

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

NIGHT SCENES IN GREATER CITIES, SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

Warns the Unwary Visitors from the Country—From Isaiah XXI: 11, "Watchman, What of the Night?"—The Hour of Great Temptation.

[Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.] Washington, Oct. 13.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage describes some of the scenes to be witnessed late at night in the great cities, and warns the unwary of many perils; text, Isaiah, XXI, 11, "Watchman, what of the night?"

When night came down on Babylon, Nineveh and Jerusalem they needed careful watching; otherwise the incendiary's torch might have been thrust into the very heart of the metropolitan splendor, or enemies, marching from the hills, might have forced the gates. All night long, on top of the wall and in front of the gates, might be heard the measured step of the watchman on his solitary beat. Silence hung in the air, save as some passerby raised the question, "Watchman, what of the night?"

It is to me a deeply suggestive and solemn thing to see a man standing guard by night. It thrilled through me as at the gate of an arsenal in Charleston the question once smote me, "Who comes there?" followed by the sharp command, "Advance and give the countersign." Every moral teacher stands on picket or patrol the wall as watchman. His work is to sound the alarm, and whether it be in the first watch, in the second watch, in the third watch or in the fourth watch to be vigilant until the daybreak flings its "morning glories" of blooming cloud across the trellis of the sky.

The ancients divided their night into four parts—the first watch, from 5 to 9; the second, from 9 to 12; the third, from 12 to 3, and the fourth, from 3 to 6. I speak now of the city in the third watch, or from 12 to 3 o'clock.

The Early Watch.

I never weary of looking upon the life of the city in the first watch. That is the hour when the stores are closing. The laboring men, having quitted the scaffolding and the shop, are on their way home. It rejoices me to give them my seat in the city car. They have stood and hammered away all day. Their feet are weary. They are exhausted with the tug of work. They are mostly cheerful. With appetites sharpened on the swift turner's wheel and the carpenter's whetstone they seek the evening meal. The clerks, too, have broken away from the counter and with brain weary of the long line of figures and the whims of those who go a-shopping seek the face of mother or wife or child. The streets are thronged with young men setting out from the great centers of bargain making. Let idlers clear the street and give right of way to the besweated artisans and merchants! They have earned their bread and are now on their way home to get it. The lights in full jet hang over 10,000 evening repasts—the parents at either end of the table, the children between. Thank God, "who setteth the solitary in families."

A few hours later and all the places of amusement, good and bad, are in full tide. Lovers of art, catalogue in hand, stroll through the galleries and discuss the pictures. The ballroom is resplendent with the rich apparel of those who, on either side of the white, glistening boards, await the signal from the orchestra. Concert halls are lifted into enchantment with the warble of one songstress or swept out on a sea of tumultuous feeling by the blast of brazen instruments. Drawing rooms are filled with all gracefulness of apparel, with all sweetness of sound, with all splendor of manner; mirrors are catching up and multiplying the scene, until it seems as if in infinite corridors there were garlanded troops advancing and retreating. The outdoor air rings with laughter and with the moving to and fro of thousands on the great promenades. The dashing span, adrip with the foam of the long country ride, rushes past as you halt at the curbstone. Mirth, revelry, beauty, fashion, magnificence, mingle in the great metropolitan picture until the thinking man goes home to think more seriously, and the praying man to pray more earnestly. A beautiful and overwhelming thing is the city in the first and second watches of the night.

Third Watch of the Night.

But the clock strikes 12 and the third watch has begun. The thunder of the city has rolled out of the air. The slightest sounds cut the night with such distinctness as to attract your attention. The tinkling of the bell of the street car in the distance and the baying of the dog. The stamp of a horse in the next street. The slamming of a saloon door. The hiccough of the drunkard. The shrieks of the steam whistle five miles away. Oh, how suggestive, my friends, the third watch of the night!

There are honest men passing up and down the street. Here is a city missionary who has been carrying a scuttle of coal to that poor family in that dark place. Here is an undertaker going up the steps of a building from which there comes a bitter cry, which indicates that the destroying angel has smitten the first born. Here is a minister of religion who has been giving the sacrament to a dying Christian. Here is a physician passing along in great haste. Nearly all the lights have gone out in the dwellings, for it is the third watch of the night. That light in the window is the light of the watcher, for the medicines must be administered, and the fever must be watched, and the restlessness of

of the convalescent must be resisted, and the ice must be kept on the hot temples and the perpetual prayer must go up from hearts soon to be broken.

Oh, the third watch of the night! What a stupendous thought—a whole city at rest! Weary arm preparing for tomorrow's toil. Hot brain being cooled off. Rigid muscles relax. Excited nerves soothed. The white hair of the octogenarian in thin drifts across the pillow, fresh fall of flakes on snow already fallen. Childhood, with its dimpled hands thrown out on the pillow, and with every breath taking in a new store of fun and frolic. Third watch of the night! God's slumberless eye will look. Let one great wave of refreshing slumber roll over the heart of the great town, submerging care and anxiety and worry and pain. Let the city sleep.

Those Who Sleep Not.

But, my friends, be not deceived. There will be tonight thousands who will not sleep at all. Go up that dark alley, and be cautious where you tread lest you fall over the prostrate form of a drunkard lying on his own doorstep. Look about you, lest you feel the garrotter's hug. Look through the broken window pane and see what you can see. You say, "Nothing." Then listen. What is it? "God help us!" No footlights, but tragedy ghastlier and mightier than Ristori or Edwin Booth ever enacted. No light, no fire, no bread, no hope. Shivering in the cold, they have had no food for twenty-four hours. You say, "Why don't they beg?" They do, but they get nothing. You say, "Why don't they deliver themselves over to the almshouse?" Ah, you would not ask that if you ever heard the bitter cry of a man or child when told he must go to the almshouse! "Oh," you say, "they are vicious poor, and therefore they do not deserve our sympathy." Are they vicious? So much more need they your pity. The Christian poor, God helps them. Through their night there twinkles the round, merry star of hope and through the broken window they see the crystals of heaven, but the vicious poor, they are more to be pitied. Their last light has gone out. You excuse yourself from helping them by saying that they are so bad they brought this trouble on themselves. I reply, Where I give ten prayers for the innocent who are suffering I will give twenty for the guilty who are suffering.

The Open Door.

Pass on through the alley. Open the door. "Oh," you say, "it is locked." No, it is not locked. It has never been locked. No burglar would be tempted to go in there to steal anything. The door is never locked. Only a broken chair stands against the door. Show it back. Go in. Strike a match. Now, look. Beastliness and rags. See those glaring eyeballs. Be careful now what you say. Do not utter any insult, do not utter any suspicion, if you value your life. What is that red mark on the wall? It is the mark of a murderer's hand! Look at those two eyes rising up out of the darkness and out from the straw in the corner, coming toward you, and as they come near your light goes this. Strike another match. Ah, this is a babe, not like these beautiful children presented in baptism. This little one never smiled; it never will smile. A flower flung on an awfully barren beach. O Heavenly Shepherd, fold that little one in thy arms! Wrap around you your shawl or your coat tighter, for the cold wind sweeps through.

Strike another match. Ah, is it possible that the scarred and bruised face of that young woman was ever looked into by maternal tenderness? Utter no scorn. Utter no harsh word. No ray of hope has dawned on that brow for many a year. No ray of hope ever will dawn on that brow. But the light has gone out. Do not strike another light. It would be a mockery to kindle another light in such a place as that. Pass out and pass down the street. Our cities are full of such homes, and the worst time the third watch of the night.

The Criminal's Hour.

Do you know that it is in this third watch of the night that criminals do their worst work? It is the criminal's watch. At half past 8 o'clock you will find them in the drinking saloon, but toward 12 o'clock they go to their garrets, they get out their tools, then they start on the street. Watching on either side for the police, they go to their work of darkness. This is a burglar, and the false key will soon touch the store lock. This is an incendiary, and before morning there will be a light in the sky and a cry of "Fire, fire!" This is an assassin, and tomorrow morning there will be a dead body in one of the vacant lots. During the daytime these villains in our cities lounge about, some asleep and some awake, but when the third watch of the night arrives their eye is keen, their brain cool, their arm strong, their foot fleet to fly or pursue, they are ready. Many of these poor creatures were brought up that way. They were born in a thieves' garret. Their childish toy was a burglar's dark lantern. The first thing they remember was their mother bandaging the brow of their father, struck by the police club. They began by robbing boys' pockets, and now they have come to dig the underground passage to the cellar of the bank and are preparing to blast the gold vault. Just so long as there are neglected children of the street, just so long we will have these desperadoes. Some one, wishing to make a good Christian point and to quote a passage of Scripture, expecting to get a Scriptural passage in answer, said to one of these poor lads, cast out and wretched, "When your father and mother forsake you, who will take you up?" and the boy said, "The police!"

In the third watch of the night also drunkenness does its worst. The drinking will be respectable at 8 o'clock in the evening, a little flushed at 9, talkative and garrulous at 10, at 11 blabbering, at 12 the hat falls off, at 1 the man falls to the floor asking for more drink. Strawn through the drinking saloons of the city, fathers, husbands, sons as good as you are by nature, perhaps better.

My friends, you see all around about you the need that something radical be done. You do not see the worst. In the midnight meetings in London a great multitude have been saved. We want a few hundred Christian men and women to come down from the highest circles of society to toll amid these wandering and destitute ones and kindle up a light in the dark alley, even the gladness of heaven. Do not go wrapped in your fine furs and from your well filled tables with the idea that pious talk is going to stop the gnawing of an empty stomach or to warm stockingless feet. Take bread, take raiment, take medicine, as well as take prayer. There is a great deal of common sense in what the poor woman said to the city missionary when he was telling her how she ought to love God and serve him. "Oh," she said, "if you were as poor and cold as I am and as hungry you could think of nothing else."

A great deal of what is called Christian work goes for nothing for the simple reason that it was not practical, as after the battle of Antietam a man got out of an ambulance with a bag of tracts, and he went distributing the tracts, and George Stuart, one of the best Christian men in this country, said to him: "What are you distributing tracts for now? There are three thousand men bleeding to death. Bind up their wounds and then distribute the tracts." We want more common sense in Christian work, taking the bread of this life in one hand and the bread of the next life in the other hand. No such inapt work: as that done by the Christian man who during our civil war went to a hospital with tracts and, coming to the bed of a man whose legs had been amputated, gave him a tract on the sin of dancing! I rejoice before God that never are sympathetic words uttered, never a prayer offered, never a Christian almsgiving indulged in, but it is blessed. There is a place in Switzerland, I am told, where the utterance of one word will bring back a score of echoes, and I have to tell you that a sympathetic word, a kind word, a generous word, a helpful word, uttered in the dark places of the town will bring back ten thousand echoes from heaven. Are there in this assemblage those who know by experience the tragedies in the third watch of the night? I am not here to thrust you back with one hard word. Take the bandage from your bruised soul and put on it the soothing salve of Christ's gospel and of God's compassion. I tell you there is more delight in heaven over one man that gets reformed by the grace of God than over ninety and nine that never got off the track.

Stories of Chelsea's Dead.

In Chelsea, in an old rectory that stands in the shadow of a mulberry tree planted by Queen Elizabeth, there lives a fine old minister, the Rev. Dr. Blount, who was the personal friend of the great men who have made Chelsea famous. He knew Carlyle well, and told a visitor recently that he and the great but irascible sage went to see Westminster one day. Carlyle was impressed with the building, but the service aroused him to sniffs and snorts of contempt, and he summed up his feelings by saying: "As for being buried in it, I should demand a general jail delivery first before I'd lay my bones there." Dr. Blount remembers Rossetti well and tells this rather wicked anecdote of him. "Poor Rossetti!" he says. "When his wife died he cast a volume of unpublished poems into her grave, and it was buried with her. But later the argument of his friends as to the loss which the world suffered thereby induced him to have the poems dug up again."—New York Press.

People Who Eat Coal.

Earth-eaters; savages are known to anthropologists, but the statement that there are people in civilized England who habitually swallow lumps of ordinary household coal appears somewhat surprising. To this practice Mary Ann Foy, a housemaid lately employed at 46 Gloucester gardens, Hyde Park, owed her death. Some of the pieces, stated Dr. Harper at the inquest, had stuck in the windpipe and caused suffocation. It was a fact, added the witness, that some persons did eat small portions of coal. The coroner asked with what object. A juror said that persons suffering from severe attacks of heartburn did so. The coroner said that he had heard of persons eating charcoal, but not coal. There was in the present case, however, no doubt about the fact. "Death from misadventure" was the verdict.—London Express.

Says Mr. Meddergrass.

"None, I never seen none o' these here loop-the-loop businesses," said Mr. Meddergrass, carefully selecting a fat pickle from the grocer's barrel, "but from what I've heard about it it's a cross between breakin' a mule colic an' getting blowed up in a b'iler explosion an' fallin' out of a balloon."—Baltimore American.

Asked and Answered.

"Professor," said Miss Giddyay, "you've made a study of human nature. Now, at what age would you say the average man of intelligence is most likely to marry?" "Dotage!" promptly replied Prof. Oldbache.—Philadelphia Press.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON V.—OCT. 27, GEN. 45: 1-15

—JOSEPH'S BROTHERS.

Golden Text—"Do Not Overcome of Evil, but Overcome Evil with Good"—Rom. 12:21—Joseph Makes Himself Known to His Brothers.

Introduction. The pupil cannot understand this lesson unless he have clearly in mind the intervening events. The teacher may be very helpful to the pupil by presenting an outline of these events in a concise form, somewhat as follows: After the exaltation of Joseph (see last lesson), the seven years of plenty, which he had foretold, gave place to the years of famine, of which two have now passed. The famine extended to Canaan, and Jacob sent ten of his sons into Egypt to buy corn. Joseph treated them roughly, imprisoned them as spies, and then holding Simeon as a hostage released the others on condition that they would come back and bring Benjamin with them. They returned to Canaan, not only with plenty of corn for present needs, but also with the money which they had paid for which Joseph had caused to be put back into their sacks. Jacob, however, refused to allow Benjamin to go down into Egypt, and the matter was allowed to rest until the famine became so sore in the land that he was obliged to send his sons again into Egypt to buy more corn. Such against his wishes, but compelled by the necessities of the case, he sent his sons away on their errand, and Benjamin with them.

On their arrival Joseph entertains his brothers at a feast, and then commands that they be given the corn they need, and that every man's money be put into his sack. Moreover, his own silver cup is put into Benjamin's sack. Then, after the departure of his brothers, Joseph sends his steward to bring them back, on the pretense that they have stolen his silver cup, which is of especial value. A search being made, the cup is found in Benjamin's sack. Joseph declares that the man in whose sack the cup is found shall be his servant. Judah, wishing to fulfill his promise to his father that Benjamin shall return unharmed, makes an eloquent and touching plea that Jacob's gray hairs be not brought down in sorrow to the grave through the loss of his youngest born, and urges Joseph to permit him to remain as a slave in the place of Benjamin. At this point our lesson begins.

I. Joseph Makes Himself Known to His Brothers.—Vs. 1-4. "Then, when Judah makes his noble and unselfish plea that he be kept as bondsman, so that Benjamin may return to his old father (Gen. 44:33-34), so touched was 'Joseph' by this plea that he 'could not refrain himself, i. e., keep himself from manifesting his love for his brethren.' He then stood by him, 'the officials and the members of his household, and he cried, 'Cause every man to go out from me.' For two reasons: (1) Delicacy forbids the presence of strangers at this unrestrained outburst of tender emotion among the brothers. (2) The workings of conscience bringing up the recollections of the past, and the errors, to which some reference is now unavoidable, are not to be unveiled to the public eye.—Murphy. "There are some persons who rather love to have witnessed their various feelings, and feel no sense of shame when they have given utterance to anything emotional before others. By these means feelings become vulgarized, weak and faded away."—Robertson. "And there stood with him, while Joseph made himself known." "It was a transaction so tender and sacred that the presence of an observer could not but be regarded as a profanation, a mutual outpouring of hearts, which, beside God, who knows all things, no one ought to hear, and indeed no one was capable of understanding."—Deitzsch.

II. Joseph Shows How God Brings Good Out of Evil.—Vs. 5-8. "Do not grieve, nor angry with yourselves." How the nobleness of Joseph stands out as the crown of his brethren. "I can forgive, but never forget" is as far as many Christians of today can go in regard to an injury. How small is such a position as we stand beside this Hebrew, who not only could forgive, but could strive to make his wrongdoers forget! It is harder to forgive ourselves than to forgive others. But sin, when once wholly forgiven, should be accepted as forgiven, and we should have such trust in the love of him who forgives that we shall not waste our strength and joy in vain and bitter regrets. "Let the dead past bury its dead." "For God did send me before you to preserve life." God used their evil to accomplish his purpose. He did not need their evil.

III. Joseph Sends for His Father to Come Into Egypt.—Vs. 9-11. "Haste ye." For two reasons: (1) the sorrow of Jacob has been continued long enough. (2) Joseph's love for his father had been restrained long enough. "God hath made me." Notice Joseph's recognition of the hand of God in his elevation. Pharaoh had only been the agent of the Lord. "Lord of all Egypt." "This will not only be welcome news to Israel, but will explain why Joseph does not go to his father, instead of asking his father to come to him."—Wills & Beecher, D. D. "Farry not." Think of the twenty-two years of separation!

IV. Joseph Shows His Love for His Brethren.—Vs. 14, 15. Joseph falls upon Benjamin's neck and weeps, not for sorrow, but in the fullness of joy. Benjamin and his brothers weep with Joseph, and the pledge of full forgiveness is given when Joseph kisses his brothers and is accepted as they talk together. The past is not only forgotten, but buried out of sight.

Not a Child Prodigy.

In his recently published biography of Eleonora Duse, Luigi Rasi notes that although she began her theatrical career at the age of four, she was not a child prodigy and did not attract attention as a "promising actress" till she was twenty. Her father was an obscure actor, and the family was so poor that once, when Eleonora's mother was lying in a hospital, the hungry child used to go there daily to eat the food which her mother was too ill to take herself.

LIVED LONG ON THE EARTH.

Evidence that Men Existed Before Date Fixed by Accepted Authority.

Fortunately there is no chance for a religious controversy over recent discoveries that seem to upset the accepted chronology of the Bible. That chronology is admittedly of human origin and therefore liable to be fallible. Professor Flinders Petrie, in a lecture recently delivered in London, presented some rather startling theories as to the antiquity of the human race that will doubtless give rise to more or less dispute. The professor's proofs as to his theories are said to be incontrovertible. He contends that there is an unbroken chain of historic record going back to 5,000 B. C., besides objects of art and industry that carry history back 2,000 years further, thus making the indubitable record of human history cover 9,000 years. Yet dates 7,000 B. C. do not take us back to the beginning. There are traces, he says, of a civilization that came to Egypt from some other country. The earliest graves have figures of a race of bushmen of a type like that discovered in France and Malta, suggesting that one race formerly extended from northern Africa into Europe. Beyond these bushmen there are figures of women captured from still earlier races—probably of the palaeolithic age. Of this latter age there are many evidences in the elevated plateau east of the Nile, where, in a region at present wholly uninhabitable, are found the remains of many settlements. The existence of a population here indicates that there was a time when the climate of Egypt was totally different from what it is today—when a rainfall fertilized lands now deserts. Such a climate could hardly have existed unless the desert of Sahara was then under water. A rise of the Saharan area, coinciding with a sinking of the present bed of the Mediterranean, would explain the indisputable fact that the fauna, flora and racial affinities of northern Africa are with Europe rather than with the parts of Africa south of the Sahara. Egypt supplies us, according to Professor Petrie, with physical evidences of the antiquity of man in the shape of 9,000 years' continuous remains, but other countries, notably Mesopotamia, furnish similar indications. The "finds" made by recent explorers in the sites of the old cities in the valley of the Euphrates seem to prove the existence of an empire extending from the Persian gulf to the Mediterranean at a period when Egypt itself was in its infancy.—Chicago Chronicle.

LOUBET'S ECONOMY.

Substantial Food the Kind the French President Likes.

Besides his salary of \$150,000 a year, the president of France has a civil list of \$125,000 a year and an allowance of \$60,000 a year for traveling expenses. This allowance for traveling expenses was voted to Marshal MacMahon to keep him from "running wild" with the Bonapartists, but he never touched a franc of it. It was allowed to accumulate until M. Grevy became president, when that worthy drew the arrears and pocketed them. The allowance for traveling expenses is largely clear profit, for the president travels free, and all he disburses when on a journey is given in the way of tips. He is exceedingly generous in regard to tips—as well he may.

In spite of his large income President Loubet exercises a rigid economy at the Elysee. At ordinary luncheons there is a handsome "set out" but the fare is more substantial than luxurious. The food left over from the dinner of the night before is arranged with all the skill of a "chef" to figure on the luncheon table, the cold vegetables being served up as "salade russe." The dinners vary in luxury, according to what guests are to be present. When only ordinary people have been invited to partake of the presidential hospitality the cost is about \$4 a plate. When a lot of really "first chop" people are to be present the cost is \$6 a plate, and when a visiting royalty is coming to dinner the cost goes up as high as \$8 a plate. The dinners are supplied partly by a pastry cook shop and partly by the kitchen force of the palace. After dinner the wife of one of the officers of the presidential household slips out and holds a consultation with the chef, at which it is decided what is to go from the dining room to the servants' table and what is to be fixed up for tomorrow's luncheon. Dishes supplied from the pastry cook shop and not broken are taken back at a reduced price. Yet with all his economy it is said that President Loubet does not save a cent out of his pay and allowances. Whenever he needs an extra allowance for some special "function" it is cheerfully granted him by the chamber of deputies. The president gives two balls each year, which cost him \$15,000 each. He also gives garden parties, concerts and theatrical matinees, but they are arranged so as to cost little or nothing.

Vegetable Butter.

Is the cow to be altogether eliminated from the dairy? The British consul-general at Marseilles hears that "a new fatty substance, for consumption in the United Kingdom, to take the place of butter, is being put on the British market. It is called vegetable, and is nothing else than the oil extracted from copra (dried coconut), refined, and with all smell and taste neutralized by a patented process. It becomes like sweet lard, and is intended to compete with margarine on the breakfast table as a substitute for butter." A Liverpool firm, we are told, will this year help in an effort to popularize the stuff.—London Telegraph.

Why They Called Him Mary.

Two young Philadelphians, who were introduced to each other by a friend of both the other day, scrutinized each other closely, and then one of them said: "I think I know you. Didn't we sail together on the schooner 'Saratoga' about twelve years ago?" "Yes, I remember you very well now," replied the other. "You weren't as tough as the rest of us. We thought you were a dude. We called you Mary, didn't we?" "Yes; I remember the nickname perfectly." "Why did they call you Mary?" asked the mutual friend. "To the best of my recollection," said the young man who had been so named, "it was because I used a tooth brush!" The two former shipmates laughed heartily as they recalled the old, careless days.

Has Lived in Three Centuries.

Another of the three-century centenarians, who is quite ready for her obituary, is Mrs. Elizabeth Hunt, of Brooklyn, who, by her record in the family Bible, was born 101 years ago Saturday, and though her sight and memory are failing, she is out every day and her delight is taking trolley trips.

The secret of ignorance is not to know your lack of wisdom.

Mrs. Madison's Case.

Polk City, Ia., Oct. 14.—For over ten years Mrs. Elizabeth P. Madison, a respected lady of this place has suffered most severely with kidney trouble complicated with derangements of the bowels and liver. Rheumatism another painful result of deranged kidneys added its tortures to her burden of pain.

Treatments and medicines without number were tried; physicians also exhausted their skill, but all to no purpose.

At this stage of the case a treatment of Dodd's Kidney Pills was resorted to and the results were simply miraculous, from the very first box an improvement was noticed and the continued treatment resulted in a complete cure.

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Upon investigation Dodd's Kidney Pills are found to be the only remedy that has ever cured Bright's Disease, Diabetes or Dropsy and these hitherto incurable diseases are readily conquered by this remarkable remedy.

A woman can't see any farther than the end of her nose if it has a pimple on it.

It doesn't follow that because a woman hasn't read all the latest books, she is intellectually your inferior.

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ENORMOUS CROPS

North Dakota has just harvested a wonderful crop of wheat and flax. Reports from the various railway points along the "Soo" Line show yields of 25 to 38 bushels to the acre of wheat, and from 15 to 20 bushels of flax per acre. Flax is now bringing \$1.25 per bushel. Most of the crop was raised on newly broken land, so that the first crop pays for the farm and all the labor, and leaves a handsome profit. There is still plenty of good free government land open for entry; also good openings to go into business in the new towns along the "Soo" Line. For descriptive circulars, maps and particulars, write to D. W. Casseday, Land Agent, "Soo" Line, Minneapolis, Minn.



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