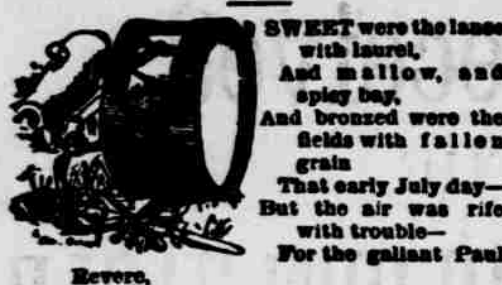


SONG OF THE FOURTH OF JULY.

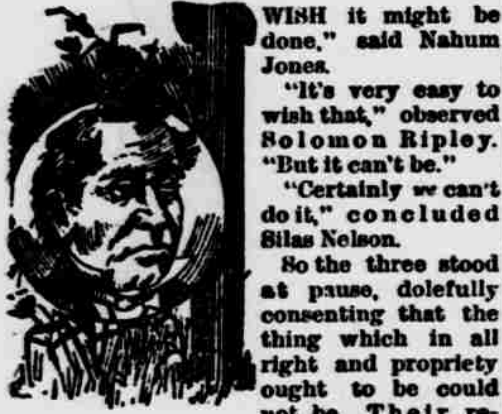


SWEET were the leaves with laurel, and in a flow, and spiky bay, and bronzed were the fields with fallen grain...

EZRA GALLUP.

An Interesting Fourth of July Episode.

[Written for This Paper.]



WINN it might be done," said Nahum Jones. "It's very easy to wish that," observed Solomon on Ripley. "But it can't be."

It was a hot forenoon in the village of Crammond, which lies some three miles east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio. The long, dusty street, shaded by patriarchal elms from the glare of the sun, lay very quiet and still.



A YOUNG WOMAN CAME ALONG THE BROAD WALK.

spectfully at the passing vision. Their hats were lifted together; the vision gave them a little smile, and was immediately lost to sight around the corner.

each of you. I called at the house, and the old hunk came into the room, and said: "Well, sir? I told him I would like to see Endora, and he bluntly told me that my visits there would not be agreeable, and he wanted them stopped. And I stopped them."

He came along at a stamble pace, a tall, red-checked, large-eyed young man, dressed like a clergyman and acting as little as possible like the conventional type of that class.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Wager. "I have been settled in two places before coming here. Each was smaller than this; but each observed our National holiday with great enthusiasm. What's the matter here?"

"Not lately; what would be the use? His hard heart has been well known for years; nobody would think of asking him."

Exra Gallup, sitting on his broad and shaded doorstep with his pretty daughter by his side, did not look in the least like the traditional miser. He was portly in body and rubicund in face, but with a severe chin and little, twinkling eyes.

"Let them wait and be—I! You're a minister, ain't you? Nice business for you to be engaged in—begging money to spend in fire-crackers and such fooleries."

"You have come to the wrong place. I never give anything to anybody."

It ought to be freely given. He will smite— The spectators of that extraordinary scene said that there was something so terrible in the minister's tone and manner as he uttered this warning, that they trembled themselves.

"Many thanks, sir," said Mr. Wager. "We hope you'll attend the whole performance," remarked Jones, finding his voice with an effort.

"It is not for us to dissect the heart of Ezra Gallup and analyze the power that had softened and changed it in a moment. We go our ways through life, influencing others for good or ill, but we never know the extent of that influence, and how much weal or woe we have wrought. In this instance it happened that the effect produced became widely known, and then men said that there must always have been some element of the human in Ezra Gallup waiting for the skilled hand that could bring it forth to the light."

Two years later, when Endora accepted the same protection for life, and a large party attended at the Gallup home to see the ceremony, Jones, Ripley and Nelson came also.

PATRIOTIC POEMS.

A Fourth of July Song. The jolly old Fourth of July is here, Hurrah! hurrah! We welcome it gladly, the King of the Year.

Also! when the day has gone by How heavy and heartless the sigh, As the bells all come in, For the fire-works and din, And we find the fun costs mighty high.

THE GOSPEL WEAPON.

Dr. Talmage on Worldly Philosophy and Bible Truths.

The Weapons of Worldly Philosophy Turned to Christianity's Service—Every Thing Useful to Christians—The Lord's Army of Business Men.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage in a recent sermon at Brooklyn took for his subject: "The Mightiest Weapon Is the Gospel." His text was from 1 Samuel xxi. 9: "There is none like that; give it to me."

I remark, first, that this is true in regard to all scientific exploration. You know that the first discoveries in astronomy and geology and chronology were used to battle Christianity.

Worldly philosophy said: "Matter is eternal. The world always was. God did not make it." Christian philosophy plunges its crowbar into rocks, and finds that the world was gradually made, and if gradually made there must have been some point at which the process started.

Worldly philosophy said: "Your Bible is a most inaccurate book; all that story in the Old Testament, again and again told, about the army of the locusts—it is preposterous. There is nothing in the coming of the locusts like an army. An army walks, locusts fly. An army goes in order and procession, locusts without order."

Worldly philosophy said: "All that story about the light turned as clear as the sun is simply an absurdity." Old time worldly philosophy said: "The light comes straight." Christian philosophy said: "Wait a little while, and it goes on and makes discoveries and finds that the atmosphere curves and bends the ray of light around the earth, literally 'as the clav to the seal.' The Bible right again; worldly philosophy wrong again."

Worldly philosophy said: "What an absurd story about Joshua making the sun and moon stand still. If the world had stopped an instant, the whole universe would have been out of gear."

all the better for us. The armies of the Lord Jesus Christ have stormed the observatories of the world's science, and from the highest towers have hung out the banner of the cross, and Christianity to-night, from the observatories of Albany and Washington, stretches out its hand toward the opposing scientific weapon, crying: "There is none like that; give it to me!"

I was reading this afternoon of Herschel, who was looking at a meteor through the face of the telescope, and when it came over the face of the telescope it was so powerful he just so that many an astronomer has gone into an observatory and looked up into the midnight heavens, and the Lord God has, through some swinging world, flamed up on his vision, and the learned man cried out: "Who am I? Undone! Unclean! Have mercy, Lord God!"

Again, I remark, that the traveling disposition of the world, which was adverse to morals and religion is to be brought on our side. The man that went down to Jeicho and fell amidst thieves was a type of a great many travelers. There is many a man who is very honest at home, when he is abroad, has his honor fleeced and his good habits stolen.

I am not shocked at the mode of building a railroad to the Holy Land. I wish that all the world might go and see Gogoloff and Bethlehem. If we can not afford to pay for ourselves now perhaps when the rail train goes we can afford to buy a ticket from Constantinople to Joppa, and so we will get to see the Holy Land. Then let Christians travel. God speed the rail trains and guide the steamships to night panting across the deep in the phosphorescent wake of the shining feet of Him who from wave cliff to wave cliff to wave cliff trod the stormy Tiberias.

Does his successive journeys run. And the firearms with which the infidel traveler brought down the Arab horseman and the jackals of the desert, have been surrendered to the Church and we reach forth our hands, crying: "There is none like that; give it to me!"

So it has always been with the learning and the eloquence of the world. People say: "Religion is very good for women. It is very good for children, but not for men." But we have in the roll of Christ's best Mozart and Handel in music, Canova and Angelo in sculpture, Raphael and Reynolds in painting, Harvey and Bonhaava in medicine, Cowper and Scott in poetry, Crovis and Burke in statesmanship, Boyce and Liszt in philosophy, Thomas Chalmers and John Mason in theology.

The most brilliant writing of a worldly nature are all aglow with scriptural allusions. Through sensational speech and through essays; his discourse Sinai thunder and Calvary pleads and Siloam sparkles.

So, also, has it been with the picture making of the world. We are very anxious on this day to have the printing press and the platform on the side of Christianity; but we overlook the engraver's knife and the painter's pencil. The antiquarian goes and looks at pictured ruins, or examines the chiseled pillars of Thebes, and Nineveh, and Pompeii, and then comes back to tell us of the best pieces of ancient art; and it is a fact now, that many of the finest specimens—merely artistically considered—of sculpture and painting that are to be found amidst those ruins are not fit to be looked at and they are looked up. How Paul must have felt when standing amidst those imperious things carved on from the walls and the pavement and the base of Corinth, he preached of the pure and holy Jesus. The art of the world on the side of obscenity and crime and death.

in the court, Daniel in the den, Shadrach in the fire, Paul in the shipwreck, Christ on the cross. O, that we might, in our families, think more of the power of the Christian pictures! One little sketch of Samuel kneeling in prayer will mean more to your children than twenty sermons on devotion. One patient face of Christ by the hand of the artist will be more to your child than fifty sermons on forbearance. The art of the world is to be taken for Christ. What has become of Thorwaldsen's chisel and Girtland's crayon? Captured for the truth. "There is none like that; give it to me!"

So, I remark, it is with business acumen and tact. When Christ was upon earth the people that followed Him for the most part had no social position. There was but one man naturally brilliant in all the apostleship, Joseph of Arimathea, the rich man, risked nothing when he offered a hole in the rock for the dead Christ. How many of the merchants in Aia Minor befriended Jesus? I think of only one, Lydia. How many of the castles on the beach of Galilee entertained Christ? Not one. When Peter came to Joppa he stopped with one Simon, a tanner. What power had Christ's name on the Roman exchange or in the lazars of Corinth? None. The prominent men of the day did not want to risk their reputation for sanity by pretending to be one of His followers. Now that is all changed.

Among the mightiest men in our great cities to-day are the Christian bankers; and if to-morrow at the board of trade any man should get up and malign the name of Jesus he would be quickly silenced or put out. In the front rank of all our Christian workers to-day are the Christian merchants; and the enterprises of the world are coming on the right side. There was a farm walled away some years ago, all the proceeds of that farm to go for spreading infidel books. Somehow matters have changed and now all the proceeds of that farm go toward the missionary cause. One of the finest printing presses ever built was built for the express purpose of publishing infidel tracts and books. Now it does nothing but print Holy Bibles. I believe that the time will come when in commercial circles the voice of Christ will be the mightiest of all voices, and the ships of Tarshish will bring presents and the Queen of Sheba her glory and the wise men of the East their myrrh and frankincense. I look off upon the business men of our cities and rejoice at the prospect that their tact, and ingenuity, and talent will, after awhile, all be brought into the service of Christ. It will be one of the mightiest of weapons. "There is none like that; give it to me!"

Now, if all that I have said be true, away with all downheartedness! If science is to be on the right side, and the traveling disposition of the world on the right side, and the learning of the world on the right side, and the picture making on the right side, and the business of acumen and tact of the world on the right side—thine, O Lord, is the kingdom! O, fall into line, all ye people! It is a grand thing to be in such an army, and led by such a commander, and on the way to such a victory. If what I have said be true, then Christ is going to gather up for Himself out of this world every thing that is worth any thing, and there will be nothing but the scum left. A proclamation of amnesty goes forth now from the throne of God, saying: "Whosoever will, let him come." However long you may have wandered, however great your sins may have been, "whosoever will, let him come." O, that I could marshal all this audience on the side of Christ. He is the best friend a man ever had. He is so kind—so lovely, so sympathetic. I can not see how you can stay away from Him. Come now and accept His mercy. Behold Him as He stretches out the arms of His salvation, saying: "Look unto Me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved; for I am God." Make final choice now. You will either be willows planted by the water course or the chaff which the wind driveth away.

CAUSES OF MALARIA.

A Physical Disturbance Attributable to Electricity and Heat. A popular delusion is malaria, so called. The word malaria means bad air. The diseases that are attributed to this cause are frequently common in districts where there is no stagnant water or any thing else to taint the atmosphere. It will be remembered that during the autumn of 1881 there was an unusual number of people who were attacked by these diseases in Southwestern and West Central Missouri and Eastern Kansas, when there had been no rains of any consequence for months, and that, too, in districts far removed from decomposing water or any other substance.

The cause or causes of these diseases were surely not in the air, consequently should not be attributed to malaria. It is more probable that during the dry, hot weather of summer the heat that is radiated and the electricity that is generated by the sun have an enervating influence on the system—that from the nerve centers this influence reaches the muscular system, principally through the pneumo-gastric nerve, and the stomach being the most delicate and intricate of almost any of the involuntary muscles, is the principal sufferer from such enervating influence. Indigestion follows as a symptom, and an increase of bile brings what is called biliousness and malaria. I hope my medical friends—and I claim many as such—will pardon the presumption on my part of the discussion of a subject that comes more within their province than that of mine.

But this conclusion has been forced from observations that reach over a period of many years as a surveyor in the West. I have observed that there were more cases of sickness of this kind during or immediately after the season in which there were the greatest number of electric showers or electric disturbances as shown by the surveyor's instruments. I conclude, then, that heat and electricity are the prime causes of "malaria," and that they weaken the stomach, and in a large majority of cases, produce the diseases usually attributed to this cause. I give the thought to the profession with the hope that it will offend none.—Cor. St. Louis Republic.

If there were ten chairs in the room and one freshly painted, it would be the fate of a man to sit on that chair.—Atchison Globe.