

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

FLOWERS ON NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN GRAVES.

Text: "The Tower of David, Built for an Armory Whereon There Hang a Thousand Bucklers, All Shields of Mighty Men"—Sol., 4:4.



HE Church is here compared to an armory, the walls hung with trophies of dead heroes.

By unanimous decree of the people of the United States of America, the graves of all the Northern and Southern dead are every year decorated.

In a battle during our last war, the Confederates were driving back the Federals, who were in swift retreat.

Shall the gospel be less generous than the world? We stack arms, the bayonet of our Northern gun facing this way, the bayonet of the Southern gun facing the other way.

First, we mean instruction to one whole generation. Subtract 1865, when the war ended, from our 1896, and you will realize what a vast number of people were born since the war.

There are others who cannot remember the roll of a drum or the tramp of a regiment, or a sigh or a tear of that tornado of woe that swept the nation again and again until there was one dead in each house.

Four years of blood. Four years of hostile experiences. Four years of ghastliness. Four years of grave-digging. Four years of funerals, coffins, shrouds, hearses, dirges.

When missing? How missing? Who saw him last? Missing! Missing! Was he in the woods or by the stream?

battle, and ever and anon she walks the floor of the asylum or looks out of the window as though she expected some one to come along the path and up the steps, as she soliloquizes, "Missing! missing!"

What made matters worse, all this might have been avoided. There was no more need of that war than at this moment I should plunge a dagger through your heart.

War is more ghastly now than once, not only because of the greater destructiveness of its weaponry, but because now it takes down the best men.

Again, by the national ceremony we mean to honor courage. Many of these departed soldiers were volunteers, not conscripts.

Again, by this national ceremony we mean the future defense of this nation. By every wreath of flowers on the soldiers' graves we say, "Those who die for the country shall not be forgotten."

No possibility of civil war. But about foreign invasion I am not so certain. When I spoke against war I said nothing against self-defence.

There is no room on this continent for any other nation—except Canada, and a better neighbor no one ever had.

If foreign foe should come, we want men like those of 1812 and like those of 1862 to meet them.

When such a time comes, if it ever does come, the generation on the stage of action will say, "My country will care for my family as they did in the soldiers' asylum for the orphans in the civil war, and my country will honor my dust as it honored those who preceded me in patriotic sacrifice."

If foreign foe should come, the old sectional animosities would have no power. Here go our regiments into the battle-field: Fifteenth New York volunteers, Tenth Alabama cavalry.

Once more, the great national ceremony, means the beautification of the tombs, whether of those who fell in battle or accident, or who have expired in their beds or in our arms or on our laps.

It is all that we can do for them now. Make their resting-place attractive, not absurd with costly outlay, but in quiet remembrance. You know how. If you can afford only one flower, that will do.

In olden times the Hebrews, returning from their burial place, used to pluck the grass from the field three or four times, then throw it over their heads, suggestive of the resurrection.

But stop! We are not infidels. Our bodies will soon join the bodies of our departed in the tomb, and our spirits shall join their spirits in the land of the rising sun.

On one of the gates of Greenwood is the quaint inscription: "A night's lodging on the way to the city of the New Jerusalem." Comfort one another with these words.

Speaking of the pleasure to be found in Christian work, a great evangelist asks:

"Did you ever feel the joy of winning a soul for Christ? If so, you will need no better argument for attempting to spread the knowledge of his name to every creature."

Few men plunge at once into doubt, or deviltry. Men do not become atheists at a leap. For one man who resolutely sets his face against God there are a hundred who drift from Him.

You are depending upon priests and confessionals, beaded prayers and pious proxies, liturgies and rituals, ordinances and ceremonies, creeds and crucifixes.

In London, in the fifty-two weeks of the past year, there were 132,715 births, a total which falls short of the corrected average by 5,436.

AUTHOR OF CURFEW.

COL. ALEXANDER HOGELAND A LOVER OF THE CHILDREN.

Believes That If They Are Kept Off the Streets at Night They Will Grow Up to Be Heister Men and Women—Where the Custom Is Revived.



OLONEL Alexander Hogeland, president of the Boys' and Girls' National Home and Employment association, has returned to his home in Lincoln, Neb., after a long tour of the cities of the south.



COL. HOGELAND.

present I have visited 600 cities, have addressed fully 6,000 colleges and public schools and spoken in 3,000 churches, to say nothing of 3,000 factories.

For twenty years Col. Hogeland has devoted his life to reform work among youth. The crowning work of his life is the curfew law, which is designed to keep boys off the streets after 8 o'clock at night.

LITERARY SUCCESS.

J. M. Barrie, Kipling, Weyman and "Ian Maclaren."

Of late years there have been many apparently sudden and phenomenal successes in the arena of authorship none of which probably has been either quite so sudden or so phenomenal as it appeared, says Chambers' Journal.

Through Christ Alone. You are depending upon priests and confessionals, beaded prayers and pious proxies, liturgies and rituals, ordinances and ceremonies, creeds and crucifixes.

Mr. Weyman was perfecting his art and shouldering his way to recognition among the common crowd of story-tellers. As for "Ian Maclaren," whether or not his pen has long been practiced in the art of deliberate story-telling, it has for half a lifetime, as is well known, had constant practice in moving the emotions of men in a kindred and hardly less literary way.

FISHING IN MISSISSIPPI.

John Allen Would Like to Initiate President Cleveland.

That prince of story-tellers and yarn-spinners, Private John Allen of Tupelo, Miss., who is the "funny man" of congress and the successor in that line of the late "Sunset" Cox and the relegated Proctor Knott, often strolls in to pass away an hour's time says the Arkansas Democrat.

Figs For Acre.

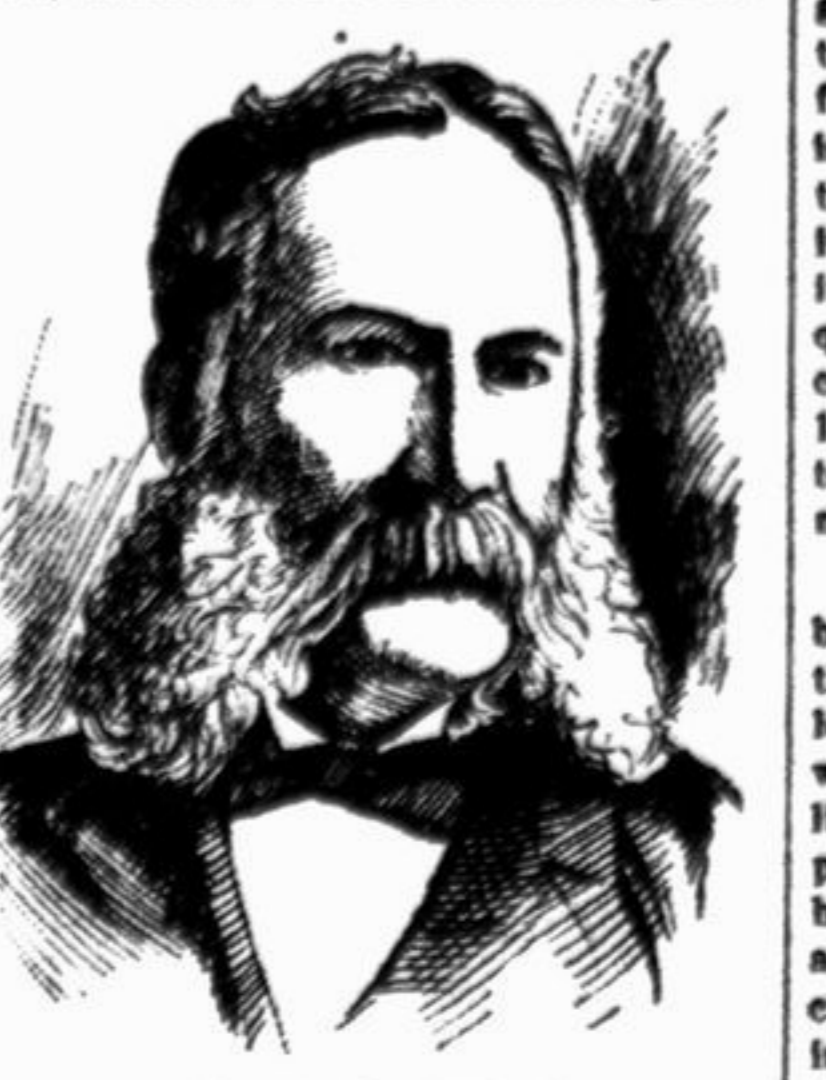
J. E. Summers, speaking at a Missouri convention, answered as follows the question, "How many acres for ten sows and their progeny?"

"To determine definitely it would depend upon the number of pigs in litters. But, supposing each sow to have six pigs, making, with the ten sows, seventy head, we can approximate the number of acres required for their support from the time pigs are farrowed till ready for market at about ten months old.

Gen. Longstreet a Successful Author.

Gen. Longstreet has been living very quietly in Gainesville, his old Georgia home, since he returned from Philadelphia, where he went to attend the public.

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GEN. LONGSTREET.

ation of his war memoirs. His book has had a good, popular success, the first edition being exhausted almost as soon as it left the press, and it has evoked enough comment, favorable and antagonistic, to keep the general's pen busy with answers.

An Eccentric English Justice.

Justice Wright, the English jurist, is rather eccentric in some of his ways. On his estate in Hampshire there is stuck up an extraordinary notice board: "Trespassers will not be prosecuted."

Probably most people consider honey as the equal in value for food of any sweet sauce—no better, no worse. All should know that it possesses one great superiority—ease of digestion.

In eating comb-honey, many strive to reject every particle of wax, fearing that, as wax is indigestible, nightmare and other troublesome consequences will follow an indulgence in warm biscuit and honey. It is true that bread is more easily digested than warm biscuit, as the latter is inclined to "pack" in chewing, but it may surprise some to know that comb-honey is really an aid to the digestion of hot bread or biscuit.

The unpleasant symptoms from which some suffer after eating honey may often be removed by drinking a little milk.—W. Z. Hutchinson, in Country Gentleman.

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