

MAKIN' IT UP.

Mandy and me fell out to-day—
Both of us was to blame, I guess;
I got riled, an' I said my say,
An' she put a word in, more or less.

THE JEW'S SECURITY.

Of all the merchants of Venice,
Fabio Mutinelli was the most exact
in keeping his engagements.

The upright character of his methods
was celebrated throughout all the republic,
and there was a golden altar in
San Zanipolo which he had offered to
Saint Catherine for the love of the
beautiful Catherine Manini, and which
was admired by every one who saw it.

As he was very rich he had a host of
friends, whom he entertained lavishly.
During the war against the Genoese,
however, he lost heavily, and troublous
times in Naples increased this loss.
Indeed, as many as thirty of his vessels
were captured by the Uscouques or were
lost at sea.

When he sold his palace and his ves-
sels to pay up what he owed he found
himself almost penniless. Being a cap-
able fellow, shrewd in business and in
the period of life when a man's energy
is at its height, Fabio had no fears of
building up his business once more.

He had many calculations in his head
and came to the conclusion that to
tempt new successes and to undertake
further enterprises with his vessels he
needed 500 ducats.

He accordingly asked Alessio Bontura,
the richest citizen of that republic,
to oblige him with that sum. But this
fine gentleman, reflecting that while
enterprise acquires riches, only prudence
can keep them, declined to expose so
large a sum to the chances of business
and the perils of the sea.

"Beloved Fabio," Andrea replied to
him, "to anyone else but yourself I
would willingly lend this sum. Gold
has no attractions for me, and I con-
form in this respect to the maxims of
Horace, the satirist. But your friend-
ship, Fabio Mutinelli, is dear to me
and I should run the risk of losing it if
I lent you this money. For, in most
cases, the commerce of the heart has
a hard time of it between creditors and
debtors, and I have seen too many
examples of it."

With these words the Seigneur And-
rea made a pretense of embracing the
merchant with great tenderness, and
then shut the door in his face.

Next day Fabio went to see the bank-
ers of Florence and Lombardy. But
not one of them would consent to lend
him even twenty ducats without secu-
rity. He ran from one firm to an-
other, and everywhere he heard:

"Seigneur Fabio, we know you are
the most honorable merchant of the
town, and we regret that we must re-
fuse your request, but the good con-
duct of business makes it necessary."

That evening as he walked sadly
homeward, the beautiful Zanetta, who
was bathing in the canal, climbed up
onto the rim of the floating gondola
and, looking lovingly at Fabio, said:

"Dear Seigneur Fabio, I know your
troubles, for they are the talk of all
the town. Listen to me now. I am not
rich, but at the bottom of an old box I
have some jewels. If you will accept
them, Fabio, from your servant, I shall
believe that God and the Holy Virgin
love me."

Zanetta, with her wondrous beauty,
was indeed poor, and Fabio replied to
her in this wise:

"Zanetta, there's more real
wealth in the hands where you live
than in the palace in Venice!"

"I should like to see Fabio's
face when he comes home without
his money," said she, "and when he
comes home with it, which means
that he has sold his honor."

had to pay your debts. We would lend
the money to a man in debt, perhaps,
but never to a man who has neither
furniture nor goods."

On the fifth day he arrived in his des-
pair in the Corte delle Galli, which is
also called the Ghetto, the quarter
where the Hebrews live.

"Who can tell?" he said to himself,
"what the Christians have refused me
I may obtain from the Jews!"

So he walked along the street San
Geremia and San Girolamo, in a nar-
row, odoriferous canal, which was
closed every night by order of the Sen-
ate and chains stretched across its
mouth; and, hesitating to which usur-
er he should first address himself, he
remembered that he had heard people
talk about an Israelite named Eliezer,
son of Eliezer Maimonide, and say that
he was very rich and very shrewd. So
having found where Eliezer lived he
stopped his gondola opposite his door.

Over the door he saw a picture of the
seven candlesticks hung there as a
sign of hope for the days when the
temple would rise again from its
ashes.

The merchant entered a large room
lit by a bronze lamp with twelve wicks
in full blaze. The Jew Eliezer was sit-
ting in front of his scales. The win-
dows of the house were walled up be-
cause he was an unbeliever.

Fabio Mutinelli addressed him in this
way: "Eliezer, I have often treated you as
a dog and a heathen, and with the fire
of youth in my veins, I know that I
used to throw mud and stones at the
passersby in the street, and that I may
even have hit you or yours. I tell you
this, not in bravado, but in all loyalty,
and in the same breath I come to ask
you to render me a very great service."

The Jew raised his long, skinny arm
in the air; it was dry and knotted like
the stem of a vine.

"Fabio Mutinelli, the Father who
lives in heaven will judge both you and
me! What is the service you came to
ask me?"

"Lend me 500 ducats for a year."

"Money is not lent without good secu-
rity. What security can you give?"

"I must tell you, Eliezer, that not a
farthing remains to me, not a silver
goblet, or a trinket of gold! Not a
friend has stood by me; all have re-
fused to do me this service. I have
nothing in the world but my honor and
my faith as a Christian. I offer you as
security the holy Virgin Mary and her
divine son in the church!"

At this answer the Jew bent his old
head to one side, as one does who re-
flects and meditates, stroking his long,
white beard the while.

Then he said: "Fabio Mutinelli! Lead me to your
security, for it is right the lender
should see the security on which he
lends."

"It is your right," replied the mer-
chant. "Come with me and you shall
see it."

And he led Eliezer to the Church of
Orto, near the place called the field of
Maures. There, standing upon the altar,
he showed to him a figure of the
Madonna, the forehead wreathed with
a crown of precious gems, the shoulders
draped with a gold-embroidered gar-
ment, and in her arms the infant
Christ, adorned like her with gold and
precious stones.

The merchant pointed this out to the
Jew and said: "There is my security!"

Eliezer, resting his keen eyes alter-
nately upon the merchant and the fig-
ures, considered a moment, and then,
bowing his head, said that he accepted
the security. He took Fabio back to
his house and measured out to him,
full weight, 500 golden ducats.

"They are yours for a year. If at
the expiration of that time, day for
day, you do not repay me this sum with
the interest fixed by law of Venice,
think to yourself, Fabio Mutinelli,
what opinion I shall have of the Chris-
tian merchant and his security!"

Fabio, without losing time, bought
vessels and loaded them with salt and
other merchandise, which he sold in
the towns along the Adriatic at great
profit. Then, with a fresh cargo he set
sail for Constantinople, where he pur-
chased iverys, perfumes, peacock feath-
ers, rugs and ebony, which he ex-
changed for timber bought in advance
by some Venetians. In this way in six
months he increased ten times the sum
he had received.

But one day, while sailing for amuse-
ment with some Greek women on the
Bosphorus, he went out a long way
from the shore and was captured by
pirates and taken away to Egypt. For-
tunately his gold and his merchandise
were in safety, but him the pirates
sold to a Saracen gentleman, who put
chains on his feet and made him work
in the field. Fabio offered to pay his
master a large ransom for his release,
but the daughter of the Saracen loved
him and persuaded her father not to let
him go. Looking, then, for escape only
to his own efforts, he fled through his
chains with the implements he used in
the fields, and succeeded in making his
way to the River Nile, where he threw
himself into a bark.

In this little craft he managed to
reach the sea, which was not far away,
wandered about the coast for several
days, and, at last, when nearly dead
with hunger and thirst, was picked up
by a Spanish vessel sailing to Genoa.

But after eight days' fair weather the
ship was attacked by a tempest, which
threw her upon the coast of Dalmatia
and broke her to pieces. Everybody
was drowned except Fabio, who only
reached the shore with great difficulty
by clinging to a chicken coop. He sank
unconscious upon the ground and was
found in that condition by a beautiful
widow named Loretta, whose house
stood near by, and who saved him and
gave him all her attention.

When he came to himself he smelt
the perfume of myrtle and roses, and
saw before him a woman that he had
known in interviews to the merchant.

Mme. Loretta took the guitar and played
and sang to him tenderly beside his
couch. Fabio, in gratitude and en-
chantment, covered her hands with a
thousand kisses. He thanked her many
times, and told her that he was less
touched at regaining safety than at ow-
ing his life to so lovely a woman.

Then he asked his hostess the exact
month and day of the month, and when
she told him he began to groan and to
lament, for there were only twenty-
four hours more of the year to elapse
before he must pay to Eliezer his 500
ducats.

The idea of not keeping his word and
exposing his security to the reproaches
of the Jew was intolerable to him.
When Mme. Loretta asked him what
the reason of his despair might be he
told her. And she, being very devout
and pious, was much troubled for his
sake.

The difficulty was not to find the 500
ducats, for in the neighboring town
there was a banker who for six months
had had charge of that sum at Fabio's
disposal. But to go in twenty-four
hours from the shores of Dalmatia to
Venice, with contrary winds and a dan-
gerous sea, was not within the range of
possibility.

"Let us first get the money," said Fa-
bio.

And when a servant had brought it
to him the noble merchant placed the
sacks containing the gold in a boat that
was moored near the shore. Then he
went to the private chapel of Mme.
Loretta, and, taking an image of the
Virgin with the infant Jesus in her
arms, made of polished cedar wood, he
placed it in the boat beside the rudder.

And he said: "Madame, you are my security. The
Jew Eliezer must be paid to-morrow.
My honor as well as your own is at
stake. That which a mortal sailor such
as I am cannot do you will easily ac-
complish. Beautiful star of the sea,
thou whose breast nourished Him who
walked upon the waters, bear this
money to Eliezer in the Ghetto of Ven-
ice, so that the Jews shall not say that
thou art worthless and false security."

And, having set the boat loose, he
lifted his hat and said in a low voice:
"Adieu, madame!"

The boat sailed out into the open sea.
For a long time the merchant and the
widow followed it with their eyes.
Night fell; a pathway of silvery light
lay across the peaceful sea.

And the day following Eliezer opened
his door and saw in the narrow
canal of Ghetto a boat laden with
sacks, on the top of which stood a lit-
tle figure of polished cedar wood, re-
splendent with the light of the dawn.
The boat stopped in front of the house
where the picture of the seven candl-
sticks was seen above the door, and
the Jew recognized the Virgin Mary
with the infant Jesus, the security of
the Christian merchant.—From the
French of Anatole France.

Made the Soldier Glad.
A pretty story, savoring of the roman-
tic, is told in the French press
about the kaiser. Recently his majesty
went to the Berlin barracks alone. The
corporal on guard recognized the kaiser
immediately and saluted him. The
kaiser was pleased, and, approaching
the soldier, said: "Why do you look so
sad, corporal?" The corporal did not
reply. The emperor then asked if he
was disappointed in love. At this the
corporal found his tongue, and replied
that he wished to marry Marguerite,
the daughter of his sergeant-major, but
that her father would not give his con-
sent until he became a sergeant. "And
do you love her very much?" asked the
kaiser. "Oh, yes," was the reply.
"Then," said the emperor, "go and tell
your future father-in-law that William
II. makes you a sergeant."

The Winter Soft Crab.
The winter soft crab differs from its
summer cousin only slightly in appear-
ance, being a little narrower in the
body. It is, however, more succulent
and finer flavored than the choicest
specimens of the other kind, a fact
that is well known to epicures. More-
over, being a rock-crab, or, as it is called
here, a sand crab, it differs in its
habits from the other, which lives in
the mud, and this difference has much
to do with its comparative scarcity in
ordinary seasons. It is much harder
to find, unless the hunter has sharp
eyes and a good knowledge of its ways,
and it chooses its hiding places and its
time of shedding with a wisdom too
great for reason, and attributable only
to instinct.

A Tramp's Ready Wit.
A tramp asking for food at the door
of a certain good deacon residing near
one of the country thoroughfares, was
given a loaf of bread by the master of
the house, with the rather inhospi-
table remark that "the Bible says that
if any man will not work neither should
he eat." Looking down at the gift with
a shade of disgust, the tramp quickly
responded: "Yes; and does it not also
say that man cannot live by bread
alone?" It is but truth to add that he
received a generous slice of country
ham as a reward for his quick-witted-
ness.—Lexington (Ky.) Herald.

Photography.
The latest novelty is a combination of
photography and shooting. The pho-
tographic rifle, which is an accomplish-
ed thing, has proved a great success.
The Emperor of Germany and his
guests, on a recent deer hunt, managed
to extract great fun from it. A little
camera is fixed to the gun and exposes
a plate at the instant the shot is fired.
The plate is quickly developed in a
pocket-bath. The picture shows whether
the animal was struck, and enables
the hunter to avoid a fruitless chase if
he has missed his game.

Fighting the Census.
Richard-Jeffers' mind seemed rather
clouded to-day.

Brags—He went here, had another
story come with him, this story,
this—Faded, for his present and de-
clines

PRAYER FOR RULERS

REV. DR. TALMAGE CALLS THE NATION TO ITS KNEES.

He Gives Many Reasons Why We
Should Pray for Those in Authority
—His Plea for the High Tide of
National Prosperity.

Our Washington Pulpit.
This discourse of Dr. Talmage,
delivered before a mighty throng,
goes forth from the capital, calling the
nation to its knees. Before beginning his
sermon Dr. Talmage made an eloquent
appeal for American aid for the suffering
millions of India. Eighty millions are af-
fected by the famine, and unless America
generously comes to the rescue millions of
lives will be sacrificed. His text was I,
Timothy ii, 1. "I exhort, therefore, that,
first of all, supplications, prayers, inter-
cessions and giving of thanks be made for
all men, for kings and for all that are in
authority."

That which London is to England, Paris
to France, Berlin to Germany, Rome to
Italy, Vienna to Austria, St. Petersburg
to Russia, Washington is to the United
States republic. The people who live here
see more of the chief men of the nation
than any who live anywhere else between
Atlantic and Pacific oceans. If a Senator,
or member of the House of Representa-
tives, or Supreme Court justice, or Sec-
retary of the cabinet, or representative of
foreign nation enters a public assembly
in any other city, his coming and going
are remarked upon, and unusual deference
is paid to him. In this capital there are so
many political chieftains in our churches,
our streets, our halls, that their coming
and going make no excitement. At this
time, when our public men have before
them the rescue of our national treasury
from appalling deficits, and the Cuban
question, and the arbitration question, and
in many departments men are taking im-
portant positions which are to them new
and untried, I would like to quote my text
with a whole tonnage of emphasis—words
written by the scarred missionary to the
young theologian Timothy. "I exhort,
therefore, that, first of all, supplications,
prayers, intercessions and giving of thanks
be made for all men, for kings and for all
that are in authority."

Reasons for Prayer.
If I have the time and do not forget
some of them, before I get through I will
give you four or five reasons why the peo-
ple of the United States ought to make
earnest and continuous prayer for those in
eminent place.

First, because that will put us in proper
attitude toward the successful men of the
nation. After you have prayed for a man
you will do him justice. There is a bad
streak in human nature that demands us
to assail those that are more successful
than ourselves. It shows itself in boyhood
when the lads, all running to get their
ride on the back of a carriage, and one
gets on, those failing to get on shout to
the driver, "Cut behind!" Unsuccessful
men seldom like those who in any depart-
ment are successful. The cry is, "He is a
political accident!" or "He bought his way
up!" or "It just happened so!" and there
is an impatient waiting for him to come
down more rapidly than he went up. The
best cure for such cynicism is prayer.

Perplexities of Public Life.
Another reason why we should pray for
those in eminent place is because they
have such multiplied perplexities. This
city at this time holds hundreds of men
who are expectant of preferment, and
United States mail bags, as never before,
are full of applications. Let me say I
have no sympathy with either the uttered
or printed sneer at what are called "office
seekers." If I had not already received
appointment as minister plenipotentiary
from the high court of heaven—as every
minister of the gospel has—and I had at
my back a family for whom I wished
to achieve a livelihood, there is no employer
whose service I would sooner seek than
city, State or United States Government.
Those governments are the promptest in
their payments, paying just as well in
hard times as in good times and during
summer vacation as during winter vacation.
Besides that, many of us have been paying
taxes to city and State and nation for
years, and while we are indebted for the
protection of government, the government
is indebted to us for the honest support we
have rendered it. So I wish success to all
earnest and competent men who appeal to
city or State or nation for a place to work.
But how many men in high place in city
and State and nation are at their wits' end
to know what to do, when for some places
there are ten applicants and for others a
hundred! Perplexities arise from the fact
that citizens sign petitions without refer-
ence to the qualifications of the applic-
ant for the places applied for. You sign
the application because the applicant is
your friend. People sometimes want that
for which they have no qualification, as
we hear people sing "I want to be an
angel," when they offer the poorest mat-
erial possible for angelhood—bores waiting
to be sent to foreign palaces as ambas-
sadors, and men without any business qual-
ification wanting to be consuls to foreign
ports, and litterateurs, capable in one let-
ter of wrecking all the laws of orthog-
raphy and syntax, desiring to be put into
positions where most of the work is done
by correspondence. If divine help is need-
ed in any place in the world, it is in those
places where patronage is distributed. In
years gone by awful mistakes have been
made. Only God, who made the world out
of chaos, could, out of the crowded pigeon-
holes of public men, develop symmetrical
results. For this reason pray Almighty
God for all those in authority.

God to the Rescue.
Then there are the vaster perplexities
of our relations with foreign governments.
For directions in such affairs the God
of nations should be implored. The demand
of the people is sometimes so heated, so
unwise, that it must not be heeded. Hark
to the boom of that gun which sends from
the American steamer San Jacinto a shot
across the bow of the British merchant
steamer Trent Nov. 8, 1861. Two distin-
guished Southerners, with their secretaries
and families, are on the way to England
and France to officially enlist them for
the Southern Confederacy. After much pro-
test the commissioners, who had embarked
for England and France, surrendered
and were taken to Fort Warren, near Bos-
ton. The capture was a plain invasion
of the laws of nations and antagonistic to
a principle for the establishment of which
the United States Government had fought
in other days. However, so great was the
sentiment that the Secretary of the United
States navy wrote an apologetic letter
to Captain Wilkes, commander of the
San Jacinto, for his prompt and decisive

action," and the House of Representa-
tives passed a resolution of thanks for
"brave, adroit and patriotic conduct," and
the millions of the North went wild with
enthusiasm, and all the newspapers and
churches joined in the nuxxa. England
and France protested, the former demand-
ing that unless the distinguished prisoners
should be surrendered and apology made
for insult to the British flag within ten
days Lord Lyons must return to London,
taking all the archives of the British legation.
War with England and France
seemed inevitable, and war with England
and France at that time would have made
a restored American nation impossible for
a long while, if not forever. Then God
came to the rescue and helped the Pres-
ident and his Secretary of State. Against
the almost unanimous sentiment of the
people of the North the distinguished Con-
federates were surrendered, the law of na-
tions was kept inviolable, the lion's paw
was not lifted to strike the eagle's beak,
and perhaps the worst disaster of cen-
turies was avoided.

There came another crisis within the
last two years, when millions of people de-
manded that American war vessels sail in-
to Turkish waters and stop the atrocities
against the Armenians. The people at
large have no idea of the pressure brought
upon our Government to do this rash
thing. Missionaries and other prominent
Americans in and around Constantinople
assembled at the office of the American leg-
ation and demanded that our minister
plenipotentiary cable to Washington for
United States ships of war, and they sug-
gested the words of the cablegram. Had
our ships gone into those waters the guns
of foreign nations, everlastingly jealous
of us, would have been turned against our
shipping, and our navy, within a few years
become respectable in power, would have
crawled backward in disgrace. The propo-
sition to do what could not be done was
mercifully withdrawn.

The Right Thing.
There will not be a year between now
and the next twenty years when those
who are in authority will not need the
guidance of the God of nations. God only
can tell the right time for nations to do
the right thing. To do the right thing at
the wrong time is as bad as to do the
wrong thing at any time. Cuba will one
day be free, but it will be after she has
shown herself capable of free government.
To acknowledge Cuban independence now
would be to acknowledge what does not
exist. The time may come when the Ha-
waiian Islands may be a part of our Gov-
ernment. But it will be when they have
decidedly expressed the desire for annex-
ation. In all national affairs there is a
clock. The hands of that clock are not
always seen by human eyes. But God
sees them, not only the hour hand, but
the minute hand, and when the hands an-
nounce that the right hour has come the
clock will strike, and we ought to be in
listening attitude. "The Lord reigneth.
Let the earth rejoice; let the multitudes
of the isles be glad thereof."

You see there are always in places of
authority unbalanced men who want war,
because they do not realize what war is,
or they are designing men, who want war
for the same reason that wreckers like
hurricanes and foundering ships, because
of what may float ashore from the ruins.
You see that men who start wars never
themselves get hurt. They make the
speeches and other make the self sacri-
fices. To preserve the peaceful equipage
which such men are disturbing, we need a
divine balancing, for which all good men
on both sides the sea ought to be every
day praying.

A Mighty Service.
Again, prayer to God for those in au-
thority is our only way of being of any
practical service to them. Our personal
advice would be to them, for the most
part, an impertinence. They have all the
facts as we cannot have them, and they
see the subject in all its bearings, and we
can be of no help to them except through
the supplication that our text advises. In
that way we may be infinite re-enforce-
ment. The mightiest thing you can do for
a man is to pray for him. If the old Bible
be true, and if it is not true it has been
the only imposition that ever blessed the
world, turning barbarism into civilization
and tyrannies into republics—I say if the
old Bible be true, God answers prayer.
God does not in all cases answer in the
way those who sent the prayer hoped for,
but he in all cases gives what is asked for
or something better. So prayers went up
from the North and the South at the time
of our civil war, and they were all an-
swered at Gettysburg. You cannot make
me believe that God answered only the
Northern prayers, for there were just as
devout prayers answered south of Mason
and Dixon's line as north of it, and God
gave what was asked for, or something
as much more valuable as a house and
lot are worth more than a sheet of music.
There is not a good and intelligent man
between the gulf of Mexico and the St.
Lawrence river who does not believe that
God did the best thing possible when he
stood this nation down in 1865 a glorious
unity, never to be rent until the waters of
the Ohio and the Savannah, the Hudson
and the Alabama, are licked up by the
long, red tongues of a world on fire. Yeal!
God sometimes answers prayers on a large
scale.

In whose predicament nation never was
than the Israelitish nation on the banks
of the Red sea, the rattling shields and
the clattering hoofs of an overwhelming
host after them. An army could just as
easily wade through the Atlantic ocean,
from New York to Liverpool, as the Is-
raelites could have waded through the Red
sea. You need to sail on its waters to
realize how big it is. How was the cross-
ing effected? By prayer. Exodus xiv,
15. "And the Lord said unto Moses:
Wherefore criest thou unto me? Speak
unto the children of Israel, that they go
forward"—that is, "Stop praying and take
the answer." And then the waters began
to be agitated and swung this way and
that way, and the passing host did not
even get their feet wet. Oh, what a God
they had! Or I think I will change that
and say, "What a God we have!"

What power put its hands upon astron-
omy in Joshua's time and made the sun
and moon stand still? Joshua x, 12.
"Then saith Joshua unto the Lord:
Prayer! As a giant will take two or four
great globes and in astounding way swing
them this way or that, or hold two of them
at arm's length, so the Omnipotent does
as he will with the great orbs of worlds,
with wheeling constellations and circling
galaxies, swinging easily star around star,
star toward after star, or sun and moon
held out at arm's length, and perfectly
still, as in answer to Joshua's prayer. To
God the largest world is a pebble.

Righteous Selfishness.
Another reason why we should pray the
Pauline injunction of the text and pray
for all that are in authority is that so very
much of our own prosperity and happi-

ness are involved in their doings. A self-
ish reason, you say. Yes, but a righteous
selfishness like that which leads you to
take care of your own health and preserve
your own life. Prosperous government
means a prosperous people. Damaged
government means a damaged people. We
all go up together or we all go down to-
gether. When we pray for our rulers, we
pray for ourselves, for our homes, for the
easier gaining of a livelihood, for better
prospects for our children, for the hurling
of these hard times so far down the em-
bankment they can never climb up again.
Do not look at anything that pertains to
public interest as having no relation to
yourself. We are touched by all the events
in our national history, by the signing of
the compact in the cabin of the Mayflower,
by the small ship, the Half Moon, sailing
up the Hudson, by the treaty of William
Penn, by the hand that made the "Lib-
erty bell" sound its first stroke, by Old
Ironides plowing the high seas. And if
touched by all the events of past America,
certainly by all the events of the present
day. Every prayer you make for our rul-
ers, if the prayer be of the right stamp
and worth anything, has a rebound of ben-
efiction for your own body, mind and soul.

Another reason for obedience to my text
is that the prosperity of this country is
coming, and we want a hand in helping
on its coming. At any rate I do. It is a mat-
ter of honest satisfaction to a soldier, after
some great battle has been fought and
some great victory won, to be able to say:
"Yes, I was there! I was in the brigade
that stormed those heights. I was in that
bayonet charge that put the enemy into
flight!" Well, the day will come when
all the financial, political and moral foes
of this republic will be driven back and
driven down by the prosperities that are
now on their way, but which come with
slow tread and in "fatigue dress" when
we want them to take "the double quick."
By our prayers we may stand on the
mountain top and beckon them on, and
show them a shorter cut. Yes, in answer
to our prayers the Lord God of Hosts may
from the high heavens command them for-
ward swifter than mounted troops ever
took the field at Eylau or Austerlitz.

In 1672 Holland was assailed. Her peo-
ple prayed mightily. The ships of her en-
emies waited for the high tides on which
to come in. In answer to the prayers of-
fered the tide, as never before, was detain-
ed twelve hours, and before that twelve
hours had passed a hurricane swooped up
on the enemies' ships and destroyed them,
and Holland was saved. If God detained
the high tide in answer to prayer, will he
not hasten it in answer to prayer? Sure-
ly it has been low tide long enough. May
the Lord hasten the high tide of national
welfare. American citizens, our best hold
is on God. We have all seen families in
prayer and churches in prayer. What we
want yet to see is this whole nation on its
knees. God save the United States of
America! Amen.

Short Sermons.
Responsibility.—God has given us
each talents; he has endowed us with
free wills, the freedom which makes us
divine. We are free either to as-
sist or defy God. To each of us the
splendid gift of responsibility is given.
We may shut our eyes to this respon-
sibility, but we shall be called to a
strict account for it.—Rev. F. K. Stone,
Catholic, Cambridge, Mass.

There Is No Death.—Heaven and hell
are in the soul of man, and wherever
he lives in accordance with the law of
God he will find heaven, and wherever
he disobeys that law he will find hell.
In the spiritual view death is of no
consequence. It has no reality. God
is the God of the living, and not of
the dead, for no man can die.—Rev. C.
H. Eaton, Universalist, New York City.

No Heaven of Bliss.—The belief that
death ushers man into an abode of
bliss is too absurd to be ridiculous.
Man makes his own condition wherever
he is in the universe. If man desires to
end with a perfect embodiment, he
must commence by assuming himself
to be perfect and hold to it until he be-
comes transfused into the new re-
gime.—Rev. F. E. Mason, Christian Sci-
entist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Sabbath.—A man is a man, and
has a right to develop his manhood,
but he cannot do it unless he has one
day in seven to commune with his Sa-
vior. The Sabbath is necessary for the
existence of the church. Those coun-
tries where the Sabbath is kept are on
a higher plane socially, and the church
is in a far better condition. We believe
there is such a thing as a Christian
Sabbath, but we should not try to re-
store a Puritanical Sabbath.—Rev. R.
Thomas, Congregationalist, Boston,
Mass.

Modern Miracles.—Men now are able,
through their knowledge of natural
laws, to accomplish things which may
well seem miraculous, or wonders, to
others. There are in the world forces
which sometimes seem to exercise and
which are not understood. There are
men who have the power of healing,
and some of the greatest physicians are
men who have a degree of this ability.
—Rev. William McKinley, Methodist,
St. Paul, Minn.

Heaven and Hell.—If hell were as
terrible as many creeds, churches and
people teach, I think man would be
warranted in leaving it out of his
allegory altogether. I think hell must
have an existence in some form. If
there is a heaven, there is naturally a
hell. One could not exist without the
other, but the Bible does not teach
of a brimstone hell, but merely by im-
plication.—Rev. John W. Westcott,
Christian Church, Omaha, Neb.

The Service of Sin.—Men may the-
orize all they wish about the power of
god, but our natural bent is in the
service of sin. Our natural heart inclines
to it. If left to ourselves, we follow
it. We are not competent to judge why
God has this so. To follow sin requires
no struggle against will and desire.
Not only is the path which leads to de-
struction smooth and easy, but it is
pleasant. It is folly to talk of the
good being always bappy. Seldom if
ever are we free from the adverse
forces about us.—Rev. Dr. Minnigerode,
Episcopalian, Louisville, Ky.

James Madison Hamilton, grandson
of President Jefferson, was the first
baby born in the White House.