

HUMDRUM RELIGION.

Dr. Talmage Discourses on Needed Pulpit Reform.

Significance of the Wisdom and Splendor of Solomon—Too Much Humdrum in Churches—True Religion Never Gloomy—More Spice Needed.

In a recent sermon at Brooklyn Rev. T. I. V. Talmage took for his subject "Humdrum Abolished," and his text was from I. Chronicles, ix. 9: "Of spices great abundance; neither was there any such spice as the queen of Sheba gave King Solomon."

What is that building out yonder gleaming in the sun? Have you not heard? It is the house of the forest of Lebanon. King Solomon has just taken to it his bride, the princess of Egypt. You see the pillows of the portico, and a great tower, adorned with 1,000 shields of gold, and the golden chariot of the tower—500 of the shields of gold manufactured at Solomon's order, 500 were captured by David, his father, in battle. See how they blaze in the noonday sun!

Solomon goes up the ivory stairs in his throne, between twelve lions in stately, and sits down on the back of the golden bull, the head of the bronze beast turned toward the people. The family and attendants of the king are to many the caterers of the palace. There are to provide every day 100 sheep and thirteen oxen, besides the birds and the venison. I hear the stamping and pawing of 4,000 fine horses in the royal stables. There were important officials who had charge of the stables, gathering the straw and the barley for these horses. King Solomon was an early riser, tradition says, and used to take a ride out at daybreak; and when, in his white apparel, behind the swift horses of all the realm, and followed by mounted archers in purple, the cavalcade dashed through the streets of Jerusalem, I suppose it was something worth getting up at 5 o'clock in the morning to look at.

Solomon was not like some of the kings of the present day—crowned in bed. All the splendor of his palace and retinue were eclipsed by his intellectual power. Why, he seemed to know everything. He was the first great naturalist the world has known. Peacocks from India strutted the basaltic walls, and apes chattered in the trees, and deer stalked the parks, and there were aquariums with foreign fish, and aviaries with foreign birds; and tradition says these birds were so well tamed that Solomon might walk clear across the city under the shadow of their wings as they hovered and flitted about him.

More than this, he had a great reputation for the consummation of riddles that he made and guessed. He and King Hiram, his neighbor, used to sit by the hour and ask riddles, each one paying in money if he could not answer or guess the riddle. The Solomonite may visit all the riddles, and the riddles of our king talked about the wealth of their kind, and about the riddles and enigmas he made and solved; and the news spread until Queen Balkis, away off south, heard of it, and sent messengers with a few riddles, she would like to have Solomon solve, and a few puzzles which she would like to have him find out. She sent among other things to King Solomon a diamond with a hole so small that a needle could not penetrate it, asking him to find that diamond. And Solomon took a worm and put it at the opening in the diamond, and the worm crawled through, leaving the thread in the diamond. The queen asked him to fly Solomon, asking him to fill it with water that did not flow from the sky, and that did not rush out from the earth; and immediately Solomon put a slave pig the back of a swift horse and galloped him to the fountain, and the horse was high exhausted, and from the perspiration of the horse the goblet was filled. She also sent King Solomon five hundred boys in girls' dresses, and five hundred girls in boys' dresses, asking if he would be able to find out the deception. Immediately Solomon, when he saw them wash their faces, knew from the way they applied the water that it was all a cheat.

Queen Balkis was so pleased with the wisdom of Solomon, that she said: "I'll just go and see him for myself." Yonder it comes—the cavalcade—horses and dromedaries, chariots and charioters, jingling harness and clattering hoofs, and blaring trumpets, and flying ensigns, and clanging cymbals. The place is saturated with the perfume. She brings cinnamon, and saffron, and all manner of sweet spices. As the retinue sweeps through the gates, she guards guard inhale the aroma. "Halt!" cry the charioteers, as the wheels grind the gravel in front of the pillared portico of the king. Queen Balkis alights in an atmosphere bewitched with perfume. As the dromedaries are led to the king's storerooms, and the bundles of camphor are unloaded, and the sacks of cinnamon, and the boxes of spices are opened, the purveyors of the palace discover what my friend has said: "I'll just go and see him for myself."

More than that, we want more life and spice in our Christian work. The people of the church are to be given over as sung to. With the bread and medicines and the garments you give them let there be an accompaniment of smiles and brisk encouragement. Do not stand and talk to them about the hunger of their souls and the hardness of their hearts. Ah! they know it better than you can tell them. Show them the bright side of the thing, if there be any bright side. Tell them good times are ahead, and that the children of God there is immortal rescue. Wake them up out of their stolidity by an inspiring laugh, and while you send in help, like the Queen of Sheba, send in the spices.

We need more life and spice in our church music. Churches sit discussing whether they shall have choirs or preceptors, or organs, or bass-voles, or cornets; I say, take that which will bring out the most inspiring music. If we have much of such music, and the voice of our churches as we have in the songs of our Sabbath schools, it would not be long before the whole earth would quake with the coming of God. Why, in most churches, nine-tenths of the people do not sing; they sing so feebly that the people at their elbows do not know that they are singing. I promise a high spiritual blessing to any one who will sing so heartily that the people around him can not help but sing. Wake up the churches of the East, from the uttermost parts of the earth to the uttermost parts of the earth, and behold, a greater than Solomon is here!

And to sweeten that acid disposition, and to put sparkle into that man's spirit? The spicery of our holy religion. Why, if you turn the leaves of life there dashed a gleam of an eternal gain; if between the betrayals of life there came the gleam of the undying friendship of Christ; if in all times of business we found ministering spirits flying to and fro in our offices, and stores, and shops, every-day life, instead of being a stupid monotony, would be a glorious inspiration, pendulating between calm satisfaction and high rapture.

How any woman keeps house without the religion of Christ to help her is a mystery to me. To have to spend the greater part of one's life, as many women do, in planning for the meals, in stitching garments that will soon be rent, and in deploring shortcomings and superiorities, and subordinations, and driving off dust that soon again will settle, and doing the same thing day in and day out and year in and year out, until their hair silver, and their eyes, and the grave breaks open under the thin sole of the shoe—O, it is a long monotony!

But when Christ comes to the drawing room, and comes to the kitchen, and comes to the nursery, and comes to the dwelling, then how cheerily become all womanly duties. She is never alone now. Martha gets through fretting and joins Mary at the feet of Jesus. All day long Deborah is happy because she can help L Deborah; Hannah, because she can sing a song for young Samuel; Miriam, because she can watch her infant brother; Rachel, because she can help her father water the stock; the widow of Sarepta, because the crust of oil is being replenished; the woman, having in your pantry a nest of bees, containing all kinds of condiments, why have you not tried in your heart and hearted the spicery of our holy religion?

"Martha! Martha! thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

I must confess that a great deal of the religion of this day is utterly insipid. There is nothing piquant or elevating about it. The hymns are the same, the round humming psalms in a minor key, and culturing melancholy, and their worship has in it more sighs than rapture. We do not doubt their piety, O, no. But they are sitting at a feast where the cook has forgotten to season the food. Everything is flat in their experience and in their conversation. Emancipated from sin, and death, and hell, and on their way to a magnificent Heaven, they act as though they were struggling with a mortal chronic, and Botany Bay. Religion does not seem to agree with them. It seems to catch in the wind-pipe and become a tight strangulation instead of an exhilaration. All the infidel books that have been written, from the time of the round hummer to the time of the round hummer, have not done so much damage to our Christianity as our insipid Christians. Who wants a religion woven out of the shadows of the night? Who grows gloomy on your way to eternal glory? Come out of that cave and sit in the warm light of the sun of righteousness. Away with your odes to melancholy and Hervey's "Meditations Among the Tombs."

Then let our music abound. And every tear be dry. We're marching through Emmanuel's home. To fairer worlds on high. I have to say, also, that we need to put more spice and vivacity in our religious teaching; whether it be in the prayer meeting, or in the Sabbath school, or in the church. We ministers need more fresh air and sunshine in our lungs, and our heart and our head. Do you wonder that the world is so far from being converted when you find so little vivacity in our preaching, and in our lives? We want, like the Lord, to be in our sermons and exhortations more rhetorical elaborations, and fewer sesquipedalian words; and when we talk about shadows, and gloom, and sin, and damnation, and when we mean cheeriness, we do not want to talk about idiosyncrasies; or if a stick in the back we do not want to talk of lumbago; but, in the plain vernacular preach that gospel which will make all men happy, honest, victorious and free. In other words, we want more cinnamon and less gristle.

More than that, we want more life and spice in our Christian work. The people of the church are to be given over as sung to. With the bread and medicines and the garments you give them let there be an accompaniment of smiles and brisk encouragement. Do not stand and talk to them about the hunger of their souls and the hardness of their hearts. Ah! they know it better than you can tell them. Show them the bright side of the thing, if there be any bright side. Tell them good times are ahead, and that the children of God there is immortal rescue. Wake them up out of their stolidity by an inspiring laugh, and while you send in help, like the Queen of Sheba, send in the spices.

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for consumption; it is the catfish for all disorders. Yes, it will heal all your sorrows. Why did you look so sad to-day when you came in? Alas! for the loneliness and the heartbreak, and the load that is never lifted from your soul. Some of you go about feeling like Macaulay when he wrote: "If I had another month of such days as I have been spending, I would be impatient to get down into my little narrow crib in the ground like a weary factory child."

And there have been times in your life when you wished you could get out of the life. I see all around about me widows, and orphans, and childlessness, sadness, disappointment, perplexity. If I could ask all those to rise in this audience who have felt no sorrow, and been buffeted by no disappointment—If I could ask all such to rise, how many would rise? Not one. A widowed mother with her little child, went west, hoping to get better wages there; and she was taken sick and died. The mother of the poor mother body and put it in a box, and put it in a wagon, and started down the street toward the cemetery at full trot. The little child—the only child—ran after it through the streets, bareheaded crying: "Bring me back my mother! bring me back my mother!" And it was said that as the people looked on and saw her crying after that which lay in the wagon—all she loved on earth—it is said the whole village was in tears. And that is the story of many of you are doing—chasing the dead. Dear Lord, is there no appeasement for all this sorrow that I see about me? Yes, the thought of resurrection and reunion far beyond this scene of struggle and pain. "The shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Across the couches of your sick and across the graves of your dead I fling this shower of sweet spices. Queen Balkis, driving up to the pillared portico of the house of cedar, carried no such pungency of perfume as exhalates from the Lord's garden. It is peace. It is sweetness. It is comfort. It is infinite satisfaction, this gospel I commend to you.

Some one could not understand why an old German Christian scholar used to be always so calm and happy and hopeful, when he had so many trials and sicknesses and ailments. A man secreted himself in the house. He said: "I mean to wait till I am a scholar and Christian," and he saw the old Christian man go to his room and sit down on the chair beside the stand and open the Bible and begin to read. He read an hour, a chapter after chapter, hour after hour, until his face is all aglow with the tidings from Heaven, and when the clock struck 12 he arose and shut his Bible and said: "Blessed Lord, we are on the same old terms yet. Good-night, good-night." Oh, you are not a scholar and Christian, and he saw the old Christian man go to his room and sit down on the chair beside the stand and open the Bible and begin to read. He read an hour, a chapter after chapter, hour after hour, until his face is all aglow with the tidings from Heaven, and when the clock struck 12 he arose and shut his Bible and said: "Blessed Lord, we are on the same old terms yet. Good-night, good-night." Oh, you are not a scholar and Christian, and he saw the old Christian man go to his room and sit down on the chair beside the stand and open the Bible and begin to read.

Have you read of the Taj Mahal in India, in some respects the most majestic building on earth? Twenty thousand men were twenty years in building it. It cost about \$100,000,000. The walls are of marble, and the ceiling is of silver. The walls are 245 feet high, and from the top of these springs a dome thirty more feet high, that dome containing the most wonderful derfint echo that the world ever knew. You know, that when an actor stands behind a curtain, and flutes, and drums, and harps, are testing that echo, and the sounds from below strike up and then come down as if they were the voices of angels, and the sound of the building. There is around it a garden of tamarind, and banyan, and palm, and all the floral glories of the ransacked earth. But that is only a tomb of a dead empress, and it is tame compared with the grandeur of the God has builded for your living and immortal spirit. O, home of the blessed! Foundations of gold! Arches of victory! Capstones of praise! And a dome in which there are echoing and reverberating the halcyon days of ages. And around about that mansion is a garden—the garden of God—and all the springing fountains are the bottled tears of the church in the wilderness, and all the crimson of the flowers is the deep hue that is coming out from the carnage of earthly martyrdoms, and the fragrance is the prayer of all the saints, and the aroma puts in to utter forgetfulness the cassia and the spikenard, and the frankincense, and the world renowned spices of the Queen Balkis of Abyssinia, flung at the feet of King Solomon.

When shall those eyes thy heaven built? And that party gates behold? The bulwarks, with salvation strong, And streets of shining gold? Through obliquity on our part and through the rejection of the great who makes Heaven possible, I wonder if any of us will miss that spectacle? I fear! I fear! The queen of the south will rise up in judgment against this generation and condemn it because she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and behold, a greater than Solomon is here!

May God grant that through your own practical experience you may find that religious ways are ways of peace, and that all her paths are paths of peace; that it is perfume now and perfume forever. And there was there any such spice as the queen of Sheba gave to King Solomon.

Receipts of Pullman Car Porters. "I run between Jersey City and Chicago," said a Pullman car porter, "and how much do you suppose I made last month? Seventeen dollars and a half. Of course, I didn't get in quite a full month, but was on the road a full time, just the same. A porter, when he runs a full month, can sometimes make as much as thirty or thirty-five dollars. If he makes any more it is because he is lucky in getting on the right car, or because he is lucky at policy. Men who travel on passes are the most liberal. There was a time when a porter could make seventy-five dollars, and I used to know a porter who made one hundred and sixty dollars in a month. That's the highest I ever heard of a porter making. In a quarter a porter seldom gets more than a quarter from a passenger, no matter how far he runs, or how much work he does. Porters in the west make the most money, and especially those on emigrant cars, which west of Omaha are patronized by a good class of people. There's nothing in being a porter in the east any more."—N. Y. Tribune.

—Imported Flunkey—"Your Worship, the carriage waits without." Rogerson Newrick (testily): "Without? Without what? Imported Flunkey (observed): "Without occupants, sir."—Toronto Mail.

IN OREGON.

Reception of President Harrison in Oregon—His talk to the People.

PORTLAND, Ore., May 6.—The visit to Salem was the principal event of the forenoon. The president arrived here at 10 o'clock and remained a little over an hour. It rained nearly all the time and interfered somewhat with the programme so far as the demonstration on the part of the school children was concerned. The local militia, G. A. R. post and the people generally were out in full force and gave the distinguished visitors a royal reception.

The mayor of the city welcomed the president at the Oregon Hotel. The president thanked him and said he was pleased to make his acquaintance. The party was then taken to carriages to visit the state house, the Second battalion of Oregon, and the Oregon militia. The president and his party were driven to the state house, the Second battalion of Oregon, and the Oregon militia. The president and his party were driven to the state house, the Second battalion of Oregon, and the Oregon militia.

The president responded as follows: "It is very pleasant to be assured by these kindly words which have been spoken by the governor of this state by the chief officer of this municipality we are welcome to the state of Oregon and the city of Portland. It is very pleasant to be assured by these kindly words which have been spoken by the governor of this state by the chief officer of this municipality we are welcome to the state of Oregon and the city of Portland."

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A NOVEL EXPERIMENT.

The Successful Illustration of a Physician's Theory of Hypnotism.

"Did you not notice the fact that when a person's mind is concentrated upon a certain subject that the person will usually, unintentionally and unknowingly, imitate the actions of others?" This curious question was propounded by a well known physician who has made a special study of hypnotism and kindred subjects, while he and I were awaiting the arrival of a boat at Cortland ferry several days ago.

I replied in the negative, and further stated that I would not believe his theory or statement until I had witnessed a practical illustration. "Well," continued the physician, "the statement is true, and if you will watch my actions, those of the other persons present you will be somewhat surprised. You see they are all in conversation, reading papers or their thoughts are concentrated upon some subject. Now I propose to start every one of you in a certain way, and I will do it before five minutes have elapsed."

There were about ten or a dozen belated clerks and business men in the ferry boat, all with the same purpose as ourselves. Some were perusing the evening newspapers, others were conversing among themselves and several of them were leaning carefully against the wall, their hands in their pockets, smoking cigars, while their faces wore that peculiar, vacant expression associated generally with a person's thoughts are on some incident of the day or business transaction of the morning.

The physician clasped his hands behind his back, and with his head bent forward as though to sleep, thought, began with a slow step to pace up and down the room. No attention, whatever, at first, was apparently paid to his actions on the part of the persons present for several minutes. Then a pale, sickly-looking young clerk left his seat, and without even looking in the direction of the physician began a walking match of his own. A florid man about forty years old, who had been engaged in smoking a fragrant cigar while leaning back in his seat, raised his head, looked at the young clerk, and followed the clerk. Two men who had been conversing near the gangway turned and covering near the floor, at the same time continuing their talk.

Four others had been reading and these one by one left their seats and followed the example set by the physician. Every man present had begun to walk up and down the room. I looked at the clock and found that the physician had accomplished his task, and that he did it in four minutes. "You are satisfied now, I presume?" "Yes." "Well, wait a moment, and I will step them."

The physician strolled out into the center of the room, coughed loudly, and then walked over to one of the seats and sat down. The clerk, who appeared to be one of those young men who grasp at an idea as a drowning man grasps at a straw, immediately followed suit, and in five minutes every man had resumed the position he occupied before the physician began his extraordinary experiment.

This happened to be one young man present who had been reading the physician attentively, but failed to leave his seat or to have apparently noticed what had happened. When the boat arrived I inquired of the physician how it happened that he failed to control her as he had the others. "In the first place," said he, "women lack power of concentration and continuity of thought as a general rule, and for this reason they are more or less conscious of their surroundings. A woman is self-conscious, and believes herself to be, whether she is or not, the person most observed in the room. Consequently she seldom gets into what is known commonly as a 'brown study' when in public places. A man, on the contrary, when alone, is usually planning something, and unconsciously is aware of his surroundings. Then, unless there is some strong reason to prevent it, he will, to a certain extent, imitate the action of others."

Wooden Bread. A substitute for barleys in the matter of adulterated flour has been invented in Delaware. It is simply pulverized wood. Think of eating wooden bread! But it is not at all improbable that ere long we shall unconsciously be eating wooden bread. White beech trees are used. The wood is cut up and made into hard and dry. The bark is peeled off, and the logs put on a carriage, which forces them against a cutting machine shaped like a pencil sharpener, except that it has five or six knives instead of one. The resulting shavings are run from 200 to 300 revolutions a minute, and the log is soon out into fine shavings. After these are thoroughly dried they are put into a hopper and ground the same as wheat or corn. The flour comes out as fine and fragrant as from fine wheat and is put in bags without any marking on, except a tag with the address, and sent to New York.—The Bakers' Helper.

BOYD OUSTED.

The Supreme Court of Nebraska Declines Gov. Boyd Ineligible and Awards the Office to Neff.

LINCOLN, Neb., May 6.—Just before the adjournment of the supreme court yesterday afternoon a decision was handed down in the Thayer-Boyd gubernatorial quo warranto case, a judgment of ouster being rendered against Gov. Boyd in favor of ex-Gov. Neff.

The opinion was written by Judge Norval, Judge Cobb concurring but Judge Maxwell dissenting. Council for Gov. Boyd announced that they would at once apply for a super writ of habeas corpus, and that in case on a writ of error to the United States supreme court. They claim that the question of naturalization is a federal one, and they are confident of success in the court of last resort.

Gov. Boyd's attorney, John D. Howe, of Omaha, who had just arrived, received the news of the decision with surprise, and went to the court room to file a motion for a stay, but as the judgment had already been entered and the writ served it was too late.

Gov. Boyd accordingly turned over the office of Governor to Neff in the meantime taking the oath of office and filed his bond. The decision on the whole may be said to be a surprise, as the opinion was that in event of the ouster of Gov. Boyd the office of Governor would be named as the successor.

The Case Struck. SCOTSDALE, Pa., May 6.—The case of John Mahan, the striker killed at Leisnering Sunday evening, will be made the cause for a general mass meeting of strikers. The forces of the company are being increased at several plants, particularly at Leisnering No. 3. Seventy Italian workmen quit at Whitney's last night and left the region.

The chief's posse is at Bradford, commencing the work of evicting the families of strikers. Twenty-five Hungarian workmen who were taken to Leisnering No. 3 refused to go to work.

One Indian Company. CHICAGO, May 6.—Capt. Higgins, in charge of army headquarters here in the absence of Gen. Miles, received a dispatch from Fort Washakie, Wyo., that company of the Eighth infantry had been organized as an Indian company. The company is composed of twenty-eight Shoshones and twenty-eight Apaches.

Fixed on N. Y. Mail & Report. BOSTON has been first night that the British warship Pelican, now in Newfound-land waters, has been fired upon by the Newfoundland bait catchers in Fortune Bay.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

CATTLE—Shipping steers, 4.50 to 5.75; Butchers' steers, 4.00 to 4.50; Native cows, 3.00 to 4.00; HOGS—Country heavy, 4.00 to 4.25; WHEAT—No. 2 hard, 91 to 93; CORN—No. 2, 52 to 54; OATS—No. 2, 51 to 54; RYE—No. 2, 75 to 78; FLOUR—Patent, per sack, 2.10 to 2.25; HAY—Baled, 1.20 to 1.50; EGGS—Choice, 1.10 to 1.20; BUTTER—Choice, 1.75 to 1.80; LARD, 1.00 to 1.10; POTATOES, 1.00 to 1.25.

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