THE GIANT'S BEDSTEAD.

SLEEP THE GREAT WANT OF THIS BUSY WORLD OF OURS.

An Obscure Text Furnishes Rev. Dr. Talmage Another Opportunity of Drawing Useful and Practical Lessons-A Story of Great Interest To-Day,

BROOKLYN, N.Y., March 13, 1892.-Dr. Talmage gave another illustration this morning in his sermon at the Tabernacle of his wonderful power of drawing useful, practical lessons from an obscure text. which, to the ordinary mind, seemed incapable of yielding any spiritual edification. The text was Deut. S: 11, "Only Og, king of Bashan, remained of the remnat of giants; behold, his bedstead was a bedstead of iron; is it not in Rabbath, of the children of Ammon? Nine cubits was the length thereof and four cubits the breadth of it.

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The story of giants is mixed with myth. William the Conqueror was said to have been of overtowering altitude, but when, in after-time his tomb was opened, his bones indicated that he had been physically of only ordinary size. Rotand the hero was said to have been of astounding stature, but when his sepulchre was examined, his armour was found only large enough to fit an ordinary man. Alexander the Great had helmets and shields of enormous size made and left among the people he had conquered, so as to give the impression But that in other days and lands there were real giants is authentic. One of the guards a half feet high. In a museum in Lon-Emperor Maximin was over eight feet. Pliny tells of a giant nine feet high, and two other giants nine and a half feet. Sc text and find King Og a giant, and the the giant who occupied it was probably about eleven feet in stature, or nearly twice the average human size. There was no need of Rabbinical writers trying to account for the presence of this giant King Og, as they did, by saying that he came down from the other side of the Flood, being tall enough to wade the waters beside Noah's Ark, or that he rode on the top of the Ark, the passengers in- if the deceased died of contagious disease, side the Ark daily providing him with and when assured he had not, took the food. There was nothing supernatural other bed in the room and fell into proabout him. He was simply a monster in foundest slumber. Those of small endur-

and Sardanapalus had 159 bedsteads burned up with him, but this bedstead of my text was of iron - everything sacrificed for the armor of the ancients. You say what a doubt of it. I suppose the size of his sword and brestplate corresponded to the size of his bedstead, and his stride across the battle-field and full stroke of his arm must have been appalling. With an armed host he comes down to drive back the Israelites. who are marching on from Egypt to Canaan. We have no particulars of the battle. but I think the Israelites trembled when they saw this monster of a man moving down to crush them. Alas for the Israelites! Will their troubles never cease? What can men five and a half feet high do against this warrior of eleven feet, and what can short swords do against a sword whose gleam must have been like a flash of lightning? The battle of Edrei opened. Moses and his army met the giant and his army. The Lord of Hosts descended into the fight and the gigantic strides that Og had made when advancing into the battle were more than equalled by the gigantic stride with which he retreated. Huzza for triumphant Israel! Sixty fortified cities surrendered to them. A land of indescribable opulence comes into their possession, and all that is left of the giant king is the iron bedstead. "Nine cubits was the length thereof and four cubits the breadth of it."

Why did not the Bible give us the size of the giant instead of the size of the bedstead? Why did it not indicate that the man was eleven feet high, instead of telling us that his couch was thirteen and a half feet long? No doubt among other things it was to teach us that you can judge a man by his surroundings. Show me a man's associates, show me a man's books, show me a man's home, and I will tell you what he is without your telling me one word about him. You can not only tell a man according to the old adage, "By the company he keeps," but by the books he reads, by the pictures he admires, by the church he attends, by the places he visits. Moral giants and moral pigmies, intellectual giants and intellectual pigmies, like phyand Sunday Schools, and putting himself among intense religious associations. He may have his imperfections, but he is a very good man. Great is his religious and the infirmities of old age, be allowed stature. That other man has been for thirty years among influences intensely worldly, and he has shut himself out from all other influences, and his religious stature is that of a dwarf. No man ever has been or can be independent of his surroundings, social, intellectual, moral, religious. The Bible indicates the length of the giant by the length of the bedstead. Let no man say "I will be good," and yet keep evil surroundings. Let no man say, "I will be faithful as a Christian," and yet are proposing an everlasting impossibility. When a man departs this life you can tell what has been his influence in a communbe no pomp or obsequies, and no pretence at epitapheology, but you can tell how high he was in consecration, and how high in usefulness by how long is his shadow when he comes to lie down. What is true of individuals is true of cities and nations. Show me the free libraries and schools of a city, and I will tell you the intelligence of its people. Show me its gallery of painting and a group of undisciplined and exhausted sculpture, and I will tell you the artistic stragglers. But the Israelites triumphed.

churches, and I will tell you the moral and to unfavorable environments. A man can make his own bedstead. Chantrey and Hugh Miller were born stone masons, but the one became an immortal tist whose name will never die. Turner, the painter, in whose praise John Ruskin expended the greatest genius of his life, was the son of a barber who advertised "a penny a shave." Dr. Prideaux, one of the greatest scholars of all time, carned his way through college by scouring pots and pans. The late Judge Bradley worked his own way up from a charcoal burner to the Bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. Yes, a man can decide the size of his own

Notice, furthermore, that even giants must rest. Some enormous physical endowment on the part of King Og might suggest the capacity to stride across all fatigue and omit slumber. No. He required an iron bedstead. Giants must rest. Not appreciating that fact, how many of the giants yearly break down, Giants in business, giants in art, giants in eloquence, giants in usefulness. They live not out more than half their days. They try to escape the consequence of over-work by a voyage across the sea or a sail in a summer yacht, or call on physcians for relief from insomnia or restoration of unstrung that he was a giant, although he was rather nerves or the arrest of appoplexies, when under than over the usual height of a man. all they need is what this giant of my text resorted to-an iron bedstead. Let no one think because he has great strength of body of the Duke of Brunswick was eight and or mind that he can afford to trifle with his unusual gifts. The commercial world, the don is the skeleton of Charles Birne, literary world, the artistic world, the eight feet four inches in stature. The political world, the religious world, are all the time aquake with the crash of falling giants. King Og, no doubt, had a throne, but the Bible never mentions his throne. I am not incredulous when I come to my King Og, no doubt, had a crown, but the Bible never mentions his crown. King Og. size of his bedstead, turning the cubits no doubt, had a sceptre, but the Bible does of the text into feet -the bedstead of Og, not mention his sceptre. Yet, one of the the king, must of been about thirteen largest verses of the Bible is taken up in and a half feet long. Judging from that, describing his bedstead. So God all up and down the Bible honors sleep.

In Bible times, when people rose at the voice of the bird, they retired at the time the bird puts his head under his wing. One of our national sins is robbery of sleep. Walter Scott was so urgent about this duty of slumber that, when arriving at a hotel where there was no room to sleep in, except that in which there was a corpse, inquired ance must certainly require rest if even the Cyrus and Solomon slept on beds of gold, giant needs an iron bed-stead.

Brethren, I have made up my mind that we will have to fight all the way up to the Promised Land. I used to think that after strength to hold this excessive avoirdupois, a while I would get into a time where it this Alp of bone and flesh. No wonder this would be smooth and easy, but the time does couch was kept as a curiosity at Rabbath, not come, and it will never come in this and people went from far and near to see it, world. By the time King Og is used up so just as now people go to museums to behold that he cannot get into his iron bedstead, some other giant of opposition looms up to fighter that giant Og must have been. No dispute our way.. Let us stop looking for an easy time and make it a thirty years' war, or a sixty years' war, or a hundred years' war, if we live so long.

On flowery beds of ease,

Must I be carried to the skies

While others fought to win the prize, And sailed through bloody seas? Do you know the name of the biggest giant that you can possibly meet-and you will meet him? He is not eleven eet high but one hundred feet high. His bedstead is as long as the continent. His name is Doubt. His common food is infidel books and skeptical lectures and ministers who do not know whether the Bible is inspired at all or inspired in spots, and Christians who are more infidel than Christian. You will never reach the Promised Land unless you slay that giant. Kill Doubt or Doubt will kill you. How to overcome this giant: Pray for faith, go with people who have faith, read everything that encourages faith, avoid as you would ship fever and small-pox the people who lack faith. In this battle against King Og use not for weapons the crutch of a limping Christian or the sharp pen of a controversialist, but the sword of truth, which is the word of God. The word "If" is made up of the same number of letters as the word "Og," and it is just as big a giant. If the Bible be true. If the soul be immortal. If Christ be God. If our belief and behavior here decide our future destiny. If, if, if. I hate that word "if." Noah Webster says it is a conjunction. I say it is an armed giant. Satan breathed upon it a curse when he said to Christ : Thou be the Son of God." What a dastardly and infamous "if." Against that giant's "if," hurl Job's "I know" and Paul's "I know." "I know that my Redeemer liveth." "I know in whom I have believed." Down with the "if" and up with "I know." Oh, that doubt is such a cruel giant ! It attacks many in the last hour. It could not let my mother alone sical giants or physical pigmies, may be even in her dying moments. After a life judged by their surroundings. That man of holiness and consecration such as I has been thirty years faithful in attendance never heard of in anyone else, she said to upon churches and prayer meetings my father: "Father, what if, after all, our prayers and struggles should go for nothing?" Why could she not, after all the trials and sicknesses and bereavements of a long life

ven, the first thing he struck was the bottom of perdition. Another impression from my subject :-The march of the Church cannot be impeded by gigantic opposition. That Israelitish host led on by Moses was the Church, and when Og, the giant, him of the iron bedconsort chiefly with worldlings. You stead, came out against him with another host-a fresh host against one that seemed worn out-things must have looked bad for Israel. No account is given of the bedity for good by those who mourn for him, stead of Moses, except that one in which and by how sincere and long-continued are he first slept—the cradle of aquatic vegetathe regrets of his taking off. There may tion, on the Nile, where the wife of Chenephres, the King, found the floating babe, and, having no child of her own, adopted him. Moses, of ordinary size, against Og, of extraordinary dimensions. Besides that, Og was backed up by sixty fortified cities. Moses was backed up, seemingly, by nothing but the desert that worn him and his army into had

to go without such a cruel stroke from

doubt, the giant? Do you wonder I have

a grudge against the old monster? If I

could I would give him a bigger bounce

than Satan got, when, hurled out of Hea-

turned backward and made to go. With religious status of the place. From the fact Og's downfall all the sixty cities surrunder-that Og's bedstead was thirteen and a half ed. Nothing was left of the giant except A Poem Which Gives the Key of Pronun-Og's downfall all the sixty cities surrunderfeet long, I conclude the giant himself was his iron bedstead, which was kept in a about eleven feet high. But let no one by museum at Rabbath to show how tall and this thought be induced to surrender stout he once was. So shall the last giant of opposition in the Church's march succumb. Not sixty cities captured, but all the cities. Not only on one side of Jordan, but on both sides of all the rivers. The sculptor and the other a Christian scien- day is coming. Hear it all ye who are doing something for the conquest of the world when, as there was nothing left of Og, the giant, but the iron bedstead kept at Rabbath as a curiosity, there will be nothing left of the giants of iniquity except some-

thing for the relic-hunters to examine. Whatever your work and wherever youwork for God-forward! You in your way and I in my way. With holy pluck fight on with something of the strength of had one leg shot off, and the foot of the other leg, and when they proposed to carry him off the field, replied : "No, I do not move until the battle is won." Whatever be the rocking of the Church or State, have the calmness of the aged woman in an earthquake that frightened everybody else, and who, when asked if she was not atraid, said: "No, I am glad that I have a God who can shake the world." Whether your work be to teach a Sabbath class, or nurse an invalid, or reform a wanderer, or print a tract, or train a household, or bear the querulousness of senility, or cheer the disheartened or lead a soul to Christ, know that by fidelity you may help hasten the time when lily and incarnadined with red rose. And, now, I bargain with you that we will come back some day from our superstellar abode to see how the world looks when it shall be fully emparadised-its last tear wept, its last wound healed, its last shackle broken, its last desert gardenized, its last giant of iniquity decapitated. And when we land, may it be somewhere near this spot of earth where we have altogether toiled and struggled for the kingdom of God, and may it be about this hour in the high noon of some glorious Sabbath, looking into the upturned faces of some great audience radiant with holiness and triumph.

Recognized.

Canadians never tire of descanting on the genial ways of the late Sir John Macdonald, his jocularity, his tact, his popular manners, and his astonishing memory for faces and names. A Manitoba correspondent tells this anecdote of The Old Man, as Sir John was more or less affectionately called by friends and opponents during the latter ten or fifteen years of his life. In the winter of '89, Mr. Burkholder, an

Ontario man who had migrated to Manitoba in '82, went to Ottawa on business. Few of his old friends recognized him, because he had grown stout, very stout, in fact, on the

At the Rideau Club "Burk," as he is popularly called, had spent several hours re-introducing himself to intimate friends part of Ontario for two hours twelve years before, and had no other personal acquaintance with the Premier.

Sir John's eye roved round the room, and stopped at the Ontario man, to whom he instantly went with outstretched hand

"Why, Burk! Had you forgotten me? Glad to hear of your great luck in Manitoba. I needn't ask how you are. Plain enough you've gone West to grow with the country !"-Youth's Companion.

Good Authority.

Congressmen "before the war" were somewhat accustomed to the exchange of unparliamentary lauguage; but perhaps no American legislators were ever so practised in vituperation as the members of the much lamented, vanished Irish Parliament on College Green. Somehow they contrived to keep on friendly private terms while treating one another to most picturesque

On one occasion a member, pointing a quivering finger across the house at his opponent, one Thaddy Burke, concluded with these words:

"And every mimber of the honorable gintleman's familee is benayth contimptfrom the white-livered hound that is shiv- Neve ering on the flure to the painted hag that is grinning in the gallery." "How did you know his sister was in the

gallery?" whispered a comrade as the orator sat down. "Sure, didn't Thaddy himself tell me she

was going to be prisint when we were coming down to the House after dinner?" .-Youth's Companion.

What Ignorance Costs. Many of the abandoned farms of New England would never have been abandoned. says the Massachusetts Ploughman, had soiling and good common-sense not first been abandoned or disregarded. A few acres. deeply worked and enriched, might have brought the owners profit and comfort, but with their work spread over several hundred acres or more it brought poverty, discontent and the fever to go West and live in a sod cabin.

Painting Outbuildings.

Cheap paints on the farm will lead to more attractive appearance. One of the cheapest methods is to apply linseed oil to the wood, as the first coat is always intended as a "priming," the oil being the most important ingredient in paint, for that purpose. The application of the oil may be done by the farmer, as but little skill is required, and two coats may be given if preferred. Then the coat of paint may be put on by a painter. This will require but one coat of paint and less outlay for labor, while the buildings will have been well covered.

A Curious Calculation. Professor Tyndall once illustrated the value of a single potato by supposing that every potato in the world had been destroyed; that one would contain within itself the possibility of again stocking the world with an invaluable article of food. If one potato would produce, when planted. only a crop of ten potatoes, in ten years the total product of this one potato would be equal to 10,000,000,000, which would be sufficient to restock the whole world with the seed. The real value of that single potato, then, would be such that it would be better that the city of New York or Chicago (Philadelphia—never) should be totally blotted off of the face of the world than that that one tuber should be lost to advancement of its citizens. Show me its If you spell the name of Og backward, you mankind.—Philadelphia Press.

AS SHE IS SPUKE.

ciation to Many English Surnames. A poem which gives in its rhymes a guide to the pronunciation of some aristocratic English names:

Shall I ever forget her-that noble-born met, first of all, in the street of Pall Mall? Her name matched her face so proud though so comely. Twas Gwendolyne Ethel Constantia May

something for the conquest of the world Cholmondeley.

for God and the truth, the time will come She'd an nucle who erstwhile "took silk" at the Bar, A Justice—the criminal's terror—m'lord Ker

A cousin, whose pride was the graceful cot-A capital dancer was Captain Claude Dillwyn. Another who fished every day from a punt.

I remember his name—it was Aigernou mother's birth name, I am told, was She ate, so the cook said, huge luncheons so

Thomas Troubridge, who at Inkermann Her grandma, who rudely at me used to Could boast of the blood of the noble Beauclerk; A lover I said I was sure would deceive her; name-let me think-oh! Augustus Browne Beauvoir;

Another, precocious, a scholar at Eton, A blustering boy they called Billy Bethane; Another, about town, particularly "fly", The Honorable Reginald Horace B. Bligh; I've omitted some cousins she counted by

With uncles and aunts, and brothers and sis-Whose names on any man's tongue would raise blisters.

I asked her to wed. She replied with a stare

'Just spell me the name of Sir Waldegrave Eyre; And if from that task you come out with the word shall be snowed under with white I shall ask you to write me down Fonny Du You have wealth, I believe, but how sir, can Present you to my friends? Why sir I should pronounce them, Well, then, Mr. Smith, I will wed you, and

> I accepted the test, feeling awfully proud, But she very near grassed me with Eva M'Leod. The next made me feel like the butcher's wee

When the knife is produced-it was Archibald Glami-! And when she attacked me with Sir Frederick Knollys. I longed for the ice of the North and South I pulled through, and luckily thought of the "Injies,"
When she wrote down the name of Clarinda

And I fancied I'd vanquished the worst of When, with scarcely a falter, I read Mary The next was a "teaser;" but think of an en When anyone asks you to read Percy St.

Through that with eclat; but she ga ve mea With the very next name, which was Septimus Bourne.
The next—well—there was really no reason to shirk
So simple a task as Lord Benjamin Bourke:
But I feared very much we twain would be

parters, When she flung in my face that burly Tom Charteris; I plucked up and said, "Don't think I'm of old, when Sir John entered. Burkholder With ease I pronounce Murtigh Patrick had been the Old Man's host in a distant George Geoghegan." But I looked sadly around for a very deep arms. To drown myself in when it came to Duchesne; And I feared I would lose the maid and her

When she wrote down the name of Col. F. We left her pa's mansion, and out on the lawn propounded a poser—Adolphus Fitz Strachan; But I fancy she thought I, at least, had some When I uttered correctly the name of Frank Tyrrwhit. "Have you any more posers?" I cried. "I be-

"Oh, yes, many more. Now spell me Lord Beauchamp."
I did it, but feared I would go to all smash,
When she gave me the card of Ethel Tolle-And I said: "Oh, pray, don't play such harsh pranks!" When she smilingly asked me to write her arjoribanks; "Of course the proud peers are the State's

strongest pillars,"

I said, when she thought she had posed me with Villiers; alas! she exclaimed: "Go! wed with some cook!" When I failed to pronounce Villebois as Vealbrook! now the fair maid I oft see in my Has promised to marry a fellow named We-

L'ENVOI. more—never more 'neath that test will I writhe: I have made up my mind to change Smith into Smythe; A simple elision, and two small additions, Will place me on par with the proudest patricians. -London Tid-Bits

Curious Grafting. A writer in the Santa Clara Valley, according to Vick's Monthly gives an account of roses budded on peach trees. He says, "I have seen a three and four-year-old peach tree bloom as nature would have it on some branches, early in April; then from May to August hang thick with branches of white, pink and yellow roses, a perfect wonder to passers by." These trees are stated to have been first seen in the garden of Judge Amos R. Johnson, of Mississippi.

CHILL.

Social Life and Mortuary Festivities in Its Capital.

The "wake" is as common in Chili as in New Orleans or the smaller towns of Ireland. But in Chili the custom is gayer than in any other country. It amounts almost to a festival. If the dead be a child it is dressed beautifully, enshrined in flowers and vines, encircled with burning tapers and sympathizing friends bring gifts the hereaved parents. At night the to the bereaved parents. At night the house, no matter how humble or how gorgeous, is filled as if at a reception. Quiet games are played, firting is indulged with greater freedom than on other occasions and even dancing takes place after enough wine has been drank. The native wines of Chiliof the superior brands are too expensive for any but the rich, but cheaper ones are imported from London and the Mediterranean and wine is as common with the Chilians as water with us, indeed in some parts more so, for water is difficult to get in many regions. Bull fights have not wholly passed away in Chili. Indian games are common; especially a sort of Indian polo, which the Araucanians, who take so large a share in the public affairs of the country, practice with extraordinary

Social life in Santiago is complex and varied as in any old European capital. The fashions arrive a year later from Paris, but are abjectly followed. Dress is as diversified as in any American frontier town, but one extreme is of course richer. Only in church is there a dead level. No woman enters a church in Chili except in a black gown and manta, which is at once veil or hood and mantle or shawl. No matter how rich or how poor, this is court dress for church, and police would eject any woman who dared violate the code. At 4 o'clock every day business is over; gentlemen ge

At 6 or 7 dinner is served with as much ceremony as in the oldest palaces, and after dinner gayety, all Spanish, proceeds until midnight. Early closing of business places leaves the aristocracy—for, although Dictator Bernardo O'Higgins abolished titles of nobility, there is no snobbier town in Europe than Santiago—free to drive and dine. It affords the less pretentious social classes time for chat, smoking, and drinking, and it is between 5. o'clock and midnight that the boulevards, as it were, of this Andean Paris dictate politics and disseminate gos-

How He Could Help. "Say, mister, I'm awful hungry and I haven't had a drink for two days. "I'm sorry," said the kind-hearted police man, "but I don't see how I can help you." "You can, though. Just lend me four helmet and coat till I go around to the side

A FATAL SHOT.

door of this restaurant,"

The Terrible Experience of a Drunken and Egotistical Father. "Ben, whose boy 're you?" The voice was thick and husky.

"Your'n, pop." "An' who's the best shot in these parts, Ben? Tell these fellers."

The man's dull eyes fixed themselves on the boy. The little fellow's face lightened up and he answered, looking around defiantly:

"My pop's the best shot in Montanny." A silence fell over the crowd and something of pride gleamed from the whiskydimmed eyes of old Billman. Then he said, handing the boy an apple:

"These fellers 'low I'm no good, Ben, an' I'm jest going to do our Willyum Tell act an' show 'em that Jim Billman kin draw as fine a bead now as ever he could."

Billman patted his son's head with a trembling hand and the boy drew himself up proudly as he took the apple from his "Go over to that tree, Ben," commanded

Billman, at last, and the boy walked with a fearless step to the place indicated, turned his back to the tree, removed his hat and balanced the apple on his head, then placed his hands behind him. There was not a quiver in his face, not a shadow of fear. His father, whom he loved and who loved // him, was the marksman.

Old Billman raised his gun to his shoulder. The weapon shook in his nerveless hands like a reed. Uttering an imprecation, he lowered the gun and brushed his sleeve across his eyes. Then he tried again, but still without success.

"I know what's the matter," he muttered, and took a drink from a bottle in his pocket. "Now, then, all right, Ben?" "All right, pop."

A short moment the gun trembled in Billman's hands and then-

It was a strange, dull sound, not like the erash of a bullet through oak, but more

Great God! the smoke had cleared away father! A cry as of a wild beast, a rush, and old Billman had the bloody form in his

"Kill me !" shrieked the old man, rocking to and fro," kill me!" but the miners passed silently away one by one, and left the wretched man alone with his grief and his dead .- William Wallace Cook, in Detroit Free Press.



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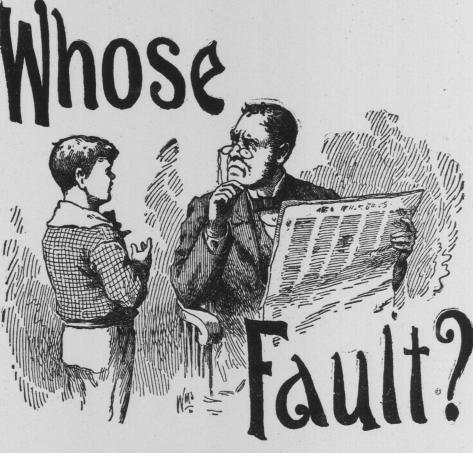
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