TALMAGE IN THE SOUTH.

"AND HE WAS ANGRY, AND WOULD NOT GO IN."

The Self Congratulatory, Self Satisfied, Self Worshipful Man Is Full of Faults. Two Kinds of Higher Life Men-Retarned Prodigats.

ATLANTA, Ga., Ang. 12.-The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, is in this region. He has spoken several times at the great Piedmont Chronauqua, and his public appearances are attended by vast multitudes everywhere. Preaching from the text (Luke xv, 28) "And he was angry and would not go in," he said:

Is the elder son of the parable so unsympathetic and so cold that he is not worthy of the fact that he has no faith that the reformarecognition? The fact is that we ministers. pursue the younger son. You can hear the flapping of his rags in many a sermonic breeze, and the cranching of the pods for which he was an unsuccessful contestant, 1. confess that for a long time I was unable to to stay on the farm. He will fall away. I train the camera obscura upon the eider son of the parable. I never could get a negative if I thought this thing was genuine; but it is for a photograph. There was not enough a sham. That boy is a confirmed inebriate light in the gallery, or the chemicals were and debauches." Alast my triends, for poor, or the sitter moved in the picture, the incredulity in the church of Bat now I think I have him. Not a side face, Christ in regard to the reclamation or a three-quarters, or the mere bust, but a full len; th portrait as he appears to me. The been a strong drinker. I say: "Yes; but he father in the parable of the prodigal had has reformed." "Oh?" you say, with a lugu nothing to brag of in his two sons. The one was a rake and the other a churk. I find nothing admirable in the dissoluteress of the one and I find nothing attractive in the aerid solutiety of the other. The one goes down Don't make too lag a party for that returned over the larboard side and the other goes prodigal, or strike the timbrel too lond; and down over the starboard side, but they both go down,

From the window of the old homestead vigorous and resounding. The neighbors from his winderings, and they have gathered has not in it a prodigal that has I suppose the tables are loaded with luxuries, Not only the one kind of meat mentioned, bat its concomitants. "Clap!" go the cym-bals, "thrum!" go the harps, "elick!" go the chalices, up and dows go the feet inside, while outside is a most sorry spectacle.

The scalor son stands at the corner of the house, a frigid phlegmatic. He has just come in from the fields in very substantial opparel. Sceing some wild exhilarations around the old mansion, he asks of a servant passing by faithful, and their eternal salvation is as with a goat skin of wine on his shoulder what all the fuss is about. One would have heaven. And yet some of you have not thought that, on hearing that his younger brother had got back, he would have gone into the house and rejoiced, and if he were not conscientiously opposed to dancing, that he would have joined in the oriental schottische. No, There he stands. His brow lowers. His lip curls with contempt. He stamps the ground with indignation. He sees nothing at all to attract. The odors of the feast coming out on the air do not sharpen his appetite. The lively music does not put are going to neaven one would think some any spring into his step. He is in a terrible. pout. He criticises the expense, the injustice and the morals of the entertainment. The father rushes out bareheaded and coaxes him their company, and the general rule is, away to come in. He will not go in. He scolds the inflier. He goes inton proquinade against the younger brother, and he makes the most uncomely scone. He says, "Father, you put of a hospital, and that the more a man has a premium on vagabondism. I stayed at been bruised and cat with sin the more need churches. Christians who do not like the home and worked on the farm. You hever the has to be carried into human and divine made a party for me; you didn't so much as sympathy. But for such men there is not kill a kid; that wouldn't have cost half as much room in this world-the men who want much as a calf; but the scapegrace went off the come back after wandering. Plenty of in fine clothes and he comes back not fit to room for elegant sinners-sinners in velvet, be seen, and what a time you make over him. and satin, and lace-for sinners high salaried, He breaks your beart and you pay him for it. That calf to which we have been for sinners fixed up by hair dresser, pogiving extra feed during all these weeks matumed, and lavendered, and cologued, wouldn't be to fat and stock if I had known and frizzled, and crimped, and "banged" to what the you were going to put it! That sinners-plenty of room. Such we meet hanquetel. Veal is too good for him?" That and we invite them into our best sents avoid also the iraseibility and the petulanes evening, while the younger son ant telling with Chesterfieldian gallantries; we usher and the ponting spirit of the elder son, and Lis father about his adventures, and asking them into the house of God and put imitate the father, who had embraces for the about what had occurred on the place since soft ottomans under their feet and returning prodigal and coaxing words for his departure, the senior brother goes to bed disgusted and slams the door after him. That senior brother still lives. You can see him any Sunday, any day of the week. At a meeting of ministers in Germany some one added the question, "Who is that chier son?" and Krummacher answered, "I know him; I saw him yesterday." And when they insisted upon knowing whom he meant, he mid, "Myself; when I saw the account of the conversion of a most obnoxious man, I was irritated. First, this sector brother of the text stands for the cell congratulatory, self satisfied, self worshipful man. With the same breath in which he vitaperates against his younger brother he utters a papegyrie for himself. The self righteous man of my text, like every other (elf righteous man, was full of faults, He was an ingrate, for he did not appreciate the home ble sings which he had all those years. He was disabledient, for when the father told him to come in he stayed out. He was a line, for he said that the recreast son had decoursed his father's living, when the father, so far from being reduced to penary, had a bonestend left, had instruments of musie, had jowels, had a mansion, and, instead of being a pauper, was a prince. This senior brother, with so many faults of his own, was merciless in his criticism of the younger brother. The only perfect people that I have ever known were ut-terly obnoxious, I was never so badly cheated in all my life us by a perfect man. He get so far up in his devotions that he was clear up above all the rules of common honesty. These men that go about prowling among prayer meetings and in places of business, telling how good they are, look out for them; keep your hand on our pocket book! I have noticed that just in proportion that a man gets good he gets humble. The deep Mississippi does not make as much noise as the brawling mountain rivulet. There has been many a store that had more goods in the show window than inside on the shelves. This self rightcous man of the text stood at the corner of the house hugging himself in admiration. We hear a great deal in our day about the higher life. Now, there are two kinds of higher life men. The one are admirable, and the other are most repulsive. The one kind of higher life man is very lenient in his criticism of others, does not bore prayer meetings to death with long harangues, does not talk a great deal about himself, but much about Christ and heaven, gets kindlier and more gentle and more useful until one day his soul spreads a wing and he flies away to eternal rest, and everybody mourns his departure. The other higher life man goes around with a Bible conspicuously under his arm, goes from church to church, a sort of general evangelist, is a nuisance to his own pastor when he is at home, and a nuisance to other pastors when he is away from home; runs up to some man who is counting out a roll of bank bills, or running up a difficult line of figures, and asks him how his soul is; makes religion a dose of ipecacuanha; standing in a religious meeting making an address, he has a patronining way, as though ordinary Christians were clear away down below him, so he had to talk at the top of his voice in order to make them hear, but at the

is at by cambing many years they may after a while come up within sight of the place are he now stands. I tell yru plainly that rearing, roistering, bouncing sinner is not a regularize to me as that higher life unlformation. The former may repent; the lattor never gets over his pharisaism. The younger brother of the parable came back. but the sector brother stands cutside entirely oblivious of his own delinquencies and deficits, pronouncing his own cologium. Oh,

how much easier it is to blame others than to blame ourselves! Adam blamed Eve, Eve blamed the serpent, the serpent blamed the devil, the senior brother blamed the younger brother, and none of them blamed themselves.

Again, the senior brother of my text stands for all those who are faithles; about the reformation of the dissipated and the dissolute. In the very tones of his voice you can hear tion of the younger son is genuine. His entire manner seems to say: "That boy has come back for more money. He got a third of the property; now he has come back for another third. He will never be contented would go in, too, and rejoice with the others of the recreant! You say a man has brious face, "I hope you are not mistaken; I hope you are not mistaken." You say: "Don't rejoice too much over his conversion, for soon he will be unconverted, I fear if you kill a calf, kill the one that is on the commons, and not the one that has been luxuriating in the paddock." That is the reason fursts the minstreisy. The floor quakes with why more produgals do not come home to the same line of business. How selthe first of the custies, whose dance is always their father's house. It is the rank infidelity in dom it is you hear of a physician the church of God on this subject. There is Lave henril of the return of the younger son not a house on the streets of heaven that

together. The house is full of congratulators, returned and strayed home. There could be the success of others. The next best thing to unrolled before you a scroll of a hundred thousand names-the names of prodigals who came back forever reformed. Who was John Bunyan? A returned prodigal. Who was Richard Baxter! A returned prodigal. Who was George Whitefield, the thunderer! A returned prodigal. And I could go out in all directions in this audience and find on either side those who. once far astray for many years, have been sure as though they had been ten years in enough faith in their return.

You do not know how to shake hands with a prodigal. You do not know how to pray for him. You do not know how to greet him He wants to sail in the warm gulf stream of against which he strikes and shivers. You say he has been a provigal. I know it. But you are the sour, unresponsive, censorious, saturnine, cranky, elder brother, and if you people would be tempted to go to perdition to get away from you. The hunters say that if with the man who has been wounded with Now, I say, the more bones a sin. man has broken the more need he has for kid gloved and patent lather sinners; vagabond deserves to be cowhided instead of elegantly at the door of our churches, avoid the dissoluteness of the younger son, put a gilt edged prayer book in their hand, and pass the contribution box before them with an air of analogy, while they, the generous souls, take out the exquisite portemonnale, and open it, and with diamonit inger pash down beyond the ten dollar gold places and delicately pick out as an expres-sion of gratitude their offering to the Lord, of one cent. For such sinners, plenty of room, plenty of room. But for the man who has been drinking until his coat is threadbare and his face is ervalpelased, and his wife's wedding dress is in the pawnbroker's shop, and his children, instead of being in school, are out begging broken brend at the basement doors of the city-the man, body, mind and soul on fire with the flames that have leaped from the scathing, scorching, blasting, cousuming cup which the drankard takes, trembling, and agonized, and affrighted, and presses to his parelied lip, and his cracked tongue, and his shricking yet immortal spirit -no room.

an I I ought to have had the banquet, and I mo time encouraging them to hope on; ought to have had the garlands." Alas for this spirit of eavy and jealousy coming down through the ages! Cain and Abel, Esan and Jacob, Saul and David, Haman and Morde cat, Otheilo and Iago, Orlando and Augelica, Caligula and Torquatus, Casar and Pompey, Columbus and the Spanish courtiers, Cambyses and the brother he slew because he was a better marksman. Dionyslus and Philoxenius, whom he slew because he was a better singer. Jealousy among painters, Closterman and Geoffrey Kneller, Hudson and Reynolds. Francia, anxious to see a picture of Raphael, Raphael sends him a picture. Francia, seeing it, fails in a fit of alousy from which he dies. Jealousy. among authors. How seldom contempora-ries speak of each other. Xenophon and Plate living at the same time, but from their writings you never would suppose they heard each other. Religious jealousies. The of Mahommedans praying for rain during a drought, no rain coming. Then the Christians begin to pray for rain, and the rain comes, Then the Mahommedans met together to account for this, and they resolved that God was so well pleased with their prayers he kept the drought on so as to keep them praying; but that the Christians began to pray, and the Lord was so disgusted with their prayers that he sent rain right away so he would not hear any more of their supplications. Oh, this accursed spirit of envy and jealousy! Let us stamp it out from

all our bearts. A wrestler was so envious of Theogenes. the prince of wrestlers, that he could not be consoled in any way; and after Theogenedied and a statue was lifted to him in a public lace, his envious antagonist went out and wrestled with the statue until one night he throw it, and it fell on him and crushed him to death. So jealousy is not only absurd, it is killing to the body and it is killing to the ail. How seidom it is you find one merchant speaking well of a merchant in speaking well of a physician on the ame block. Oh, my friends, the world is large enough for all of us. Let us rejoice at owning a garden ourselves is to look over the fence and admire the flowers. The next best thing to riding in a fine equipage is to stand on the street and admire the prancing span. The next best thing to having a banquet given to ourselves is having a banquet given to our prodigal brother that has come ome to his father's house.

Besides that, if we do not get as much honor and as much attention as others, we ought to congratulate ourselves on what we escape in way of assault. The French general, riding on horseback at the head of his troops, heard a soldier complain and say, "It is very easy for the general to command us forward while he rides and we walk." Then the gen eral dismounted and compelled the complaining soldier to get on the horse. Coming Christian sympathy. You are the iceberg through a ravine, a bullet from a sharpshooter struck the rider, and he fell dead. Then the general said, "How much safer it is walk thanto ride!

Once more I have to tell you that this senior brother of my text stands for the pouting Christian. While there is so much congratulation within doors, the hero of my a deer be shot the other deer shove him out of text stands outside, the corners of his month drawn down, looking as he felt-miserable. 1 nm glad his lagubrious physiognomy did not spoil the festivity within. How mmuy ponting Christians there are in our day-Christians who do not like the music of our hilarities of the young-pouting, pouting, ponting at society, pouting at the fashion conting at the newspapers, pouting at the hurch, pouting at the government, pouting at the high heaven. Their spicen is too large, their liver does not work, their digestion is broken down, there are two cruets in their easter always sure to be well supplied-vinegar and red pepper! Oh. come away from that mood. Stir a little succharine into your disposition. While you

LITTLE LAUGHS

"Say, hoss, what fo' ye put dat black stuff an yo' har?" asked a sable servant of his well preserved master. "I am dying, Egypt, dying," was the mournful response of one who will renew his youth at a watering place, and feel better in the fail,-New Orleans Picavinte

She +llow can you sit there smoking Henry, when the garden is in such a wretched condition? He-My dear, that is the silliest question you have asked me this summer My intense devotion to the word should explain the matter to you .- New Haven News. To cure a woman of stammering ask her what she thinks of the girl her husband came near getting engaged to a couple of years before she married him .- Somerville Jour nnl.

Two Exeter ladies asked the price of back fare, and, finding it was twenty-five cents, nelcod: What do you ask for carrying bag-"Nothing," said Ben. "Well, you mage / may carry the baggage and we will walk,' said the ladies. Haverhill Bulletin.

The new electric style of hanging will possets this beauty: Stranger (to lady in mouraing)-1 infer, madame, that you have re-cently lost a husbarnit Widow (sadly)-Ah, yes; my poor husband was struck by light ning .- The Epoch,

Rider Haggard says he has lost \$250,000 because there is no international copyright See here, Rider, don't you kick about your little seven by nine longer. We curselves have fost more than nine or ten millions because we didu't low Manhattan Island when it was sold for \$24. And later than that we lost in much more because Commodore Vanderbilt wasn't our father. Talk about losses! it's a wonder overy hair in our head ha't white, Bundelin.

Teacher (to (las)-Why is procrastination. called the fixed of time / Boy int font of classi--Because it takes a person so long to say it. -Life.

The man who can pack a trunk ought to marry the woman who can sharpen a lead pencif. - Fall River Advance.

Mrs. Parks-Good gracious, Henry, what am I to do? I can't go to the concert tonight. Somebody has stolen my bustle! Mr. Parks (indistinctly, with his mouth full of latter) - Take the bird cage.-Burlington Free Press.

Brown-You are looking bright and happy this morning, Dumley. Dumley-Yes; I'm out of debt at last. Every bill I owed was outlawed yesterkay. I tell you, Brown, a man feels like a man when he is square with the world.-New York Sun.

Gus (on the avenue)-What's your hurry, Jack! Jack (breathless)-For heaven's sale Gus, don't detain me, it's 4 o'clock and I've got my 2 o'clock suit on .- The Epoch.

Mother to daughter)-I was surprised and shocked. Clara, that you should show so litthe emotion at the funeral of your Uncle James. And he leaves you in his will \$10,-000, too. Daughter-Yes, mamma; but when the functional tools place I had no idea that dear Uncle Jame: had remembered me so renerously.-Life.

The Livery of Age.

"I see you have a white haired conchman." friend; "isn't that something unusuali"

"H-u-sh," said her friend, looking around enutiously: "I don't mind telling you, but I wouldn't want everybody to know. He's only a make up."

"What do you menu?" "Why, you see, he came to us so well recommended we wanted to take him, but he was too awfully handsome. So I told him I auld only engage him on one condition." "And that"-

"Ho must wear a white wig. It makes lairs appear quite venerable and gives a respectable air to the whole turnout. I am surprised no one ever thought of the plan before: "No am 1," said her friend in a tone of deep

20nyistion-Detroit Free Press. Includes Everything.

Coldy-Why is it. Orion, th OVERV

LEAP YEAR

BALL - PROGRAMS,

AND INVITATIONS

With Illumination designs appropriate for the occasion,

Printed in finest style of the art at

COURIER : OFFICE.

-ALSO--

LEAP YEAR RECEPTION CARDS.

Wessel & Dobbins,

Ort Frinters,

New Burr Block, Cor, 12th and O Sts.

remarked a lady who was visiting a Detroit Wedding Invitations, Engraved Calling Cards, Box Station-

ery, Fine Printing of all Kinds.

Give Us a Trial Order.

Oh, if this younger son of the parable had not gone so far off, if he had not dropped so low in wassail, the protest would not have lift us been so severe; but going clear over the precipice as the younger son did, the elder son is angry and will not go in.

Oh, be not so hard in your criticism of the fallen, lest thou thyself also be tempted. A stranger one Sunday staggered up and down the nisles of my church, disturbing the service until the service had to stop until he was taken from the room. He was a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ of a sister denomination! That man had preached the Gospel, that man had broken the bread of the holy communion for the people. From what a height to what a depth! Oh, I was glad there was no smiling in the room when that man was taken out, his poor wife following him with his hat in her hand and his coat on her arm. It was as solenin to me as two funerals-the funeral of the body and the funeral of the soul. Beware lest thou also be tempted.

An invalid went to South America for his health, and one day sat sunning himself on the beach, when he saw something crawling up the beach, wriggling toward him, and he was affrighted. He thought it was a wild beast or a reptile, and he took his pistol from his pocket. Then he saw it was not a wild beast. It was a man, an immortal man, a man made in God's own image; and the poor wretch crawled up to the feet of the invalid and asked for strong drink. The invalid took his wine flask from his pocket and gave the poor wretch something to drink, and under the stimulus he rose up and gave his history. He had been a merchant in Glasgow, Scotland. He had gone down under the power of strong drink until he was so reduced in poverty that he was lying in a boat just off the beach, "Why," said the investd, "I know a marchant in Glasgow once," a merchant by such and such a name, and the poor wretch straightened himself and said, "I am that 1382.19 "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

Again, I remark that the senior brother of my text stands for the spirit of cuvy and jealousy. The senior brother thought that till the honor they did to the returned brother was a wrong to him. He said: "I have stayed set me

the spienetic malcontent.

Ah! the face of this pouting elder son is put before us in order that we might better see the radiant and forgiving face of the father. Contrasts are mighty. The artist in sketching the field of Waterloo, years after the battle, put a dove in the mouth of the cannon. Raphael, in one of his cartoons, beside the face of a wretch, put the face of a happy and innocent child And so the sour face of this irascible and disgusted elder brother is brought out in order that in the contrast, we may better understand the forgiving and the radiant face of God. That is the meaning of it-that God is ready to take back anybody that is sorry, to take him clear back, to take him back forever, and forever, and forever, to take him back with a loving hug, to put a kiss on his parched lip, a ring on his bloated hand, an easy shoe on are chafed foot, a garland on his bloeding tem ples, and heaven in his soul. On, I fail flat on that mercy! Come, my brother, and let us get down into the dust, resolved never to rise until the Father's forgiving hand shall

Oh, what a God we have! Ering your doxlogies. Come, earth and heaven, and joinin the worship. Cry aloud, Lift the pain; branches. Do you not feel the Father's arm around your neck! Do you not feel the warm breath of your father against your cheek! Surrender, younger son! Surrender, elder son! Surrender, all! Oh, go in today and sit down at the banquet. Take a slice of the fatted calf, and afterward, when you are seated, with one hand in the hand of the returned brother, and the other hand in the hand of the rejoicing father, let your heart beat time to the clapping of the cymbal and the mellow voice of the flute. "It is meet that we should make merry, and be giad; for this thy brother was dead and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

Indians of the Territory.

"In five out of seven cases," said Col. Elias Boudinot, "the educated young Indian sees that land is the basis of wealth. He notes how high it is held in the states, and how prosperous are those who till it wisely in the territory. He claims a piece, gets some stock and a nice horse or two, and marries an Indian girl who has been to school in the states, or a white girl in St. Louis, Little Rock,or some other place. The Indians bave good schools, and from these schools the smartest boys and girls are sent to institutions for learning in the states. Often their parents send others. When I taught school I was amazed to find that full bred Indian boys who could not understand any English could read it by the page and entirely cor-rectly. But the race is fading. Worthless and greedy white men see the chance the territory offers. Here is rich land that pays no taxes to be had for the marrying of an Indian girl, and they seize the chance to get it."-New York Sun.

The Cause.

Gazzam-Hello, Cumso, you lock entirely fagged out. What's the matter/ Cumso-Oh, nothing! A week's rest will set me up. Just back from my vacation --

you meet Trombly you ask him, "How's everything Orson-Why, didn't you know that Trom-

bly thinks he owns the earth?-Once a Week. Infatlible.

love with your Ella-He pays such polite attention to my ugliest sister. -- Detroit Free Press.

A Short Aflowance.

Mrs. Nobby-How many servants do you take with you to Ear Harbor, Mrs. Tiptop? Mrs. Tiptop-Only twenty-five the sum-You know I leave the baby at homemer. Boston Herald.

QUIET CHUCKLES.

With defaulters it is fly time at any season of the year.-Boston Post.

If most people only know us much as they think they know, they wouldn't talk so much about it .- Somerville Journal.

A fashion writer tells us that paff's are quite the proper thing in female attire this season. It is noticed that actresses continue to come to newspapers for them as heretotore, -- Boston Pest.

If the oyster could speck it would probably refer to the claim just now as its 'steamed ontemporary,--Boston Courier.

The girl of the period is not unused to arms, though she may utterly fail in the art of self defense.-Boston Commonwealth,

A city young man who while summering a week in the country fell in love with a pretty dnirymaid, proposed, and was rejected, to d his friends when he returned home that he only got one "milk shake" while he was away .- Norristown Herald.

You can tell when a dog is warm, the same as you can tell a dude when you meet him or the street by his hold pants, - Yonkers Statesman.

Some people have strange tastes. Hugh M. Brooks, in this weather, is pleased to stay thirty days over his time in a hot St. Louis jail. He might have been hanged a week - New Orleans Picayane. ago.

As a result of advertising furniture on the installment plan a Tremont street famiture dealer was rather surprised the other day when a woman came in and asked for "Mr. Installment" and did not want to talk to any one else .-- Boston T's ins.

Not Strong Lnough.

"How!"

"Did you write those verses in today's paper, entitled 'In a Dream?" queried Me-Petter of Poeta Nascitur Non Fit. "Yes. What did you think of them?" "I didn't read them very closely, but I thought you missed it in the title."

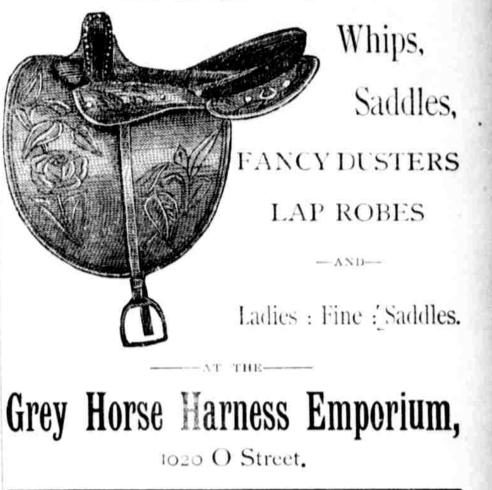
"You should have called them 'In a Nightmare?" -- Detroit Free Press.

Or the Fat Woman Who Moves Up. "Things That Never Die," is the title of a magazine poem. We have searched in vain, however, for any mention of the man who sticks to the end seats of an open horse car .-Boot and Shoe Recorder

ow on sale.

The Season for Driving

Ada-Why do you think Mr. Smith is in Has opened and we have just received a fine line of Turf Goods and a great variety of



Garfield Addition

O Seventeenth street car line of Lincoln Street Railway, lots fronting on

GARFIELD PARK.

Inquire at Room 34 Richards Block.