TALMAGE'S SERMON.

LABOR STRIKES THE SUBJECT LAST SUNDAY.

From the Following Text, Matt. vii 12: "Whatsoever Ye Would that Men Should Do to You, Do You Even So to Them."

THE greatest war the world has ever seen is between capital and labor. The strife is not like that which in history is called the Thirty Years' War, for it is a war of centuries, it is a war of the five continents, it is a war hemispheric. The middle classes in this country, upon whom the nation has depended for holding the balance of power and for acting as mediators between the two extremes, are diminishing; and if things go on at the same ratio as they are now going, it will not be very long before there will be no middle class in this country, but all will be very rich or very poor, princes or paupers, and the country will be given up to palaces and hovels.

The antagonistic forces are closing in upon each other. The Pennsylvania miners' strikes, the telegraph operators' strikes, the railroad employes' strikes, the movements of the boycotters and the dynamiters are only skirmishes before a general engagement, or, if you prefer it, escapes through the safety-valves of an imprisoned force which promises the explosion of society. You may poohpooh it; you may say that this trouble, like an angry child, will cry itself to sleep; you may belittle it by calling it Fourierism, or Socialism, or St. Simonism, or Nihilism, or Communism; but that will not hinder the fact that it is the mightiest, the darkest, the most terrific threat of this century. All attempts at pacification have been dead failures, and monopoly is more arrogant, and the trades unions more bitter. "Give us more wages," cry the employes. "You shall have less," say the capitalists. "Compel us to do fewer hours of toil in a day." "You shall toil more hours," say the others. "Then, under certain condition, we will not work at all," say these. "Then you shall starve," say those, and the workmen gradually using up that which they accumulate in better times, unless there be some radical change, we shall have soon in this country four million hungry men and women. Now, four millions hungry people cannot be kept quiet. All the enactments of legislatures and all the constabularies of the cities, and all the army and navy of the United States cannot keep four million hungry people quiet. What then? Will this war between capital and labor be settled by human wisdom? Never.

I shall first show you how this quarrel between monopoly and hard work cannot be stopped, and then I will show you how this controversy will be settled.

Futile remedies. In the first place there will come no pacification to this trouble through an outcry against rich men merely because they are rich. There is no member of a trades union on earth that would not be rich if he could be. Sometimes through a fortunate invention, or through some accident of prosperity, a man who had nothing comes to a large estate, and we see him arrogant and supercilious, and taking people by the throat just as other people took him by the throat. There is something very mean about human nature when it comes to the top. But it is no more a sin to be rich than it is a sin to be poor. There are those who have gathered a great estate through fraud, and then there are millionaires who have gathered their fortunes through foresight in regard to changes in the markets, and through brilliant business faculty, and every dollar of their estate is as honest as the dollar which the plumber gets for mending a pipe, or the mason gets for building a wall. There are those who keep in poverty because of their own fault. They might have been well-off, but they gave themselves to strong drink, or they smoked or chewed up their earnings, or they lived beyond their means, while others on the same wages and on the same salaries went on to competency. I know a man who is all the time complaining of his poverty and crying out against rich men, while he hiself keeps two dogs, and chews and smokes, and is filled to the chin with whisky and beer!

Micawber said to David Copperfield: "Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, twenty shillings and sixpence expenses: result misery. But, Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, expenses nineteen shillings and sixpence; result, happiness." And there are vast multitudes of people who are kept poor because they are the victims of their own improvidence. It is no sin to be rich, and it is no sin to be poor. I protest against this outcry which I hear against those who, through economy and self-denial and assiduity, have come to large fortune. This bombardment of commercial success will never stop this quarrel between capital and labor.

Neither will the contest be settled by cynical and unsympathetic treatment of the laboring classes. There are those who speak of them as though they were only cattle or draught horses. Their nerves are nothing, their domestic comfort is nothing, their happiness is nothing. They have no more sympathy for them than a hound has for a hare, or a hawk for a hen, or a tiger for a calf. When Jean Valjean, the greatest hero of Victor Hugo's writings, after a life of suffering and brave endurance, goes into incarceration and death, they clap the book shut and say, "Good for him!" They stamp their feet with indignation and say just the opposite of "Save the working-classes." They have all their sympathies with Shylock, and not with Antonio and Portia. They are plutocrats, and their feelings are infernal. They are filled with irritation and irascibility on this subject. To stop this awful imbroglio between capital and labor they will lift not so much as the tip end of the little finger.

Neither will there be any pacification of this angry controversy through violence. God never blessed murder.

Well, if this controversy between capital and labor cannot be settled by human wisdom, if today capital and labor stand with their thumbs on each other's throat—as they do—it is time for us to look somewhere else for relief and it points from my text roseate and jubilant and puts one hand on the broadcloth shoulder of capital, and puts the other on the home-spun-covered shoulder of toil, and says, with a voice that will grandly and gloriously settle this, and settle everything, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them." That is, the lady of the household will say: "I must treat the maid in the kitchen just as I would like to be treated if I were downstairs, and it were my work to wash, and cook, and sweep, and it were the duty of the maid in the kitchen to preside in this parlor." The maid in the kitchen must say: "If my employer seems to be more prosperous than I, that is no fault of hers; I shall not treat her as an enemy. I will have the same industry and fidelity down-stairs as I would expect from my subordinates, if I happened to be the wife of a silk importer."

The owner of an iron mill, having taken a dose of my text before leaving home in the morning, will go into his foundry, and, passing into what is called the puddling-room, he will see a man there stripped to the waist, and besweated and exhausted with the labor and the toil and he will say to him: "Why it seems to be very hot in here. You look very much exhausted. I hear your child is sick with scarlet fever. If you want your wages a little earlier this week so as to pay the nurse and get the medicines, just come into my office any time."

After awhile, crash goes the money market, and there is no more demand for the articles manufactured in that iron mill, and the owner does not know what to do. He says, "Shall I stop the mill, or shall I run it on half time, or shall I cut down the men's wages?" He walks the floor of his counting-room all day, hardly knowing what to do. Towards evening he calls all the laborers together. They stand all around, some with arms akimbo, some with folded arms, wondering what the boss is going to do now. The manufacturer says: "Men, times are very hard; I don't make twenty dollars where I used to make one hundred. Somehow, there is no demand now for what we manufacture, or but very little demand. You see I am at vast expense, and I have called you together this afternoon to see what you would advise. I don't want to shut up the mill, because that would force you out of work, and you have always been very faithful, and I like you, and you seem to like me, and the bairns must be looked after, and your wife will after awhile want a new dress. I don't know what to do."

There is a dead halt for a minute or two, and then one of the workmen steps out from the ranks of his fellows, and says: "Boss, you have been very good to us, and when you prospered we prospered, and now you are in a tight place and I am sorry, and we have got to sympathize with you. I don't know how the others feel, but I propose that we take off twenty per cent from our wages, and that when the times get good you will remember us and raise them again." The workman looks around to his comrades, and says: "Boys, what do you say to this? All in favor of my proposition will say ay." "Ay! ay! ay!" shout two hundred voices.

But the mill-owner, getting in some new machinery, exposes himself very much, and takes cold, and it settles into pneumonia, and he dies. In the procession to the tomb are all the workmen, tears rolling down their cheeks, and off upon the ground; but an hour before the procession gets to the cemetery the wives and the children of those workmen are at the grave waiting for the arrival of the funeral pageant. The minister or religion may have delivered an eloquent eulogium before they started from the house, but the most impressive things are said that day by the working-classes standing around the tomb.

That night in all the cabins of the working-people where they have family prayers the widowhood and the orphanage in the mansion are remembered. No glaring populations look over the iron fence of the cemetery; but, hovering over the scene, the benediction of God and man is coming for the fulfillment of the Christ-like injunction, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them."

"Oh," says some man here, "that is all Utopian, that is apocryphal, that is impossible." No. I cut out of a paper this: "One of the pleasantest incidents recorded in a long time is reported from Sheffield, England. The wages of the men in the iron works at Sheffield are regulated by a board of arbitration, by whose decision both masters and men are bound. For some time past the iron and steel trade has been etxremely unprofitable, and the employers cannot, without much loss, pay the wages fixed by the board, which neither employers nor employed have the power to change. To avoid this difficulty, the workmen in one of the largest steel works in Sheffield hit upon a device as rare as it was generous. They offered to work for their employers one week without any pay whatever."

But you go with me and I will show you—not so far off as Sheffield, England—factories, banking houses, store houses, and costly enterprises where this Christ-like injunction of my text is fully kept, and you could no more get the employer to practice an injustice upon his men, or the men to conspire against the employer, than you could get your right hand and your left hand, your right eye and your left eye, your right ear and your left ear, into physiological antagonism. Now, where is this to begin? In our homes, in our stores, on our farms—not waiting for other people to do their duty. Is there a divergence now between the parlor and the kitchen? Then there is something wrong, either in the parlor or the kitchen, perhaps in both. Are the clerks in your store irate against the firm? Then there is something wrong, either behind the counter, or in the private office, or perhaps in both.

The great want of the world today is the fulfillment of this Christ-like injunction, that which he promulgated in his sermon Olivetic. All the political economists under the archivault of the heavens in convention for a thousand years cannot settle this controversy between monopoly and hard work, between capital and labor. During the Revolutionary war there was a heavy piece of timber to be lifted, perhaps for some fortress, and a corporal was overseeing the work, and he was giving commands to some soldiers as they lifted: "Heave away, there! yo heave!" Well, the timber was too heavy; they could not get it up. There was a gentleman riding by on a horse, and he stopped and said to this corporal, "Wny don't you help them lift? That timber is too heavy for them to lift." "No," he said, "I won't; I am a corporal." The gentleman got off his horse and came up to the place. "Now," he said to the soldiers, "all together—yo heave!" and the timber went to its place. "Now," said the gentleman to the corporal, "when you have a piece of timber too heavy for the men to lift, and you want help, you send to your commander-in-chief." It was Washington. Now, that is about all the Gospel I know—the Gospel of giving somebody a lift, a lift out of darkness, a lift out of earth into heaven. That is all the Gospel I know—the Gospel of helping somebody else to lift.

The greatest friend of capitalist and toiler, and the one who will yet bring them together in complete accord, was born one Christmas night while the curtains of heaven swung, stirred by the wings angelic. Owner of all things—all the continents, all worlds, and all the islands of light. Capitalist of immensity, crossing over to our condition. Coming into our world, not by gate of palace, but by door of barn. Spending his first night amid the shepherds. Gathering afterward around him the fishermen to be his chief attendants. With adze, and saw, and chisel, and axe, and in a carpenter shop showing himself brother with the tradesmen. Owner of all things, and yet on a hillock back of Jerusalem one day resigning everything for others, keeping not so much as a shekel to pay for his obsequies: by charity buried in the suburbs of a city that had cast him out. Before the cross of such a capitalist, and such a carpenter, all men can afford to shake hands and worship. Here is the every man's Christ. None so high, but he was higher. None so poor, but he was poorer. At his feet the hostile extremes will yet renounce their animosities, and countenances which have glowered with the prejudices and revenge of centuries shall brighten with the smile of heaven as he commands: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them."

An Italian Solomon.

The Duke of Ossone, while Viceroy of Naples, delivered many quaint and clever judgments. The case is related where a young Spanish exquisite named Bertrand Solus, while lounging about in the busy part of the city, was run against by a porter carrying a bundle of wood on his shoulder.

The porter had called out, "Make way, please!" several times, but without effect. He had then tried to get by without collision, but his bundle caught the young man's velvet dress and tore it. Solus was highly indignant, and had the porter arrested. The Viceroy, who had privately investigated the matter, told the porter to pretend he was dumb, and at the trial to reply by signs to any question that might be put to him.

When the case came on, and Solus had made his complaint, the Viceroy turned to the porter and asked him what he had to say in reply. The porter only shook his head and made signs with his hands.

"What judgment do you want me to give against a dumb man?" asked the Viceroy.

"Oh, your excellency," replied Solus, falling into the trap, "the man is an imposter. I assure you he is not dumb. Before he ran into me I distinctly heard him cry out, 'Make way.'"

"Then," said the Viceroy sternly, "If you heard him ask you make way for him, why did you not? The fault of the accident was entirely with yourself, and you must give this poor man compensation for the trouble you have given him in bringing him here."

Victoria.—Queen Victoria shines brightly as a ruler in a galaxy of poets, painters and men and women of genius in her own country and in every land.—Rev. Robert S. MacArthur, Baptist, New York City.

Adam.—It was not a punishment but a blessing that Adam was shut out of Eden, shut out from the tree of life, shut out from immortality of sin.—Rev. C. M. Coburn, Methodist, Denver, Col.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

A Great Surprise, One of Our Pretty Stories for Juveniles—Boys' Games in Far Away Guatemala—Boys Are Boys in Every Country.

Little White Lily.

LITTLE White Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone.
Little White Lily's
Sunshine has fed:
Little White Lily
Is lifting her head.

Little White Lily
Said: "It is good,
Little White Lily's
Clothing and food."
Little White Lily
Dressed like a bride,
Shining with whiteness,
And crowned beside!

Little White Lily
Drooping with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.
Little White Lily
Holdeth her cup;
Rain is fast falling
And filling it up.

Little White Lily
Said: "Good again,
When I am thirsty
To have the nice rain.
Now I am stronger,
Now I am cool;
Heat cannot burn me,
My veins are so full."

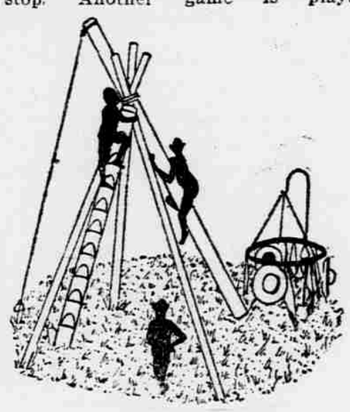
Little White Lily
Smells very sweet;
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.
Thanks to the sunshine,
Thanks to the rain,
Little White Lily
Is happy again.

Boys' Games in Guatemala.

In Guatemala boys have their games and sports as boys elsewhere do, but to American young folk some of these will appear very odd as well as dangerous. These little coal black Caribs

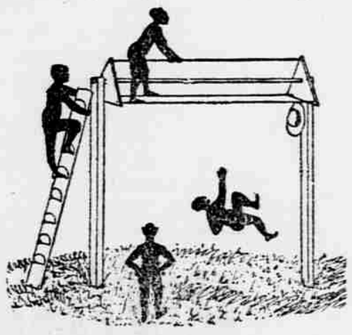
MERRY-GO-ROUND.

are very active and supple, and if they fall they are very apt to light on their feet like a cat. In many of their games there is not more than a little grass spread over the ground for the protection of their bones, and in some cases none at all. A merry-go-round game is played on a long board balanced over a post, with a large wooden pin projecting up through it at the middle—a sort of merry-go-round. The boys choose a partner and one gets on at each end. The opposing to, or as many as like, get inside, near the post, and push the board around as rapidly as possible, until one of the players is thrown off. When one is dislodged from his seat he goes rolling and bumping along the ground as if he never would stop. Another game is played



GREASED-POLE GAME.

with a "greased pole" peculiarly constructed. It is held in an oblique position by tri-posts and a rope running from the top to a stake in the ground. At one side near the bottom is a hoop, on which prizes such as straw hats and handkerchiefs are hanging. The boys go up to the top by a native ladder, and slide down, endeavoring to grasp a prize from the hoop—if they get that far without falling. This is a very difficult game, as the contestant has generally slipped round to the underside of the pole or fallen from it before the hoop is reached. As their little black bodies rub the grease from the pole the prizes disappear more rapidly. The tight rope game is the most difficult and perhaps the most dangerous



TIGHT-ROPE GAME.

of all. Two posts about eight feet high, sunken in the ground, support two wooden triangles on an axle, about nine feet long. From each corner of the triangle a rope runs to the corresponding corner of the one at the other end. A prize is placed at one end and the little Carib must make his way across on the ropes to obtain it. The slightest variation of balance or pressure on the ropes and the axle revolves violently, often throwing the contestant to the ground with much force. However, it is always pleasing to see him get up and show his perseverance. He thinks not of himself, but of the prize, and he must have a new hat or handkerchief even if it does cost him a good many bruises. These Carib boys are even more daring on water than on land. They almost always stand up to paddle their little "dugouts" because they are not tall enough to sit down and do it. Their boats or cayugas, as they call them, are very unsteady, and it is impossible for one person to pass another in them. Sometimes in ferrying passengers from the boats the little fellow becomes so excited through his good fortune at earning a real he will get a wrong place in his boat. He simply jumps into the water, swims to the stern, nimbly climbs in and paddles away. No matter how rough the water may be, you can see the same number of boys out on the sea, standing up in their tottery crafts and paddling hither and thither. One wonders how they manage to stay in them.

Livingston, Guatemala. F. S.

A Great Surprise.

When I woke up this morning I did not feel at all like getting up. I told mamma that I had a kind of feeling as if I should be a great deal better if I stayed in bed till noon, as I do sometimes when I have bronchitis in winter. But mamma smiled and kissed me and said she thought it would be best for me to get up. So, of course, I had to. All the time I was dressing I kept feeling worse and worse, and I didn't want any breakfast at all.

"The child isn't well," said papa.

I told him that I thought I should feel a great deal better in bed, and he looked at mamma to see what she thought; but mamma shook her head, and said I would be better by and by.

I knew what she meant by that, and it only made me feel worse. So, after breakfast I went and lay down on the sofa and shut my eyes; and I did feel very badly indeed. Polly came and sat by me, and fanned me, and asked if my head ached; but it wasn't my head exactly. It was a feeling inside me as if my heart kept going down and down, and then almost stopping, and then going on again with a jump.

When I saw mamma coming with her bonnet and cloak on, my heart jumped very hard indeed; and I shut my eyes tight and hoped she would think I was asleep. But she took my hand and said:

"Come, Tommy, dear! Come with me, and we will have it all over very soon."

I knew by the way she spoke that nothing was of any use, and that I must go.

We started, and I walked as slowly as I could, and all the time I felt worse and worse.

I asked mamma if people did not die when their hearts stopped, and when she said yes I told her that my heart kept stopping all the time, and that I thought I might be going to die. "And, if I am going to die," I said, "there is no need of my going—there—too!"

Mamma only patted my shoulder, and told me to be a brave boy; but I didn't want to be a brave boy; I wanted to go home.

However, I tried to hold my head up, and by the time we came to Dr. Wilson's door mamma said I was doing very well, and that she should be very much pleased with me if I was brave.

It is very nice to have mamma pleased with you, her voice sounds so nice, and her eyes shine when she smiles. So I tried as hard as ever I could; and when Dr. Wilson came out and looked at me over his spectacles, I said "Good morning!" quite loud, though my voice sounded as if I were under a feather bed.

So then I got up into the horrid, horrid chair; and my heart was going so hard that I thought it would come out of my ears. I opened my mouth, and he fished about with the dreadful little steel things; and I screwed my eyes up tight, for I knew every minute that it was going to hurt dreadfully.

But suddenly he stopped, and I opened my eyes. He was standing looking at me; and, really, his smile was quite pleasant, and not half so much like an ogre's as I thought it was.

"Well, doctor," said mamma, "is there very much to be done?"

Then Dr. Wilson smiled again. "My dear madam," he said, "I am obliged to tell you—that this boy"—here he looked very hard at me, and my heart stopped again—"that this boy—has—nothing whatever to be done, and that his teeth will be in perfect order for the next six months."

I think I cried a little. I know mamma did; for you see she had been keeping her courage up, too. And she had done it so well that I never knew her heart was jumping and stopping, just like mine, until she told me.

But we were so happy—oh, so happy! And we went away together, after we had shaken hands with that nice Dr. Wilson, and I think he was almost as glad as we were, and we had ice cream and strawberries, and we took some home to Polly in a paper box. And the funny thing is that I never have had any more trouble with my heart since then.—Laura E. Richards.

Chimes of Normandy.

Do you want to hear the chimes of Normandy? If you do, all you need is a heavy silver spoon and a piece of string. Tie the string at its center around the handle of the spoon, leaving the ends three or four feet long. Now wind the ends around your two fore fingers near the first joint and then thrust your fingers in your ears. Bend over and allow the table spoon to knock against the wall or the door or a chair and you will be surprised at the really beautiful imitation of church chimes which you will hear.

Bashful Lover—I leave here tomorrow. How long shall you remain, Miss Ethel? Up-to-date Girl—Remain Miss Ethel? I leave that to you. —Brooklyn Life.

DEBS' SPEECH.

It Took the St. Louis Labor Conference by Storm—Radical Sentiments.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 2.—The conference of labor leaders of the country finished its work last evening. The meeting was productive of several sensational speeches and many resolutions, yet no decisive action was taken in the principal matter for which the gathering was summoned—the abolishment of "government by injunction."

The convention, which had been announced as the last one of its kind to be held, while adjourning sine die, has merely postponed action on the matters before it for three weeks, as a call for a similar conference, to be held in Chicago, Monday, September 27, was issued.

Mr. Debs and Social Democracy dominated the convention, and the famous leader carried the gathering off its feet in one of his characteristic speeches. He said in part:

"Never in my life have I been more hopeful than now. I am not gifted with great vissionary powers, but I can see the beginning of the end. (Cheers.) This meeting is an inspiration. It will lead to great results. This movement has attained tremendous impetus and will go ahead with a rush. When the people are ready, and that day is not far off, my friends, there will be a spontaneous uprising, the supreme court will be abolished, congress dispersed and the sacred rights of American citizens and American freedmen will be enthroned. (Great applause.)

"I plead guilty to the charge of being radical. I only wish you would allow me to be more radical still. Support us, gentlemen of the convention, and I promise you we will support the attempt to abolish government by injunction and the judges who issue them.

"On bearing arms: I hope in this march of common intelligence we will reach a point where we will be able to settle these questions without appealing to the sword or bullet. I can not tell. Certain it is there are thousands of our fellow-citizens suffering, and certain it is this can not last. The time will come to incite the populace. When this time comes you can depend on me. (Cheers.) I will not stand in the rear and ask you to go ahead. I will be in front and say to you, 'Come on.' (Renewed cheering.)

"I shrink from that bloodshed, "and Mr. Debs paused impressively, "but if this is necessary to preserve liberty and our rights—in that event I will shed the last drop of my blood that courses through my veins. (Outbreak of cheering.)

"The people are ripe for a great change. All they lack is direction and leadership. Let this conference supply it. Let this conference set the pace. Announce to the world that it will temporarily adjourn for three weeks to renew preparations. Ask every man to pledge himself to be there; come if you have to walk; no man has a right to plead poverty."

Mr. Debs went over the conditions existing in Pennsylvania, and when he finished with that state took up West Virginia. West Virginia, he said, had more government to the square inch than any state in the union, and that meant less liberty. The less government, the more liberty—the only perfect government was no government at all. In conclusion, Mr. Debs said:

"My friends, assert yourselves; enforce your cause. Let every man who can be as good as his word stand erect."

MARRIED A CHINAMAN.

The Mott Street Mission Furnishes Another Bride to a Celestial.

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—Clad in conventional American garments and with his long jet black queue coiled up under his hat, a full blooded Chinaman was made the husband of a sweet faced American girl at the city hall yesterday. Alderman Frederick A. Ware read the marriage lines. John A. Taylor is the Americanized name of the bridegroom. The bride is Carol B. Dinsmore, 22 years of age. The young woman did the talking because her prospective husband was a stranger to the language.

Taylor met Miss Dinsmore some months ago in a Mott street mission, where he was first taught by the girl and where later he became an instructor. An attachment sprang up between the two and their engagement followed. When asked if there was any objection to their being married, Miss Dinsmore said both were of age. The couple will go to Oakland, Cal., the home of the bridegroom's father, for their wedding trip

BRUTALITY AT A COLLEGE

A University of California Freshman Disfigured for Life in a "Rush."

BERKELEY, Cal., Sept. 2.—Half dazed, his jaw broken, his face a bleeding mass, Benjamin Kurtz, a newly entered freshman of the university of California, was found wandering about the campus Monday night after the rush between the two lower classes. In the struggle some one put his heel on Kurtz's face and as a result he is disfigured for life and may have sustained an injury of the brain.

There were two other serious casualties. Frank Marshal, freshman, had his right leg broken just above the ankle. Conlon, another freshman, came out of the combat with a broken leg.

As a result President Kellogg has issued strict orders forbidding future "rushes."

No Negroes for Elwood, Ind.

ELWOOD, Ind., Sept. 2.—All of the negroes living here have been warned to leave before the last of this week. On numerous occasions during the past twelve years colored people have made efforts to establish permanent homes here, but they have invariably been driven away. Two months ago a colony of fifty negroes came here and expressed a determination to brave all dangers and make Elwood their home. A number secured employment and then warnings began to be served on them. A few of them departed but others remained.