

Battison Journal.

W. B. CANON, Editor and Prop.

HARRISON, N. J.

If Spain wants more money we advise her to hold up Weyler.

Bob Fitzsimmons says he can "look as wise as anybody." Perhaps so, but he "don't look it."

Sold is getting so cheap in Klondike that the miners are talking about demonetizing yellow dogs.

If it be true that 1,183 persons died of miasma in India last year Kentucky might be ashamed of herself.

Often the force of the fact that there is plenty of room at the top depends on a way a person is brought up.

How must Lord Salisbury feel to see the Turk indefinitely saddled upon Thessaly when he promised to bide Turkey?

A Denver contemporary prints a list of deaths under the heading "Mortality Report." That's not a monogram, however; the good die young.

Train robbery may have a certain romantic attraction for thieves, but the crook who steals chickens makes more money than the modern train robber does.

One of the most shadowy of shadows is colored photography. Every year it is said to have been accomplished, but nobody ever sees one of the finished pictures.

The State of Pennsylvania is about to bring suit against William Penn for unpaid taxes in the city of Philadelphia. What's the use of being in such a hurry?

Annie Whitewing, a Pawnee squaw, has sued for a divorce. Then that songwriter must have been misinformed when he announced that "White wings they never grow weary."

A woman has just died in England who, having been disappointed in love in her youth, incarcerated herself in a bed-room for nearly half a century, passing away her time in doing "fanatic work."

A recent writer on the Baconian theory says the disappearance of Shakespeare's manuscripts proves nothing. Only two or three signatures and a four-line receipt of Moliere are in existence, and he was born after Shakespeare's death.

Mrs. Browning was a great poet, but yet a woman. The merciless biographers have ruminated in a parish church and discovered that she was born March 6, 1806, several years earlier than heretofore supposed. Mrs. Browning was six years older than her husband.

The "New English Dictionary," in course of publication in parts in London, will be ponderous evidence of the immensity of the English language. In the latest section the 3,771 words extend only from "Folisy" to "Frankish," or more than double the number found in the corresponding portion of the Century Dictionary.

It appears that the freight rates on the great lakes are not the cheapest in the world. Attention is called to the fact that two Mexican dollars will pay for the transportation of a ton of flour from the Pacific coast to Hong Kong, a distance of between seven and eight thousand miles. The two Mexican dollars can be bought for about 90 cents. Accordingly the Pacific freight rate is about one-eighth of a mill, or one-eightieth of a cent per ton per mile.

Some one has been looking over an American book published in 1872 entitled, "The Home: Where It Should Be and What Should Be Put Into It," and makes the discovery that the household equipment costing \$1,000 at that time can be bought now for \$400. The \$350 kitchen clock of that period has dropped to 85 cents, furniture and carpets not less than half as much, window shades less by two-thirds, and a dozen solid silver tablespoons can be obtained for a large discount on \$20. Their cost now is about \$1 an ounce.

That the peace idea is taking firm root in continental Europe to-day is indicated by press utterances which from time to time find their way to this side of the Atlantic. Speaking of "decorative politics," as represented by the interchange of royal visits and social amenities between leading rulers, which are having such prominent place in continental history just now, the principal journal of Vienna says: "The acknowledged and universally recognized object of the triple alliance is the maintenance and confirmation of peace, while the dual alliance has the same end in view, and there only remains between the two alliances a noble emulation which shall confirm peace." And it very pertinently remarks in conclusion that "it is strange in these circumstances that not the slightest reference is made in any quarter to the disarmament and reduction of the armies or the diminution of military burdens."

It is a common maxim that history repeats itself; it is quite as true but less understood, that life repeats itself from generation to generation. The means that has been forgotten, the life that was too small to be remembered, the integrity, the hatred, the skepticism that we think are hidden deeply in our bones, only lie fallow, possibly to bear

fruit in our sons and daughters. "Whatever we sow, we reap." This makes life a problem of tremendous importance. But the fact that what we sow others may reap, complicates our responsibilities, and makes us not only the arbiter of our own destinies, but the prophets, for weal or for woe, of those who come after us.

Our country has hitherto had to bear the reproach of having few relics or monuments of past greatness. But the sense of obligation to do justice to our heroic ancestors or predecessors on American soil is awakening. Washington can show a number of historic monuments. Boston has always shown a little more veneration for the past than other cities. Marquette, La Salle and some others of our early colonial times have of late years come to be memorialized in Chicago. In the line of this awakening of the historic feeling the Early Settlers' Association of Dubuque, Iowa, together with the Iowa Institute of Science and Arts, have held a meeting to arrange for a monument to the pioneer Julien Dubuque. Designs have been asked for a medieval castle built of the various geologic formations of that locality.

London's latest fad—living without bread—may be expected to run the usual course. Medical authorities will not be wanting to testify to the harmlessness of eating bread, especially fresh bread, which is the kind most people prefer. But in the end the people will go back to the staff of life and find their chief sustenance in the cereals, just as they have done for ages. There is no denying the injury that is wrought upon delicate stomachs by hot bread and fresh light bread. That may be avoided, though, by eating toast, gems, cracked grains, stale and uneven breads, and the like. The other theory that bread introduces deleterious mineral substances into the system is not by any means proven. In fact the biochemists, after years of patient investigation, have become convinced that all or nearly all forms of disease are due to deficiency of certain earthly substances, including those complained of by this new school of dietarians. They have prepared special mixtures of the early salts as curative agents, which they recommend as the means of securing long life. Since the beginning of history there have been people hunting the philosopher's stone and the fountain of eternal youth. The one is as elusive as the other. Those who live to very advanced years usually eat and drink what pleases the palate, keep a clear conscience and follow no dietary fads whatever.

If love were the offspring of merit, then patriotism would find no difficulty in showing why a country is worth loving. But the Russian loves a land that has no freedom; the Spaniard, like the Irishman, loves a country that has no prosperity; the Chinaman loves a land that has no inspiration; the Eskimo loves a land that has for others no natural beauty. Men of each of these nationalities love their home land apparently for no other reason than because it is their own. So long as being born in a country makes its patriots, there will be no better reason to give. If patriots would make their country—if the people would all help to make their country—better worth loving, the word patriotism would not sometimes mean so little. It is poorly worth the name if it implies no more than the habit of association that attaches the savage to his hunting-ground or brings back the exiled cat to its wonted garret. True patriotism is something more than blind instinct. Neither is it a partisan ship or a worship. It has been said there is no such thing as a Turkish patriot. The Turk is first and last a Mohammedan. Nor is patriotism a mere sentiment. It is a principle of duty; and it becomes more benevolent as it grows more enlightened. That will be when patriots cease to cry, "Our country, right or wrong!" and insist that its public life and its politics shall have nothing in them of which they need ashamed.

A Piece of Chalk.
David Allan, a Scottish painter of some repute, who was born at Alton in 1744, died at Edinburgh in 1796, learned drawing by chance, as it were. While a mere lad he happened to burn his foot, and was thus made a prisoner for a time. To amuse himself he used to draw on the floor with a piece of chalk, and by constant practice became so clever at sketching, that when he went back to school he drew a picture of the teacher punishing a boy. This vigorous effort pleased the lad but angered the master, who rewarded his skill by expelling him from the school. But the love of drawing had now grown so strong within him, he was sent to Glasgow, thence to make a regular study of art. Afterwards he went to Rome, where his training as a painter was finished. He was known popularly at the Scottish Hogarth.

The Queen's Fondness for Dogs.
So fond of dogs is Queen Victoria that the Ladies' Kennel Association has sent her an address, voicing the gratitude and appreciation of the association for the interest taken by her Majesty in the welfare of the canine race. The address is engraved on white satin and signed on behalf of the association by its president, the Duchess of Teck. It was inclosed in a casket of solid silver, richly worked in repoussé design, showing the royal arms, the rose, shamrock and thistle, and the date, "1897."

Conversing with a man who always agrees with you is about as monotonous as talking to an echo.

Marriage is an expensive that restores the lover.

THE BIBLE ORCHARD

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON ON THE FRUITS OF PARADISE.

The First Orchard Described in Its Beauty and Perfection—The Lesson of Its Creation Before Fish and Birds—Solomon's Orchards and Gardens.

Our Weekly Sermon.

Dr. Talmage finds the divine hand in all the dominions of the natural world, and this sermon presents religion in its most radiant attractiveness. The text is Genesis 1, 11, "The fruit tree yielding fruit after its kind."

It is Wednesday morning in Paradise. The birds did not sing their opening piece nor the fish take their first swim until the following Friday. The solar and lunar lights did not break through the thick, chaotic fog of the world's manufacture until Thursday. Before that there was light, but it was electric light or phosphorescent light, not the light of sun or moon. But the botanical and pomological productions came on Wednesday—first the flowers and then the fruits. The yell of fog lifted, and there stand the orchards. Watch the sudden maturity of the fruit. In our time pear trees must have two years before they bear fruit, and peach trees three years, and apple trees five years, but here instantly a complete orchard springs into life, all the branches bearing fruit. The insectile forces, which have been doing their worst to destroy the fruits for 6,000 years, had not yet begun their invasion. The cuneifer had not yet stung the plum, nor the caterpillar hurt the apple, nor had the phloxes plague, which has devastated the vineyards of America and France, assailed the grapes, nor the borer perforated the wood, nor the aphides ruined the cherry, nor the grub punctured the nectarine, nor the blight struck the pear. There stood the first orchard, with a perfection of red, and an exquisiteness of color, and a lusciousness of taste, and an affluence of production which it may take thousands of years more of study of the science of fruits to reproduce.

The Fruit Diet.

Why was the orchard created two days before the fish and birds and three days before the cattle? Among other things, to impress the world with a lesson it is too stupid to learn—that fruit diet is sturdier than meat diet, and that the former must precede the latter. You have thanked God for bread a thousand times. Thank you thanked him for the fruits which he made the first course of food in the menu of the world's table—the seeds of those fruits to keep the world's table from being insipid, and their sweets to keep it from being sour?

What an expensive thing is sin. It costs a thousand times more than it is worth. As some of all kinds of quadrupeds and all kinds of winged creatures passed before our progenitor that he might announce a name, from eagle to bat and from lion to mole, so I suppose there were in paradise specimens of every kind of fruit tree. And in that enormous orchard there was not only enough for the original family of two, but enough fruit ripe to the ground and was never picked up to supply whole towns and villages, if they had existed. But the infatuated couple turned away from all these other trees and faced this tree, and fruit of that they will have thought it cost them all paradise.

As you pass through the orchard on these autumnal days and look up through the arms of the trees laden with fruit you hear thumping on the ground that which is fully ripe, and throwing your arms around the trunk you give a shake that sends down a shower of gold and fire on all sides of you. Pile up in baskets and barrels and bins and on shelves and tables the divine supply. But these orchards have been under the assault of at least sixty centuries—the storm, the droughts, the winters, the insectivora. What must the first orchard have been? And yet it is the explorer's evidence that on the site of that orchard there is not an apricot, or an apple, or an olive—nothing but desert and desolation. In other words, that first orchard is a lost orchard. How did the proprietor and the proprietress of all that intercolonization of fruitage let the rich splendor slip their possession? It was, as now, most of the orchards are lost—namely, by wanton more. Access they had to all the fruit trees, apricots, walnuts, almonds, apples—bushels on bushels—and were forbidden the use of only one tree in the orchard. Not satisfied with all but one, they reached for that and lost the whole orchard.

The Edenic Story Repeated.

This story of Eden is rejected by some as an improbability, if not an impossibility, but nothing on earth is easier for me to believe than the truth of this Edenic story, for I have seen the same thing in this year of our Lord, 1897. I could call them by name, if it were polite and righteous to do so, the men who have sacrificed a paradise on earth and a paradise in heaven for one sin. Their house went. Their library went. Their good name went. Their field of usefulness went. Their health went. Their immortal soul went. My friends, there is just one soul that will turn you out of paradise if you do not quit it. You know what it is, and God knows, and you had better drop the hand and arm lifted toward that bending bough before you pluck your own ruin. When Adam stood on tiptoe and took in his right hand one round peach or apricot or apple, satan reached up and pulled down the round, beautiful world of our present residence. Overworked artist, overwrought merchant, ambitious politician, avaricious speculator, better take that warning from Adam's orchard and stop before you put out for that one thing more.

But I turn from Adam's orchard to Solomon's orchard. With his own hand he writes, "I made me gardens and orchards." Not depending on the natural fall of rain, he irrigated those orchards. This is the aqueduct that watered those gardens I have seen, and the reservoirs are as perfect as when thousands of years ago the mason's trowel smoothed the mortar over their gray surfaces. No orchard of olden or modern time, probably, ever had its thirst so well slaked. Solomon used to ride out to that orchard before breakfast. It gave him an appetite and something to think about all the day. After Solomon had taken his morning ride in these luxuriant orchards he would sit down and write those wonderful things in the Bible, drawing his illustrations from the fruits he had that very morning plucked or ridden under, and wishing to praise the coming Christ he says, "As the apple

tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved." And wishing to describe the love of the church for her Lord, he writes, "Comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love," and desiring to make reference to the white hair of the octogenarian, and just before having noticed that the blossoms of the almond tree were white, he says of the aged man, "The almond tree shall flourish." The walnuts and the pomegranates and the mandarins and the figs make Solomon's writings a divinely arranged fruit basket.

Religion a Luxury.

What mean Solomon's orchards and Solomon's gardens, for they seem to mingle, the two into one, flowers underfoot and pomegranates overhead? To me they suggest that religion is a luxury. All along the world has looked upon religion chiefly as a dire necessity—a lifeboat from the shipwreck, a ladder from the conflagration, a soft landing place after we have been shoved off the precipice of this planet. As a consequence so many have said, "We will await preparation for the future until the crash of the shipwreck, until the conflagration is in full blaze, until we reach the brink of the precipice." No doubt religion is inexplicably important for the last exigency. But what do the apples and the figs and the melons and the pomegranates and the citron and the olives of Solomon's orchard mean? Luxury. They mean that our religion is the luscious, the aromatic, the pungent, the foliated, the umbrageous. Worldly joy killed Leo X, when he heard that Milan was captured. Talva died of joy when the Roman senate honored him. Diagoras died of joy because his three sons were crowned at the Olympian games. Sophocles died of joy over his literary successes. And religious joy has been too much for many a Christian and his son has sped away on the wing of hollowness.

The Reply of Wellington.

You think religion is a good thing for a funeral. Oh, yes! But Solomon's orchard means more. Religion is a good thing now when you are in health and prosperity, and the appetite is good for citrus and apples and apricots and pomegranates. Come in without wasting any time in talking about them and take the luxuries of religion. Happy yourself, then you can make others happy. Make just one person happy every day and in twenty years you will have made 7,300 people happy. I like what Wellington said after the battle of Waterloo and when he was in pursuit of the French with his advance guard and Col. Harvey said to him, "General, you had better not go any farther, for you may be shot at by some stranger from the bushes." And Wellington replied: "Let them fire away. The battle is won and my life is of no value now." My friends, we ought never to be reckless, but if, through the pardoning and rescuing grace of Christ, you have gained the victory over sin and death, you need fear nothing on the earth or under the earth. Let all the sharpshooters of perdition blaze away. You may ride on in joy triumphant. Religion for the funeral. Oh, yes! But religion for the wedding breakfast. Religion for the brightest spring morning and autumn's most gorgeous sunset. Religion for the day when the stocks are up just as much as when stocks are down. Religion when respiration is easy as well as for the last gasp; when the temperature is normal as well as when it reaches 104. It may be a bold thing to say, but I risk it, that if all people, without respect to belief or character, at death passed into everlasting happiness, religion for this world is such a luxury that no man or woman could afford to do without it. Why was it that in the parable of the prodigal son the finger ring was ordered put upon the returned wanderer's hand before the shoes were ordered for his tired feet? Are not shoes more important for our comfort than finger rings? Oh, yes! But it was to impress the world with the fact that religion is a luxury as well as a necessity. Show the radiant truth, that the table of God's love and pardon is now laid with all the fruits which the orchards of God's love and pardon and helpfulness can supply, and all will come in and sit down. Oh, fetch on the citrons and the apples and the walnuts and the pomegranates.

The Orchard of Pilate.

But having introduced you to Adam's orchard and carried you awhile through Solomon's orchard, I want to take a walk with you through Pilate's orchard of three trees on a hill seventy high, ten minutes' walk from the gate of Jerusalem.

After I had read that our great-grandfather and great-grandmother had been driven out of the first orchard, I made up my mind that the Lord would not be defeated in that way. I said to myself that when they had been poisoned by the fruit of that one tree, somewhere, somehow, there would be provided an antidote for the poison. I said: "Where is the other tree? Where is the other orchard that will repair the damage received in the first orchard?" And I read on until I found the orchard and its center tree as mighty for cure as this one had been for ruin, and as the one tree in Adam's orchard had its branches laden with the red fruit of carnage, and the pale fruit of suffering, and the spotted fruit of decay, and the bitter fruit of disappointment, I found in Pilate's orchard a tree which, though stripped of all its leaves and struck through by an iron bolt as long as your arm, nevertheless bore the richest fruit that was ever gathered. Like the trees of the first orchard, this was planted, blossomed and bore fruit all in one day. Paul was impulsive and vehement of nature, and he laid hold of that tree with both arms and shook it till the ground all round looked like an orchard the morning after an autumnal equinox, and careful lest he step on some of the fruit, gathered up a basketful of it for the Galatians, crying out, "The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." The other two trees of Pilate's orchard were loaded, the one with the hard fruits of obduracy and the other with the tender fruit of repentance, but the center tree—how will I ever forget the day I sat on the exact place where it was planted!—the center tree of that orchard yields the antidote for the poison of the world.

St. John's Orchard.

Now, in this discourse of the pomoLOGY of the Bible, or God amid the orchards, having shown you Adam's orchard and Solomon's orchard and Pilate's orchard, I now take you into St. John's orchard, and I will stop there, for, having seen that, you will want to see nothing more. St. John himself, having seen that orchard, discharged a whole volley of Come! Come! Come! and then pronounced the benediction: "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen." Then

the banished evangelist threw the book, and the Bible is done. The dear old book opened with Adam's orchard and closes with St. John's orchard. St. John went into this orchard through a stone gate, the black bassalt of the isle of Patmos, to which he had been exiled. That orchard which he saw was and is in heaven.

One person will err in speaking of heaven as all material and another person describes heaven as all figurative and spiritual, and both are wrong. Heaven is both material and spiritual, as we are both material and spiritual. While much of the Biblical account of heaven is to be taken figuratively and spiritually, it is plain to me that heaven has also a material existence. Christ said: "I go to prepare a place for you." Is not a place material? God, who has done all the world building, the statistics of stars vast as to be a bewilderment to telescopes, could have somewhere in his astronomy piled up a tremendous world to make the Bible heaven true both as a material splendor and a spiritual domain. I do not believe God put all the flowers, and all the precious stones, and all the bright metals, and all the music, and all the fountains, and all the orchards in this little world of ours. How much was literal and how much was figurative I cannot say. But St. John saw two rows of trees on each side of a river, and it differed from other orchards in the fact that the trees bore twelve manner of fruits. The learned translators of our common Bible say it means twelve different kinds of fruits in one year. Albert Barnes says it means twelve crops of the same kind of fruits in one year. Not able to decide which is the more accurate translation, I adopt both. If it means twelve different kinds of fruit, it declares variety in heavenly joy, and they are both true.

Variety? Oh, yes! Not an eternity

with nothing but music; that oratorio

would be too protracted. Not an eternity

of procession on white horses; that would

be too long in the stirrups. Not an eternity

of watching the river; that would

be too much of the picturesque. Not an

eternity of plucking fruits from the trees of life; that would be too much of the heavenly orchard. But all manner of varieties, and I will tell you of at least twelve of those varieties: Joy of divine worship, joy over the victories of the Lamb who was slain, joy over the repentant sinners, joy of recounting our own rescue, joy of embracing old friends, joy at recognition of patriarchs, apostles, evangelists and martyrs; joy of ringing harmonies, joy of reuniting broken friendships, joy at the explanation of Providential mysteries, joy at walking the boulevards of gold, joy at looking at walls green with emerald, and blue with sapphire, and crimson with jasper, and affash with amethyst, entered through swinging gates, their posts, their hinges, and their panels