His Own Funeral Sermon.

George Inwood, of No. 709 Union street has written the sermon which will be delivered at his own funeral. Moreover, to make certain that this sermon shall be fully understood, that there may be no faltering or hesitancy over the blindly written words, he has caused his funeral production to be printed in large, bold type. One hundred copies were struck off. These are kept in a strong box away from the light, only to be produced on the day of the funeral. Having thus arranged for the statements of fact and belief to be uttered, Mr. Inwood went a step further, and provided in his will, which will be opened before the funeral services, for a reader. Any person who is a sectarian in belief is hopelessly disqualified. The heirs will fail of fulfillment of the conditions upon which bequests are predicated is that if any member of any sect enunciates the words. This necessarily bars out all clergymen. From this it should not be inferred that Mr. Inwood has no religious belief. Of himself he says: "I am a full believer in the life and doctrins of Jesus Christ, but I am strictly non-sectarian."—San Francisco Examiner.

A Monkey Story.

Among the passengers arriving at Southaupton on Saturday last, by the steam ship Norman, who was a monkey of large size which came from South Africa in charge of a passenger, by whom he was found after the late explosion at Johannesburg, seated in the only room remaining intact of what had before been a considerable sized cottage. In the room were also discovered two baby children, one of whom had been killed, but the other was alive, and, it is said, in the arms of the monkey, who was tenderly nursing it. The living child was adopted by a resident in Johannesburg, but the monkey, who was noted on board for his extreme fondness for children, was a popular passenger by the Union Company's Mail steamer.—Westminister Gazette.

Between Boston Infants.

Emerson (aged 5)—"Have you not been charmed by the accuracy of proportion in Gulliver's Travels?"

Winthrop (aged 7, with a superior air)—"Indeed, no. Those sharp sighted, diminutive individuals, the Liliputians, should have been the first to discover microbes."—Truth.

A Becoming Coiffure.

As for doing the hair up, think over all the styles of coiffures you ever saw, and then in front of mirrors, by the aid of which you can see the front, bask and both sides of the head, try first one and then the other style—low, high, wide, narrow, smooth bands, ringlets, temple locks, middle part, pompadour, figure eights, flat braids, etc., etc.—and when you have hit upon the one that makes the head and face conform most nearly to a graceful ideal, adopt that for your distinctive stile and cling to it, though empires fall.

The smaller the soul the bigger a dollar looks.

The man who makes his own god always has a little one.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"NEXT TO THE THRONE" LAST SUNDAYS SUBJECT.

Golden Text: "They Drew and Lifted Up Joseph Out of the Pit and Sold Him to the Ishmaelites"—Genesis xlv., 26.

YOU cannot keep a good man down. God has decreed for him a certain point of elevation. He will bring him to that though it cost him a thousand worlds. You sometimes find men fearful they will not be properly appreciated. Every man comes to be valued at just what he is worth. You cannot write him up, and you cannot write him down. These facts are powerfully illustrated in my subject. It would be an insult to suppose that you were not all familiar with the life of Joseph. How his jealous brothers threw him into a pit, but seeing a caravan of Aarabian merchants trudging slong on their camels, with spices and gums that loaded the air with aroma, sold their brother to these merchants, who carried him down into Egypt; Joseph was there sold to Potiphar, a man of influence and office. How by Joseph's integrity he raised himself to a high position in the realm, until under the false charge of a vile wretch he was hurled into the penitentiary. How in prison he commanded respect and confidence. How by the interpretation of Pharaoh's dream he was freed and became the chief man in the realm, the Bismarck of his century. How in the time of famine Joseph had the control of a magnificent storehouse which he had filled during seven years of plenty. How when his brothers, who had thrown him into the pit and sold him into captivity, applied for corn, he sent them home with the beasts of burden borne down under the heft of the corn sacks. How the sin against their brother which had so long been hidden came out at last and was returned by that brother's forgiveness and kindness—the only revenge he took.

You see, in the first place, that the world is compelled to honor Christian character. Potiphar was only a man of the world, yet Joseph rose in his estimation until all the affairs of that great house were committed to his charge. From his servant no honor or confidence was withheld. When Joseph was in prison he soon won the heart of the keeper, and though placed there for being a scoundrel, he soon convinced the jailer that he was an innocent and trustworthy man, and released from close confinement he became general superintendent of prison affairs. Wherever Joseph was placed, whether a servant in the house of Potiphar, or a prisoner in the penitentiary, he became the first man everywhere, and is an illustration of the truth I lay down, that the world is compelled to honor Christian character. There are those who effect to despise a religious life. They speak of it as a system of phlebotomy by which the man is bled of all his courage and nobility. They say he has bemeaned himself. They pretend to have no more confidence in him since his conversion than before his conversion. But all this is hypocrisy. There is a great deal of hypocrisy in the church and there is a great deal of hypocrisy outside the church. It is impossible for any man not to admire and confide in a man who shows that he has really become a child of God, and is what he professes to be. You cannot despise a son of the Lord God Almighty. Of course we have no admiration for the sham of religion.

I was at a place a few hours after the ruffians had gone into the rail-train and demanded that the passengers throw up their arms, and then these ruffians took the pocketbooks; and Satan comes and suggests to a man that he throw up his arms in a hypocritical prayer and pretension, and then he steals his soul. For the mere pretension of religion we has abhorrence. Redwald, the king, after baptism, had an altar of Christian sacrifice and an altar for sacrifice to devils; and there are many men now attempting the same thing—half a heart for God and half a heart for the world—and it is a dead failure, and it is a caricature of religion, and the only successful assault ever made on Christianity is the inconsistency of its professors. You may have a contempt for pretension to religion, but when you behold the excellency of Jesus Christ come out in the life of one of his disciples, all there is good and noble in your soul rises up into admiration, and you cannot help it. Though that man be as far beneath you in estate as the Eyptian slave of whom we are discoursing was beneath his rulers, by an irrevocable law of your nature, Potiphar and Pharaoh will always esteem Joseph. When Eudoxia, the empress, threatened Chrysostom with death he made the reply: "Tell the empress I fear nothing but sin." Such a scene as that compels the admiration of the world. There was something in Agrippa and Felix which demanded their respect for Paul, the rebel against government. I doubt not they would willingly have yielded their office and dignity for a thousandth part of that true heroism which beamed in the eye and beat in the heart of the unconquerable apostle. Paul did not cower before Felix; Felix cowered before Paul. The infidel and worldling are compelled to honor in their hearts, although they may not eulogize with their lips, a Christian firm in persecution, cheerful in poverty, trustfull in losses, triumphant in death. In find Christian men in all professions and occupations, and I find them respected and honored and successful. John Frederick Oberlin alleviating ignorance and distress; Howard passing from dungeon to lazaretto with healing for the body and soul; Elizabeth Fry going to the profligacy of Newgate Prison to shake its obduracy as the angel came to the prison at Philippi, driving open the doors and snapping loose the chain, as well as the lives of thousands of followers of Jesus who have devoted themselves to the temporal and spiritual welfare of the race, are monuments of the Christian religion that shall not crumble while the world lasts. A man said to me in the cars: "What is religion? Judging from the character of many professors of religion I do not admire religion." I said: "Now suppose we went to an artist in the city of Rome and while in his gallery asked him, 'What is the art of painting?' would he take us out in a low alley and show us a mere daub of a pretender at painting? or would he take us down into the corridors and show us the Rubens and the Raphaels and the Michael Angelos?' When we asked him, 'What is the art of painting' he would point to the works of these great masters and say, 'That is painting.' Now, you propose to find the mere caricature of religion, to seek after that which is the mere pretension of a holy life, and you call that religion. I point you to the splendid men and women whom this gospel has blessed and lifted and crowned. Look at the masterpieces of Divine grace if you want to know what religion is."

We learn also from this story of Joseph that the result of persecution is elevation. Had it not been for his being sold into Egyptian bondage by his malicious brothers, and his false imprisonment, Joseph never would have become a governor. Everybody accepts the promise, "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven," but they do not realize the fact that this principle applies to worldly as well as spiritual success. It is true in all departments. Men rise to high official positions through misrepresentation. Public abuse is all that some of our public men have had to rely upon for their elevation. It has brought to them what talent and executive force could not have achieved. Many of those who are making great effort for place and power will never succeed, just because they are not of enough importance to be abused. It is the nature of men—that is of all generous and reasonable men—to gather about those who are persecuted and defend them, and they are apt to forget the fault of those who are the subjects of attack while attempting to drive back the slanderers. Persecution is elevation. Helen Stirk, the Scotch martyr, standing with her husband at the place of execution, said: "Husband, let us rejoice today; we have lived together many happy years; this is the happiest time of all our life; you see we are to be happy together forever. Be brave now, be brave. I will not say 'Good night' to you for we shall soon be in the kingdom of our Father together." Persecution shows the heroes and heroines. I go into another department and I find that those great denominations of Christians which have been most abused have spread the most rapidly. No good man was ever more violently maltreated than John Wesley—belied and caricatured and slandered until one day he stood in a pulpit in London, and a man arose in the audience and said: "You were drunk last night," and John Wesley said: "Thank God, the whole catalogue is now complete. I have been charged with everything but that!" His followers were hooted at and maligned and called by every detestable name that infernal ingenuity could invent, but the hotter the persecution the more rapidly they spread, until you know what a great host they have become and what a tremendous force for God and the truth they are wielding all the world over. It was persecution that gave Scotland to Presbyterianism. It was persecution that gave our land first to civil liberty and afterward to religious freedom. Yea, I might go further back and say it was persecution that gave the world the great salvation of the Gospel. The ribald mockery, the hungering and thirsting, the unjust charge, the ignominious death, when all the force of hell's fury was hurled against the cross, was the introduction of that religion which is yet to be the earth's deliverance and our eternal salvation. The state sometimes said to the church, "Come take my hand and I will help you." What was the result? The church went back and it lost its estate of holiness, and it became ineffective. At other times the state said to the church, "I will crush you." What was the result? After the storms have spent their fury the church, so far from having lost any of its force, has increased and is worth infinitely more after the assault than before. Read all history and you will find that true. The church is far more indebted to the opposition of civil government than to its approval. The fires of the stake have only been the torches which Christ held in his hand, by the light of which the church has marched to her present glorious position. In the sound of racks and implements of torture I hear the rumbling of the Gospel chariot. The scaffolds of martyrdom have been the stairs by which the church mounted.

Learn also from our subject that sin will come to exposure. Long, long ago had those brothers sold Joseph into Egypt. They had made the old father believe that his favorite child was dead. They had suppressed the crime, and it was a profound secret well kept by the brothers. But suddenly the secret is out. The old father hears that his son is in Egypt, having been sold there by the malice of his own brothers. How their cheeks must have burned and their hearts sunk at the flaming out of this long suppressed crime. The smallest iniquity has a thousand tongues, and they will blab out exposure. Saul was sent to destroy the Canaanites, their sheep and their oxen; but when he got down there among the pastures he saw some fine sheep and oxen too fat to kill, so he thought he would steal them. Nobody would know it. He drove these stolen sheep and oxen toward home, but stopped to report to the prophet how he had executed his mission, when in the distance the sheep began to bleat and the oxen to bellow. The secret was out, and Samuel said to the blushing and confused Saul: "What meaneth the bleating of the sheep that I hear and the bellowing of the cattle?" Ah! my hearer, you cannot keep an iniquity still. At just the wrong time the sheep will bleat and the oxen will bellow. Achan cannot steal the Babylonish garment without being stoned to death, nor Arnold betray his country without having his neck stretched. Look over the police arrests. These thieves, these burglars, these counterfeiters, these highwaymen, these assassins, they all thought they could bury their iniquity so deep down, it would never come to resurrection; but there was some shoe that answered to the print in the soil, some false keys found in their possession, some bloody knife that whispered of the death, and the public indignation and the anathema of outraged law hurled them into the dungeon or hoisted them on the gallows. Francis I., king of France, stood counseling with his officers how he would take his army into Italy, when Ameril, the fool of the court, leaped out from a corner of the room and said: "You had better be consulting how you will get your army back;" and it was found that Francis I., and not Ameril, was the fool. Instead of consulting as to the best way of getting into sin, you had better consult as to whether you will be able to get out of it. If the world does not expose you, you will tell it yourself. There is an awful power in an aroused conscience. A highwayman plunged out upon Whitefield as he rode along on horseback, a sack of money on the horse—money that he had raised for orphan asylums, and the highwayman put his hand on the gold and Whitefield turned to him and said: "Touch that if you dare—that belongs to the Lord Jesus Christ." And the ruffian slunk into the forest. Conscience! Conscience! The huffian had a pistol, but Whitefield shook at him the finger of doom. Do not think you can hide any great and protracted sin in your heart, my brother. In an unguarded moment it will slip off the lip, or some slight action may for the moment set ajar this door that you wanted to keep closed. But suppose that in this life you hide it, and you get along with this transgression burning in your heart, as a ship on fire within for days hinders the flames from bursting out by keeping down the hatches, yet at last in the judgment that iniquity will blaze out before God and the universe.

Learn also from this subject that there is an inseparable connection between all events however remote. The universe is only one thought of God. Those things which seemed fragmentary and isolated are only different parts of that great thought. How far apart seemed these two events—Joseph sold to the Arabian merchants and his rulership of Egypt, yet you see in what a mysterious way God connected the two into one plan. So the events are linked together. You who are aged men look back and group together a thousand things in your life that once seemed isolated. One chain of undivided events reaches from the Garden of Eden to the Cross of Calvary, and thus up to the Kingdom of Heaven. There is a relation between the smallest insect that hums in the summer air and the archangel on his throne.

WITH THE WITS.

He—Trudchen, dear, this kiss tells you all I have to say. Have you understood me? She—Oh, please, say it again.—Deutsche Warte.

"Why do they keep on saying that 'The villain still pursued her'?" "You see, he was a Philadelphia villain and has never caught up."—Truth.

"Tore up your references! Why, you must have been crazy." "Shure, and you wouldn't have thought so if you had seen the riferinces."—Life.

Dudely—What are you going to be when you are grown up, Bobby? Bobby—I'm going to be a man. What are you going to be?—Harper's Bazar.

Miriam—Don't you think my new hat a poem, Ned? Ned (critically)—From its height, dear, I should instead compare it to a short story.—Judge.

Teacher—Have you learned the Golden Rule, Tommy? Tommy—Yes'm. It is to do to other people like they would do to you.—Indianapolis Journal.

Spencer (vindictively)—I've an old score to settle with you. Ferguson (blithely)—I know you have. That twenty you have owed me so long.—New York Herald.

Mrs. Shopleigh—Is it any trouble to you to show goods? Mr. Cashcall—No, ma'am. But it's a good deal of trouble to sell them, sometimes.—New York Herald.

Foreman (through the speaking tube)—Where do you want that stuff about Turker put? Night Editor (yelling back)—On the inside, of course.—Chicago Tribune.

Mazzig—Blowler was just remarking to me that all he is he owes to his mother. Gazby—Yes; and I understand that all he has he owes to his father.—Roxbury Gazette.

Tommy—When I'm a man I'm going to be a soldier. Mother—What! And be killed by the enemy? Tommy—Oh, well, then I guess I'll be the enemy.—Yale Record.

There is no aristocracy so great as that in a little town.

The most finished literary product has no charm for the proof reader.

The poorest cyclist often has the finest cycling suit.

The knife of the guillotine is weighted with 120 pounds of lead.

There is no temptation for a man to wear skirts.

W. N. U., OMAHA—17—1896

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