The Brooklyn Divine Cives His Opinion of Church and Greed Disputes th Answer to Many Questions Europet Work for Christ the Only Remedy,

heconters, June 14.—Dr. Talmage deals in his sermon this morning with the very timely topic—the Battle of Creeds. After so long and exhaustive a discussion in clerisal circles and in the secular press there seemed nothing more to be said on the sub-Dr. Talmage, however, has his own way of looking at all subjects, and even peo-ple who thought they know all that could be aid on both sides received light from the fresh and original contribution which he made to the controversy. His text was taken from Proverbs xxvi, 17, "He that passeth by and meddleth with strife belonging not to him is like one that taketh a dog by the

Solomon here deplores the habit of rushing in between contestants; of taking part in the antagonisms of others; of joining in fights which they ought to shun. They do no good to others and get damage for themselves. He compares it to the experiment of taking a dog by the ears. Nothing so irritates the canines as to be clutched by the higs. Take them by the back of the neck and lift them and it does not seem to hart or offend; but you take the dog by the ear, and he will take you with his teeth. In all the history of kouncis no intelligent or spirited dog will stand that, "Now," avs Solomon, "you go into quarrels or confoversies that are not yours and you will get incerated and torn and bitten. 'He that saueth by and med thath with strife belonging not to him is like one that taketh a dog by the

has the air been so full of missiles. The Presbytorian church has on hand a controversy so great that it finds it prudent to postpone its that something will turn up. Somebody might die or a new general assem-bly may have grace to handle the exciting questions. The Episcopal est out some recalcitrants, and its digestive organs are taxed to the uting to assimilate others, "Shall "Or be sent as delegates conferences" are questions that have ant many of our Mothodist brothren on the envious seat" And the waters in some of the great baptistries are troubled waters. Received of the controversies throughout Christondon the air is now like an August afternoon about 5 o'clock, when it has been steaming hot all day, and clouds are gathering, and there are lions of thunwith grambling voices and flashing ning forth from their cloudy lairs, and people are waiting for the full burst of st. I am not much of a weather I hope it will soon be over. In regard to the

Bridgman and Brooks questions got into full swing. May the rams of the theopfold soon landed into practical infidelity, and others comfort trouble. shrink up into bigots tight and hard as the minimies of Egypt which got through their controversies three thousand years ago,

Too many ministers were being ordained. Too many philanthropies were being fostered. Too many souls were being saved. It had been a dull time in the nother world, and the arrivals were too low. So Satan one day rose upon his throne and said, "Ye powers of darkness, hear!" And all up and down the caverns "There is that American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. It must either be demolished or erippied, or the first thing you know they will have all settens brought to God. Apollyon the Younger! You go up to Andover and get nations brought to God. Apollyon the Younger! You go up to Andover and get the professors to discussing whether the heathen can be saved without the Gospel. Divert them from the work of missions and get them in angry convention in a room at Young's hotel, Boston, and by the time they adjourn the cause of foreign missions will be gloriously and magnificently injured. Diabolus the Younger! You go up and get Union Theological Seminary of New York and the general assembly of the Presbyterian church at Detroit at swords' points and diverted from the work of making earnest ministers of religion, and turn that old Presbyterian church, which has been keeping us out of church, which has been keeping us out of customers for hundreds of years, into a splendid pandemonium on a small scale. Abaddon the Third! You go up and assault that old Episcopal church, which has been storming the heavens for centuries with the sublimest prayers that were ever uttered, church of hishop Leighton, Hishop White and Hishop McHvaine, and get that denomination discussing men instead of discussing the eternities. Abaddon the You go up to that old Methodist the church of Wesley and Matthew Simpson, against which we have an especial grudge, and get them so absorbed in discussing whether women shall take part in her conference that they shall not have so much time to discuss how many sons and daughters she will take to glory."

are not easily discovered. But here is a bold and uncovered attempt of the powers of darkness to spit up the churches, to get ministers to take each other by the throat, to make religion a laughing stock of earth and hell, to leave the hible with no more respect or authenticity than an old almanace.

of 1889, which told what would be the change of weather the papers of the throat of the base of the control of the base of the control of the

And one doctor takes another doctor by

the collar and pushes him back against the counter, and one of the druggists says, "If you will not admit that I am right about hat one bottle I will smash every bottle in your apothecary store," and he proceeds to smash. Meanwhile, on the lower shelf, plainly marked and within easy reach are all the medicines needed for the helping of the sufferers by the accident, and in that drawer, easily openal, are bandages and splints for the lack of which fifty people are dying outside the drug store. Before I apply this thought every one sees its appli-cation. Here is this old world, and it is off track: Sin and sorrow have collided with it. The groun of agony is fourteen hundred million voiced. God has opened for relief and ours a great sanitarium, a great house of mercy, and all its shelves are filled with balsams, with catholicons, with help glorious help, tremendous help, held easily administ red that you need not Never within your memory or mine get upon any step ladder to reach it, can reach it on your knees and then hand it to all the suffering, and the sinning, and the dying. Comfort for all the troubled Pardon for all the guilty! Peace for all the dying! But while the world is needing the relief and perishing for lack of it, what of the church! Why, it is full of fighting doctors. On the top shelf are some old hottles, which several hundred years ago Calvin or Arminius, or the members of the synod of Dort, or the formers of the Nicene creed filled with holy mixtures, and until we get a re-vision of these old bottles and fiftd out whether we must take a teaspoonful or tablespoonful, and whether before or after meals, let the nations suffer and groan and die. Save the bottles by all means, if you cannot save any-

this controversy which fills all Christendom with clangor! My advice is, take no park In time of riot all mayors of cities advise good citizens to stay at home or in their places of business, and in this time of religious riot I advise you to go about your regular work for God. Leave the bottles on the higher shelves for others to fight about and take the two bottles on the shelf Battle of the Crowds, I am every day asked within easy reach, the two bottles which are what I think about it. I want to make it so all this dying world needs; the one filled with plain this morning what I think that no one a potion which is for the cleansing of all sin, the other filled with a potion which is for the men in the case I seetling of all suffering. Two gospel bottles! mean these who in the different ecclesiastical. Christ mixed them out of his own tears and courts have the questions put directly before blood. In them is no human admixture. me weigh and decide. Let Ale testof us Spend no time on the mysteries! You, a mankeep out. The most damaging thing on earth is religious controversy. No one over comes out of it as good a man as he goes in Some of some of some of some of the out of it as good a man as he goes in Some of some of some of some of the out of the ministers in all denomination who before most of my time for years in trying to unthe present accretity were good and kind and derstand God's eternal decrees, and I was aseful, now seem almost swearing mad. determined to find out why the Lord let These brethren I notice always open their sin come into the world, and I set out to violent meetings with prayer before devour-ing each other, thus saying grace before meat. They have a moral hydrophobia that makes us think they have taken a dog by the the attempt was a dead failure. For the ears. They never read the imprecatory last thirty years I have not spent two minutes in studying the controverted Briggs and Newton and MacQueary and points of theology, and if I live thirty minutes in studying the controverted points of theology, and if I live thirty years longer I will not spend the thousandth part of a second in such exploration. I know two things, and these I will devote all proversies are settled a good many ministers, the years of my life in proclaiming—God will will, through what they call liberalism, be through Jesus Christ pardon sin, and he will

Croeds have their uses, but just now the church is creeded to death. The young men entering the ministry are going to be launched in the thickest fog that ever sets. This trouble throughout Christendom was directly inspired by Satan. He saw that too much good was being done. Recruits were being gathered by hundreds of thousands to the Gospel standard. The victories for God and the truth were too near together. Too many churches were being dedicated, Too many ministers were being ordained. Too many chilanthropies were keep out of the bewildering, belitting, destroying and angry controversies abroad. The questions our doctors of divinity are trying to settle will not be settled until the day after the day of judgment. It is such a poor economy of time to spend years and years in trying to fathom the unfathomable, when in five minutes in heaven we will know all we want to know. Wait till we the cry was, "Hear! Hear!" Satan said: know all we want to know. Wait till we get our throne. Wait until the light of sternity flashes upon our newly ascended spirits. It is useless for ants on different sides of a mole hill to try to discuss the com-parative height of Mount Blane and Mount

> You see, God knows as much when he made the Bible as he knows now. He has not learned a single thing in six thousand rears. He know at the start that the hus man race would go wrong and what would be the best means of its restoration and re-demption. And the law which was thun-dered on Mount Sinai, from whose top I dered on Mount Sinal, from whose top a had the two tables of stone in yonder wall transported, is the perfect law. And the liospel which Christ announced while dying on that mount from which I brought that stone in yonder wall, and which Paul preached on that hill from which I brought the George that is going yonder grants, is the Gospel that is going to save the world. Young man, put on that Gospel armor! No other sword will triumph like that. No other shield

protect like that. No other heimet will which time to discuss how many sons and daughters she will take to glory."

What amazes me most is that all people do not see that the entire movement at this time all over Christendon is satanic. Many of the infernal attacks are sly and hidden and strategic and so ingenious that they are not darkness to spit up the churches, to get ministers to take each other by the throat, to make religion a laughing stock of earth and bell, to leave the hible with no more respect or authonology.

great for quietness for those who want quiet; great for vast assemblage for those who like multitudes; great for architecture for those who like architecture; great for beautiful landscape for those who like architecture; great for beautiful landscape for those who like music; great for processions for those who like armies on white horses, and great for anything that one especially lesires in such a rapturous dominion, and through the doings of one who was born about five miles south of Jerusalem and died about ten minutes' walk from its east-sen gate all may enter that great heaven for the earnest and heartfelt asking. Is that all That is all. What, then, is your work and mine? Our work is to persuade people to face that way and start thitherward and finally go in. But has not religion something to do with this world as ward and finally go in. But has not religion something to do with this world as well as the next? Oh, yes; but do you not see that if the people start for heaven on their way there they will do all the good they can? They will at the very start of the journey get so much of the spirit of Christ, which is a spirit of kindness and self sacrifice and generosity and burden bearing and helpfulness, that every step they take will resound with good deeds. Oh, get your religion off of stilts! Get it down off the high towers! Get it on a level with the wants and woes of our poor human race! Get it and woes of our poor human race! Get it out of the dusty theological books that few people read, and put it in their hearts and lives. Good thing is it to profess religion when you join the church, but every day, somehow, we ou tht to profess religion. Do you know that I think that if all

ministers in all denominations would stop this nonsense of ecclesiastical strife and take hold the word of God, the only ques-tion with each of us being how many souls we can bring to Christ and in how short a time, the Lord would soon appear for the salvation of all nations! When the young queen of England visited Scotland many years ago great preparations were made for her reception. The vessel in which she sailed was far out at sea, but every hill in Scotland was illumined with bonfires and torches. The night was set on fire with artorches. The night was set on fire with artificial illumination. The queen, standing on ship's deck, knew from that that Scotland was full of heartiest welcome, and the thunder of the great guns at Glasgow and Edinburgh castle woke up all the schoes, Boom! they sounded out over the sea, Boom! they sounded out over the sea, Boom! they sounded up among the hills. Do you know that I think that our King would land if we'were only ready to receive him? Why not call to him from all our chufches, from all our hones! Why not all at once light all the torches of Gospel invitation! Why not to be met with, Whether Bulwer ever really him. Why caunot we who are now living see his descent? Must it all be postponed to later agest Has not our poor world ground long enough in mortal agoniest Have there not been martyrs enough, and have not the lakes of tears and the rivers of blood been deep enough? Why cannot the final glory roll in now? Why cannot this dying century feel the incoming tides of the oceans of heavenly mercy? Must our eyes close in death and our ears take on the deafness of the tomb, and these hearts beat their last throb before the day Wilt thou not, before we go the way of all the earth, let us see thy scarred feet under some noonday cloud coming this way? Before we die let us behold thy hands that were spiked, spread out in benediction for a lost race. And why not let us, with our mortal ears, hear that voice which spoke peace as thou didst go up, speak pardon and emancipa-tion and love and holiness and joy to all nations as thou comest down?

But the skies do not part. I hear no rumbling of chariot wheels coming down over the sapphire. There is no swoop of wings. I see no flash of angelic appearances. All is still. I hear nothing but the tramp of my own heart as I pause between these utterances. The king does not land because the world is not ready, and the church is not ready. To clear the way for the Lord's coming let us devote all our ener-gies of body, mind and soul. A Russian gengies of body, mad and soul. A Russian general riding over the battlefied, his horse treading amid the dying and dead, a wounded soldier asked him for water, but the officer did not understand his language and knew not what the poor fellow wanted. Then the soldier cried out "Christos," and that word soldier cried out "Christos," and that word meant sympathy and help, and the Russian officer dismounted and put to the lips of the sufferer a cooling draught. Be that the charmed word with which we go forth to do our whole duty. In many languages it has only a little difference of termination. Christos! It stands for sympathy, it stands for heip. It stands for pardon. It stands for heaven. Christos! In that name we were bentized. In that name we took our first baptized. In that name we took our first accament. That will be the battle shout hat will win the whole world for God! Christos! Put it on our banners when we march! Put it on our lips when we die! Put it in the funeral pealm at our obsequies! Put it on the plain slab over our grave! Christos! Blessed be his glorious name for-

Russian Mercury, Among the articles of export from Rus Among the articles of export from Russia which are now beginning to attain a certain importance are quick-silver and phosphorus. Until quite recently Russia obtained all the quicksilver consumed by her from abroad, but since the commencement of exploitations of the mines of Bakhanut, Russian mercury is of the mines of Bakhanut, Russian mercury is not only ousting the foreign article from the local markets, but it has become an article of export. In 1887, 7,808 poods of it were ex-ported from St. Petersburg and Libau. In 1889, 3,150 poods of phosphorus were also ex-

The mercury mines of Saigewa, near the Nikitowka Station of the Asof Railway, prove to be exceedingly rich. The deposits contain three layers of hydrargure ore, the total quantity of ore containing the metal being estimated at 13,000,000 poods. The ore is sprung by means of dynamite, crushed by manual labor and by crushing machines, and finally roasted. In 1880 the yield of the mines was 10,300 poods of pure metallic quickniver. In working the deposits, traces of former workings and abandoned pits are found, showing that these same mines have already been exploited in ancient times.

muse,
The Theban faste the Saxon purse controls,
And pensions Termyson while starves a
Knowles;
Rather be thou, my poor Pierian maid,
Decent at least in Hayley's weedsarrayed,
That patch with frippery every tinsel line
And flaunt, admired the Rag Fair of the
Nine!

It seems that just about this time Tennyson had secured a pession from the Government, not as a reward for literary merit, but in satisfaction for some claim his family had upon the Crown. To this the poers above quoted from alludes. Not content with this, Bulwer, in his notes to the poem, charged that Tennyson, without having labored at any deathless truths or enlarged human knowledge or lent truths or enlarged human knowledge or lent aid to a manly cause, had, in the prince of life and coming of a wealthy family, allowed himself to be quartered on the public purse. Bulwer printed this poem over the nom de plume of "The New Timon," and presently Mr. Tennyson swung back at his assailant in this wise through the columns of Punch:

We know him out of Shakespeare's art, And those fine curses which he spoke: The Old Timon, with his noble heart That, strongly leathing, greatly broke.

So died the Old: here comes the New; Regard him—a familiar face, I thought we knew him; what, it's you! The padded man that wears the stays!

Who killed the girls and thrilled the boys
With dandy pathor, when you wrote—
A lion, you that made a noise
And shook the mane en papillotes.

And once you tried the muses, too!
You failed, sir; therefore, now you spurn;
You fall on those who are to you.
As captain is to subaltern.

An artist, sir, should rest in art, And waive a little of his claim; To have the deep, poetic heart le more than all poetic fame.

would land if we'were only ready to receive pined for. The next edition of his poem was him? Why not call to him from all our chufches, from all our hospitals, from all objected, and in none of the poet laureate's our hones? Why not all at once light all collected works are his verses against Bulwer the torches of Gospel invitation? Why not light up the long night of the world's sin light up the long night of the world's sin I am unable to say. He was hardly the man light up the long night of the world's sin I am unable to say. He was hardly the man light up the long night of victory? The number of lines to be reckoned by the space occupied, measured by a scale of solid nonpareil. (12) Is the place to get your and suffering with bonfires of victory? to forget the peppering Tennyson gave him.—
Why not unlimber all the Gospel batteries Eugene Field's London Letter.

The Maharajah's Treasures. We were taken to the old palace, in the heart of the city, to see the treasure room. Two huge cheetahs, earefully muzzled, used for hunting bucks, were on the palace steps. The regalia of Baroda is valued at £3,000,000. We were first shown the jewels worn by the Ma-

harajah on state oceasions. These consist of a gorgeous collar of about 500 diamonds some of them as big as walnuts, arranged in five rows surrounded by a top and bottom row of emeralds of the same size; the pendant of a famous diamond called the "Star of the Deccan;" an aigrette to match is worn n the turban; then followed strings of pearls comes in! O Christ! Why tarriest thou! of perfect roundness, graduated from the size of a pea to that of a large marble: wondrous rings, necklaces, clusters of sapphires, and rubies as big as grapes.

The greatest marvel of all is a carpet about 10 by 6 feet made entirely of strings of pure and colored pearls, with great central and corner circles of diamonds. This carpet took three years in making, and cost £300,000. This was one of Knaude Rao's mad freaks, This was one of humana and was intended to be sent to Mecca to please a Mahemmedan lady who had fascinated him, but the scandal of such a thing being done by a Hindoo Prince was too serious, and it never left Baroda.

We were also taken to see two guns, weigh ing 280 pounds each, of solid gold, with two companions of silver, the ammunition wagons, bullock harness, and ramrods all being silver.—India Letter to Philadelphia

The Shark of Sharks, The Shark of Sharks, the real "maneater," and the one most dreaded, is the white shark. This variety reaches a length of thirty-five feet and a weight of 2000 pounds. Its head is long and flat, and the snout far overhangs the mouth. Its six rows of teeth are sharp as lancets, and notched like saws. Its mouth as lancets, and notched like saws. Its mouth is very large, so that one has been known to cut a man's body completely in two at a single snap of its cruel jaws, and another to swallow one at a gulp. Near Calcutta, one of these sharks was seen to swallow a bullock's head, horns and all. From the stomach of another a bull's hide was taken entire, and the sailor who made the discovery insisted that the bull had been swallowed whole, and all except the hide had been digested.

The historical gray coat of Napoleon I., which was stolen from a museum, was found recently by the police in the Quartier du Temple in Paris. An old clothes dealer had given the thief seventy cents for it.

Tennyson has been trying to account to a friend why he has lived to celebrate his eighty-first birthday, but neglects to take into the account the very important fact that for some years he has not been reading criticisms of his poetry.

Sir Julian Panneefote, it is asserted, has not put on his court costume since his arrival in the United States, and would not even don it to have his photograph taken, his motto being when "you are in Rome do as Romans do," and as there are no court costumes there he will wear none.

The Earl of Lonsdale not only won his famous driving bet, in which he covered twenty miles inside the hour, but has sold the horses which he used upon the occasion, getting over \$8,000 for the teams which, had they not been made famous by the race would have been dear at eighty cents on the follar.

dollar.

Browning, it is said, during the last years of his life, made as much as \$10,000 a year out of his poems. Mr. Swinburns has for many years past made an average income of \$5,000 per annum out of his poems, while Lord Tennyson, it is said, has fur at least twenty years past been drawing an income of more than \$10,000 a year from his more.

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