

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

FORGIVENESS BEFORE SUN-DOWN SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From Ephesians, Chapter Four, Verse Twenty-six, as follows: "Let Not the Sun Go Down Upon Your Wrath"—Plea to Man's Nobler Instincts.

(Copyright 1899 by Louis Klopsch.) What a pillow, embroidered of all colors, hath the dying day! The cradle of clouds from which the sun rises is beautiful enough, but it is surpassed by the many-colored mausoleum in which, at evening, it is buried.

Sunset among the mountains! It almost takes one's breath away to recall the scene. The long shadows stretching over the plain make the glory of the departing light, on the tip-top crags, and struck aslant, through the foliage the more conspicuous. Saffron and gold, purple and crimson commingled. All the castles of cloud in conflagration. Burning Moscovos on the sky. Hanging garden of roses at their deepest blush. Banners of vapor, red as if from carnage, in the battle of the elements. The hunter among the Adirondacks, and the Swiss villager among the Alps, know what a sunset among the mountains. After a storm at sea, the rolling grandeur into which the sun goes down to bathe at nightfall, is something to make weird and splendid dreams out of for a lifetime. Alexander Smith, in his poem, compares the sunset to "the bare beach of hell," but this wonderful spectacle of nature makes me think of the burnished wall of heaven. Paul, in prison, writing my text, remembers some of the gorgeous sunsets among the mountains of Asia Minor, and how he had often seen the towers of Damascus blaze in the close of the oriental days, and he flashes out that memory in the text when he says, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Sublime all-suggestive duty for people then and people now! Forgiveness before sundown! He who never feels the throb of indignation is imbecile. He who can walk among the injustices of the world inflicted upon himself and others, without flush of cheek, or flash of eye, or agitation of nature, is either in sympathy with wrong or semi-idiotic. When Ananias, the high priest, ordered the constables of the court room to smite Paul on the mouth, Paul fired up and said: "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall." In the sentence immediately before my text, Paul commands the Ephesians: "Be ye angry and sin not." It all depends on what you are mad at and how long the feeling lasts, whether anger is right or wrong. Life is full of exasperations. Saul after David, Succoth after Gideon, Korah after Moses, the Pharisaees after Augustus, the Pharisaees after Christ, and every one has had his pursuers, and we are swindled, or belied, or misrepresented, or persecuted, or in some way wronged, and the danger is that helpful indignation shall become baleful spite, and that our feelings settle down into a prolonged outpouring of temper displeasing to God and ruinous to ourselves, and hence the important injunction of the text: "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Why that limitation to one's anger? What that period of flaming vapor set to punctuate a flaming disposition? What has the sunset got to do with one's resentful emotions? Was it a haphazard sentiment written by Paul without special significance? No, no; I think of five reasons why we should not let the sunset before our temper.

First: Because twelve hours is long enough to be cross about any wrong inflicted upon us. Nothing is so exhausting to physical health or mental faculty as a protracted indulgence of ill-humor. It racks the nervous system. It hurts the digestion. It heats the blood in brain and heart until the whole body is first overheated and then depressed. Beside that, it sours the disposition, turns one aside from his legitimate work, expends energies that ought to be better employed, and does us more harm than it does our antagonist. Paul gives us a good, wide allowance of time for legitimate denunciation, from 6 o'clock to 6 o'clock, but says: "Stop there!" Watch the descending orb of day, and when it reaches the horizon, take a reef in your disposition. Unloose your collar and cool off. Change the subject to something delightfully pleasant. Unroll your tight fist and shake hands with some one. Bank up the fires at the curfew bell. Drive the growling dog of enmity back to its kennel. The hours of this morning will pass by, and the afternoon will arrive, and the sun will begin to set, and, I beg you, on its blazing hearth throw all your feuds, invectives and satires.

Other things being equal, the man who preserves good temper will come out ahead. An old writer says that the celebrated John Henderson of Bristol, England, was at a dinner party where political excitement ran high and the debate got angry, and while Henderson was speaking, his opponent, unable to answer his argument, dashed a glass of wine in his face, when the speaker deliberately wiped the liquid from his face and said: "This, sir, is a digression; now, if you please, for the main argument." While worldly philosophy could help but very few to such equipoise of spirit, the grace of God could help any man to such a triumph. "Impossible," you say, "I would have either left the table in anger or have knocked the man down." But I have come to believe that nothing is impossible if God help. Aye, you will not postpone till sundown forgiveness of enemies if you can realize that their behavior towards

you may be put into the catalogue of the "all things" that "work together for good to those that love God." I have had multitudes of friends, but I have found in my own experience that God so arranged it that the greatest opportunities of usefulness that have been opened before me were opened by enemies. So you may harness your antagonists to your best interests and compel them to draw you on to better work and higher character. Suppose, instead of waiting until thirty-two minutes after four this evening, when the sun will set, you transact this glorious work of forgiveness at meridian.

Again: We ought not to let the sun go down on our wrath, because we will sleep better if we are at peace with everybody. Insomnia is getting to be one of the most prevalent of disorders. How few people retire at 10 o'clock at night and sleep clear through to 6 in the morning! To relieve this disorder all narcotics, and sedatives, and morphine, and chloral, and bromide of potassium, and cocaine, and intoxicants are used, but nothing is more important than a quiet spirit if we would win somnolence. How is a man going to sleep when he is in mind pursuing an enemy? With what nervous twitch he will start out of a dream! That new plan of cornering his foe will keep him wide awake while the clock strikes 11, 12, 1, 2. I give you an un-failing prescription for wakefulness: spend the evening hours rehearsing your wrongs and the best way of avenging them. Hold a convention of friends on this subject in your parlor or office at 8 or 9 o'clock. Close the evening by writing a bitter letter expressing your sentiments. Take from the desk or pigeon hole the papers in the case to refresh your mind with your enemy's meanness. Then lie down and wait for the coming of the day, and it will come before sleep comes, or your sleep will be worried quiescence, and, if you take the precaution to lie flat on your back, a frightful nightmare.

Why not put a bound to your animosity? Why let your foes come into the sanctities of your dormitory? Why let those slanderers who have already torn your reputation to pieces or injured your business, bend over your midnight pillow and drive from you one of the greatest blessings that God can offer—sweet, refreshing, all-invigorating sleep? Why not fence out your enemies by the golden bars of the sunset? Why not stand behind the barricade of evening cloud, and say to them: "Thus far and no farther." Many a man and many a woman is having the health of body as well as the health of soul eaten away by a malevolent spirit. I have in time of religious awakening had persons, night after night, come into the inquiry room and get no peace of soul. After a while I have bluntly asked them: "Is there not some one against whom you have a hatred that you are not willing to give up?" After a little confusion they have slightly whispered, "Yes." Then I have said: "You will never find peace with God as long as you retain that virulence."

A boy in Sparta, having stolen a fox, kept him under his coat and, though the fox was gnawing his vitals, he submitted to it rather than expose his misdeed. Many a man with a smiling face has under his jacket an animosity that is gnawing away the strength of his body and the integrity of his soul. Better get rid of that hidden fox as soon as possible. There are hundreds of domestic circles where that which most is needed is the spirit of forgiveness. Brothers, apart, and sisters apart, and parents and children apart. Solomon says a brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city. Are there not enough sacred memories of your childhood to bring you together? The rabbins recount how that Nebuchadnezzar's son had such a spite against his father that after he was dead he had his father burned to ashes and then put the ashes into four sacks and tied them to four eagle's necks, which flew away in opposite directions. And there are now domestic antipathies that seem forever to have scattered all parental memories to the four winds of heaven. How far the eagles fly with those sacred ashes! The hour of sundown makes to that family no practical suggestion. Thomas Carlyle, in his biography of Frederick the Great, says the old king was told by the confessor he must be at peace with his enemies if he wanted to enter heaven. Then he said to his wife, the queen: "Write to your brother after I am dead that I forgive him." Roloff, the confessor, said: "Her majesty had better write him immediately." "No," said the king, "after I am dead; that will be safer." So he let the sun of his earthly existence go down upon his wrath.

Again: We ought not to allow the sun to set before forgiveness takes place, because we might not live to see another day. And what if we should be ushered into the presence of our Maker with a grudge upon our soul? The majority of people depart this life in the night. Between 11 o'clock p. m. and 3 o'clock a. m. there is something in the atmosphere which relaxes the grip which the body has on the soul, and most of people enter the next world through the shadows of this world. Perhaps God may have arranged it in that way, so as to make the contrast the more glorious. I have seen sunny days in this world that must have been almost like the radiance of heaven. But as most people leave the earth between sundown and sunrise, they quit this world at its darkest, and heaven, always bright, will be the brighter for that contrast. Out of darkness into irradiation.

Mahomet said: "The sword is the key of heaven and hell." But, my hearers, in the Last Day we will find just the opposite of that to be true, and

that the sword never unlocks heaven, and that he who heals wounds is greater than he who makes them, and that on the same ring are two keys—God's forgiveness of us and our forgiveness of enemies—and these two keys unlock Paradise.

And now, I wish for all of you a beautiful sunset to your earthly existence. With some of you it has been a long day of trouble, and with others of you it will be far from calm. When the sun rose at six o'clock it was the morning of youth, and a fair day was prophesied, but by the time the noon-day or middle-life had come, and the clock of your earthly existence had struck twelve, cloud-racks gathered, and tempest belowered in the track of tempest. But as the evening of old age approaches, I pray God the skies may brighten and the clouds be piled up into pillars of celestial temples to which you go, or move as with mounted cohorts come to take you home. And as you sink out of sight below the horizon, may there be a radiance of Christian example lingering long after you are gone, and on the heavens be written in letters of sapphire, and on the waters in letters of opal, and on the hills in letters of emerald, "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." So shall the sunset of earth become the sunrise of heaven.

BELL RUNG ON THE PREACHER

A Serious Duty Imposed on Church Members in a Michigan Church.

"You remember the chestnut bell, of course?" said the man who had got out of Chicago with only the loss of one of his shoe heels. "Well, I was greatly taken with it at the time, and when I set out to visit my old home in Michigan I bought a dozen bells to take along. Nobody in the town had heard of them, but I hadn't worn one over a day when the people caught on and I was fairly besieged. When Sunday came I prepared to attend church like a dutiful son, and at the proper time mother and I were seated in the pew. Just what the text was I can't remember, but the minister had scarcely announced it when six of my chestnut bells sounded among the congregation. The good man didn't mind them in the least, but went ahead with his work. He was rung up on his hymn, and he was rung up every minute or two on his sermon, and though there was something amusing about it I was also half-scared out of my boots. As I had brought the bells to town I didn't know but what he'd hold me responsible, and open out on me. About the middle of his sermon he said something about Jonah, and eleven of those bells went 't-i-n-g' on him in succession. He stopped, and looked around, and then calmly said: "Will those people who are jingling keys kindly jingle a little softer?" I was thankful to get out of that church without a calamity," continued the bell man, "and I didn't do any laughing till the next day. Then it was because I learned that every blessed man who had rung up the minister was seriously in earnest about it and felt it a sort of duty, and because that minister himself called at the house and accepted my own bell and rung it up on mother within five minutes."

Nepalese Letters.

The author of "In Northern India" tells of his experience at Bhagwanpur, where he wished to post four letters. They were addressed to friends in England, who are stamp-collectors, and only contained a few lines to say I had sent them in order to secure Nepalese stamp. The postmaster refused to accept them. Foreigners, he said, were not permitted to post letters in Nepal, the postal service being only for use by the Nepalese. We sat on our elephant and reasoned, but he was firm, and the police and other officials all supported him. After long discussion we at last persuaded him to let us post the letters and leave it to the government at Katmandu to decide whether they might be forwarded. Then we went into his office, a mud hut, and sat on low stools, nearly the whole population watching in a crowd in front of the large open space. The postmaster redirected each letter in Nepalese characters, and taking a large sheet of paper, prepared a full report for his government, the police inspector reading our description, and so forth, from the "permit." We were particularly required to declare that the letters did not contain any political matter. Then came the very serious business of stamping them. He had to get out a large wooden box for the stamps, and another for the date stamp. There are stamps of three values, equal to one penny, twopence and sixpence. He assured us we could not pay beyond Nepal, so we decided to put a one-penny stamp on each, and leave the excess to be collected on delivery if they ever reached England. Fortunately they arrived after some delay, and strange enough, no excess was charged, and thus I had the pleasure of anticipating the penny post, which is not likely to be extended to Nepal for many years to come.

Not the Worst.

As an instance of the sort of things one might wish to have expressed differently, a prominent physician reports a remark made to him by a patient. The doctor had written a note to the lady, and on his next visit she asked him to tell her what two words in it were, as she had been unable to decipher them. "It has been said of me that my writing is the worst thing about me," said the physician, laughing, as he surveyed his own scrawly handwriting with doubt. "Oh, but I am sure that is not so!" was the hasty disclaimer. "Far from it, doctor, far from it!"

AS TO RECIPROCIITY.

NEW FRENCH TREATY CAUSING UNEASINESS.

American Producers Want Information As to the Manner in Which Their Interests Are Affected by the Decreased Duties.

What are the provisions of the reciprocity treaty arranged between the United States and France? The American Economist is unable to answer this question, owing to the failure of its efforts to obtain a copy of the treaty. An application for a transcript of the treaty was refused. Commissioner Kasson, who has represented the United States in the negotiations, seems to be determined that the people of this country shall be kept in absolute ignorance of the provisions of the treaty until that instrument shall have been submitted to congress for its approval. So the treaty remains under the seal of secrecy, in spite of the fact that publicity is indispensable to a correct understanding of its operations and effects upon a number of important industries.

It is not the fault of Commissioner Kasson if some facts regarding the proposed reciprocity arrangement with France have become known in this country. The French government has not been so secretive as to deny to its people all knowledge of a treaty so profoundly affecting their interests. Through foreign sources information comes which is calculated to excite much apprehension and alarm among the American industries which, relying upon the guarantees of the Dingley tariff law, find themselves in danger of being compelled to go out of business and go out of the home market to foreign competitors, because of the peculiar advantages which the latter will enjoy under the reciprocity treaty. The following letter will be found interesting and instructive in this connection:

Established 1879.—Schoellkopf Aniline & Chemical Co., Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 17, 1899.—American Protective Tariff League, New York.—Gentlemen: Herewith I hand you an extract from a German trade paper, showing the provisions of the draft of the new reciprocity treaty between France and the United States. To say that the provision relating to coal tar colors is discouraging is putting it mildly. At every tariff revision since 1883 our industry has been discriminated against. Even the present Dingley law makes it difficult to compete against the older and highly developed European industry, for it taxes a large proportion of our raw material from 20 to 50 per cent, against only 30 per cent for the coal tar colors. Nevertheless, taking for granted that this rate would not be disturbed for a number of years at least, we have gone right ahead and invested large sums of money in enlarging our plant, and in the face of the fiercest kind of foreign competition we have steadily been gaining ground. If, however, the rate is now going to be reduced again even below the Wilson bill rate, we are about ready to throw up the sponge.

We earnestly hope you will succeed in averting this great wrong, for it is certainly most unjust to permit us to spend large sums in improving our plant, and then by a stroke of the pen make all these movements valueless. Sincerely yours, Schoellkopf Aniline & Chemical Co., By J. F. Sch., Jr.

Extract from "Chemische Zeitung," No. 77, Gotha, Germany, Sept. 27, 1899.

Regarding the reciprocity treaty between the United States and France, we learn the following:

The treaty must be ratified inside of eight months from date of the signing of the draft. It is to run for five years, and is to renew itself unless notice to terminate it is given one year before it expires. France agrees to apply the minimum tariff to all articles imported from the United States, with the following exceptions: Cheese, butter, lucerne and clover-seed, sugar, chicory-roots, cast iron, porcelain, pasteboard, prepared hides, electric dynamo machines.

In return the United States agrees to grant France the privileges of the most favored nation clause, and in addition the following reduction in duties: Perfumery, manufactured with or without alcohol, 10 per cent; coal tar colors, 20 per cent; glue, 10 per cent; glycerine, 10 per cent; olive oil, 15 per cent; paints and varnishes, 10 per cent; potash, 10 per cent; medicinal preparations, 10 per cent; soaps, 10 per cent; soda and products of soda, 10 per cent; glazed, enameled, decorated tiles and roofing tiles, 10 per cent; cement, 10 per cent; bottles, 15 per cent; glass vessels, 5 per cent; window and other glass, 10 per cent; plants and seeds 20 per cent; fruits, preserved with sugar or alcohol, 10 per cent; roasted and ground chicory, 5 per cent; cordials, 10 per cent; mineral waters, 10 per cent.

The extent to which the industries of the United States would be affected by the sweeping reductions contemplated in the reciprocity treaty is a matter which should receive the most careful consideration and most thorough investigation. Congress would fail in performing its duties should it fail to obtain full information on this point.

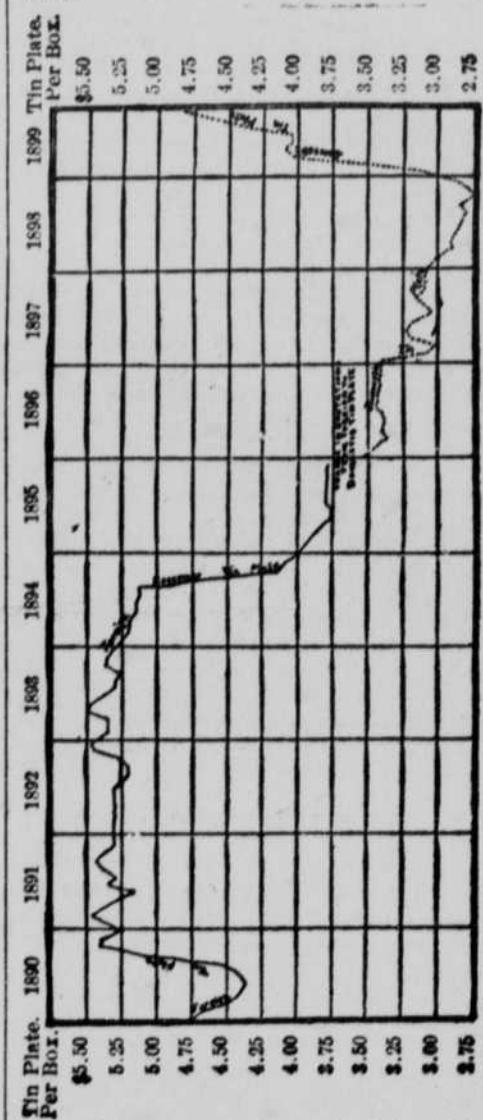
The question of government revenues is seriously involved in the reciprocity treaty. From statistical reports in the monthly summary of commerce and finance of the United States for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1899, we find the total sums of importations

in the United States of the below mentioned items given as follows: Perfumery \$514,660 Coal tar colors and dyes..... 3,799,353 Glue 479,450 Paints and colors, dutiable.. 1,207,440 Glycerine 1,034,131 Soda products, dutiable (about) 1,000,000 Bottles 371,394

TIN PLATE PRICES.

Always Lower Under Protection Than Under Free Trade.

The following diagram reproduced from a recent issue of the Iron Age, a standard American authority on metals, will be found useful in tracing tin plate prices from 1890 to the present time:



It will be remembered that in 1890, the first year covered by the diagram, there was no tin plate production in the United States. Starting at \$4.75 per box, the price of foreign plate dropped to about \$4.37 1/2, and from that point the price rose rapidly until in 1893 it had reached \$5.50, the top figure. By this time American tin plate production, called into active existence by the McKinley protective tariff of 1890, began to be heard from, and with the result invariably attending the stable establishment of a new industry under the stimulus of protection—namely, a swift decline in the price of the imported plate. Welsh plate fell from \$5.50 a box in 1893 to \$3.75 a box at the close of 1895.

At this point domestic tin plate became the controlling factor, and our diagram, beginning with 1896, shows the prices of the domestic article. Did the price rise when the domestic producers, guarded by a protective tariff, became masters of the situation? On the contrary, prices of American tin plate steadily declined until the latter part of 1898, when the low point, \$2.75 per box, was reached. At this time, mark you, American consumers, under protection, were paying precisely one-half what they had paid for Welsh tin plate in the absence of protection.

Beginning with 1899, in response to the largely increased cost of materials and wages, tin plate prices took an upward turn, reaching \$4.75 per box early in the fall of this year. The present price is \$4.65. But it will be observed that the rise of the current year has not carried prices back to the free trade level of 1891 to 1894. The home consumer of tin plate is today paying 85 cents per box less than he paid in 1891, when the foreign producer was master of the situation and American competition had not yet come to the front as a result of the protective tariff.

One more fact remains to be considered. A glance at the high range of prices for tin plate paid by American consumers prior to the establishment of the industry in our own country reveals an impressive contrast with the low range of prices that have prevailed since the time when American tin-plate producers were able to control the situation. Taken as a whole, and counting in the present advanced price, resulting, as before stated, from heavy advances in costs of materials and heavy advances in the wages of tin-plate workers. It is found that many millions of dollars have been saved through protection to the consumers of tin plate from 1891 to date, to say nothing of the many millions of dollars kept at home and paid out to American labor in the shape of wages. Precisely such a diagram as that for which we stand indebted to the Iron Age was needed in order to make the tin-plate question as clear as daylight.

Condition and Theory.

"The job hunts the man now, not the man the job; and where this condition exists labor is always better rewarded," said President McKinley. This is the condition. The Democratic theory is that labor is being ground down by the octopus, and needs relief by the free coinage of silver.—Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.

Free Trade and the South.

A 500-pound bale of cotton is worth \$10 more today than it was a year ago. If the south sticks to free trade much longer we miss our guess.—Des Moines (Iowa) Register.

THORNS ON THE BROW OF LABOR.

Mr. Bryan's Famous Figure of Speech Rendered Ridiculous by Prosperity.

The army of the unemployed is no work. The soldier who marched under the command of Gen. Coxe or Carl Brown has a job if he wants it.

Evidences of the fact that these are laboring men's times loom up before one by the time he can get a block from the depot. There is more work than workers. The toiler is in demand; he has it his way; there is competition for his services; wages are advancing. That is what makes times good. The country cannot have hard times when the wage earner has steady employment at good pay, and when the farmer has a good price for his produce.

It seems that all these good times had been brought about as though by magic. It was not magic. Before he was elected president, Mr. McKinley told us what was needed. When he said it seemed to him that it would be better to open our mills to the labor of America than our mints to the silver of the world, his words were good, hard-headed protective sense.

But Bryan in smooth metaphor told the Republicans that they must not press the crown of thorns on the brow of labor; that they must not crucify mankind on a cross of gold.

McKinley opened the mills by putting a protective tariff duty on foreign goods. These times of steady work and advancing wages are what Mr. McKinley said would come, and what Mr. Bryan said would not come.

The states of the west are beginning to call on each other for help in these times of long demand and short supply of labor.

Here are a few sample thorns that are pressing down on the brow of labor right here in Kansas City. I plucked them off an advertising board on Union avenue:

Laborers wanted daily for Memphis; transportation free.

We want coal miners for Colorado and New Mexico. The Colorado Fuel and Iron Co.

100 rock men wanted.

We want carpenters at 27 1/2 cents an hour.

Wanted, men for a fence gang at \$1.75 a day.

Laborers wanted daily for Wyoming; no office fee charged, and railroad fare furnished free.

These few little piercing "thorns" tell of a wreath of prosperity that reaches from Tennessee to the Pacific coast.

The 1899 army of the unemployed that was to march across the continent under the leadership of Carl Brown started at Wichita and ended at Wichita. Signs like these in Kansas City stand out like picket posts of prosperity to intercept him. It is impossible to march through the lines of jobs awaiting workers; impossible to dodge employment. These are protection times again. The free silver cry proved a false alarm, and the laborers will not be fooled by the same man flying anti-trust, anti-expansion colors.—E. G. Pipp, in American Economist.

Big Figures of Prosperity.

The manner in which the restored prosperity of "McKinley and protection" has touched the finances of the American people is indicated by a report just issued by Comptroller of the Currency Dawes. In collecting the data entering into his report nearly 10,000 reports from banks have been examined and compiled. The results of the investigation indicate a magnitude of banking resources and a rate of growth in number of deposit accounts which is unparalleled in the financial history of the world. It is shown that in the past ten years deposit accounts have increased in number from 6,798,971 in 1889 to 13,153,874 in 1899; that the increase in the number of borrowers is much less than the increase in the number of depositors; that the average deposit of the individual or corporation has greatly increased; that the rate of interest on loans has decreased; that the aggregate of individual deposits has increased from \$3,776,410,462 in 1889 to \$7,513,954,361 in 1899, and that in ten years the aggregate of loans has increased from \$3,475,272,262 to \$5,751,467,610.

These are big figures, but it takes big figures to express the kind of prosperity now being enjoyed by the people of the United States.

The Cat Could Do No Worse.

The Youngstown (Ohio) Vindicator quotes approvingly from the Kansas City Star, which it designates as "a leading Republican organ of the west," an article which begins by saying that "the most demoralizing factor in the life of this nation has been the protective tariff." One of the first things for the Youngstown Vindicator to do is to vindicate itself from the aspersion of being either foolish or untruthful. An editor who does not know that the Kansas City Star is and always has been one of the most rabid and uncompromising Democratic free trade newspapers in the country ought to abdicate the shears and paste-pot and turn them over to the office cat.

Not Now an Issue.

The tariff is not now an issue, but nobody can tell what the Democrats will do before next election. There are at present strong indications of an attempt to force the tariff to the front by taking down the trust issue on the lines laid down by Bryan, and if that is done, the testimony of Mr. Grues as to the beneficial effects of protection will be interesting.—Findlay (Ohio) Jeffersonian.