

RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOBBS, Proprietor.
RED CLOUD. - - - NEBRASKA

DR. WISE'S GREAT THEORY.

Did you ever hear of Old Dr. Wise, and his theories queer, Half fact, half surmise,

Which excited such scientific surprise,
That he was a wonderful man,
Who mostly to projects and theories ran,
And could tell how a fever germ and grew,
And always could show you a dozen or two.

That the poor devil lying,
Ever stricken and dying,
He seldom or never contrived to pull through,
With the greatest presumption
He discarded of consumption,
And laid all the blame on some parasite fly;
As for cancers and tumors,
They came of bad humors,
And absorption would cause them to shrink up
and die.

But this wonderful man not alone
As a common practitioner shone;
For who has not heard how the whole world
was stirred
When he published his book, "The Domestic
Outlook."

Or how to exterminate Rats
Without Ferrets or Poison or Cats?
Why, the plan was so pretty, so simple and
 witty,
It seemed a great pity
That rats by million and billions in trillions
Should haunt human dwellings in country and
city.

Let's secure a mad cat,
Let the cat bite a rat;
And there'd be a mad rat;
And there'd be a mad cat;
And then this other:
Would poison his brother.

Ah! I see your face dimple with joy at the
scheme,
'Tis as easy and simple as mine-pee and
a dream.
The address would spread
Till the last rat died.

But 'twas made as a critic that Dr. Wise came
To make for himself a professional name,
For whenever a patient of wealth or of birth
Would escape his physicians by fleeing from
earth.

Dr. Wise never failed to invite a review
Which showed that the death to malpractice
was due.
It is small wonder, surely,
That a man of such skill,
Who declared himself so purely
An avoidable ill, which ought never to kill.

In fact, he announced it in his conviction
That death in all cases resulted from friction;
For the body was taught but machinery running.
While life was the power that kept it running.

Then why should not science
Some central disease,
That might bid defiance
To death a power to kill.

Some one might object, to friction superior,
That should lubricate man's complicated in-
terior.

Whenever he felt himself grow slightly weaker?
This argument met on all sides with great favor.
For of reason it was the best,
Besides, it is true in religion and physic.
When the spirit or body is feeble or sick,
Man retains least the nostrums of pleasant
flavor.

Or to have this thought up to more evident
view.
Man accepts as the truth what he'd like to have
true.

How many a preacher is salaried well
For a weekly discourse on the absence of hell.
Though his parrot-like lips tingled further on
the ground.

Now, in all human breasts is implanted a strong,
Biological longing to live, and live long.
Anteiling the Lord's historical scramble
Through dangerous wilderness, thicket and
bramble.

Over desert plain and impassable moun-
tain.
To regain his lost years in a mythical fountain.
The world then, received
Wise very kindly,
And ere long he'd been
His great theory widely.

The excitement produced in a storm enflam-
med.
Into which the famed savant at last flung
himself, the invincible investigator.
Had found a receipt for the great lubricator,
Well to order a stick of dynamite,
A ball was secured and a numberless throng
The young and the gray.

Sister, and brothers and fathers and mothers,
Assembled from everywhere, distant and near,
A lecture on "How to Live Always" was his
topic.
No scoffers were there, their belief was com-
plete.

And each brought a note book to take the re-
cord.
Eight o'clock was the hour which the Doctor
had set.

Eight o'clock, and he came not, half past, and
not yet.
Nine o'clock, and then, when at one o'clock
suggestion
A carriage was sent for the great man in ques-
tion.

It went, it returned, and the news quickly
spread.
That the lecture was off, for the doctor was
dead.

George Horton, in Chicago Herald.

MISS MARTHA.

A Story Which Proves That True
Love Never Runs Smoothly.

Miss Martha Bailey—known throughout
Roseville simply as "Miss Martha"—sat by
one of the windows of her cosy sitting-room,
putting the last stitches into a flannel skirt
for old Mrs. Hadley, who suffered terribly
from the rheumatic twinges which were im-
proved by the weekly scrubbing of the
floors in the brick block on Main street.

Miss Martha had just sewed a stout horn
button on the waist belt, and was about to
fold the skirt up, smiling at the thought of
the old woman's delight when she should re-
ceive the gift, when the hall door opened
without the ceremony of a preceding knock,
and a neighbor, Mrs. Marsh, came in.

"You ought not to sew by twilight, Miss
Martha," she said, as she entered the room.
"You'll ruin your eyes." But that's not what
I came here to say. Mrs. Norcross died an
hour ago."

"The smile faded from Miss Martha's face,
and her eyes grew humid.
"Poor woman!" she said, in her low, sweet
voice. "So she has gone at last. She suf-
fered a great deal."

"Yes, and she was glad to go. But she had
every attention in spite of being a
stranger here. Dr. Edgeworth visited her
every day, and never changed her a cent. I
know, and all the neighbors sent things to
eat. Cancers are terrible things. She was
a mighty patient woman. Poor soul! But
she's at home now, and she's at home."

"Has she no relatives at all?"
"No one. She is too refined and pretty to
do housework, even if she was strong
enough, which she isn't. She can't go to
the poor-house, and she hasn't a dollar—
there's to be a subscription to pay the
burial expenses."

Miss Martha stood smoothing the flannel
skirt with her white, thin hands, her face
wearing an expression of deep thought
mingled with anxiety. Once she opened her
lips as if to speak, then hesitated and
closed them again. Ought she to make this
sacrifice which seemed urged upon her? It
would be selfish not to do so. She raised
her head and said in a firm, sweet voice:

"The girl must come to me, since there is
no one else to take her. I have plenty for
one—I can make it enough for two by ex-
ercising economy."

"Just like you, Miss Martha! I
knew you'd make the offer. The girl has got
a first rate education, and she can study up
enough to take a school by next fall. Of
course you won't want her around after you
are married."

A deep flush came into Miss Martha's
naturally pale face; she dropped her eyes
and turned away from Mrs. Marsh with
some murmured excuse about making the
flannel skirt she held into a bundle to be
sent away.

The neighbors agreed that Eva Norcross
could not have found a better home than
she had at Miss Martha's. The little cot-
tage stood in a large garden, well filled with
fruit trees and shrubs. Miss Martha had
lived in the cottage with old Hannah for
twenty years. She sometimes stood before
her looking-glass and attentively studied her
face, wishing that she was twenty instead
of thirty, and had the bloom of ten years
before her. Her hair was still glossy and
abundant, her eyes still bright; but the
plumpness and bloom of her early girlhood
had fled forever.

Eva Norcross found her new home a very
quiet but not an unhappy one. She was
gentle and timid, and did not care for the
society of girls of her own age. She liked
nothing better than to lie in an easy chair
all day with a book or some embroidery in
her white, pretty hands, which Miss Martha
was not weary of admiring. The dead
weight of a man's hand on her forehead
never taught her to make herself useful.
There was no need for her to be active in
the cottage. At the outset Miss Martha
had told her that she would be required to
do some of the work, Hannah being fully
competent to do the entire work of the small
establishment.

"You must educate yourself to teach,"
Mrs. Marsh said one morning as she entered
the cottage in her apron and found Eva
embracing a cushion that she had laid
live on Miss Martha all year. Next fall
we will try to get you the district school at
Dodd's Corner.

dered when she thought of spending the
rest of her days without Tom's love.
One evening the two came by invita-
tion to the cottage to supper. Miss Martha
sent them to the garden to smoke, while
she, with Eva's assistance, was busy lay-
ing the table with the best damask and china.
Presently she went into the parlor to get
from the old cabinet which stood between
the windows some silver spoons which had
belonged to her grandmother. The shutters
were closed, but the windows were open,
and the low murmur of voices came to her
ears. She knew the brothers were just out-
side on the rustic bench, and was about to
close the cabinet and speak to them, when
she heard Tom's voice uttering words
which seemed to fall on her heart like drops
of molten lead.

"It is a great mistake for a man to engage
himself to a woman older than himself. He
is sure to regret soon or late. I was a fool,
and now that I love Eva with all my heart,
I have confessed to you, I wish the other
was in Guinea. And what am I to do. My
honor binds me to her—confound it all."

Miss Martha did not speak. The old
woman never taught her to make herself
useful. There was no need for her to be
active in the cottage. At the outset Miss
Martha had told her that she would be re-
quired to do some of the work, Hannah being
fully competent to do the entire work of the
small establishment.

"You must educate yourself to teach,"
Mrs. Marsh said one morning as she entered
the cottage in her apron and found Eva
embracing a cushion that she had laid
live on Miss Martha all year. Next fall
we will try to get you the district school at
Dodd's Corner.

Eva shuddered and grew a little pale,
but she said nothing. She had heard that
the children at Dodd's
Corner were very rough with the last mas-
ter," she said, in her soft, low voice.

"A woman might have more influence
with them than a man," said Mrs. Marsh.
"Anyhow, it'll hurt you to try it in a spell."
Miss Martha, as that lady came in from
the kitchen where she had been making a
"quaker" for old Mrs. Green's cold, "you
must get the doctor to give Eva some
for whatever medicinal powder dock tea
would put new life into her."

Dr. Edgeworth called that afternoon for
a moment, on his way to make a professional
visit, and Miss Martha told him what Mrs.
Marsh had said.

The young man sat down by Eva and took
her hand in his. Miss Martha watched him
closely, wondering if he noticed how round
and white was the wrist on which he pressed
his finger.

"She isn't sick," he said, "all she needs
is fresh air and exercise; and then he pro-
posed that she should wrap up and get into
his sleigh at the door and drive with him to
the house of his patient, two miles away."

"Some central disease," Mrs. Marsh asked.
"We will crowd you in somewhere."

"I do not care to go," she said, and Tom
thought her manner rather cold and depres-
sing. He did not urge the matter, for he
was easily wounded, and never asked her a
second or third time. He was not a demon-
strative lover, perhaps because
Miss Martha never encouraged caresses.
She did not think it modest or wishing to
do so, yet she often caught herself wincing
at the sight of Tom's hand on her arm.

Miss Martha watched the couple drive
away. Tom bent to arrange the buff robe
more closely about his companion, and said
something which made them both laugh,
and Miss Martha turned quickly from the
window with a pain in her heart.

"Three years!" she murmured. "It is a
long engagement; and I have heard it said
that men are not patient waiters. I wonder
if you ever intend to go free again."

The ride proved of much benefit to Eva,
who was braver and bolder for days after.
Seeing this, Tom took her with him fre-
quently, never thinking that he was causing
her betrothed pain by so doing. He came
lower than ever to the cottage, playing
chess and cribbage with Eva at the center
table in the evening, while Miss Martha sat
by with her sewing and wished she was
Eva's age.

"You think I will stand any chance of
getting the school at Dodd's Corner next
fall, Dr. Edgeworth?" asked Eva, one evening.

"You surely don't think of applying for
it?" cried Tom. "Why, the children are
little better than savages. They are full of
spit and balls at the teacher and swear like
troopers. No, no; you must not let you go
there."

"I must work for myself, the girl said.
"I can not consent to remain dependent on
any one."

"Wait until next fall comes before you
begin to worry," Tom said. "It's only
March now, and something better may turn
up in the meantime."

Eva, as was her custom, left the room as
soon as the game of chess was over. Tom
always had a few minutes alone with his
betrothed before leaving the cottage.

"I am so tired of hearing," he said, when
after some unimportant conversation he
rose to go. "I wish I had a home," and he
sighed.

Now was Miss Martha's chance to say
something cheerful, but the words refused
to form themselves on her lips. She was
very shy, and lately she and Tom had
seemed to be drifting very far apart.

Tom looked at her a moment, as if ex-
pecting her to speak, but as she did not do
so he turned angrily from her, a dark
red flush of wounded pride dyeing his fair,
frank face. He wished he had not uttered
that longing for a home.

"O, I forgot to tell you," he said, as he
reached the hall door, "that my brother
Arnold is coming to Roseville to-morrow. He
has some affection of the head and wants to
put himself under my care for a month or
two. He will leave his law business en-
tirely in his partner's hands. Poor Arnold!
He has other than physical ailments. There's
an old saying that women are at the bottom
of all mischief, and men are such fools
sometimes. Good-night, Martha," and the
door closed loudly.

For some minutes Miss Martha stood where
she had left her, her head leaning rather
heavily on a small ball. Could he
only have known what stress she laid upon
his careless words! She mechanically re-
peated over and over the last sentence he
had spoken, and she wondered if she had
heard him say that she was the cause of
all mischief, and men are such fools some-
times. Good-night, Martha," and the
door closed loudly.

Eva noticed that Miss Martha was very
tired, and she went to her room, and was
not looking her best when Arnold Edge-
court came with Tom to call. She had never
seen this brother before, but she was so like
Tom in every way that she liked him at
once. He was, however, more a man of the
world than Tom, and while Tom's face was
a look of frank good nature, Arnold's was
clouded by an expression of melancholy and
discontent. This Miss Martha ascribed to
some secret troubles of which Tom had
spoken, and she wondered if some woman
had jilted the handsome lawyer.

Several weeks passed, and Miss Martha
was no longer her former bright, cheerful
self. She did not know what it was now to
be so miserably discontented. She was
strangely estranged from herself and Tom
seemed to grow greater every day. He
withdrew more and more into himself, and
she made no effort to restore the old plea-
sant relations between them. She watched
him closely and saw that he seemed an-
noyed and distressed at Arnold's decided at-
tentions to Eva. Once she heard him re-
monstrate with his brother, but Eva's name
was the only word she caught distinctly.
She thought Tom jealous and afraid that
the girl's heart would be won from himself.

"It must come," Miss Martha would mur-
mur to herself. "I must offer him his free-
dom to Eva. You can not let her be and do it
at once. He loves Eva, but he is not free to
win her. But how can I give him up! I
will wait just a little longer."

Thus from day to day she put off the evil
hour in which she was to see her dearest
husband to look upon. She stood

SCOFFERS ANSWERED.

Dr. Talmage Defends the Christian
Religion.

Credes Among Intelligent People—Athletes
Answered—The Churches Disregarded—
Fidelity and Devotion—Power of Prayer.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, of the Brooklyn
Brooklyn recently was on his way
against Religion. A man of his
text was: "And I took the little
book out of the angel's hand and ate
it up; and it was in my mouth sweet as
honey; and as soon as I had eaten it my
heart was bitter. And he said unto me,
'Thou must prophesy again before many
peoples, and nations, and tongues, and
kings.'"—Revelations x. 10-11. The re-
verend gentleman said:

Domitian, the Roman Emperor, had in
his mind the thought of persecuting the
world wide preaching, and so he exiled
him to a barren island, as now the Rus-
sian exile convicts to Siberia, or as some-
times the English Government used to
send prisoners to Australia. The island I
speak of was not a fertile one, and it was
barren and unproductive that its inhabi-
tants live by fishing.

But one day the evangelist of whom I
speak, sitting at the mouth of a cavern on
the island, and perhaps half asleep, was
in the dream of a man of his name, and
before him pass an angel in a panoply
of time and eternity. Among the strange
things that he saw was an angel with a
little book in his hand, and in his dream
the angel gave it to him, and told him
to eat it up. As in a dream things are
sometimes incongruous, the evangelist
took the little book and ate it up. The
angel told him beforehand that it would be
very sweet, about as sweet as the book
would be troubled with indignation. True
enough, the evangelist devours the book,
and it comes to him a sweetness during
the mastication, but afterwards a physical
torment.

The angel was and what the book
was no one can tell. The commentators
do not agree, and I shall take no respon-
sibility of interpretation, but will tell you
that it suggests to me the little book of
which I speak, and which I have seen
and find a very precious morsel to their
witticism, but after a while it is to them
a great distress. The Angel of the Church
hands out this little book of evangelism
and the antagonists of it, and it is
them smile at first, but afterward it is to
them a dire dyspepsia.

All the intelligent people have credes—
that is, favorite theories which they have
accepted. Political credes—that is, the
Christian, about the doctrine of the
service, about government. Social credes
—that is, theories about manners and
customs and good neighborhood. Esthetical
credes—that is, theories about
tastefulness, about the style of
ornamentation. Religious credes—that
is, theories about the Deity, about
the soul, about the great future.

The only being who has no credes about
any thing is the idiot. This scoffing
and sneering, which is so common, is
found ignorance on the part of the scoffer,
for he has himself a hundred credes in re-
gard to other things. In our time the
beliefs of evangelistic churches are under
a fusillade of caricature and misrepresen-
tation, and the scoffer, who is not a scoffer,
and then they rake it with the muske-
try of their denunciation. They falsely
what the Christian churches believe.

They take evangelical doctrines and set
them in a harsh and repulsive way, and
then they sneer at them. They are like a
man, desiring to be like a man, is dis-
sects a human body and hangs up in one
place the heart, and in another place the
lungs, and says that is a man. They are
only fragments of a man wrenched out of
their God-appointed places.

Evangelical religion is a healthy, sym-
metrical, well-jointed, rosy-cheeked, sound-
limbed, and well-proportioned man. The
knife of the infidel or the atheist can cut
it up, but he cannot destroy it. I can ex-
plain to you what it is. Evangelical religion
is a different from what it is represented
to be by these enemies as the scorching
which the farmer puts in the cornfield to
keep the ravens in different from the
truth.

For instance, these enemies of evangel-
ism say that the Presbyterian Church be-
lieves that God is a savage sovereign and
that He made some men just to damn them
and send them to hell for ever. They are
long. These old slanderers come down
from generation to generation. The Pres-
byterian Church believes no such thing.
The Presbyterian Church believes that
God is a loving and just sovereign and that
He made some men just to save them. Why
say these men who have chewed up the
creed and have the consequent emittent
stomachs. "That is impossible; if God is
a sovereign we can't be free agents."

Evangelical religion is a healthy, sym-
metrical, well-jointed, rosy-cheeked, sound-
limbed, and well-proportioned man. The
knife of the infidel or the atheist can cut
it up, but he cannot destroy it. I can ex-
plain to you what it is. Evangelical religion
is a different from what it is represented
to be by these enemies as the scorching
which the farmer puts in the cornfield to
keep the ravens in different from the
truth.

For instance, these enemies of evangel-
ism say that the Presbyterian Church be-
lieves that God is a savage sovereign and
that He made some men just to damn them
and send them to hell for ever. They are
long. These old slanderers come down
from generation to generation. The Pres-
byterian Church believes no such thing.
The Presbyterian Church believes that
God is a loving and just sovereign and that
He made some men just to save them. Why
say these men who have chewed up the
creed and have the consequent emittent
stomachs. "That is impossible; if God is
a sovereign we can't be free agents."

Evangelical religion is a healthy, sym-
metrical, well-jointed, rosy-cheeked, sound-
limbed, and well-proportioned man. The
knife of the infidel or the atheist can cut
it up, but he cannot destroy it. I can ex-
plain to you what it is. Evangelical religion
is a different from what it is represented
to be by these enemies as the scorching
which the farmer puts in the cornfield to
keep the ravens in different from the
truth.

For instance, these enemies of evangel-
ism say that the Presbyterian Church be-
lieves that God is a savage sovereign and
that He made some men just to damn them
and send them to hell for ever. They are
long. These old slanderers come down
from generation to generation. The Pres-
byterian Church believes no such thing.
The Presbyterian Church believes that
God is a loving and just sovereign and that
He made some men just to save them. Why
say these men who have chewed up the
creed and have the consequent emittent
stomachs. "That is impossible; if God is
a sovereign we can't be free agents."

Evangelical religion is a healthy, sym-
metrical, well-jointed, rosy-cheeked, sound-
limbed, and well-proportioned man. The
knife of the infidel or the atheist can cut
it up, but he cannot destroy it. I can ex-
plain to you what it is. Evangelical religion
is a different from what it is represented
to be by these enemies as the scorching
which the farmer puts in the cornfield to
keep the ravens in different from the
truth.

For instance, these enemies of evangel-
ism say that the Presbyterian Church be-
lieves that God is a savage sovereign and
that He made some men just to damn them
and send them to hell for ever. They are
long. These old slanderers come down
from generation to generation. The Pres-
byterian Church believes no such thing.
The Presbyterian Church believes that
God is a loving and just sovereign and that
He made some men just to save them. Why
say these men who have chewed up the
creed and have the consequent emittent
stomachs. "That is impossible; if God is
a sovereign we can't be free agents."

Evangelical religion is a healthy, sym-
metrical, well-jointed, rosy-cheeked, sound-
limbed, and well-proportioned man. The
knife of the infidel or the atheist can cut
it up, but he cannot destroy it. I can ex-
plain to you what it is. Evangelical religion
is a different from what it is represented
to be by these enemies as the scorching
which the farmer puts in the cornfield to
keep the ravens in different from the
truth.

For instance, these enemies of evangel-
ism say that the Presbyterian Church be-
lieves that God is a savage sovereign and
that He made some men just to damn them
and send them to hell for ever. They are
long. These old slanderers come down
from generation to generation. The Pres-
byterian Church believes no such thing.
The Presbyterian Church believes that
God is a loving and just sovereign and that
He made some men just to save them. Why
say these men who have chewed up the
creed and have the consequent emittent
stomachs. "That is impossible; if God is
a sovereign we can't be free agents."

Evangelical religion is a healthy, sym-
metrical, well-jointed, rosy-cheeked, sound-
limbed, and well-proportioned man. The
knife of the infidel or the atheist can cut
it up, but he cannot destroy it. I can ex-
plain to you what it is. Evangelical religion
is a different from what it is represented
to be by these enemies as the scorching
which the farmer puts in the cornfield to
keep the ravens in different from the
truth.

For instance, these enemies of evangel-
ism say that the Presbyterian Church be-
lieves that God is a savage sovereign and
that He made some men just to damn them
and send them to hell for ever. They are
long. These old slanderers come down
from generation to generation. The Pres-
byterian Church believes no such thing.
The Presbyterian Church believes that
God is a loving and just sovereign and that
He made some men just to save them. Why
say these men who have chewed up the
creed and have the consequent emittent
stomachs. "That is impossible; if God is
a sovereign we can't be free agents."

Evangelical religion is a healthy, sym-
metrical, well-jointed, rosy-cheeked, sound-
limbed, and well-proportioned man. The
knife of the infidel or the atheist can cut
it up, but he cannot destroy it. I can ex-
plain to you what it is. Evangelical religion
is a different from what it is represented
to be by these enemies as the scorching
which the farmer puts in the cornfield to
keep the ravens in different from the
truth.

For instance, these enemies of evangel-
ism say that the Presbyterian Church be-
lieves that God is a savage sovereign and
that He made some men just to damn them
and send them to hell for ever. They are
long. These old slanderers come down
from generation to generation. The Pres-
byterian Church believes no such thing.
The Presbyterian Church believes that
God is a loving and just sovereign and that
He made some men just to save them. Why
say these men who have chewed up the
creed and have the consequent emittent
stomachs. "That is impossible; if God is
a sovereign we can't be free agents."

Evangelical religion is a healthy, sym-
metrical, well-jointed, rosy-cheeked, sound-
limbed, and well-proportioned man. The
knife of the infidel or the atheist can cut
it up, but he cannot destroy it. I can ex-
plain to you what it is. Evangelical religion
is a different from what it is represented
to be by these enemies as the scorching
which the farmer puts in the cornfield to
keep the ravens in different from the
truth.

For instance, these enemies of evangel-
ism say that the Presbyterian Church be-
lieves that God is a savage sovereign and
that He made some men just to damn them
and send them to hell for ever. They are
long. These old slanderers come down
from generation to generation. The Pres-
byterian Church believes no such thing.
The Presbyterian Church believes that
God is a loving and just sovereign and that
He made some men just to save them. Why
say these men who have chewed up the
creed and have the consequent emittent
stomachs. "That is impossible; if God is
a sovereign we can't be free agents."

Evangelical religion is a healthy, sym-
metrical, well-jointed, rosy-cheeked, sound-
limbed, and well-proportioned man. The
knife of the infidel or the atheist can cut
it up, but he cannot destroy it. I can ex-
plain to you what it is. Evangelical religion
is a different from what it is represented
to be by these enemies as the scorching
which the farmer puts in the cornfield to
keep the ravens in different from the
truth.

For instance, these enemies of evangel-
ism say that the Presbyterian Church be-
lieves that God is a savage sovereign and
that He made some men just to damn them
and send them to hell for ever. They are
long. These old slanderers come down
from generation to generation. The Pres-
byterian Church believes no such thing.
The Presbyterian Church believes that
God is a loving and just sovereign and that
He made some men just to save them. Why
say these men who have chewed up the
creed and have the consequent emittent
stomachs. "That is impossible; if God is
a sovereign we can't be free agents."

Evangelical religion is a healthy, sym-
metrical, well-jointed, rosy-cheeked, sound-
limbed, and well-proportioned man. The
knife of the infidel or the atheist can cut
it up, but he cannot destroy it. I can ex-
plain to you what it is. Evangelical religion
is a different from what it is represented
to be by these enemies as the scorching
which the farmer puts in the cornfield to
keep the ravens in different from the
truth.

For instance, these enemies of evangel-
ism say that the Presbyterian Church be-
lieves that God is a savage sovereign and
that He made some men just to damn them
and send them to hell for ever. They are
long. These old slanderers come down
from generation to generation. The Pres-
byterian Church believes no such thing.
The Presbyterian Church believes that
God is a loving and just sovereign and that
He made some men just to save them. Why
say these men who have chewed up the
creed and have the consequent emittent
stomachs. "That is impossible; if God is
a sovereign we can't be free agents."

Evangelical religion is a healthy, sym-
metrical, well-jointed, rosy-cheeked, sound-
limbed, and well-proportioned man. The
knife of the infidel or the atheist can cut
it up, but he cannot destroy it. I can ex-
plain to you what it is. Evangelical religion
is a different from what it is represented
to be by these enemies as the scorching
which the farmer puts in the cornfield to
keep the ravens in different from the
truth.

For instance, these enemies of evangel-
ism say that the Presbyterian Church be-
lieves that God is a savage sovereign and
that He made some men just to damn them
and send them to hell for ever. They are
long. These old slanderers come down
from generation to generation. The Pres-
byterian Church believes no such thing.
The Presbyterian Church believes that
God is a loving and just sovereign and that
He made some men just to save them. Why
say these men who have chewed up the
creed and have the consequent emittent
stomachs. "That is impossible; if God is
a sovereign we can't be free agents."

SCOFFERS ANSWERED.

Dr. Talmage Defends the Christian
Religion.

Credes Among Intelligent People—Athletes
Answered—The Churches Disregarded—
Fidelity and Devotion—Power of Prayer.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, of the Brooklyn
Brooklyn recently was on his way
against Religion. A man of his
text was: "And I took the little
book out of the angel's hand and ate
it up; and it was in my mouth sweet as
honey; and as soon as I had eaten it my
heart was bitter. And he said unto me,
'Thou must prophesy again before many
peoples, and nations, and tongues, and
kings.'"—Revelations x. 10-11. The re-
verend gentleman said:

Domitian, the Roman Emperor, had in
his mind the thought of persecuting the
world wide preaching, and so he exiled
him to a barren island, as now the Rus-
sian exile convicts to Siberia, or as some-
times the English Government used to
send prisoners to Australia. The island I
speak of was not a fertile one, and it was
barren and unproductive that its inhabi-
tants live by fishing.

But one day the evangelist of whom I
speak, sitting at the mouth of a cavern on
the island, and perhaps half asleep, was
in the dream of a man of his name, and
before him pass an angel in a panoply
of time and eternity. Among the strange
things that he saw was an angel with a
little book in his hand, and in his dream
the angel gave it to