

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A BRAWNY RELIGION, SUN-DAY'S SUBJECT.

The Tendency to Put the Poor Folk Out of the Church—A Blow at Fashionable Religion—Revolution Is Near at Hand.

Washington, D. C., May 1, 1898.— This discourse of Dr. Talmage is revolutionary for good in families and churches and nations, and especially appropriate for these times. Text, Acts 17, 6: "These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also."

There is a wild, bellowing mob around the house of Jason, in Thessalonica. What has the man done so greatly to offend the people? He has been entertaining Paul and his comrades. The mob surround the house and cry, "Bring out those turbulent preachers! They are interfering with our business; they are ruining our religion! They are actually turning the world upside down!"

The charge was true; for there is nothing that so interferes with sin, there is nothing so ruinous to every form of established iniquity, there is nothing that has such tendency to turn the world upside down, as our glorious Christianity. The fact is, that the world now is wrong side up, and it needs to be turned upside down in order that it may be right side up. The time was when men wrote books entitled them "Apologies for Christianity." I hope that day has passed. We want no more apologies for Christianity. Let the apologies be on the part of those who do not believe in our religion. We do not mean to make any compromise in the matter. We do not wish to hide the fact that Christianity is revolutionary, and that its tendency is to turn the world upside down.

Our religion has often been misrepresented as a principle of tears, and mildness, and fastidiousness; afraid of crossing people's prejudices; afraid of making somebody mad; with silken gloves, lifting the people up from the church pew into glory, as though they were Bohemian glass, so very delicate that with one touch it may be demolished forever. Men speak of religion as though it were a refined imbecility; as though it were spiritual chloroform, that the people were to take until the sharp cutting of life were over. The Bible, so far from this, represents the religion of Christ as robust and brawny—ransacking and upsetting ten thousand things that now seem to be settled on firm foundations. I hear some man in the house say, "I thought religion was peace." That is the final result. A man's arm is out of place. Two men come, and with great effort put it back to the socket. It gets back with great pain. Then it goes well. Our world is horribly disordered and out of joint. It must come under an omnipotent surgery, beneath which there will be pain and anguish before there can come perfect health and quiet. I proclaim, therefore, in the name of my Lord Jesus Christ—Revolution!

The religion of the Bible will make a revolution in the family. Those things that are wrong in the family circle will be overthrown by it, while justice and harmony will take the place. The husband will be the head of the household only when he is fit to be. I know a man who spends all the money he makes in drink, as well as all the money that his wife makes; and sometimes sells the children's clothes for rum. Do you tell me that he is to be the head of that household? If the wife have more nobility, more courage, more consistency, more of all that is right, she shall have the supremacy. You say that the Bible says that the wife is to be subject to the husband. I know it. But there is a husband, not a masculine caricature. There is no human or divine law that makes a woman subordinate to a man unworthy of her. When Christianity comes into a domestic circle, it will give the dominancy to that once who is the most worthy of it.

Again, Christianity will produce a revolution in commercial circles. Find me fifty merchants, and you find that they have fifty standards of what is right and wrong. You say to some one about a merchant, "Is he honest?" "Oh, yes," the man says, "he is honest; but he grinds the faces of his clerks. He is honest; but he exaggerates the value of his goods. He is honest; but he loans money on bond and mortgage, with the understanding that the mortgage can lie quiet for ten years, but as soon as he gets the mortgage he records it and begins a foreclosure suit, and the sheriff's writ comes down, and the day of sale arrives, and away goes the homestead, and the creditor buys it in at half price." Honest? when he loaned the money he knew that he would get the homestead at half price. Honest? but he goes to the insurance office to get a policy on his life, and tells the doctor that he is well, when he knows that for ten years he has had but one lung. Honest? though he sells property by the map, forgetting to tell the purchaser that the ground is all under water; but it is generous in him to do that, for he throws the water into the bargain.

Ah! my friends, there is but one standard of the everlasting right and of the everlasting wrong, and that is the Bible; and when the principle shall get its pry under our commercial houses, I believe that one-half of them will go over. The rain will begin at one end of the street, and it will crash! crash! all the way down to the docks. "What is the matter?" "Has there been a fall in gold?" "Oh, no." "Has there been a new tariff?" "No." "Has there been a failure in crops?" "No." "Has there been an unaccountable panic?" "No." This is the secret: The Lord God has set us in his throne of judgment in the exchange

He has summoned the righteous and the wicked to come before him. What was 1857? A day of judgment! What was the extreme depression of two years ago? A day of judgment! Do you think that God is going to wait until he has burned the world up before he rights these wrongs? I tell you, Nay! Every day is a day of judgment.

The fraudulent man piles up his gains, bond above bond, United States security above United States security, emolument above emolument, until his property has become a great pyramid; and, as he stands looking at it, he thinks it can never be destroyed; but the Lord God comes and with his little finger pushes it all over.

You build a house, and you put into it a rotten beam. A mechanic standing by says, "It will never do to put that beam in; it will ruin your whole building." But you put it in. The house is completed. Soon it begins to rock. You call in the mechanic and ask, "What is the matter with this door? What is the matter with this wall? Everything seems to be giving out." Says the mechanic, "You put a rotten beam into that structure, and the whole thing has to come down."

This is an estate that seems to be all right now. It has been building a great many years. But fifteen years ago there was a dishonest transaction in that commercial house. That one dishonest transaction will keep on working ruin in the whole structure until down the estate will come in wreck and ruin about the possessor's ears—one dishonest dollar in the estate demolishing all his possessions. I have seen it again and again; and so have you!

Here is your money-safe. The manufacturer and yourself only know how it can be opened. You have the key. You touch the lock and the ponderous door swings back. But let me tell you that, however firmly barred and bolted your money-safe may be, you can not keep God out. He will come, some day, into your counting-room, and he will demand, "Where did that note of hand come from? How did you account for this security? Where did you get that mortgage from? What does this mean?" If it is all right, God will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant. Be prosperous in this world. Be happy in the world to come." If it is all wrong, he will say, "Depart, ye cursed. Be miserable for your iniquities in this life; and then go down and spend your eternity with thieves, and horse-jockeys and pick-pockets."

You have an old photograph of the signs on your street. Why have those signs nearly all changed within the last twenty years? Does the passing away of a generation account for it? Oh, no. Does the fact that there are hundreds of honest men who go down every year account for it? Oh, no. This is the secret: The Lord God has been walking through the commercial streets of our great cities; and he has been adjusting things according to the principles of eternal rectitude.

The time will come when, through the revolutionary power of this gospel, a falsehood, instead of being called exaggeration, equivocation, or evasion, will be branded a lie! And stealings, that now sometimes go under the head of percentages and commissions, and bonuses, will be put into the catalogue of state prison offenses. Society will be turned inside out and upside down, and ransacked of God's truth, until business dishonesties shall come to an end, and all double-dealing; and God will overturn, and overturn, and overturn; and commercial men in all cities will throw up their hands, crying out, "These that have turned the world upside down are come hither."

In that future day of the reconstructed Church of Christ, the church building will be the most cheerful of all buildings. Instead of the light of the sun strained through painted glass, until an intelligent auditory looks green, and blue, and yellow, and copper-colored, we will have no such things. The pure atmosphere of heaven will sweep out the fetid atmosphere that has been kept in many of our churches boxed up from Sunday to Sunday. The day of which I speak will be a day of great revivals. There will be such a time as there was in the parish of Shotts, where five hundred souls were born to God in one day; such times as were seen in this country when Edwards gave the alarm, when Tennent preached, and Whitefield thundered, and Edward Payson prayed; such times as some of you remember in 1857, when the voice of prayer and praise was heard in theater, and warehouse, and blacksmith shop, and factory and engine house; and the auctioneer's cry of "a half, and a half, and a half," was drowned out by the adjoining prayer-meeting, in which the people cried out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?"

In those days of which I am speaking, the services of the Church of God will be more spirited. The ministers of Christ, instead of being anxious about whether they are going to lose their place in their notes, will get on fire with the theme and pour the living truth of God upon an aroused auditory—crying out to the righteous, "It shall be well with you;" and to the wicked, "Woe! It shall be ill with you!" In those days the singing will be very different from what it is now. The music will weep, and wail, and chant, and triumph. People then will not be afraid to open their mouths when they sing. The man with a cracked voice will risk it on "Windham," and "Oronville," and "Old Hundred." Grandfather will find the place for his grandchild in the hymn-book; or the little child will be spectacles for the grandfather. Hosanna will meet hosanna, and together go climbing to the throne; and the angels will hear, and God will listen; and the gates of heaven will hold; and it will be as when two seas meet—the wave of

earthly song mingling with the surging anthems of the free.

Oh, my God, let me live to see that day! Let there be no power in disease, or accident, or wave of the sea, to disappoint my expectations. Let all other sight fail my eyes, rather than that I should miss that vision. Let all other sounds fail my ears, rather than that I should fail to hear that sound. I want to stand on the mountaintop, to catch the first ray of the dawn, and with flying feet bring the news. And, oh, when we hear the clattering hoofs that bring on the king's chariot, may we all be ready, with arches sprung, and with hand on the rope of the bell that is to sound the victory, and with wreaths all twisted for the way; and when Jesus dismounts, let it be amidst the huzza! huzza! of a world redeemed.

Where and when will that revolution begin? Here, and now. In your heart and mine. Sin must go down; our pride must go down; our worldliness must go down; that Christ may come up. Revolution! "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Why not now let the revolution begin? Not next Sabbath, but now! Not tomorrow, when you go out into commercial circles, but now!

Archias, the magistrate of Thebes, was sitting with many mighty men, drinking wine. A messenger came in, bringing a letter informing him of a conspiracy to end his life and warning him to flee. Archias took the letter, but, instead of opening it, put it into his pocket, and said to the messenger who brought it: "Business tomorrow!" The next day he died. Before he opened the letter, the government was captured. When he read the letter it was too late. Today I put into the hand of every man and woman, who hears or reads these words, a message of life. It says: "Today, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart." Do not put away the message and say: "This business tomorrow." This night thy soul may be required of thee!

The Leaf Insect.

The "leaf-insect" is a native of the East Indies, and the islands of the eastern archipelago. Dr. Duns, in describing it, says: "Suppose the top of a sprout of this year's growth to be broken from a bay, the leaves stripped off, two of them taken and laid back to back along the sprout to within about a quarter of an inch from the top, you have then the body and head of the insect. At the end of the bare sprout two forked incipient leaves stand out. These will do for the horns. The leaves lying thus along the sprout give as they taper towards their points the aspect of the body; while the uncovered projecting part, with its half-formed buds, represents the head and the eyes. The wings bear the most striking resemblance to an oak-leaf cut up the center. The regularity of the larger veins, and the distinctness of the smaller ones, are very marked. Then you have the four legs like fragments of leaflets, joined to the upper parts of the body; while two arms, serving the same purpose as the tentacular of the butterfly, branch off from the shoulder. These are also like fragments of a leaf; but when they are brought together they form an entire leaf, with its base at the head and its point projecting." When the insect rests among the leaves its resemblance to them is so perfect that only a most acute observer is likely to detect it; even when it flies it looks far more like a stray leaf torn from a branch than a true insect. The leaf-insect moves about very slowly, and if it were not for its extraordinary resemblance to the foliage among which it passes its life, would be powerless to escape the attacks of its numerous enemies.

Four Apples Cost Him \$600.

Cashier A. H. Baker of the Jenkintown National bank is the owner of four apples which cost him exactly \$150 apiece. He was riding in an English street trolley car on Saturday, and had with him a satchel containing \$600 in bank notes of small denomination, for use in the day's business at the bank. When he picked up the satchel on leaving the car he noticed that the lock looked strange, and a close examination revealed the fact that it was a substitute grip. When it was broken open it revealed four apples and a newspaper. Mr. Baker remembered being very much interested in reading a war bulletin at Eighth and Chestnut streets, and thinks the change must have been effected during that time.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Air Insulation.

At a recent meeting of the Societe Internationale des Electriciens, M. Barbarat described the new underground cables with air insulation employed by the telephone administration of Paris. These cables are insulated with paper, and the insulation is insured by injecting from time to time dry air under the pressure. For this purpose the compressed air is supplied by the compressed air company; it passes over chloride of calcium, and is sent into each cable by means of taps. This dried air removes every trace of dampness and insures the insulation. Sometimes the operation can be facilitated by sending a workman to heat it on the spot. These cables have been tried over long telephonic systems and have given good results.

Silent Partner Was Indolent.

Commercial Traveler—Who's that talking so loud and kicking up such a fuss back there in the private office? Clerk (munchantly)—Oh, that's the silent partner.—Somerville Journal.

After a record free of marks for absence or tardiness for nearly five years, a school girl of Piedmont, Va., fell a victim to mumps and had to stay home.

SOLDIERS IN CAMP.

GLIMPSSES OF LIFE AT FAR FAMED CHICKAMAUGA.

Regulars Who Left Their Girls Behind Them in the Northwest Are Having an Exciting Time of It Near Chattanooga.

The full regiment of infantry was drawn up in line in "campaign outfit," and the color sergeant and his aide had brought from the colonel's quarters the Stars and Stripes that were embroidered with victories of that regiment in the past, and waved proudly beside the regimental flag of blue. Then the order was given to "sound off," and before the last notes of the bugles had died away the brass band broke



A COMPANY KITCHEN.

into "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and the regiment was off to Mobile to wait there for further orders sending them to the front.

The Second Battalion commander rode a horse that had been in Custer's last battle, but escaped massacre. Like his rider, also an old Indian fighter, the horse was getting old and gray now, but there was a good deal of fire in his old frame yet, and he danced off friskily as though longing for battle once more.

They had to march eight miles to the railroad which was to transport them from the Western post, and an order was called through the ranks for "route step," which made every man fall into his own gait, and broke the straight lines into ragged curves. The order was indicative of the difference between dress parade, when to be out of step was nothing short of a breach of regulations, and actual service, when thoughtful officers saved their men unnecessary work out of action.

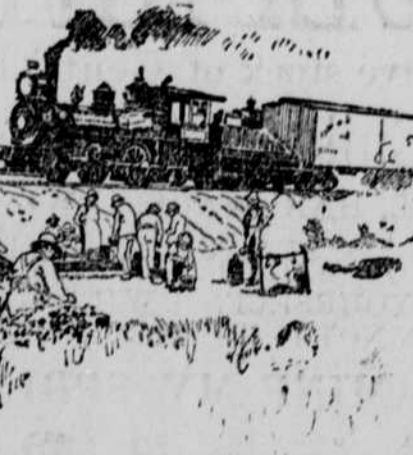
The girls they left behind them flourished their handkerchiefs vigorously in a noble endeavor that the final glimpse the officers had of home should not be associated with tearful women, and as the last company swung out of the post to the inspiring strains of the band, the sweethearts and wives separated to their different quarters, now so deserted, and had it out alone. As a picture of desolation, Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" isn't a patch on a garrison after the troops have gone!

But the regiment recked not of that, but says, "It is war," and takes to the field like ducks to water, though there are many youngsters in the service who have never been in camp except for practice, and not a few men who have not seen action even among the Indians, who have been rather subdued these past years. And they are living the routine life impatiently, waiting the orders that will make them see actual service and will bring more victories to the regiment and sustain the fame of its old record. In the meantime they drill and police the camp and sing about their campfires as the seasoned veterans tell tales of the battles they have seen.

The camp of a regiment is laid out like a little village and is a model of neatness and order. Not a scrap of paper or vestige of debris of any sort is seen through its length and breadth, and the men who "police," or clean, go

over the field as a New England housewife picks threads from her carpet. All the work of this sort in a regiment is done by its prisoners—men who are under short arrest for misdemeanors or for some breach of military regulations; and, clad in brown, they go about in detachments of two or three under guard of a sentry, who bears a loaded rifle and who is responsible for the prisoners he is in charge of.

When a regiment is going into camp the busiest and most harassed person in it is the quartermaster. He it is who has charge of all the camp equipment and who is responsible for the transportation of it. Also he must stand ready to supply any deficiency, from feed for horses or mules to a coat for some private who is suddenly minus his; and he and the commissary sergeant, his right hand man, think not of themselves until the regiment is



GRUB IN THE FIELD.

installed under cover. Each officer carries his own camp outfit—tent, blankets and mess chest—and sees to it before he leaves garrison. There his responsibility practically ceases and falls upon the shoulder of his "stryker"—not a socialist, but a servant provided an officer by army regulations. The stryker is a sort of general factotum, and is usually a man from the officer's own company or troop. He is a jack of all trades, and good at them, too;



GRUB IN THE FIELD.

and when the regiment reaches camp he makes at once for his own particular officer and looks after him. It is the stryker who pitches the tent and unpacks what luggage his superior may



GEN. BROOKS' HEADQUARTERS, CHATTANOOGA.

have after he has first extracted it from the pile of regimental impedimenta. He fetches water and puts the towels by the hand basin, and sometimes he



THE CAPTAIN AND HORSE THAT WERE WITH CUSTER.

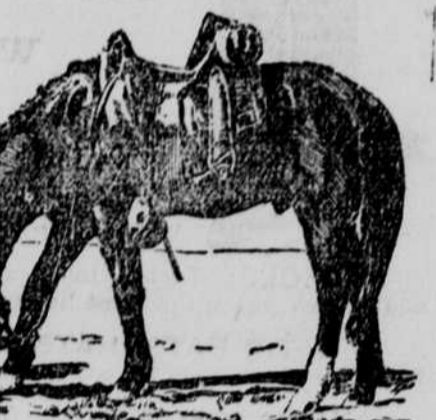
even builds a bed, and not a bad one, either, if his chief has not where to lay his head except upon the ground.

He gets an empty barrel, from heaven knows where, sometimes, and proceeds to knock it to pieces, when he carefully extracts all old nails, not caring to play practical jokes upon a superior officer, however much he may upon his comrades. Then the stryker forges further for two long beams, and if they are not forthcoming he cuts down a couple of young trees, or in default of those his genius produces something which answers the purpose, and laying these two on the ground side by side, he nails the staves on, curves downward, with about eight inches between. Behold the slatted bed, which is springier than the ground and drier, and is raised on short, rough legs! The writer of this has slept on a barrel bed, and it was more comfortable than some which I looked better.

In the meantime, while the officers' tents are going up, those for the companies are being pitched with perfect order, and in an incredibly short time are taut and fast. They are laid out in sets of two lines on what are called the "company streets," and day and night are patrolled by sentries who have two hours on and four off alternately. Near the company street are the kitchens—the tents where the "grub" is cooked for the men, and for the officers as well, who have theirs served in the "mess tent," where two or three have gathered together to be served as one set instead of eating separately. Not only do the officers thus have one another's society, but clubbing together cuts down expenses, for whatever an officer has in mess outside of the commissary provision he pays for them from his own pocket.

There are always several "messes" (the word strikes civilian ears most unpleasantly) through the regiment, and those officers who are known to be bonus viveurs under all conditions are eagerly besought to take into their tents those who are not so expert in providing the goods of life even when they have the money and inclination.

The officers' "line" is always a little away from the men's tents, which are under the immediate charge of the first



sergeant and corporals of each company, and at the top of the "line" is "headquarters," where the colonel and his staff are established.

The men in camp usually smuggle in some kind of a pet or "masoc," which is not always left behind when the order comes to move, unless it may be into action. One of the men who is now with his regiment in Mobile carried with him from the northwest a small black cat, which was hidden in his knapsack when an inquiring officer was about, or played in the car, to the great delight of the soldiers all the way down. Her owner's own anxiety is what to do with her when they go to Cuba—for the rank and file says "when," not "if." He doesn't wish to leave her homeless behind, and yet to kill the company mascot on the eve of battle, as it were, is too much like defying fate, and he's much more bothered by that than by his own prospective fate. In the meantime kitty goes purring and playing around camp with an air of domesticity that convulses visitors and gives an insight into the character of the soldier.

No More Rainbow Toggery.

A young woman friend of the Post says—and she is noted for her store of information on these matters—that the summer bicycle girl is going to wear easy fitting, tan Oxford ties, and very thin, vari-colored hose, drop stitch or otherwise, almost exclusively this year. She announces also that the divided bicycle skirt is to be the swagger kink this coming season, basing her statement upon the fact that several scores of her bosom bicycle pals are now engaged in the construction of these skirts. She prophesies, furthermore, that Tam o' Shanters, alpines, derbies, and all of the other varieties of bicycle headgear are to give way during the coming summer to the plain sailor hat for the girl awnee! Finally, she states that the girls of Washington are about to inaugurate a crusade against the bicycle man who clings to the lovely, chameleon-rainbow toggery for riding, and that they are to make a stand for the bicycle man who wears plain dark knickerbockers and black hose unrolled.—Washington Post.

Metal Production of the United States.

The value of the metal production in the United States the past year is estimated at over \$162,000,000. This production, says the Engineering and Mining Journal, not only emphasizes the great total value, but also the immense variety of the mineral production of the United States. Not only is the United States the largest producer of iron and steel, copper, lead and silver, and of gold, but almost every mineral and metal known to commerce is found within our borders, and is mined or prepared in some quantity.