

A LIFE OF FAITH.

THE ACTIONS OF WISE MEN DOMINATED BY THE LARGER TRUST.

Recognition of the Divine Plan in Nature the Most Comforting Ideal Man-kind Has—Limit of Action Determined by Man's Own Character.

Washington, June 28.—A most uplifting truth is presented in Dr. Talbot's discourse of to-day. His text was Matthew 2, 29: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father."

You see the Bible will not be limited in the choice of symbols. There is hardly a beast or bird or insect which has not been called to illustrate some divine truth—the ox's patience, the ant's industry, the spider's skill, the hind's surefootedness, the eagle's speed, the dove's gentleness, the sparrow's meanness and insignificance. In oriental countries none but the poorest people buy the sparrow and eat it—so very little meat is there on the bones and so very poor is it what there is of it. The comforter of the population would not think of touching it any more than you would think of eating a bat or a lamprey. Now, says Jesus, if God takes such good care of a poor bird that is not worth a cent, will He not care for you, an immortal?

We associate God with revolutions. We can see a great deal in the discovery of America, in the invention of the art of printing, in the exposure of the gunpowder plot, in the contrivance of the needle gun, in the ruin of an Austrian or Napoleonic despotism, but how hard it is to see God in the minute personal affairs of our lives! We think of God as making a record of the starry host, but cannot realize the Bible truth that He knows how many hairs are on our head. It seems a grand thing that God provides food for hundreds of thousands of Israelites in the desert, but we cannot appreciate the truth that when a sparrow is hungry God stoops down and opens its mouth and puts the seed in. We are struck with the idea that God fills the universe with His presence, but cannot understand how He encompas in the crystal palace of a dewdrop or finds room to stand between the alabaster pillars of the pond lily. We can see God in the clouds. Can we see God in the flowers in our feet?

We are apt to place God on some great stage, or try to do, expecting Him there to act out His stupendous projects, but we forget that the life of a Cromwell, an Alexander or a Washington or an archangel is not more under divine inspection than your life is mine. Pompey thought there must be a mist over the eyes of God because he so much favored Caesar. But there is no such mist. He sees everything. We say God's path is in the great waters. True enough, but no more certain than He is in the water, in the class on the table. We say God guides the stars in their courses. Magnificent truth! But no more certain than He decides which road or street you shall take in coming to church. Understand that God does not sit upon an indifferent or unsympathetic throne, but that He sits down beside you to-day and stands beside me to-day, and no affair of our lives is so insignificant but that it is of importance to God.

In the first place, God chooses our occupation for us. I am amazed to see how many people there are dissatisfied with the work they have to do. I think three-fourths wish they were in some other occupation, and they spend a great deal of time in regretting that they got in the wrong trade or profession. I want to tell you that God put into operation all the influences which led you to that particular choice. Many of you are not in the business that you expected to be in. You started for the ministry and learned merchandise. You started for the law and you are a physician. You preferred agriculture, and you become a mechanic. You thought "one way," God thought another. But you ought not to sit down and mourn over the past. You are to remember that God arranged all these circumstances by which you were made what you are.

Hugh Miller says, "I will be a stone-mason." God says, "You will be a geologist." David goes out to attend his father's sheep. Saul goes out to hunt his father's asses, and before he gets back finds the crown and scepter of Israel. How much happier would he be if we were content with the places God gave us! God saw your temperament and all the circumstances by which you were surrounded, and I believe nine-tenths of you are in the work you are best fitted for. I have a pocket watch, and I find that the hands and the wheels and the springs are getting out of their places. I send it down to the jeweler and say, "Overhaul that watch and teach the wheels and the springs and the hands to mind their own business." You know a man having a large estate. He gathers his working hands in the morning and says to one, "You go trim that vine," to another, "You go and weed those flowers," to another, "You plow that rough field," and each one goes to his particular work. The owner of the estate points the man to what he knows he can do best, and so it is with the Lord.

I remark further that God has arranged the place of our dwelling. What particular city or town, street or house you shall live in seems to be a mere matter of accident. You go out to hunt for a house, and you happen to see a sign and you select that house. Was it all happening? Oh, no. God guided you in every step. He foreknew the future. He knew all your circumstances, and He selected just that one house as better for you than any of the 10,000 habitations in the city. Our house, however humble the roof, and however lowly the portals, is as near God's heart as an Alhambra or a Kremlin. Prove it, you say. Proverbs 11, 23: "Blessed the habitations of the just."

I remark further that God arranges all our friendships. You were driven to that wall. You found a man just at that crisis who sympathized with you and helped you. You say, "How lucky I was!" There was no luck about it. God sent that friend just as certainly as He sent the angel to strengthen Christ. Your domestic friends, your business friends, your Christian friends, God sent them to bless you, and if any of them has proved traitorous it is only to bring out the value of those who remain. If some die, it is only that they may stand at the outposts of heaven to greet you at your coming.

You always will have friends, warm-hearted friends, magnanimous friends.

and when sickness comes to your dwelling there will be watchers; when trouble comes to your heart there will be sympathizers; when death comes there will be gentle fingers to close the eyes and fold the hands and gentle lips to tell of a resurrection. Oh, we are comforted by the bodyguard of friends! Every man, if he has believed himself well, is surrounded by three circles of friends: those of the outer circle wishing him well; those in the next circle willing to help him, while close to his heart are a few who would die for him. God pity the wretch who has not any friends.

I remark again that God puts down the limit to our temporal prosperity. The world of finance seems to have no God in it. You cannot tell where a man will land. The affluent fall, the poor rise. The ingenious fail, the ignorant succeed. An enterprising opening grandly shuts in bankruptcy, while out of the peat dug up from some New England marsh the millionaire builds his fortune. The poor man thinks it is chance that keeps him down; the rich man thinks it is chance which hoists him, and then the both wonder. It is so hard to realize that God rules the money market and has a hook in the nose of the stock gambler, and that all the commercial revolutions of the world shall result in the very best for God's dear children.

My brethren, do not kick against the divine allotments. God knows just how much money it is best for you to lose. You never gain unless it is best for you to gain. You go up when it is best for you to go up, and go down when it is best for you to go down. Prove it, you say. I will—Romans vii, 2: "All things work together for good to them that love God." You go into a factory and you see 20 or 30 wheels, and they are going in different directions. This band is rolling off this way, and another band another way, one down and another up. You say, "What confusion in a factory!" Oh, no. All these different bands are only different parts of the machinery. So I go into your life and see strange things. Here is one piece pulling this way, and another piece another way. But these are different parts of one machinery by which He will advance your everlasting and present well-being.

Now you know that a second mortgage and a third and a fourth mortgage are often worth nothing. It is the first mortgage that is a good investment. I have to tell you that every Christian man has a first mortgage on every trial, and on every disaster, and it must make a payment of eternal advantage to his soul. How many mortgages it would take out of your heart if you believed that fully. You buy goods and hope the price will go up, but you are in a fret and a frown for fear the price will go down. You do not buy the goods, using your best discretion in the matter, and then say: "Oh, Lord, I have done the best I could. I commit this whole transaction into Thy hands." That is what religion is good for, or it is good for nothing.

There are two things, says an old proverb, you ought not to fret about. First, things that you can help, and second, things which you cannot help. If you can help them, why do you not apply the remedy? If you cannot help them, you might as well surrender first, as last. My dear brethren, do not sit any longer mooping about your tedium. Do not sit looking so despondent upon your stock of unsalable goods. Do you think that God is going to allow you, a Christian man, to do business alone? God is the controlling partner in every firm, and although your securities may abscond, although your store may burn, God will, out of an infinity of results, choose for you the very best results.

Do not have any idea that you can overstep the limit that God has laid down for your prosperity. You will never get one inch beyond it. God has decided how much prosperity you can stand honorably, and employ usefully, and control righteously, and at the end of the year you will have just so many dollars and cents, just so much wardrobe, just so much furniture, just so many bonds and mortgages, and nothing more. I will give you \$100 for every penny you get beyond that. God has looked over your life. He knows what is best for you, and He is going to bless you in time, and bless you for eternity, and He will do it in the best way. Your little child says, "Papa, I wish you would let me have that knife." "No," you say, "it is a sharp knife, and you will cut yourself." He says, "I must have it." "But you cannot have it," you reply. He gets angry and red in the face and says he will have it, but you say he shall not have it. Are you not kind in keeping it from him? So God treats His children. I say, "I must have it." "No, my child," God says. "No, my child," you say. "I must have it." God says, "You cannot have it." I get angry and say, "I will have it." God says, "You shall not have it." I do not get it. Is He not kind and loving and the best of Fathers? Do you wish to have no rule or regulation in these things? Tell that to the men who believe in no God and no Bible. Tell it not to me.

A man of large business concludes to go out of his store, leaving much of his investments in the business, and he says to his son, "Now, I am going to leave this business in your hands. Perhaps I may come back in a little while and perhaps not. While I am gone you will please to look after affairs." After awhile the father comes back and finds everything at loose ends, and the whole business seems to be going wrong. He says, "I am going to take possession of this business—you know I never fail to surrender it—and henceforth consider yourselves subordinated." Is he not right in doing it? The Lord is the owner of the business, and He is going to take possession of it. He is going to take charge. I am wrong, and I know what is best for me, and I am merely subordinated to His authority. It is like a boy at school. A long sum that he cannot do, he has been working at it for hours making figures here and there, and the teacher, looking over his shoulder, knows that he cannot get it right, and clearing the slate says, "Begin again." Just so God does to us. Our affairs get into an intricate entanglement, and He rules everything out and says, "Begin again." Is He not wise and loving in so doing?

I think the trouble is that there is so large a difference between the divine and the human estimate as to what is enough. I have heard of people arriving for that which is enough, and I

heard of any one with this much. What God calls enough for man, man calls too little. What man calls enough, God says is too much. The difference between a poor man and a rich man is only the difference in banks. The rich man puts his money in the Washington Bank, or the Central Bank or the Metropolitan Bank or some other bank of that character, while the poor man comes and makes his investments in the bank of him who runs all the quarries, all the mines, all the gold, all the earth, all heaven. Do you think a man can fall when he is backed up like that?

You may have seen a map on which are described with red ink the travels of the children of Israel through the desert to the promised land. You see how they took this and that direction, crossed the river and went through the sea. Do you know God has made a map of your life with paths leading up to this bitterness and that success. But, blessed be God, the path always comes out at the promised land. Mark that! Mark that!

I remark again that all those things that seem to be but accidents in our life are under the divine supervision. We sometimes seem to be going helms and anchorless in a sea. If I had some other trade; if I had no right to some other house; if I had no right to say that. Every tear you wept, every step you have taken, every burden you have carried, is under divine inspection, and that event which troubled your whole household with horror God met with perfect placidity, because He knew it was for your good. It was part of a great plan projected long ago. In eternity, when you come to this way, and another in the matter, that to affliction as one of your greatest blessings.

God has a strange way with us. Joseph found his way to the prime minister's chair by being pushed into a pit, and to many a Christian down is up. The wheat must be threshed, the quarry must be blasted; the diamond must be ground; the Christian must be afflicted, and that single event, which you supposed stood entirely alone, was a connecting link between two great chains of events, leading through all eternity past and other chain reaching through all eternity future—so small an event fastening two eternities together.

A missionary coming from India to the United States stopped at St. Helena, while the vessel was taking water. He had his little child with him. They walked along by an embankment, and a rock at that moment became loosened, and falling instantly killed the child. Was it an accident? Was it a surprise to God? Had He allowed His servant, after a life of consecration to come to such a trial? Not such is my God. There are no accidents in the divine mind, though they may seem so to us. God is good, and by every single incident of our life, whether it be adverse or otherwise, before earth and heaven will demonstrate His mercy.

I hear a man say: "That idea belittles God. You bring Him down to such little things." Oh, I have a more thorough appreciation of God in little things than I have in great things. The mother does not wait until the child has crushed its foot or broken its arm before she administers sympathy. The child comes in with the least bruise, and the mother kisses it. God does not wait for some tremendous crisis in our life, comes down to us in our most insignificant trials, and throws over us the arms of His mercy. Going up the White Mountains some years ago I thought of that passage in the Bible that speaks of God as weighing mountains in a balance. As I looked at those great mountains I thought, can it be possible that God can put these great mountains in scales? It was an idea too great for me to grasp, but when I saw a blue bell down by the mule's foot on my way up Mount Washington then I understood the kindness and goodness of God. It is not so much of God in great things I can understand, but of God in little things.

There is a man who says, "That doctrine cannot be true, because things do go so very wrong." I reply it is no inconsistency on the part of God, but a lack of understanding on our part. I hear that men are making very fine shawls in some factory. I go in on the first floor and see only the raw materials, and I ask, "Are these the shawls I have heard of?" They say, "No, they are the raw materials, and they are going to the next floor." And I go up, and there I begin to see the design. But the man says: "Do not stop here. Go up to the top floor of the factory and you will see the idea fully carried out. I do not, and having come to the top, see the complete pattern of an exquisite shawl. So in our life, standing down on a low level of Christian experience we do not understand God's dealings. He tells us to go up higher and higher until we begin to understand the divine meaning with respect to us, and we advance until we stand at the very gate of heaven, and there we see God's idea all wrought out—a perfect idea of mercy, love, of kindness, and we say, "Just life and true are all Thy ways." It is all right at the top. Remember there is no inconsistency on the part of God, but it is only our mental and spiritual incapacity.

Some of you may be disappointed this summer—vacations are apt to be disappointing—but whatever your personal and worldly concerns know that "man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps." Ask these aged men in this church if it is not so. It has been so in my own life. One summer I started for the Continent, but my plans were so changed that I landed in Liverpool. I studied law, and I got into the ministry. I resolved to go as a missionary to China, and I staid in the United States. I thought I would like to be in the East, and I went to the west—all the circumstances which I expected, "A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps."

So, my dear friends, this day take home this subject. Be content with such things as you have. From every grade of divine care, and I do not mean the smallest bird fit across your path without thinking of the truth that two sparrows are sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. Blessed be His glorious name forever. Amen.

CONYER'S ESTIMATE.
The world is an old woman, that mistakes any gift farthing for a gold coin; whereby being often cheated, she will henceforth trust in nothing but the common copper—Carlyle.

WOMAN TO WOMAN.

Kitt's Analysis of Feminine Character as Seen in Several Aspects.

Women have little sense of honor, none of chivalry to one another. It is commented upon as a wonderful thing in the newspapers when one woman writes to another, or another speaks over the wire to a third, at something monstrously liberal and amiable. You will read: "The following paragraph is pleasing from the point of view that it gives of the generous relation between one clever woman and another. It is not often that two writers of the gentle sex are so friendly towards each other," and a good deal more like that. To find a woman who is simply just towards another is evidently to find a rarity. We are to be publicly lauded for speaking well of our woman neighbor. Our friendship is a thing to be wondered at. Does not all this point out how lamentably little there is of charity or good feeling in women to women? Is it not shameful that we cannot meet if we cultivate a spirit of chivalry in the sex? One's neighbor peers and stares whenever one comes in or out. You can hear your dress, your appearance, your mode of living commented upon in audible and not so kind whispers as you pass down the street. You feel an insane desire to take all these crackling, door-step-sitting women and play Nero with them—wish them one head, and that decapitated. You pass on your way, practical woman who comes along next to me to run the gauntlet. Oh, the endless, foolish, harmful gabbling of everyone of us! I catch myself at it as well as you. We are all the same—weak, tattling, unamiable sheep, plucking out each other's eyes, and making a mess of everything. It seems hopeless. The so-called higher education is doing little for it. The New Woman is just as petty and as mean as the old, old, old. Plenty of work seems the best thing. That if anything will bring men to mind their own business—at least, as long as it lasts. When the interval for rest comes, the crackle will begin again.

Nothing is more foolish than to be little a woman to a man. Only the tactless woman will attempt this. Madam of the world is well aware of the simplicity of man's ways when he is dealing with women. The most acute of the world will tell you like a child that he heard a lady say, indeed, after much praise, that it was such a pity Mrs. Anything, who was in many ways such a nice woman, should be addicted to cigarette smoking or to wine, or, indeed, too much tea drinking. Or madam will say: "She is very pretty and clever, indeed, but not what I would call a nice woman." Now what does the mean by that? She means to convey to the man's mind some thing either immoral or indecent that she knows, but will not tell about the "pretty and clever" woman. No loyalty, no charity, no generosity—spite, malice, and a mean chafed on. That is what her heart is full of. She looks little seed, and presently it grows in the mind of the man, runs all over it like a noxious weed, and when next he meets the slandered woman, the mother does not wait until she has crushed its foot or broken its arm before she administers sympathy. The child comes in with the least bruise, and the mother kisses it. God does not wait for some tremendous crisis in our life, comes down to us in our most insignificant trials, and throws over us the arms of His mercy.

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CONYER'S ESTIMATE.
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A CYCLING SERMON.

THE BENEFITS AND LESSONS OF THE MODERN WHEEL.

Four Useful Lessons in Life Taught by the Machine in the Hands of the Thinking Rider—Difficulties Turned Into Blessings.

"The wheel, while revolutionary, is evolution. It has created for itself a position, and a large one, in the social sphere. Blessings innumerable follow in its wake. It is the evangel of the age. Like mercy, it blesses him who rides, and the one who looks on wishing he had a wheel. In these days of nervous strain, haste and bustle and keen competition, the wheel has become like Longfellow's 'Evangeline,' who carried refreshment to the weary toilers in the harvest field. It bears us as on eagle wings from the fret and worry away from the fumes and smoke—into the beautiful country, where we may talk with nature, and 'find tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.' Here, too, the lungs may drink in wholesome draughts of Dame Nature's pure ozone. Here prostrate one's self upon her motherly bosom and hear the pulsations of her tender heart; here inhale her aromatics and talk through her to Nature's God.

"In a word, the wheel, as a tonic, a health restorer, a lung tester and a money saver, has few equals. One gathers from it nerve force, magnetism and alertness, even though it has cost you the unfortunate knack of divesting the gay of equilibrium and the grave of dignity. If your friend be blue, black or cranky, by all means buy him a wheel, and the mists will roll away and the crank give way to gear and sunshine will take the place of shadow.

"But, good as medicine is, if not taken at the right time it may cause disease of various kinds. Disease is physical, moral, spiritual. Excessive wheeling produces certain physical types of disease, and unreasonable wheeling produces certain moral and spiritual ailments. I am aware that it is largely a question of conscience and motive. The Scripture precept is, 'Whether you eat or drink or whatsoever you do, do all to the glory of God.' If, then, my manner or time of wheeling is not to the glory of God, it is my duty to give it up or that part of it which dishonors God and proves a curse rather than a blessing to me.

"There are two extremes to watch against in this question: First, old fogeyism; and second, lawlessness. It is not possible for him to attain the highest ideal who violates physical, moral or spiritual law, but none of these need be broken if the wheel be rightly used.

"Stand beside the wheel, and it whispers. Son of man, wheel me to put into your ear four useful lessons for daily use. The first is, keep trying. Here I am reminded of the first time I tried to mount a wheel. After a great deal of graceful gyrations, profuse perspiration and 'Abi abbi' from the perspiration, contortions of clothing and wounded feelings, I succeeded in the control of that fidgety thing, and that in spite of a few sanctimonious and ancient folk who lifted up their hands in holy horror that a person should descend to such an indignity. To this day I bear marks on my body of 'keep trying.'

"The next lesson the wheel whispers is 'keep moving.' We certainly shall come to grief on a bicycle unless we keep going, the same as it is necessary to do in life, in order not to be outstripped.

By the way, the wheel whispers 'keep clean.' By the use the wheel becomes corroded and splashed with mud, and to do effective work must be kept clean and often oiled. Paul wrote, 'Keep thyself pure.' So our souls need the anointing of the spirit. Keep thyself pure in heart, in life, in thought and in purpose.

"My wheel whispers finally 'Keep sweet.' In wheeling our temper is sorely tried, because of the humiliation of a well-rounded life, and to seek to guide our lives to that end."—Rev. T. Auriol Hughes, in the Fifth Baptist Church, Boston.

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I picked him up from a man who knew nothing about a horse. The neighbors said he was "hard to keep." I knew where the trouble was. His hair stood on end like the feathers on a Poland hen. His hide was so tight that the sleep of your hand on him sounded like the beat of a drum. He was so thin you could see him only when he was "broadsided on." Yes Sir! Brought him home under a blanket—was ashamed to be seen with him—gave him Dick's Blood Purifier and now after six weeks just see him. Yes Sir—just six weeks—You can't beat Dick's, it simply puts an animal right. Its worth dollars where it costs cents. You can get it from druggists or at general stores but if they don't have it don't let them palm off something else on you—because you can send 50 cents to Dick & Co., P. O. Box 482, Montreal and they will send you a trial package—post paid.

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