Men Should Mix Their Godliness With Their Business.

The Christian Cannot Eat Enough at the Spiritual Banquet to Last Seven Days -- Little Annoyances

That Wear.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 24.—Dr. Tal-mage's text was taken from I. Corinthians x, 31: "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

When the apostle, in this text, sets forth the idea that so common an action as the taking of food and drink is to be conducted to the glory of God, he proclaims the importance of religion in the ordinary affairs of our life. In all ages of the world there has been a standard to the graph of creditors. They are the most inexorial ages of the world there has been a standard to the graph of creditors. They are the most grasping of dealers. They are known as sharpers on the street. They fleece every sheep they can catch. A county of the graph of the grap places, and occasions for worship, and to think these were the chief realms in which religion was to act. Now, holy days and holy places have their importance. They give opportunity for especial performance of Christian duty, and for regaling of the religious appetite; but they cannot take the place of continuous exercise of faith and prayer. In other words, a man cannot be so much of a Christian on a steamer put out for Southampton, home talking about "the blessed ser- ing havior on great occasions are no apology for lack of right demeanor in circumstances insignificant and incon-spicuous The genuine Christian life and starts. It toils on through heat and cold up steep mountains and along dangerous declivities, its eye on the sveriasting hills crowned with the castles of the blessed. I propose, this morning, to plead for a religion for today.

In the first place, we want to bring the religion of Christ into our conver-sation. When a dam breaks and two or three villages are overwhelmed, or an earthquake in South America swallows a whole city, then people began to talk about the uncertainty of life, and they imagine that they are engaged in positively religious conversa-tion. No. You may talk about these things, and have no grace of God at all things, and have no grace of God at all in your heart. We ought every day to be talking religion. If there is anything glad about it, anything beautiful about it, anything important about it, we ought to be continuously discussing it. I have noticed that men, just in proportion as their Christian experience is shallow, talk about funerals, and grave-yards, and tombstones, and death-beds. The real genuine Christian man talks chiefly about this life, and the great eternity beyond, and not so much about the insignificant pass between these two residences. And yet how few circles there are where the religion of Jesus Christ is welcome. Go into a lived in the time of Luther, if we had Jesus Christ is welcome. Go into a local part of the conflict; but the battle battle in the battle field is on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday. "St. Martin's" and "Lexox," and "Old Hundred" do not amount to anything unless they sing all the week. A sermon is useless unless we can take it with us behind the plough and the counter. The Sabbath day is worthless if it last only twenty-four hours. There are many Christians who say: "We are willing to serve God, but we do not want to do it in these spheres about which we are talking; and it we had some great occasion. If we had Jesus Christ is welcome. Go into a lived in the time of Luther, if we had been Paul's traveling companion, if we of anything like religious conversa-tion. No one has anything to say, save, perhaps, some old patriarch in the corner of the room, who really thinks that something ought to be said, under the circumstances; so he puts one foot over the other, and heaves a long sigh, and says, "Oh, yes; that's so, that's so."

My friends, the religion of Jesus My friends, the religion of Jesus Christ is something to talk about with a glad heart. It is brighter than the waters; it is more cheerful than the sunshime. Do not go around groaning them to my sunshime. to be singing it or talking it in cheerful tones of voice. How often it is that
we find men whose lives are utterly inconsistent, who attempt to talk relivion and always make a failure of it. consistent, who attempt to talk re-ligion, and always make a failure of it! My friends, we must live religion, or we cannot talk it. If a man is cranky, and cross, and uncongenial, and hard in his dealings, and then begins to talk about Christ and heaven, everybody is repelled by it. Yet I have heard such men say, in whining tones "We are miserable sinners;" "The Lord bless you;" "The Lord have mercy on you;" their conversation interlarded with such expressions which mean actions. such expressions, which mean nothing but canting; and canting is the worst form of hypocrisy. If we have really felt the religion of Christ in our hearts, let us talk it, and talk it with an illuminated countenance, remembering that when two Christain people talk, God gives especial attention, and writes down what they say. Malachi iii:16: "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord harkened and heard it, and a

book of remembrance was written." Again I remark, we must bring the religion of Christ into our employments. "Oh," they say, "that is very well if a man handle large sums of money, or if he have an extensive traffic; but in my thread-and-needle store, in my trimming establishment, in the humble work in life that I am called to, the sphere is too small for down the wheat, and sounding its in the humble work in life that I am called to, the sphere is too small for the action of such grand heavenly principles." Who told you so? Do you not know that God watches the faded leaf on the brook's surface as certainly as he does the path of a blazing sun? And the moss that God take care of the grass of the field?" And a flower at my feet repairs of the side of the rock makes as much impression upon God's mind as the waving tops of Oregon pine the field, and never yet has forgotten to the office and witness my will."

Likely to Die.

Likely to Die.

Ribbon Clark—"When you are at liberty I wish you would come down to the office and witness my will."

Itamburg Clark—"Do you expect to die soon?"

Ribbon Clark—"Life is uncertain at the lilies of the field, and never yet has forgotten least girl was in a few minutes ago and

RELIGION AND DAILY LIFE as loud in God's ear as the snap of a selves to what seems insignificant min-world's conflagation. When you have anything to do in life, however humble does not forget any blossom of the it may seem to be, God is always there to help you do it. If your work is that of a fisherman, then God will help you as he helped Simon when he dragged Gennesaret. If your work is drawing

try merchant comes in to buy spring or fall goods, and he gets into the store of one of these professed Christian men who have really no grace in their hearts, and he is completely swindled. He is so overcome that he cannot get for severe losses, for bereavement, for trouble that shocks like an earthquake He is so overcome that he cannot get out of town during the week. He stays in town over Sunday, goes into that the very man who hands him the poor-box in the church is the one who iron wall of their fire-proof safe; that he has counted every dishonest dollar they have in their pocket and that a day of judgment will come. These inconsistent Christian men will sit on the Sabbath night in the house house of God, singing at the close of the service, "Rock of Ages, cleft for for me," and then, when the benediction is pronounced, shut the pew door, and say as they go out, "Good-by, religion, I'll be back next Sunday."

I think that the church of God and the Sabbath are only an armory where we are to get weapons. When war comes, if a man wants to fight for his country he does not go to Troy or Springfield to do battling, but he goes

circles there are where the religion of Jesus Christ is welcome. Go into a circle, even of Christian people, where they are full of joy and hilarity, and talk about Christ or heaven and everything is immediately silenced. As on a summer day, when the forests are full of life, chatter, and chirrup, and carol—a mighty chorus of bird harmony, and every tree branch an orchestra—if a hawk appear in the sky, every voice stops, and the forests are still; just so I have seen a lively religious circle silenced on the appearance of anything like religious. carted out for fire wood. The muses that we used to read about have disapmen through persecution, when no-body is looking on. I could show you in this city a woman who has had rheumatism for twenty years, who has endured more suffering and exhausted more grace than would have made twenty martyrs pass triumphantly through the fire. If you are not faith-

> Do not think that any work God gives you to do in the world is on too small a scale for you to do. The whole universe is not ashamed to take care of one little flower. I say, "What are you doing down here in the grass, you poor little flower? Are you not afraid nights? You will be neglected, you will die of thirst, you will not be fed. Poor little flower!" "No," says a star, "Til watch over it tonight." "No,"

istration, when I find out that God does not forget any blossom of the spring or any snow-flake of the winter. I come to the conclusion that we can afford to attend to the minute things in life, and that what we do we ought to Gennesaret. If your work is drawing water, then he will help you, as when he talked at the well-curb to the Samaritan woman. If you are engaged in the custom house, he will lead you, as he lead Matthew sitting at the receipt of customs. A religion that is not good in one place is not worth anything in snother place. The man who has only a days' wages in his pocket as certainly needs the guidance of religion, as he who rattles the keys of a bank, and could abscond with a hundred thousand hard dollars.

There are those prominent in the churches who seem to be, on public occasions, very devout, who do not put the principles of Christ's religion into practice. They are the most inexorable of creditors. They are the most "The body of a common man, doing a work as there is not work as the reply was: "The body of a common man, doing a spider's eye as in the construction of a spider's eye as in the conformation of fiaming galaxies. Plato had a fable which I have now nearly forgotten, but it ran something like this: He said spirits of the other world came back to this work to this work. Another spirit came and took the body of a poet and did his work. After a while Ulysses came and he said: "Why, all the fine bodies are taken and all the grand work is taken. There is nothing left for me." And some one replied: "Ah! the best one has been left for you." Ulysses said: "What's that?" And the reply was: "The body of a common man, doing a spider's eye as in the conformation of fiaming galaxies. Plato had a fable which I have now nearly forgotten, be the trans something like this: He said spirits of the other world came back to this world to find a body and took the body of a king. The back to this world to find a body and took the body of a came and took do well, since there is as much perfection in the construction of a spider's eye as in the conformation of "The body of a common man, doing a

common work, and for a common re-ward." A good fable for the world, and just as good a fable for the church. Whether we eat or drink, or whatso-ever we do, let us do it to the glory of

and that blasts like a storm, we some church to getChristian consolation scribe religious consolation, but, busi-when, what is his amazement to find ness man, for the small anaoyances of last week, how much of the grace of God did you apply? "Oh!" you say. "these trials are too small for such apcannot be so much of a Christian on relieved him of his money! But never sunday that he can afford to be a mind; the deacn has his black coat worldling all the rest of the week. If on now. He looks solemn, and goes shaping your character, they are souring your temper, they are wearing out your patience, and they are making you less and less of a man. I go into a sculptor's studio, and see him shaping a statue. He has a chisel in one hand and go one day in that direction and the other six days in other directions, how long before the steamer will get to Southampton? And though a man may seem to be voyaging heavenward during the holy a man may seem to be voyaging heaven and surplice and gown, and surplice and gown, and preach and surplice and gown, and preach and preach and surplice and gown, and preach and preach and preach and preach and surplice and gown, and preach and preach and surplice and gown, and preach a the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal nature. It is click, click, click! I wonder why some great providence does not come, and with one stroke prepare you for heaven. Ah, no. God says that is not the way. And so he keeps up by strokes of little annoyances, little sorrows, little vexations, until at last you shall be a glad spectacle for angels and for men. You know that a large fortune may be spent in small change, and a vast amount of moral character may go away in small depletion. A swarm of locusts will kill a grain field sooner than the incursion of three or four cattle. You say, "Since I lost my child, since I lost my property, I have been a different man." But you de not recognize the architecture of little annovances that are hewing, digging there for swords and muskets. I look upon the church of Christ and the Sabbath day as only the place and time where and when we are to get armed for Christian conflict; but the battle-cutting, shaping, splitting and intercutting, shaping, splitting and inter-joining your moral qualities. Rats may sink a ship. One lucifer match may

brokers' shops. The classic mansion of Ashland has been cut up into walking sticks. The groves where the poets said the gods dwelt have been ance and vexation that comes through your soul. This might not amount to much, in single cases, but in the aggrepeared before the emigrant's ax and gate it would be a great revenue of the trapper's gun, and that man who spiritual strength and satisfaction. A is waiting for a life bewitched of won-bee can suck honey even out of a netis waiting for a life bewitched of won-ders will never find it. There is, how-tle, and if you have the grace of God ever, a field for endurance and great in your heart, you can get sweetness achievement, but it is in everyday life. out of that which would otherwise irri-There are Alps to scale, there are tate and annoy. A returned mission-Hellesponts to swim, there are fires to ary told me that a company of adbrave; but they are all around us now. venturers rowing up the Ganges were This is the hardest kind of martyrdom stung to death by flies that infest that small troubles.

A Honolulu Feast. A Kentucky burgoo is nething compared with a Honolulu feast. An American in Hawaii writes about one the attended not long ago. The awning of sails covered tables occupying 6,000 square feet, with room for several hundred guests. The cooks were proful in an insignificent position in life, you would not be faithful in a grand mission. If you cannot stand the bite or a midge, how could you endure the breath of a basilisk?

It you are not faithful in a grand 6,000 square feet, with room for several hundred guests. The cooks were provided with forty-five half-grown pigs, two beeves, 125 chickens, several hundred guests of the cooks were provided with forty-five half-grown pigs, two beeves, 125 chickens, several hundred guests of the cooks were provided with forty-five half-grown pigs, two beeves, 125 chickens, several hundred guests of the cooks were provided with forty-five half-grown pigs, two beeves, 125 chickens, several hundred guests. dred fish, and sweet potatoes in abundance. The cooking was in pits filled with hot stones. On these was spread a thick layer of fresh banana stems followed by nearly three feet of meat in bundles. Over these was laid a thick mat of banana leaves, and on top a lid of dirt a foot thick. The trussed pigs were put in whole, and the cook ing occupied an entire night. The tish and sweet potatoes were simmered in their own juice in another pit. The tables were gay with functivily cut watermelons, and supplied with native nuts, fruits, and sea food. The feasters were not only allowed, but expected to lick their fingers.

as the waving tops of Oregon pine the field, and never yet has forgotten and Lebanon cedar; and the alder, me, a poor little flower." Oh! when I crackling under the cow's hoof, sounds see the great heavens bending them-

A WOMAN'S LIFE. Its Seven Stages, from the Gradie to the Grave, Deftly Told.

wee mother is carefully putting her favorite doll to bed, gossips the New Orleans Picayune. With tender olicitude she carefully removes each fainty garment and fastens on the iny nightgewn. Then with a fond tiss she hugs her treasure to her and places it in its cradle. After tapping it gently she tiptoes out of the room as the twilight peeps curiously in.

A fair maiden stands before her

cooking glass adding the last touches to her evening toilet. Her lover will soon be here! Her eyes are full of inaccent lovelight! She looks eagerly at her reflection in the glass! How read that the treatment of the last is that the interval of the last interval. glad she is that she is pretty! She frowns a little at a crimp that will not stay just as it should. A ring comes at the door and she hastens away to meet her beloved.

A young wife sits auxiously watching for her husband. At each approaching footstep her heart beats rapturously and then grows heavy with disappointment! She will not go indoors, it is so sweet out there! The creeping shadows cheer her trembling soul—so she waits and wishes, and the shadows lengthen into darkened night.

A mother is rocking her baby to sleep. He looks at her gravely while they move to and fro, as if asking why the bright sunshine must leave and the ugly shadows hide her dear face from oim. There is a wealth of wisdom in his great sweet eyes! He holds tightly to her dress, as if to keep her near

When at last his eyes are closed she when at last his eyes are closed she disengages the loving hand, kisses him lightly—he must not be awakened—and arises to put him into his crib. Thus she sinks back into her chair and begins to rock again. It is so pleasant to rest in the twilight, and he is so sweet to nurse!

A woman kneels by a fresh made grave. The headboard stares coldly at her and seems to say over and over "He was her only child and she was a widow." With tear laden eyes she beeds lower and lower, till her lips rest upon the earth. She longs so to kiss the quiet form it is hiding from her! And the twilight seems to hurry past and lose itself in the darkness.

A careworn old woman sits watching the shadows come—they are friends to her-friends that she welcomes-for they always sing the same song to her, "One Day Nearer Home." And she smiles to them her thanks. She, too, repeats, "one day nearer home." And so life-woman's life-goes on in the twilight till rest comes to her weary body and joy to her aching heart-till her spirit reaches its home, where never a shadow can fall upon it.

BEATEN BY A MOOSE. Exciting Four-Mile Race in Which the Monarch of the Forest Won.

As a short train of flat-cars was runping up the Duluth & Winnipeg Road into Itasca County, Minn., a large moose was discovered near the track, says Youth's Companion. In an in-stant he fled ahead of the train along the old tote path used by the Indians and woodsmen before the railway was built. The path is close to the car track and parallel with it. As there are no regular trains on Sunday the engineer had a clear field and determined to show the moose how to run. The iron horse snorted and bounded along over his track of steel, while all on board intently watched the race. It was a four-mile straightaway run.

The moose's gait was an indescriba-ble trot, such as only a moose can exhibit; his hind feet fanning his ears. in length. At first it was only a little log, but as the engine began to do its best the moose let himself out a knot at a time, and all the mysterious power of steam could not prevail against this monarch of the forest.

Faster and faster sped the engine. but still the frightened moose trotted in the van, letting out his tongue another link, and adding another knot, as was needed, to his gait. But when four miles had thus been traversed. the contestants came upon a clearing where men were gathered. Thus driven from his pathway and forced to abandon what seemed a playful pas-time, the moose dashed across the track several rods in front of the gngine, and a moment later, without awaiting the reward of his wellearned laurels, was lost to sight in the forest.

Solid With the Company.

Among the first railroads built in the United States was a little line about twenty miles in length. In the course of time a big tunnel line was constructed through the same country. The original line became merely a branch. For many years it was run in a cheap way, with one locomotive, one engineer, and two or three freight cars.

Finally a new general manager was appointed. He had not been in office but one week when he sent for the one lone conductor, who had been there ever since the road was built.

"I would like to have your resignation," said the general manager when the conductor appeared. "My resignation?" inquired the con-

ductor in astonishment. "Yes, sir; yours." "What, for, pray?"

"Well, I want to make some changes and get new blood in the line," was the general manager's reply.
"I won't resign," answered the con-

ductor. "Then, I will be compelled to discharge you, a step which, for your sake, I had hoped I would be saved from taking."

"Young man, you will not discharge me. I own a controlling interest in the stock of this railroad and elect the President and Board of Directors. I shall have you fired."

The old conductor did really own the majority of the stock, and, as he said, put in his own Board of Directors and President .- Atlanta Constitution.

Col. John Hav has presented Adel bert College in Cleveland with \$2,000

THE MIGRATIONS OF INSECTS. Flights of Butterfiles and Dragon File

We all know that birds of nearly every species dwelling within the north temperate zone migrate for long distances and at stated periods flying in the spring to the far north and returning to the south in autumn or early winter. A few kinds of quadrupeds also migrate at certain schools chiefly in search of more abundant food. This is true of the buffaloes, which at one time roamed in vast herds east of the Mississippi river, but which, many years ago, departed to the grassy plains of the far west, never to return. Travelers relate a similar fact with regard to great troops of elephants in certain sections of Africa.

Certain reptiles also migrate from place to place. I have myself observed, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia Times, rattlesnakes crawling across a western prairie in countless numbers, all in the same direction. At the time I saw them they were spread over a very large terri-tory, the width of the strange pro-cession being not less than eight to ten miles.

The migration of insects is a that has been seldom recorded and perhaps not often witnessed. In this case, again, to find illustrations, we must look to the prairies of the west. In that vast and trackless domain, where nature reigns supreme, she unfolds her richest treasures and relates her strangest stories.

It was once my good fortune to wit-ness in the far southwest the migrations in vast numbers of three widely different species of insects. The first, which took place in the month of May, wat the flight of white butterflies of the species known as kricogonia lyside, bout as large as our common cabbage butterfly, and pretty closely resemb-ling it. In the morning these white butterflies began to leave the places where they had concealed themselves

during the night and to move to one general direction toward the north. By noon the prairie was alive with them all around as far as the eye could I walked several miles that morning through the vast cloud of wings, but found no end of it. At times I com-

pared them in numbers to bees leaving a hive, at others to great rarid snow-flakes. I stood with my collecting-net catching on the wing some of the finest and largest specimens that came within reach. There was not much choice, however, for I noticed that nearly all of them were in fresh and perfect condition, having evidently just emerged from the chrysalis.

All that day they continued to fly, but, of course, the migration ceased at night, because it is the instinct of butterflies to go under cover when darkness approaches. I found few that had lodged under the leaves of the mesquite, a bush related to our locust. The next morning the flight was re-sumed, and the white-robed travelers continued to move past me in dense swarms for about an hour, after which the numbers dwindled down, then became scattered. Then a few strag-glers only were to be seen, and at last

they disappeared.
On two other occasions I witnessed northward migrations of the same species. I was assured by observers, whom I had reason to consider trustworthy, that in the early autumn large flights of this same white butterfly take place in a southward direction. Such a flight must be composed of insects of a later brood, because the life of an individual butterfly is but a few weeks in duration at most. It is quite possible that by some developed inhis tongue hanging from his mouth, every muscle in his body moving, while his paces were apparently two rods in length. At first it was able to little summer to seek a more nowhern a more northern climate, where they may find a soil less baked by the sun and more succulent herbage adapted to the wants of their voracious caterpillars.

At the end of summer it would seem that they return, like the birds, to find a warm and sunny winter. The flights that I observe took place in southern Texas, but in my journeys farther north I never found this species in large numbers, I am, therefore, unable to say to what northern locality my great clouds of white butterflies could have been wafted. In June of the same year and again

in August a certain large dragon fly caught the migrating fever and mil-lions of this kind flew in swarms all in one direction over the prairie. As far as our party could travel in one day we continued to see these winged "darning-needles." In June they flew due north jest, in August nearly southwest. This also seemed like a going and returning migration. Unlike the butterflies, these dragon flies continued their passage during the night and their procession occupied three or four days in passing us. We had no means of learning whither they were bound or whence they came.

The common gray beetle known as the Spanish fly is another migrant over the Texas prairies. Our party suddenly encountered an army of these beetles as we were driving from one of our hunting camps to another, and we turned and followed in its wake. The insects crawled as fast as their active legs could carry them, making a column that varied from six inches to two feet in width and more than 100 yards in length. The head of the army was impactly formed in a dense line, but its rear ended with a long stream of stragglers, which became fewer and more scattered until they gradually ceased. I am inclined to believe that all these myriads of Leetles were batched from eggs laid close together by a few females of the preceding generation.

The new Countess of Dudley is, according to all accounts, a very beautiful woman, but to say that she is handsomer than the dowager Countess, her mother-in-law, is something which is difficult to believe. The senior Countess is one of the beauties of Europe. whose charms only ripen and expand with age.

"Isn't it strange that the law in New York compels a politician to sweat concerning his campaign expenses? Whatever made them think such a law was needed?"—Bultimore American.





I suffered from temporary elecplessness from overwork for two years, for which t used Paster Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and can recommend same as the best medicine for similar tr ubles. F. BORNHORST. HICKMAN, Neb., October, 1890,

About four years ago our now 20-year old daughter had an epileptic fit after she had ratired and about a year later she had another such attack; we could hardly believe that she had this terrible disease, "Epilepsy," but when about three months later she again had a fit we were forced to believe the fact that the dreaded malady had fastened upon her, and as we supposed a disease without a known remedy. About this time we read about Pastor Koenigs Nerve Tonic, and we concluded to try a bottla. God be thanked, she is cured

Mit, and MRS. LESOING.

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