

THE SERMON



THIS sermon of Dr. Talmage which we send out to-day seems startlingly appropriate to this theme when so many are having this life by their own hand, an evil about which all reasonable people are agreed; text, Acts xv. 26, "Do ye thus do harm."

him and the other for the gunshot who at the corner's inquest was examining it and fell dead. Have you any doubt of the identification of Hugh Miller after his hot brain had ceased throbbing that winter night in his study at Portobello? Among the mightiest of earth, among the mightiest of heaven.

No one doubted the piety of William Cowper, the author of those three great hymns, "O for a Closer Walk with God," "What Various Hindrances We Meet," "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood"—William Cowper, who shares with Isaac Watts and Charles Wesley the chief honors of Christian hymnology. In hypochondria he resolved to take his own life and rode to the river Thames, but found a man seated on some goods at that very point from which he expected to spring and rode back to his home, and that night threw himself upon his own knife, but the blade broke, and then he hanged himself to the ceiling, but the rope broke. No wonder that when God mercifully delivered him from that awful dementia he sat down and wrote that other hymn just as memorable:

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.

Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan his work in vain.
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

Treason to the Almighty.
While we make this merciful and righteous allowance in regard to those who were plunged into mental incoherence I declare that the man who in the use of his reason, by his own act, snaps the bond between his body and his soul, goes straight into perdition. Shall I prove it? Revelation xxi. 8, "Murderers shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." Revelation xxii. 15, "Whom are dogs and sorcerers and whoremongers and murderers." You do not believe the New Testament? Then perhaps you believe the Ten Commandments. "Thou shalt not kill." Do you say that all these passages refer to the taking of the life of others? Then I ask you if you are not as responsible for your own life as for the life of others? God gave you a special trust in life and made you the custodian of your life, and he made you the custodian of no other life. He gave you as weapons with which to defend it, an arm to strike back assassinations, two eyes to watch for invasion, and a natural love of life which ought ever to be on the alert. Assassination of others is a mild crime compared with the assassination of yourself, because in the latter case it is treachery to an especial trust. It is the surrender of a castle you were especially appointed to keep. It is treason to a natural law, and it is treason to God added to ordinary murder.

To show how God in the Bible looked upon this crime I point you to the rogues' picture gallery in some parts of the Bible, the pictures of the people who have committed this unnatural crime. Here is the headless trunk of Saul on the walls of Bathsheba. Here is a man who chased little David—10 feet in stature—slaying 4. Here is the man who consulted a clairvoyant, witch of Endor. Here is a man who, whipped in battle, instead of surrendering his sword with dignity, as many a man has done, asks his servant to slay him, and when that servant declines, then the giant plants the bit of his sword in the earth, the sharp point sticking upward, and he throws his body on it and expires—the coward, the suicide! Here is Athithophel, the Machiavelli of olden times, betraying his best friend, David, in order that he may become prime minister of Absalom, and joining that fellow in his attempt at parricide. Not getting what he wanted by change of politics he takes a short cut out of a disgraceful life into the suicide's eternity. There he is, the ingrate!

Here is Abimelech, practically a suicide. He is with an army, bombarding a tower, when a woman in the tower takes a grindstone from its place and drops it upon his head, and with what life he has left in his cracked skull he commands his armor bearer, "Draw thy sword and slay me, lest men say a woman slew me." There is his post mortem photograph in the book of Samuel.

THE BATTLE-FIELDS.

OLD SOLDIERS TALK OVER ARMY EXPERIENCES.

The Blue and the Gray Review Incidents of the Late War, and in a Graphic and Interesting Manner Tell of Camp, March and Battle.

Renewing Old Camp Stories.
THEY are having the same experience as we had. Then the old veteran, after a chuckle, born evidently of an old memory, explained what he meant.

"Did you see that report about the Spaniards poisoning the wells and springs at Chickamauga? That made me laugh.

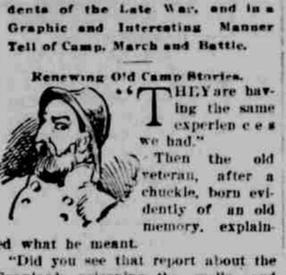
"When our regiment went into camp near Louisville, Ky., in 1862, the first startling report that reached us was that the last regiment which camped on that ground lost nineteen men from drinking water taken from a well near an enemy's house.

"You can imagine the consternation such a report, scattered through the ranks of a thousand men, would create. Some of us felt that our first duty was to slaughter that enemy and burn his house. When such a proposition was made it was learned that the man had gone into the Confederate army and that the woman and her children had been sent north to poison wells surrounding camps of instruction.

"In the afternoon a man came around with a newly painted article for testing well and spring water. It was more than a test. If there was poison in the well or spring the tester would extract it, rendering the water perfectly safe to drink.

"The man did a rushing trade. Hundreds of the boys possessed themselves of the tester. His stock ran out. The dealer would go to the city for a new supply and be back the next day. He never came back. The fact that none of the men died of poison was construed as proof positive that the tester was a huge success as a life-saver, until one day the colonel called in the surgeon, who was a chemist, and the major, who was an expert in machinery. Before this board one of the water testers underwent a scientific examination.

"These two pieces of painted tin," said the surgeon, "must have cost at least 1 cent. Soldering them together, and attaching this hook that shuts close to the tin, was done for another cent, and the black bag, filled with rice, may have cost 1 cent more. The original cost of the 'tester,' then, was 3 cents. Hundreds of them have been sold at a dollar each."



"Never mind what it cost, doctor—is it a good tester?" asked the colonel.

"The dried foot of a rabbit would be preferable," said the doctor.

"Is it any good at all for finding out whether there is poison in the water or not?" asked the colonel.

"A knitting needle would be better," said the doctor.

"Doctor, be good enough to answer my question—is this tester good for anything?"

"There was a net profit on it of 97 cents."

"Is it a fraud?"

"It is an utter fraud."

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brigade? asked the colonel.

"That is not a good excuse for allowing you to leave camp at a time when we are expecting orders at any moment to march."

"But this is not an ordinary funeral, colonel."

"Why isn't it an ordinary funeral?"

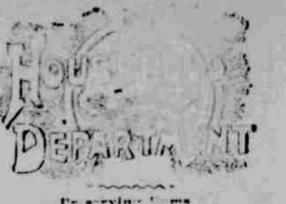
"Because ten soldiers are to be buried. They died day before yesterday—died at the hands of the enemy. They were poisoned. We feel as though we ought to pay their memories this much respect. Can we go?"

"Do you know positively that so many men in that brigade are dead?"

"Yes, sir."

"Whom does the information come from?"

"A man close to you, colonel, the surgeon. I heard him tell our captain, and the captain told others."



When the hands are nicely cured and soaked ready for putting away for summer use, lay them one by one on a clean cutting board and carefully remove the skin in one entire piece. Then with a sharp knife slice them in large, thin slices clear around the bone as if for immediate use. Have a kettle of boiling lard on the stove, and keep it rolling, as with a long fork you dip a slice after slice in the boiling lard and lay them one after another smoothly in a large crock till every slice has been dipped and the crock is full of ham. If the lard does not already fill the spaces around the ham pour boiling lard over it till it does. Then cut from the skin of the ham a circle or plate of the skin, just as large as the inside of the crock, and lay it flat over the top of the ham. Cover the crock also with an earthen plate or close cover, and set the whole away in the storeroom for future use. It will come from the crock when needed perfectly sweet and good, and is always ready if a hastily prepared meal is needed.—New York Tribune.

How You Noodle
That eggs covered when frying will cook much more evenly?
That if you heat your knife you can cut hot bread as smoothly as cold?
That camphor menthol is an excellent inhalant if one is suffering from catarrh?
That a little flour dredged over the top of a cake will keep the icing from running?
That the white of an egg, with a little sugar and water is good for a child with an irritable stomach?
That clear, black coffee, diluted with water and containing a little ammonia, will cleanse and restore black clothes?
That a large slice of potato in the fat when frying doughnuts will prevent the black specks from appearing on their surface?
That by rubbing with a flannel cloth dipped in whiting, the brown discoloration may be taken off cups which have been used for baking?—Up-to-Date.

I like Mother Used to Make.
An old-fashioned molasses gingerbread. The following are the proportions: One-half a cupful of molasses, one-half a tablespoonful of ginger, one spoonful of salt, one-half a teaspoonful of soda, one half-spoonful of clarified beef-dripping—or you may use butter, though the dripping is the better—one-fourth of a cupful of hot water, boiling, and one cupful of flour. The ginger, soda and salt are added to the molasses; the softened dripping is then put in, and the mixture beaten well; next the boiling water is added, then the flour; beat again thoroughly, pour into a well-greased shallow pan, and bake in a hot oven. It will take about twenty minutes to bake the loaf.—Woman's Home Companion.

Filling for Marshmallow Cake.
Soak one quart of a box of gelatine in one-quarter of a cupful of cold water until soft. Whip three-quarters of a cupful of thick cream to a stiff froth and the white of one egg until stiff and dry. Stir lightly into the cream one-half of a cupful of powdered sugar, add one scant teaspoonful of vanilla, ten drops of lemon juice, the whipped egg white and the gelatine, which has been placed over hot water until dissolved. Stand in a pan of cracked ice, and turn through occasionally until the mixture thickens. Spread between the cake layers, which should be cold or the gelatine will melt.—Exchange.

Clams in Newburg.
One pint raw clams, take out the soft part, remove the black end and chop the tough parts very fine. Put one tablespoonful of butter in a stewpan with one-half teaspoon salt and a spoonful of paprika, add the clams and simmer ten minutes. Then add two tablespoons of sherry and the soft part. Beat yolks of two eggs, mix with half a cup of cream, and stir in quickly and remove as soon as the egg thickens.

Rice and West-Castrol.
Butter a mold and line the bottom and sides with hot boiled rice. Fill the center with finely chopped meat highly seasoned with salt, pepper, onion juice, celery salt or some kind of catsup, mixed with one-quarter of its bulk of soft bread crumbs, one or more beaten eggs and a little stock or gravy to moisten. Cover with a layer of rice, steam for three-quarters of an hour and serve with a tomato sauce.

Monsieur's Fauce.
Put into a whipping tin or bowl the raw yolks of five eggs, a wineglassful of liquor, the whites of two eggs, and one and one-half ounces of powdered sugar; stand the bowl containing them in a stewpan full of boiling water, and whisk the eggs, etc., together till they are all well blended and thick, and like a soufflé mixture; serve at once with hot puddings, etc.

Strawberry Shortcake.
Three cups each of sifted graham flour and white flour, two cups sweet cream, one teaspoon soda, two teaspoons cream tartar. Roll one-half inch thick. Prick well with fork, bake thirty to forty minutes in moderate oven. Let cool when done, then spread in half, butter generously, and spread with prepared berries; three cakes also acceptable.