive places of amusement.

But Daniel knew that it was only through severity of application he could attain the honorable position for which he was intended. Indeed you may carry this truth into universal application. The most of those who have succeeded in any profession or occupation have come up from the very bottom of the ladder. The brightest day began with the twilight. The admirals who commanded the navies of the world started as cabin boys.

The merchant princes whose messengers are ships and whose servants the nation's custom houses once swept the store and kindled the fires. The orator who lifts up the gate of the soul, as Samson carried off the gates of Gaza, once stammered and blushed on the stage of a country school house. The young painter, under whose pencil skies blossom and waters gleam, understands his subject so well because he has but little to shelter him from the one and is obliged to find his only beverage in the other.

Out of the dark, deep mines of want and suffering has been dug the marble for the world's greatest temples of wisdom and palaces of power. Vanderlyn, the artist, must first content himself with a charcoal sketch. Franklin, before becoming the renowned philosopher, must be a journeyman printer. Columbus must weave carpets before he can weave hemispheres. David must take care of his father's sheep before he rules Israel. Amos must be a herdsman before he becomes a prophet. Daniel must be the humble student before he rises to be the prime minister of Babylon.

If a young man starts in life with large notions of what he must immediately have, willing to consider no economy, but expecting with a small ship to unfurl as much sail as an ocean frigate, he will find himself capsized by the first northeaster. It is the small sprig that you can carry in one hand which will thrive best when planted. But if, by levers and huge lumber wagons, you bring down from the mountain a century oak, though you may plant it, you cannot make it live. So he who begins life on such a grand scale and with such exorbitant notions, will never succeed, while some young man who went to town without means, but having a right spirit, through his self denial, planted a tree which has reached above Wall street and flung its shadow in one direction over the granite palaces on the avenues and in the other far out over merchant vessels anchored in the bay.

Men say success in life is all a matter of good luck, but industry and economy and self denial put together always make good luck. There are young men who failed twice and are getting notes shaved the third time before they are as old as their father when he first began business for himself. They started with the idea that their wit would draw as well as capital. For awhile it did, but when creditors sent their duns and banks their protests, they found that mere shrewdness was greatly below par. You cannot cross the ocean in a yawl.

THE FOLLY OF AMBITIOUS IGNORANCE.

A young eaglet, far up in the mountain eyrie, says to its winged mother, "I will fly no longer from tree to tree as you tell me, but like you, mother, I will swing from this Chimborazo peak to yonder Chimborazo peak." Like an arrow it shot into the heavens, but when over the awful chasms its head was dizzy and its wing weak, and it began to whirl downward, and with wild scream, until it struck on the rocks. A traveler passing through the gorge saw the mangled remains of the eaglet. "How came you to have this fall?" said the traveler. "Ah, me," says the eaglet, "it was because I would not fly from tree to tree until I was old enough, but headstrong I started from Chimborazo peak toward Chimborazo peak."

If young men would seize the advantages of intelligence it will be by great economy of time and the refusing of many forms of gratification. Show me a man who, refusing many of the frivolities of gossiping youths, can see more to attract his attention in the pages of a treatise or a history than in the flash of bright eyes or the airy story of those who find more skill in their heels than their heads, and I will show you a man who will yet master languages and sway a very scepter over his fellows. Many an education which is now considered complete is made up of a smattering of newspapers and the last page of a fashion magazine.

The parlor and the drawing room cannot educate us. They may give us outward adornments of manner, but getting valuable knowledge is like swinging at a forge, bellows in one hand and hammer in the other—like digging in mines with crowbars, prying under the ledge and the constant bang of blasted rocks. Especially is it true that no growth in grace is possible unless, like Daniel, we are willing to take up the cross, however heavy it may be and rough with nails. Moses chose affliction with the people of God rather than the pleasures of sin, and if we would be anything like him we must be willing sometimes to choose the hard bread of self denial rather than the imperial clusters from royal vineyards.

To get strength and depth enough in rivers for turning mill wheels and manufactories, dams are built across them, and then through the mill race the quick floods leap on the water wheel to turn it with tremendous power. So natures that would otherwise have been powerless and inefficient by self restraint have been dammed back and deepened until, with concentrated power, they rush into the world, turning the ponderous machinery of important interests.

Unrestrained men may have much good in them, but it is so scattered that you see no positive effects. Electricity in the air does not strike, but gathered in the cloud with its bare red arm it cleaves the mountain. Passions harnessed and yoked make excellent beasts of burden. However attractive may be the sinful offers of the world, though rich and luxurious as the provision of the king's table, we must be willing to refuse them, if nothing be left to but plain pulse.

Oh, how we want the faith and courage of a Daniel and a Paul, but how we dread the hot atmosphere of trial, in which their graces ripened. The richest fruits of religion grow in the sultry tropics of trial. If you want pearls you must dive for them. If you want gold you must dig for it. The richest part of California and Australia are under ground. Depend upon it if no pruning, no fruit; no climbing, no elevation; no battle, no victory; no cross, no crown. Had there been no Nebuchadnezzar there would have been no Daniel. Even so it has been in all ages. The flames that have flashed up from the stake have been so many illuminations of Christian triumphs. When God would make a great light of truth and holiness in the world he often takes great persecutions and with them strikes fire.

The devil's hate is God's glory. Had it not been for the persecutions of Emperor Valerian, the world would not have known of the courage of a Cyprian, and if the tyranny of Diocletian had never been known, the triumphant grace would not have been seen which made Maximilian, when sentenced to death, exclaim, "God be praised!" Had not the bandits of Piedmont pursued the Waldenses through the valleys of the Alps, and the infuriate decree put to massacre the Albigenses of France, the world would have had fewer illustrations of Christian heroism. Be Joseph before Pharaoh. Be Paul before Felix. Be Daniel before Darius.

THE BEAUTY OF YOUTHFUL PURITY.

Again let the story of Daniel teach us the beauty of that youthful character which remains unblemished and upright when away from home. Had Daniel on arriving in Babylon plunged into every excess his friends in Jerusalem would never have heard of it. His dissipation and renunciation of religion would not have cast one sorrow on the family hearth where he had lived or the old family Bible which he used to read. But, though far away from home, he knew that God's eye watched him and that was enough. It is not every young man who maintains the same character when absent that was maintained at home.

Frederick watching his father's sheep among the hills or threshing rye in the barn is far different from Frederick on the stock exchange. How often does the kind, retiring spirit become bold effrontery, and the accommodating, self sacrificing disposition once exhibited among brothers and sisters become a cold and unresponsive selfishness, and economy, wastefulness, and openhanded charity, tight fisted stinginess, and the keeping of good hours is changed into midnight revelry.

I probably address young men now distant from their father's house, and others who, still under the parental roof, look forward to a time when they will depart alone to conflict with the world and among strangers be called to build up characters for themselves. Happy for you, oh, young man, if you shall, like Joseph, be the same when living with the wicked Pharaoh as with pious Jacob, or Daniel as pure in Babylon as in Jerusalem. There is no passage in a man's life of more thrilling interest than the day in which he leaves home and goes off to seek his fortune.

The novelty and romance connected with the departure may keep the young man from any poignant sorrow, but parents, who have seen the destruction among strangers of those who were considered promising youths, cannot help feeling that this step is full of momentous importance. Before the youth left home all his conduct was under affectionate guardianship. Outbursts of folly, carelessness and impropriety of manner and baseness of speech were kindly reproved, and although the restraint seemed sometimes too severe, yet hours of sober reflection have convinced him that it was salutary and righteous. But behold, how the scene changes.

The father, through the intervening of metropolitan friends, has secured the son a place in some bank or store or office. Schoolmates on the night before his departure come to take their farewell of the young adventurer. That morning he takes a last walk around the old place, and going past some loved spot a sly tear may start, but no one sees it. The trunk is on the carriage, and after a warm goodby away they speed over the hills. But down amid excitements and among companions and overoccupation, as to their words or deeds, temptations troop around the stranger.

The morning comes, but no family altar, and the Sabbath, but no soul quiet, and perhaps at the sanctuary the faces are all strange and no one cares whether he goes to church or whether he does not go. Long winter evenings arrive and how shall they be spent? On his way home from his place of business he saw flaming placards announcing rare performances and that this was positively the last night. At the door of his cheerless boarding house no one greets him, and the evening meal is insipid, for no one cares whether he eats or does not eat. The room in the third story that evening seems doleful and repelling. A book snatched up from the stand proves to be dull, for no sister is there to look over with him.

In despair he rushes out reckless as to where he goes if only he can see something that will make him stop thinking. That night may be the turning point in his history. Once within the fatal circle of sin and the soul has no power to repel it. On that dark sea he is launched, where the gleam of joy is only the flash of the pit and the roar of laughter is only the creaking of the gates of the lost.

SAD WRECKS OF WICKED YOUTH.

In many a country churchyard is now the grave of some youthful spirit that went away lithe and bounding, but came home diseased and crushed and blasted to disgrace the sepulcher of his fathers. Yet this exodus must be made. As from far distant hills rivers find their way through tunnels to great cities, so from far distant points of the country it is necessary that a stream of uncorrupted population shall pour into our great thoroughfares to keep them pure and manage the traffic of the world. Multitudes of such are constantly making their departure from home.

Tomorrow morning all of the thoroughfares leading toward the great cities of our land, on steamboat and rail car, there will be young adventurers for the first speeding away from their home in order to try their fortune in town. The Lord stretch forth his arm for the deliverance of those Daniels away down in Babylon. Wherever your lot may be cast—in far inland town or in some great seaport—maintain in your absence the same principles of morals and religion which may have been instilled by parental solicitude.

And while you may feel in your heart and life the advantages of early religious culture, forget not those to whom you are chiefly indebted and pray that as age comes upon them and the night of death begins to fall on their pathway the hope of heaven may beam through the darkness, lustrous and steady as the evening star. The Lord forbid that by our conduct we should ever bring disgrace on a father's name or prove recreant to the love of a mother. The poet did not exaggerate when he exclaimed:

How sharper than a serpent's tooth, it is
To have a thankless child.

The Future of the Cowboy.

I know that the cowboy's unique position among Americans is jeopardized in a thousand ways. Towns are growing up on their pasture lands, irrigation schemes of a dozen sorts threaten to turn bunchgrass country into farmland where farmers are preempting valleys and the sides of waterways, and the day is not far distant when stock raising must be done mainly in small herds, with wheat corrals, and then the cowboy's day will end. Even now his condition disappoints those who knew him only half a dozen years ago. His broad scope is seen to have deteriorated, and his ranks are filling with men who "work for wages" rather than for love of the free life and bold companionship that once tempted men into that calling.

Splendid Cheyenne saddles are less and less numerous in the outfits; the distinctive hat that made its way up from Mexico may or may not be worn; all the civil authorities in nearly all the towns in the grazing country forbid the wearing of side arms; nobody "shoots up" those towns any more. The fact is the old steam pure cowboy days are gone already, and when the barber [illegible] again has a vacant chair and calls out "next" the cowboy will himself disappear.—Julian Ralph in Harper's Weekly.

Why Anthracite Is Becoming Popular.

The demand for anthracite has been subject to very considerable fluctuations, the trade depending upon the general prosperity of the country, as other industries must do; but its growth has on the whole been remarkably steady, for it has been promoted by three great causes whose combined action has been increasingly increasing the necessity for this fuel. These are the increase in population, the decrease in the wood supply and the decrease in freight rates.

Of course these causes affect the trade in bituminous coal as well, and the comparative cheapness of that coal causes its production to grow more rapidly than the production of anthracite; but the latter is so much the better domestic fuel, and so much to be preferred for all uses where the smoke and dirt that are caused by the burning of bituminous coal are objectionable, that the growth of the anthracite trade is likely to be seriously checked only when the increasing cost makes it too much an article of luxury to be generally used.—Joseph S. Harris in Forum.

Quinine Is Very Cheap Now.

Perhaps no drug known to medicine is more generally used than quinine, and certainly none presents such a wide difference in price as the quinine sold six years ago and that sold now. At that time nearly all the cinchona bark, from which it is extracted, was brought from South America, subject to heavy import duty. But the duty was taken off, and this marked the first big decline in price. Before that time it sold for about one dollar an ounce.

Shortly after this English capitalists concluded that the bark could be grown in India as well as in South America, and large plantations were purchased. The climate and soil suited admirably, and by scientific culture the yield was greatly increased. From India the bark is largely shipped to England and the quinine extracted, being sent here in crystals.—Philadelphia Record.

What Geology Teaches.

We claim that geology holds rank with astronomy or biology. The former science tells us of the existence of other worlds than ours and gives us some conception of the immensity of space. The study of plants and animals carries an impressive lesson as to the unity prevailing amid all the diversity of nature, besides affording the hope that we may at some time discover the origin of life, since it has already opened the way to an explanation of the origin of the existing forms of life, while the grand outcome of geological study is that it brings vividly before the mind the immensity of time, enabling us to realize that time is only less than eternity.—Professor A. S. Packard in Popular Science Monthly.

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