

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A PLEA TO CONGRESS BEFORE IT ADJOURNS.

"Let the Name of God Be Written in the Constitution" He Says—God Will Settle the Silver Question in His Own Time and Way.



SENATORS in this text stand for lawmakers. Joseph was the Lord Treasurer of the Egyptian government, and among other great things which he did, according to my text, was to teach his senators wisdom; and if any men on earth ought to be endowed with wisdom, it is senators, whether they stand in congresses, parliaments, or reichstags, or assemblies, or legislatures. By their decisions nations go up or down. Law-makers are sometimes so tempted by prejudices, by sectional preferences, by opportunity of personal advancement, and sometimes what is best to do is so doubtful that they ought to be prayed for and encouraged in every possible way, instead of severely criticised and blamed and excoriated, as is much of the time the case. Our public men are so often the target to be shot at, merely because they obtain eminence which other men wanted but could not reach, that more injustices are hurled at our national legislature than the people of the United States can possibly imagine. The wholesale belying of our public men is simply damnable. By residence in Washington I have come to find out that many of our public men are persistently misrepresented, and some of the best of them, the purest in their lives and most faithful in the discharge of their duties, are the worst defamed. Some day I want to preach a sermon from the text in II. Peter: "They are not afraid to speak evil of dignities. Whereas angels, which are greater in power and might, bring not railing accusation against them before the Lord. But these, as natural brute beasts, made to be taken and destroyed, speak evil of the things that they understand not." So constant and malignant is this depreciation and scandalization in regard to our public men that all over the land there are those who suppose that the city of Washington is the center of all corruption, while, what with its parks and its equestrian statuary, and its wide streets, and its architectural symmetries, and its lovely homes, it is not only the most beautiful city under the sun, but has the highest style of citizenship. I have seen but one intoxicated man in more than six months of my residence, and I do not think any man can give similar testimony of any other city on the American continent.

"The gavel of our two houses of national legislature will soon fall, and adjournment of two bodies of men as talented, as upright and as patriotic as ever graced the capitol, will take place. The two or three unfortunate outbreaks which you have noticed only make more conspicuous the dignity, the fraternity, the eloquence, the fidelity which have characterized those two bodies during all the long months of important and anxious deliberation. We put a halo around great men of the past because they were so rare in their time. Our senate and house of representatives have five such men where once they had one. But it will not be until after they are dead that they will get appreciated. The world finds it safer to praise the dead than the living, because the departed, having a heavy pile of marble above them, may not rise to become rivals. But, before the gavel of adjournment drop and the doors of Capitol Hill shut, there are one or two things that ought to be done, and let us pray God that they may be accomplished. More forcibly than ever before, congress has been implored to acknowledge God in our constitution. The Methodist church, a church that is always doing glorious things, has in its recent Wilmington conference requested our congress to amend the immortal document, which has been the foundation and wall and dome of our United States government, by inserting the words, "Trusting in Almighty God." If that amendment is made, it will not only please all the good people of the country, but will please the heavens. It was only an oversight or a mental accident that the fathers who made the constitution did not insert a divinely worshipful sentence. They all, so far as they amounted to anything, believed in "God, the Father Almighty, the Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son." The constitution would have been a failure had it not been for the Divine interference. The members of the convention could agree on nothing until, in response to Benjamin Franklin's request that the meetings be opened by prayer, the Lord God was called on to interfere and help, and then the way was cleared, and the states signed a document; a historical fact that all the rat-terriers of modern infidelity cannot bark out of existence! I know that there was an exception to the fact that the prominent men of those good times were good men. Tom Paine, a libertine and a sot, did not believe in any thing good until he was dying, and then he shrieked out for God's mercy. And Ethan Allen, from one of whose descendants I have received within a few days a confirmation of the incident I mentioned in a recent sermon, as saying to his dying daughter that she had better take her mother's christian religion than his own infidelity. The article sent me says: "The story has been denied by some of the Allen family, but the Bronson family, some of whom were with the dying girl, affirm that it is substantially true. In such a matter one con-

firmation is worth more than many denials." So says the article sent me. There is no doubt that Ethan Allen was the vulgar sort of an infidel, for, sitting in a Presbyterian church, his admirers say he struck the pew in front of him and swore out loud, so as to disturb the meeting, and no gentleman would do that. I do not wonder that some of his descendants are ashamed of him; but of course they could not help it, and are not to blame. But of all the decent men of the revolution believed in God, and our American congress, now assembled, will only echo the sentiments of the fathers when they enthroned the name of God in the constitution. We have now more reason for inserting that acknowledgment of divinity than our fathers had. Since then the continent has been peopled and great cities from the Atlantic to the Pacific built, and all in peace, showing that there must have been supernatural supervision. Since then the war of 1812, and ours the victory! Since then great financial prostrations, out of which we came to greater prosperity than anything that preceded. Since then sanguinary 1862, 1863, 1864 and 1865, and notwithstanding the fact that all the foreign despots were planning for our demotion, we are a united people and tomorrow you will find in both houses of congress the men who fought for the north and the south, now sitting side by side, armed with no weapon except the pen, with which they write home to their constituents who want to be appointed postmasters. The man who cannot see God in our American history is as blind of soul as he would be blind of body if he could not at 12 o'clock of an unclouded noon see the sun in the heavens. As a matter of gratitude to Almighty God, gentlemen of the American congress, be pleased to insert the four words suggested by the Methodist conference! Not only because of the kindness of God to this nation in the past should such a reverential insertion be made, but because of the fact that we are going to want Divine interposition still further in our national history. This gold and silver question will never be settled until God settles it. This question of tariff and free trade will never be settled until God settles it. This question between the east and west, which is getting hotter and hotter and looks toward a republic of the Pacific, will not be settled until God settles it. We needed God in the one hundred and twenty years of our past national life, and we will need Him still more in the next one hundred and twenty years. Lift up your heads ye everlasting gates of our glorious constitution, and let the King of Glory come in! Make one line of that immortal document radiant with Omnipotence! Spell at least one word with Throned! At the beginning, or at the close, or in the center, recognize him from whom as a nation we have received all the blessing of the past and upon whom we are dependent for the future. Print that word "God," or "Lord," or "Eternal Father," or "Ruler of Nations," somewhere between the first word and the last. The Great Expounder of the constitution sleeps at Marshfield, Massachusetts, the Atlantic ocean still humming near his pillow of dust its prolonged lullaby but in there not some one now living, who, in the white marble palace of the nation on yonder hill, not ten minutes away, will become the irradiator of the constitution by causing to be added the most tremendous word of our English vocabulary; the name of that being before whom all nations must bow or go into defeat and annihilation—"God?" Again before the approaching adjournment of our American congress, it ought to be decided and forever settled that no appropriations be made to sectarian schools, and that courtship between church and state in this country be forever broken up. That question already seems temporarily settled. I wish it might be completely and forever settled. All schools and all institutions, as well as all denominations, should stand on the same level before American law. Emperor Alexander of Russia, at his Peterhof Palace, asked me how many denominations of religion there were in America, and I recited their names as well as I could. Then he asked me the difference between them, and there I broke down. But when I told him that no religious denomination in America had any privileges above the others, he could hardly understand it. The Greek church first in Russia. The Lutheran church first in Germany. The Episcopal church first in England. The Catholic church first in Rome. Mohammedanism first in Constantinople. The emperor wondered how it was possible that all the denominations in America could stand on the same platform. But so it is, and so let it ever be. Let there be no preference, no partiality, no attempt to help one sect an inch higher than another. Washington and Jefferson and all the early presidents, and all the great statesmen of the past, have lifted their voice against any such tendency. If a school or institution cannot stand without the prop of national appropriation, then let that school or that institution go down. On the other side of the sea the world has had plenty of illustration of church and state united. Let us have none of the hypocrisy and demoralization born of that relation on this side of the Atlantic. Let that denomination come out ahead that does the most for the cause of God and humanity. Men, institutions, and religions getting what they achieve by their own right arm of usefulness, and not by the favoritism of government. As you regard the welfare and perpetuity of our institutions, keep politics out of religion.

But now, that I am speaking of national affairs from a religious standpoint, I bethink myself of the fact that two other gavel will soon lift and fall, the one at St. Louis and the other at Chicago, and before these national conventions adjourn, I ask that they acknowledge God in the platforms. The men who construct those platforms are

here this morning or will read these words. Let no political party think it can do its duty unless it acknowledges that God who built this continent, and revealed it at the right time to the discoverer, and who has reared here a prosperity which has been given to no other people. "Oh!" says some one, "there are people in this country who do not believe in a God, and it would be an insult to them." Well, there are people in this country who do not believe in common decency, or common honesty, or any kind of government, preferring anarchy. Your very platform is an insult to them. You ought not to regard a man who does not believe in God any more than you should regard a man who refuses to believe in common decency. Your pocket-book is not safe a moment in the presence of an atheist. God is the only source of good government. Why not, then, say so, and let the chairman of the committee on resolutions in your national conventions take a pen full of ink and with bold hand head the document with one significant "Whereas:" acknowledging the goodness of God in the past, and begging his kindness and protection for the future. Why, my friends, this country belongs to God, and we ought in every possible way to acknowledge it. From the moment that, on an October morning in 1492, Columbus looked over the side of the ship and saw the carved staff which made him think he was near an inhabited country, and saw also a thorn and a cluster of berries (type of our history ever since, piercing sorrows and cluster of national joys), until this hour our country has been bounded on the north, south, east and west by the goodness of God. The Huguenots took possession of the Carolinas, in the name of God. William Penn settled Philadelphia, in the name of God. The Hollanders took possession of New York, in the name of God. The Pilgrim Fathers settled New England, in the name of God. Preceding the first gun of Bunker Hill, at the voice of prayer all heads uncovered. In the war of 1812, an officer came to Gen. Andrew Jackson and said: "There is an unusual noise in the camp; it ought to be stopped." General Jackson said, "What is the noise?" The officer said, "It is the voice of prayer and praise." Then the General said, "God forbid that prayer and praise should be an unusual noise in the encampment. You had better go and join them." Prayer at Valley Forge. Prayer at Monmouth. Prayer at Atlanta. Prayer at South Mountain. Prayer at Gettysburg. "Oh!" says some infidel, "the northern people prayed on one side and the Southern people prayed on the other side, and so it did not amount to anything." And I have heard good Christian people confounded with the infidel statement, when it is as plain to me as my right hand. Yes; the Northern people prayed in one way, and the Southern people prayed in another way, and God answered in his own way, giving to the North the re-establishment of the government, and giving to the South larger opportunities, larger than she had ever anticipated, the harnessing of her river; in great manufacturing interests, until the Mobile and the Tallapoosa and the Chattahoochee are Southern Merrimacs, and the unrolling of great Southern mines of coal and iron, of which the world knew nothing, and opening before her opportunities of wealth which will give ninety-nine per cent more of affluence than she ever possessed; and instead of the black hands of American slaves, there are the more industrious black hands of the coal and iron mines of the South which are achieving for her fabulous and unimagined wealth.

"Your daughter has had a great many admirers." "Oh, yes; she puts nearly all her window curtains on the rods with her old engagement rings."—Chicago Record.

THE JOKERS' CORNER.

FLESHMAKING PUNS FOR OUR LEAN READERS.

What Man Is Good For—At the Wake—Romance of a Poor Young Man—Framing for the Stage—Wis and Humor in Paragraphs.



H. DON'T PUT him next to me at dinner, I'm never 'at home' when he comes to call; I won't go if he is to be my partner. He's much the stupidist man of all.

"But we must have him when we go coasting; I'll tell you why—I'll whisper it, still—It's very nice to have some one, you know, To pull the toboggans up the hill."

"Oh, don't leave him out of the picnic party—The others are lazy enough to be rude—We won't have to pay him much attention.—And we can make him carry the food."

"Who'll make a fourth for the boating party?" "Oh, he is the very one! I know. It's far too hot for us to be working, And if we take him, why he can row."

"And in summer there comes the game of tennis, And then he becomes the most useful of all, For, on a warm day, it's very convenient To have a man who will chase the ball."

"Where is he now, this useful party?" "He's on his knees in the country mire, While the rest of the men are lazily smoking, He's busily mending her punctured tire!" —Mary Willard in Truth.

Had No Hand in It. The Rev. Samuel E. Pearson, of Portland, Me., was a witness in a divorce case the other day. "Mr. Pearson," asked the Judge, "were you on this bench in my place with all the circumstances of this case, would you grant this divorce?" "Most certainly, your Honor," replied the minister.

"But how do you reconcile this statement with the injunction, 'What God hath joined together let no man cast asunder?'" "Your Honor, I am satisfied that the Lord never joined this couple," replied the clergyman.—Argonaut.

Georgia's Driest Town. Governor Atkinson, of Georgia, and his staff went on a little junket the other day to the town of Waycross, in the southern part of the state. On their return the governor preserved a dignified silence when asked if he had a good time. A prominent member of the staff, however, was not so reticent. "Talk about your dry towns," he exclaimed. "Waycross is the driest on earth. They don't even allow carpenters down there to carry spill levels." —Detroit Free Press.

Oh! These Feet. "How is it that your husband writes so much? A fine day like this I'd think he'd be out walking with you." "Not he. As soon as pleasant spring weather comes he remains at home to indite poems about it."

"But why not steal in his study and coax him out with a kiss?" "What! Worse yet. He'd then stay in all the time, good and bad weather, writing about kisses."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Dismissal in the Church. "I hear that Willits has withdrawn from membership in the church. What was the trouble?" "He and the minister got into a row over whose was the best bicycle."—Indianapolis Journal.

At the Wake. O'Hara—She was a good wife to me, poor woman. Man's the word of good advice she gave me. McGoozan—Thru for yes, an' many's the time O've heard her advisin' yes when O' lived in the house beyant, a mile up the road, O'chone!—Truth.

He—Nice dog! Have you taught him any new tricks since I was here last? She (sweetly)—Oh, yes; he will fetch your hat if you whistle!—Boston Globe.

A New Volume of Poems.

"Some Home-Made Poems," by Nixon Waterman, should be in every household. Mr. Waterman is a young western poet of peculiarly fascinating and original talent, who has, by his rare gift, made many friends both in the east and west. His writings show evidence of that power which makes the works of any great artist live—the power to touch and move human hearts and sympathies. The versatility of his style is shown in the strange intermingling of pathos and humor, and the sentiment will always be found as pure and refreshing as the draught of water bubbling forth from the mountain spring. Among the favorites in this little volume are "Hope and Memory," "Could We But Know," "An Old Man's Love," "For Her Dear Sake," "The Angelic Husband," etc. (Greenleaf Co.: Boston and Chicago.)

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