

DR. TALMAGE'S TOUR.

A BUSY WEEK IN SCOTLAND AND NORTHERN ENGLAND.

A Text Taken from Solomon's Song. "Fair as the Moon, Clear as the Sun and Terrible as an Army with Banners."—The Glorious March.

LONDON, Aug. 7.—The week, like others that have preceded it since the beginning of Rev. Dr. Talmage's foreign preaching tour, has been a very busy one. Indeed since July 24, when he preached in the English and American church in Berlin, while en route from Russia to Scotland, Dr. Talmage can scarcely be said to have had a moment's leisure. Services have been held at Edinburgh, Inverness, Aberdeen, Dundee, Glasgow, Newcastle and Sunderland. The sermon for this week is entitled "The Glorious March," the text being from Solomon's Song vi, 10, "Fair as the moon, clear as the sun and terrible as an army with banners."

The fragrance of spikenard, the flash of jewels, the fruitfulness of orchards, the luxuriance of gardens, the beauty of Heshbon fish pools, the dew of the night and the splendor of the morning—all contribute to the richness of Solomon's style when he comes to speak of the glory of the church. In contrast with his eulogium of the church, look at the denunciations things that are said in our day in regard to it. If one stockholder becomes a cheat, does that destroy the whole company? If one soldier be a coward, does that condemn the whole army? And yet there are many in this day so unphilosophic, so ill-logical, so dishonest and so unfair as to denounce the entire church of God because there are here and there bad men belonging to it.

There are those who say that the church of God is not up to the spirit of the day in which we live, but I have to tell you that notwithstanding all the swift wheels, and the flying shuttles, and the lightning communications, the world has never yet been able to keep up with the church. As high as God is above man, so high is the church of God—higher than all human institutions. From her lamp the best discoveries of the world have been lighted. The best of our inventors have believed in the Christian religion—Fulton, the Morse, the Whitney, the Perry, and the Livingstones. She has owned the best of the telescopes and Leyden jars, and while infidelity and atheism have gone blindfolded among the most startling discoveries that were about to be developed, the earth, and the air, and the sea have made quick and magnificent responses to Christian philosophers.

CHRIST'S STANDARD.
The world will not be up to the church of Christ until the day when all merchandise has become honest merchandise, and all governments have become free governments, and all nations evangelized nations, and the last deaf ear of spiritual death shall be broken open by the million voiced shout of nations born in a day. The church that Nebuchadnezzar tried to burn in the furnace, and Darius to tear to pieces with the lions, and Lord Claverhouse to cut with the sword has gone on wading the floods and enduring the fire until the deepest barbarism, and the fiercest cruelties, and the blackest superstitions have been compelled to look to the east, crying, "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun and terrible as an army with banners?"
Yet there are people who are ashamed to belong to the church of Christ, and if you ask them whether they are in such associations they say, "Yes, I sometimes attend the church," instead of realizing the fact that there is no honor compared with the honor of being a member of the church of God. I look back with joy to the most honored moment of my life, when in the old country meeting house the minister of Christ announced my name as a follower of the Lord.

You who are floating about in the world seeking for better associations, why do you not join yourself to some of the churches? An old sea captain was riding in the cars toward Philadelphia, and a young man sat down beside him. He said, "Young man, where are you going?" "I am going to Philadelphia to live," replied the young man. "Have you letters of introduction?" asked the old captain. "Yes," said the young man, and he pulled some of them out. "Well," said the old sea captain, "haven't you a church certificate?" "Oh, yes," replied the young man; "I didn't suppose you would want to look at that." "Yes," said the sea captain, "and I see that. As soon as you get to Philadelphia present it to some Christian church. I am an old sailor, and I have been up and down in the world, and it's my rule as soon as I get into port to fasten my ship fore and aft to the wharf, although it may cost a little wharfage, rather than have my ship out in the stream floating hither and thither with the tide."

A SAFE REFUGE.
Oh, men and women, by the tides of frivolity and worldliness swept this way and swept that way, seeking for associations and for satisfaction for the immortal soul, come into the church of Jesus Christ. Lash fast to her. She is the pillar and the ground of truth. I propose to speak of the threefold glory of the church, as it is described in the text:
First—"Fair as the moon." God, who has determined that everything shall be beautiful in its season, has not left the night without charm. The moon rises in the night. The stars are only set as gems in her tiara. Sometimes before the sun has gone down the moon mounts her throne, but it is after nightfall that she aways her undisputed scepter over island and continent, river and sea. Under her shining the plainest maple leaves become shivering silver, the lakes from shore to shore look like shining mirrors, and the ocean under her glance with great tides comes up panting upon the beach, mingling, as it were, foam and fire.
Under the witchery of the moon the awful steps lose their ruggedness and the chasms their terror. The poor man blesses God for throwing so cheap a light through the broken window pane of his cabin, and to the sick it seems like a light from the other shore that bounds this great deep of human pain and woe. If the sun be like a song, full and loud and poured forth from brazen instruments that fill heaven and earth with harmony, the moon is the voice and sad, standing beneath the throne of God, sending up her soft, sweet voice of praise while the stars listen and the sea! No mother ever more lovingly watched a sick cradle than this pale watcher of the sky bends over the weary, heartsick, slumbering earth, singing to it silvery music while it is rocked in the cradle of the spheres.
Now, says my text, "Who is she, fair as the moon?" Our answer is the church. Like the moon, she is a borrowed light. She gathers up the glory of a Saviour's sufferings, a Saviour's death, a Saviour's

resurrection, a Saviour's ascension, and pours that light on palace and dungeon, on squalid heathenism and elaborate skepticism, on widow's tears and martyr's roar of flame, on weeping penitence and loud mouthed scorn.
She is the only institution today that gives any light to our world. Into her portal the poor come, and get the sympathy of a once pillowless Christ; the bereaved come and see the bottle in which God saves all our tears, and the captives come, and on the sharp corners of her altars dash off their chains, and the thirsty come and put their cup under the "Rock of Ages," which pours forth from its smitten side living water, sparkling water, crystalline water, from under the throne of God and the Lamb. Blessed the bell that calls her worshippers to prayer. Blessed the water in which her members are baptized. Blessed the wine that glows in her sacramental cups. Blessed the songs on which her devotions travel up and the angels of God travel down.

SURVIVES ALL STORMS.
As the moon goes through the midst of the roaring storm clouds, unflashed and unharmed, and comes out calm and beautiful on the other side, so the church of God has gone through all the storms of this world's persecution and come out uninjured, no worse for the fact that Robespierre cursed it, and Voltaire caricatured it, and Tom Paine sneered at it, and all the forces of darkness have bombarded it. Not like some fearful comet shooting across the sky, scattering terror and dismay among the nations, but above the long howling night of the world's wretchedness, the Christian church has made her mild way, "Fair as the moon."
I take a step further in my subject—"Clear as the sun." After a season of storm or fog how you are thrilled when the sun comes out at noonday! The mists travel up hill above hill, mountain above mountain, until they are dry. The forests are full of chirp and buzz and song, the hawks make on the log, the bird's beak pounds the bark, the chatter of the squirrel on the rail, the call of a hawk out of the clear sky make you thankful for the sunshine which makes all the world so busy and so glad. The same sun which in the morning kindled conflagrations among the castles of cloud, stoops down to paint the lily white and the buttercup yellow and the forget-me-not blue.

What can resist the sun? Light for voyager on the deep, light for shepherds guarding the flocks, light for the poor who have no lamps to burn, light for the downcast and the weary, light for aching eyes and burning brain and consuming captive, light for the smooth brow of childhood and the dim vision of the octogenarian, light for queen's coronet and sewing girl's needle. "Let there be light."
Now, says my text, "Who is she that looketh forth clear as the sun?" Our answer is the church. You have been going along a road before daybreak, and on one side you thought you saw a lion, and on the other side you thought you saw a giant in the darkness, but when the sun came out you found these were harmless apparitions. And it is the great mission of the church of Jesus Christ to come forth "clear as the sun," to illumine all earthly darkness, to explain as far as possible all mystery, and to make the world radiant in its brightness, and that which you thought was an aroused lion is found out to be a lumbering lamb, and the spectral gates of your dead turn out to be the opening gates of heaven, and that which you supposed was a flaming sword to keep you out of paradise is an angel of light to beckon you in.

SUN OF THE CHURCH.
The lamps on her altars will cast their glow on your darkest pathway and cheer you, until, far beyond the need of lantern or lighthouse, you are safely anchored within the veil. Oh, sun of the church, shine on until there is no sorrow to soothe, no tears to wipe away, no shackles to break, no more souls to be redeemed! Ten thousand hands of sin have attempted to extinguish the lamps on her altars, but they are quenched, and to silence her pulpits, but the thunder would leap and the lightning would flame.
The church of God will yet come to full meridian, and in that day all the mountains of the world will be sacred mountains, touched with the glory of Calvary, and all streams will flow by the mountain of God like cool Sileon, and all lakes be radiant with Gospel memories like Gennesaret, and all islands of the sea be crowned with apocalyptic vision like Patmos, and all cities be sacred as Jerusalem, and all gardens luxuriant as paradise, with God walking in the cool of the day. Then the chorals of grace will drown out all the anthems of earth. Then the throne of Christ will overtop all created authority. Then the crown of Jesus will outshine all other coronets. Sin destroyed. Death defeated. Hell defeated. The church triumphant. All the darknesses of sin, all the darknesses of trouble, all the darknesses of earthly mystery being themselves to their dens. "Clear as the sun! Clear as the sun!"
Further, "Terrible as an army with banners." I take one more step in this subject and say that if you were placed for the defense of a feeble town and a great army were seen coming over the hills with flying ensigns, then you would be able to get some idea of the terror that will strike the hearts of the enemies of God when the church at last marches on like "an army with banners."

You know there is nothing that excites a soldier's enthusiasm so much as an old flag. Many a man almost dead, catching a glimpse of the national ensign, has sprung to his feet and started again into the battle. Now, my friends, I don't want you to think of the church of Jesus Christ as a deserted institution, as the victim of infidel sarcasm—something to be kicked and cuffed and trampled on through all the ages of the world. It is "an army with banners." It has an inscribed and colors such as never stirred the hearts of any earthly soldiery.
We have our banner of recruit, and on it is inscribed, "Who is on the Lord's side?" Our banner of defiance, and on it is inscribed, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against us." Our banner of triumph, and on it is inscribed, "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" and we mean to plant that banner on every hilltop and wave it at the gate of heaven.

CHRIST OUR LEADER.
With Christ to lead us we need not fear. I will not underestimate the enemy. They are a tremendous host. They come on with acutest stratagems. Their weapons are all the inhabitants of darkness have been forged in furnaces of everlasting fire. We contend not with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places; but if God be for us, who can be against us? Come on, ye troops of the Lord! Fall into line! Close up the ranks! On, through burning sands and over frozen mountain tops, until the whole earth surrenders to God. He made it, he redeemed it, he shall have it. They shall not be trampled with hoofs, they shall not be cut with sabers, they shall not be crushed with wheels, they shall

not be cloven with battle axes, but the marching, and the onset, and the victory will be none the less decisive for that.
With Christ to lead us, and heaven to look down upon us, and angels to guard us, and martyr spirits to bend from their thrones, and the voice of God to bid us forward into the combat, our enemies shall fly like chaff in the whirlwind, and all the towers of heaven ring because the day is ours. I divide this army with banners into two wings—the American wing and the European wing. The American wing will march on across the wilds of the west, over the tablelands, and come to the ocean, no more stopped by the Pacific than the Israelites were stopped by the Red Sea, marching on until the remaining walls of China will fall before this army with banners, and cold Siberia will be turned to the warm heart of Christ, and over lofty Himalayan peaks shall go this army with banners until it halts at Palestine.
RESTITUTION AND INFIDELITY OVERCOME.
The European wing will march out to meet it, but as surely as restitution shall be overcome and French infidelity shall be conquered, and over the Alps, with more than Hannibal's courage, shall march that army with banners, and up through the snows of Russia, vaster in multitude than the hosts that followed Napoleon into the conflict. And Hungary and Poland, by the blood of their patriots and by the blood of Christ, shall at last be free. And crossing into Asia the law shall again be proclaimed on Sinai, and Christ in the person of his ministers will again preach on Olivet and pray in Gethsemane and exhibit his love on Calvary. And then the army will halts in front of the other wing, the twin having conquered all the earth for God.

History tells us that one day the armies of Xerxes shouted all at once, and the vociferation was so mighty that the birds flying through the air dropped as though they were dead. Oh, what a shout of triumph when all the armies of the earth and all the armies of heaven shall celebrate the victory of our king—all at once and all together. "Halleluia!" for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Halleluia! for the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ.
When the Prussian army came back from their war they were received in 1895 at the gates of Berlin, and a choir stood above the gates, and as the first regiment advanced and came to the gates, the choir, in music, asked them what right they had to enter there. And then the first regiment, in song, replied, telling over the stories of their conflicts and their victories. Then they marched in, and all the city was full of gladness and triumph. But oh, the greater joy when the army with banners shall come up to the gates of our king!

It will be choir to choir, music to music, hosanna to hosanna, halleluia to halleluia. Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let them enter in. Then will be spread the banquet of eternal victory, and the unfallen ones of heaven will sit at it, and all the ransomed of earth will come in and celebrate the jubilee with unfading garlands on their brow telling of earthly conquests.
All the walls of that celestial mansion will be aglitter with shields won in victorious battle and adorned with the banners of God that were carried in front of the hosts that shall tell to harp the heroism in which the conquerors won their palm, and the church that day will sit queen at the banquet. Her wanderings over, her victories gained, Christ shall rise up to introduce her to all the nations of heaven, and as she pulls aside her veil and looks up into the face of her Lord the King, Christ shall exclaim, "This is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun and terrible as an army with banners!"

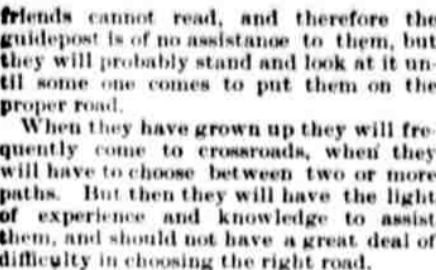
A Master of Strategy.
The masters of strategy are not the men who wear the title of general before their names and ride at the head of military processions, but the untitled managers of peripatetic amusement companies," said Alvin C. Price. "It requires a higher order of genius to steer a company of barnstormers clear of the sheriff than to conduct the retreat of Xenophon's ten thousand. One winter I was piloting a second class company through Virginia. Our repertory was Shakespearean, and at Richmond our baggage was attached. At the same time we got out of paper, the treasury was empty and our case looked desperate indeed. I resolved to make one herculean effort to get out of the hole.
"I ransacked the plunder room of the Richmond theater and secured a lot of left over paper of a dozen different companies, ranging from burlesque opera to historical tragedy. I got lithographs of Edwin Booth and the Swiss, Ben Ringers, Alexander Salvini and Patti Ross, Clara Morris and Dan Rice. I had one stand for a minstrel show and another for 'Richieu,' one for the 'Spider and Fly' and another for 'Queen Elizabeth.' I struck out and billed a town for 'Julius Caesar' and 'Camille,' Cal Wagner's minstrels and a grand opera, 'Jim the Penman' and 'A Hole in the Ground,' to occur simultaneously at the same hall and for one price of admission.
"We played 'Othello' in street costume. The Moor wore striped pants and a sack coat, and Desdemona showed up in a gray traveling suit and a sunshade. After 'Othello' we gave them an Irish farce, 'Othello appearing as a jig dancer without changing his costume or makeup. The hall was packed and everybody was pleased. I was expected to sneak out of town on the night train, but retained by request and obliged to big business. Those Virginians were simply charmed with our polite and elegant gall."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

A Persuading Clerk.
Once, when I was still in deacon's orders, the clerk of a neighboring parish came over to inform me that the parson had been taken suddenly and seriously ill, and that he would be greatly obliged to me if I would take his service for him on the following Sunday morning. The man was much delighted at my consenting, and was profuse in his thanks. Just as he was leaving the room he casually remarked, "Oh, by the way, it is sacrament Sunday."
I then explained to him that I was unable to do what he wanted, for I was only in deacon's orders, and that he must get some one else. He seemed much distressed at the failure of his efforts, and at last, like one trying his last chance, he turned to me with a most insinuating smile and said, "Couldn't you do it, sir, just for once?"—Cornhill Magazine.

Effect on Minerals on Iron.
Manganese and silicon have been found to have different effects on the way in which carbon binds itself with iron in a chilled casting. Silicon prevents, up to a certain point, the blending of the carbon during the cooling of the iron, and causes the whole metal in scales of graphite. Manganese, on the other hand, neutralizes part of the effect of the silicon, and furthers the formation of white iron.—Philadelphia Ledger.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Puzzled Wayfarers.
These little children are going home from the village. They are not very well acquainted with the roads and lanes, and now they have come to a guidepost, which is supposed to tell the direction and distance to the adjacent towns. Our little friends cannot read, and therefore the guidepost is of no assistance to them, but they will probably stand and look at it until some one comes to put them on the proper road.
When they have grown up they will frequently come to crossroads, when they will have to choose between two or more paths. But then they will have the light of experience and knowledge to assist them, and should not have a great deal of difficulty in choosing the right road.



The Charm of Giving.
A prettily dressed little American boy was walking along the streets of Paris one day when, as he tried to cross the crowded boulevard, he was knocked down by the pole of a carriage. In a moment a crowd had collected, but the first upon the spot was a little crossing sweeper, ragged and dirty, who had seen the danger and had sprung to help the child, almost before the pole touched him. Tenderly and carefully the street boy raised the rich man's son in his arms, carried him through the crowd and into a drug store near by.
It was found that the boy was not as much hurt as might have been expected, and soon the crowd dispersed. The drug-gist bound up the boy's wounds, the little crossing sweeper standing by in sympathy, and when the work was done he ran out, paid his fare and told the conductor where to stop. As the omnibus rolled away and the crossing sweeper turned back to his work, a gentleman who had been looking on spoke to him, offering him six cents.
"Here, my boy," said he, "you can't afford to pay that rich child's fare. Let me give it back to you."
The crossing sweeper put his hand behind him.
"Oh, no," said he, "for there wouldn't be any charm."
He meant the charm of having done the kindness would all be lost to him if it cost him nothing, and he was quite right. The poor little crossing sweeper understood the true secret of happiness in giving or in doing good.—Home Magazine.

Banqueting the Children.
The wife of a naval officer returned from Honolulu tells of the pretty fete the queen gave on the occasion of her recent birthday. It was a children's reception, in which the children took little part, and was participated in by the foreign children of the port. There are about 150 English and American residents, and the children of these families, with those of navy people temporarily in Honolulu, made a considerable array. Invitations were taken about by a court functionary ten days beforehand, and the little people were required to appear in fancy dress. The rooms of the palace were beautifully decorated with plants and flowers, and the throne room, where the queen received her young guests, was especially beautiful. Here the children were presented by the grand chamberlain, being led up in twos to salute their royal hostess. Afterward a grand banquet was spread solely for the children, with parents and guardians looking on from a respectful distance.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

He Plays the Classic.
"If I give you a penny will you play me 'The Blue Bells of Scotland?'"
"Garn, yer ain't got no notion o' hart. D'yer take me for a hortermatic musical box?"



He Couldn't Say Breakfast.
Mrs. Laura Richards, one of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's daughters, in some reminiscences of her childhood, tells the following of her brother Harry: When about four years old he had the habit of summoning his father to breakfast, and not being able to say the word, would announce, "Breakfast is ready!" This excited mirth among the other children, which he never could stand; accordingly one morning he appeared at the door of the dressing room and said solemnly, "Papa, your food is prepared!"

Composition Game.
A single article is shown for a limited time, then put away. All are furnished with pencil and paper and told to write as complete a description as possible, but in few words. The papers are collected and the words on each are counted. A prize is given to the one who has used the fewest words in a good description.
Little Elsie's Comment.
Elsie, who is the youngest of the family, was entertaining me the other day. During the conversation she said, "All the folks who come to our house are so much older than I am." Giving a little she continued, "There seems to be awfully few people seven years old nowadays."—Hartford Post.
A Favorite.
Father—Why haven't you been promoted to a higher grade long before this?
Little Tommy—I guess it's 'cause th' teacher I've had so long doesn't want to lose me.—Good News.

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