

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SAVE THE CITIES, THE SUBJECT OF LAST SUNDAY.

From the Text: Ezekiel, Chapter XXVII, Verse 3, as follows: 'O Thou that sit upon the Entry of the Sea'—Moral Leprosy the Destroyer.



HIS is a part of an impassioned apostrophe to the city of Tyre. It was a beautiful city—a majestic city. At the east end of the Mediterranean it sat with one hand beckoning the inland trade, and with the other the commerce of foreign nations. It swung a monstrous boom across its harbor to shut out foreign enemies, and then swung back that boom to let in its friends.

But where now is the gleam of her towers, the roar of her chariots, the masts of her shipping? Let the fishermen who dry their nets on the place where she once stood; let the sea that rambles upon the barrenness where she once challenged the admiration of all nations; let the barbarians who built their huts on the place where her palaces glittered, answer the question.

But where now is the gleam of her towers, the roar of her chariots, the masts of her shipping? Let the fishermen who dry their nets on the place where she once stood; let the sea that rambles upon the barrenness where she once challenged the admiration of all nations; let the barbarians who built their huts on the place where her palaces glittered, answer the question.

I have also to say that the character of officials in a city affects the domestic circle. In a city where grogshops have their own way, and gambling halls are not interfered with, and for fear of losing political influence officials close their eyes to festering abominations—in all those cities the home interests need to make imploration. The family circles of the city must inevitably be affected by the moral character or the immoral character of those who rule over them.

At this season of the year I have thought it might be useful to talk a little while about the moral responsibility resting upon the office bearers of all our cities—a theme as appropriate to those who are governed as the governors. The moral character of those who rule a city has much to do with the character of the city itself. Men, women and children are all interested in national politics. When the great presidential election comes, every patriot wants to be found at ballot box. We are all interested in the discussion of national finance, national debt, and we read the news of congress, and we are wondering who will sit next in the presidential chair. Now, that may be all very well—in very well; but it is high time that we took some of the attention which we have been devoting to national affairs and brought it to the state of municipal government. This it seems to me now is the chief point to be taken. Make the cities right, and the nation will be right. I have noticed that according to their opportunities there has really been more corruption in municipal governments in this country than in the state and national legislatures. Now, is there no hope, with the mightiest agent in our hand, the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ, shall not all our cities be reformed, and purified, and redeemed? I believe the answer will come. I am in full sympathy with those who are opposed to carrying politics into religion; but our cities will never be reformed and purified until we carry religion into politics. I look upon the cities as the great centers of civilization, and I believe that they should be affected in the future, as they have been affected in the past, by the character of those who in the different departments rule over us, and I propose to classify some of those interests:

In the first place I remark: Commercial ethics are always affected by the moral or immoral character of those who have municipal supremacy. Officials that wink at fraud, and that have neither censure nor arraignment for glittering dishonesties, always weaken the pulse of commercial honor. Every shop, every store, every bazaar, every factory in the cities feels the moral character of the city hall. If in any city there be a dishonest mayoralty, or an unprincipled common council, or a court susceptible to bribes, in that city there will be unlimited license for all kinds of trickery and sin; while, on the other hand, if officials are faithful to their oath of office, if the laws are promptly executed, if there is vigilance in regard to the outbranchings of crime, there is the highest protection for all bargain making. A merchant may stand in his store and say: "Now, I'll have nothing to do with city politics; I will not soil my hands with the slush;" nevertheless the most insignificant trial in the police court will affect that merchant directly or indirectly. What style of clerk issues the writ; what style of constable makes the arrest; what style of attorney issues the plea; what style of judge charges the jury; what style of sheriff executes the sentence—these are questions that strike your counting rooms to the center. You may not throw it off. In the city of New York, Christian merchants for a great while said: "We'll have nothing to do with the management of public affairs," and they allowed everything to go at loose ends until there rolled up in the city a debt of nearly \$120,000,000. The municipal government became a hissing and a howling in the whole earth, and then the Christian merchants saw their folly, and they went and took possession of the ballot boxes. I wish all commercial men to understand that they are not independent of the moral character of the men who rule over them, but must be thoroughly, mightily affected by them.

So, also, of the educational interests of a city. Do you know that there are in this country about seventy thousand common schools, and that there are over eight millions of pupils, and that the majority of these schools and the majority of those pupils are in our cities? Now, this great multitude of children will be affected by the intelligence or ignorance, the virtue or the vice, of boards of education and boards of control. There are cities where educational affairs are settled in the low caucus in the abandoned parts of the city, by men full of ignorance and rum. It ought not to be so; but in many cities it is so. I hear the tramp of coming generations. What that great multitude of youth shall be for this world and the next will be affected very much by the character of your public schools. You had better multiply the moral and religious influences about the common schools rather than abstract from them. Instead of driving the Bible out, you had better drive the Bible further in. May God defend our glorious common school system, and send into rapt and confusion all its sworn enemies.

I will go further and say that the religious interests of a city are thus affected. The church today has to contend with evils that the civil law ought to smite; and while I would not have the civil government in any wise relax its energy in the arrest and punishment of crime, I would have a thousand-fold more energy put forth in the drying up of the fountains of iniquity. The church of God asks no pecuniary aid from political power; but does ask that in addition to all the evils we must necessarily contend against we shall not have to fight also municipal negligence. Oh, that in all our cities Christian people would rise up, and that they would put their hand on the helm before piratical demagogues have swamped the ship. Instead of giving so much time to national politics, give some of your attention to municipal government.

I demand that the Christian people who have been standing aloof from public affairs come back, and in the might of God try to save our cities. If things are or have been bad, it is because good people have let them be bad. That Christian man who merely goes to the polls and casts his vote does not do his duty. It is not the ballot box that decides the election, it is the political caucus; and if at the primary meetings of the two political parties ungodly and bad men are nominated, then the ballot box has nothing to do save to take its choice between two thieves! In our churches, by reformatory organization, in every way let us try to tone up the moral sentiment in these cities. The rulers are those whom the people choose, and depend upon it that in all the cities, as long as pure hearted men stand aloof from politics because they despise hot partisanship, just so long in many of our cities will rum make the nominations, and rum control the ballot box, and rum inaugurate the officials.

I take a step further in this subject, and ask all those who believe in the omnipotence of prayer, day by day, and every day, present your city officials before God for blessing. If you live in a city presided over by a mayor, pray for him. The chief magistrate of a city is in a position of great responsibility. Many of the kings and queens and em-

peers of other days have no such dominion. With the scratch of a pen he may advance a beneficent institution or balk a railway confiscation. By appointments he may bless or curse every hearthstone in the city. If in the Episcopal churches, by the authority of the Litany, and in our non-Episcopate churches, we every Sabbath pray for the president of the United States, why not, then, be just as hearty in our supplications for the chief magistrates of cities, for their guidance, for their health, for their present and everlasting morality?

My word now is to all who may come to hold any public position of trust in any city. You are God's representatives. God, the king and ruler and judge, sets you in his place. Oh, be faithful in the discharge of all your duties, so that when all our cities are in ashes, and the world itself is a red scroll of flame, you may be, in the mercy and grace of Christ, rewarded for your faithfulness. It was that feeling which gave such eminent qualifications for office to Neal Dow, mayor of Portland, and to Judge McLean, of Ohio, and to Benjamin F. Butler, attorney-general of New York, and to George Briggs, governor of Massachusetts, and to Theodore Frelinghuysen, senator of the United States, and to William Wilberforce, member of the British parliament. You may make the rewards of eternity the emoluments of your office. What care you for adverse political criticism if you have God on your side? The one, or the two, or the three years of your public trust will pass away, and all the pearly of your earthly service, and then the tribunal will be lifted, before which you and I must appear. May God make you so faithful now that the last scene shall be to your exultation and rapture. I wish now that the one and all good people, whether they are the governors or the governed, to make one grand effort for the salvation, the purification, the redemption of our American cities. Do you not know that there are multitudes going down to ruin, temporal and eternal, dropping quicker than words from my lips? Grogshops swallow them up. Gambling halls devour them. Houses of shame are damning them. Oh, let us toil, and pray, and preach, and vote until all these wrongs are righted. What we do we must do quickly. With our rulers, and on the same platform, we must at last come before the throne of God to answer for what we have done for the bettering of our great towns. Alas! if on that day it will be found that your hand has been idle and my pulpit has been silent. Oh, ye who are pure and honest, and Christian, go to work and help to make the cities pure, and honest, and Christian.

Let it may have been thought that I am addressing only what are called the better classes, my final word is to some disolute soul to whom these words may come. Though you may be covered with all crimes, though you may be smitten with all leprosy, though you may have gone through the whole catalogue of iniquity, and may not have been in church for twenty years, you may have your nature entirely reconstructed, and upon your brow, but with infantous practices and beset with exhausting indulgences, God will place the flashing coronet of a Savior's forgiveness. "Oh, no!" you say, "if you knew who I am and where I came from, you wouldn't say that to me. I don't believe the Gospel you are preaching speaks of my case." Yes, it does, my brother. And then when you tell me that, I think of what St. Teresa said when reduced to utter destitution, having only two pieces of money left, she jingled the two pieces of money in her hand and said: "St. Teresa and two pieces of money are nothing; but St. Teresa and two pieces of money and God are all things." And I tell you now that while a sin and a sinner are nothing, a sin and a sinner and an all forgiving and all compassionate God are everything.

Who is that that I see coming? I know his step. I know his rags. Who is it? A prodigal. Come, people of God; let us go out and meet him. Get the best robe you can find in all the wardrobe. Let the angels of God fill their chalice and drink to his eternal rescue. Come, people of God, let us go out to meet him. The prodigal is coming home. The dead is alive again, and the lost is found.

Pleased with the news, the saint below In songs their tongues employ; Beyond the skies the tidings go, And heaven is filled with joy.

Nor angels can their joy contain, But kindle with new fire; "The sinner lost is found," they sing, And strike the sounding lyre.

No human being can come into the world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness, not only of the present, but of every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detach himself from this connection. There is no sequestered spot in the universe, no dark niche along the disk of non-existence to which he can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw his influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world; everywhere he will have companions who will be better or worse for his influence.

Not to Blame. "You know, you think more of a rich man than a poor one," said the outspoken friend. "I can't deny it," said the statesman sadly. "But how can I help it? Every poor man I meet wants me to help him get a government job."—Indianapolis Journal.

Corset Saves Her Life. A steel of a corset saved the life of Mrs. David R. Evans, at Wilkes-Barre, recently. Her husband discharged a pistol at her, and the bullet struck her corset steel, lacerated the flesh and fell to the floor.

PAINTER AT SEVENTY

PETER BAUMGRAS OLDEST ARTIST IN THE WORLD.

Works Three Hundred and Sixty-Five Days a Year and Says That He Will Do His Best Work Between Now and His Eightieth Birthday.



PROFESSOR Peter Baumgras of Chicago, who recently celebrated his seventieth birthday, is the oldest working artist in the world, and, maybe, in all America. He is at work 365 days in the year in his studio at the top of the Lakeside building. He is, too, the only painter of shells in the world, and nobody understands the aesthetic side of conchology, if one may so speak, so well as he. He has the finest private collection of shells in the country, and his representations of them in oil colors upon canvas adorn the walls of many art galleries, public and private, east and west. He was born in Bavaria, where his grandfather was the Benvenuto Cellini of the kingdom. Peter, when a boy, attracted the attention of the king by his ability as an artist student, and received \$100 from the royal purse. He studied art in Dusseldorf, and in 1853 he came to the United States. For many years he lived in Washington, and it was in his studio that Franklin Simmons modeled his bust of General Grant. Professor Baumgras at that time painted a portrait of the hero, which is one of the best in existence. The shell painter was personally acquainted with Lincoln, and has many anecdotes to tell of that great man's ways and words. In 1871 Professor Baumgras went to Panama to sketch and study. While there he met Professor Agassiz, and the two became good friends. The aged artist says, youthfully, that he expects to do the best work of his life in the next ten years. He has lived here for twenty years, and has occupied one studio for about twelve years.



PROF. BAUMGRAS.

A Magnetic Mountain. In the Arabian tales a story is told about a magnetic mountain, which attracts irresistibly all ships, and when they come near, extracts every particle of iron from them, even to the nails. Such a mountain exists in reality, although not quite as dangerous in its activity as the one mentioned in the Oriental fairy tale. The island of Bornholm, in the Baltic, belonging to Denmark, consists almost entirely of magnetite, and its magnetic influence is very well known to the navigators of those waters, and also much feared by them—not on account of the possibility of its extracting the nails from their ships, but because of its influence on the magnetic needle, which makes the steering of a ship almost impossible. This influence is felt, even at a distance of miles, and when this island is sighted, all mariners on the Baltic discontinue steering their course by the needle, but turn to well known lighthouses and other helps to direct their course. Between Bornholm and the mainland there is a bank of rock under water, which is very dangerous to navigation; because of it being constantly submerged, vessels have been frequently wrecked at that point. The magnetic influence of that ore bank is so powerful that a magnetic needle, suspended freely in a boat over the bank, will point down, and, if not disturbed, will remain in a perfectly perpendicular line.

Thinking It Over. A St. Louis widow, moderately well off, bluntly refused to give her consent to her twenty-seven-year-old daughter's marriage because she would thereby be deprived of the benefit of the \$40 a month salary as stenographer which the dutiful daughter regularly turned over. The young man was in a quandary until the prospective mother-in-law, with a keen eye to business offered to relent if he would pay her \$25 a month for three years. He is thinking it over.

A VISIT TO TOLSTOI.

Thinks Himself a Poor Christ on Account He Hasn't Given Up All.

The family live handsomely, but as we were not invited, only tolerated, guests we only took off our outside wraps in the anteroom, where a man was in waiting to remove them, leaving our hats on, says the Literary World. We passed upstairs and through a room where a son was playing delightfully on a piano when we went in and bowed to us as we went through. We stood waiting around the room into which we were ushered, when Tolstoi came in in the most cordial manner possible, inquired of Mrs. — about her son, whom he spoke of most flatteringly; was introduced to us all, asking us to be seated, etc., and no one could have been more cordial and agreeable. A daughter afterward came in, and both spoke English with perfect ease. He inquired how we came to be traveling in Russia and when he learned that most of our party were in Berlin to study he said he wondered when foreigners would come to Russia to study. He asked where each of us was from and seemed perfectly familiar with our country. He is a tall man, stooped somewhat, and was dressed as the peasants are—in a blouse with a skirt coming almost to the knees, belted in, and trousers of the same goods, a dark-brown homespun. His long beard is not as white as I expected to see. He has fine eyes and I had good opportunity to study his appearance, as I sat next and he turned to me sometimes. He does not consider himself a good Christian, I understand, because he has not given up everything.

HER LUCKY MISTAKE.

Miss Williams' Slip of a Key Saved New Jersey \$40,000.

The very excusable error which Miss Margaret Williams of Trenton, N. J., made in transcribing the election bill and which necessitated the calling of an extra session of the legislature, proves to have been a blessing in disguise, for the state is saved about \$40,000. The error was a very simple one. Miss Williams' nimble and graceful fingers were too quick, and she clicked off the word "provided," instead of pro-

HER LUCKY MISTAKE.

Miss Williams' Slip of a Key Saved New Jersey \$40,000.

The very excusable error which Miss Margaret Williams of Trenton, N. J., made in transcribing the election bill and which necessitated the calling of an extra session of the legislature, proves to have been a blessing in disguise, for the state is saved about \$40,000. The error was a very simple one. Miss Williams' nimble and graceful fingers were too quick, and she clicked off the word "provided," instead of pro-

HER LUCKY MISTAKE.

Miss Williams' Slip of a Key Saved New Jersey \$40,000.

The very excusable error which Miss Margaret Williams of Trenton, N. J., made in transcribing the election bill and which necessitated the calling of an extra session of the legislature, proves to have been a blessing in disguise, for the state is saved about \$40,000. The error was a very simple one. Miss Williams' nimble and graceful fingers were too quick, and she clicked off the word "provided," instead of pro-

HER LUCKY MISTAKE.

Miss Williams' Slip of a Key Saved New Jersey \$40,000.

The very excusable error which Miss Margaret Williams of Trenton, N. J., made in transcribing the election bill and which necessitated the calling of an extra session of the legislature, proves to have been a blessing in disguise, for the state is saved about \$40,000. The error was a very simple one. Miss Williams' nimble and graceful fingers were too quick, and she clicked off the word "provided," instead of pro-

HER LUCKY MISTAKE.

Miss Williams' Slip of a Key Saved New Jersey \$40,000.

The very excusable error which Miss Margaret Williams of Trenton, N. J., made in transcribing the election bill and which necessitated the calling of an extra session of the legislature, proves to have been a blessing in disguise, for the state is saved about \$40,000. The error was a very simple one. Miss Williams' nimble and graceful fingers were too quick, and she clicked off the word "provided," instead of pro-

HER LUCKY MISTAKE.

Miss Williams' Slip of a Key Saved New Jersey \$40,000.

The very excusable error which Miss Margaret Williams of Trenton, N. J., made in transcribing the election bill and which necessitated the calling of an extra session of the legislature, proves to have been a blessing in disguise, for the state is saved about \$40,000. The error was a very simple one. Miss Williams' nimble and graceful fingers were too quick, and she clicked off the word "provided," instead of pro-

HER LUCKY MISTAKE.

Miss Williams' Slip of a Key Saved New Jersey \$40,000.

The very excusable error which Miss Margaret Williams of Trenton, N. J., made in transcribing the election bill and which necessitated the calling of an extra session of the legislature, proves to have been a blessing in disguise, for the state is saved about \$40,000. The error was a very simple one. Miss Williams' nimble and graceful fingers were too quick, and she clicked off the word "provided," instead of pro-

Terrible Boils

They Came Thick and Fast—Till Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"My brother had terrible boils on the back of his neck. As fast as one would get better another would come. He became very much emaciated, and began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. One bottle made a good improvement, and when he had taken two bottles he was cured."—CARRIE D. EVERT, Mound City, Illinois.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best—In fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache. 25 cents.

A COUNTRY OF SURPRISES.

Coal, Iron, Lead and Tin in Unlimited Quantities in Africa.

While there is little doubt that with proper development of its agricultural and pastoral resources South Africa could be made practically self-supporting, the successful development of these industries depends nevertheless upon the creation of local markets through the stimulus given by mining operations, says the North American Review. With the exception of mining of gold, diamonds and coal there have been no considerable exploitations of its mineral resources. Coal fortunately exists in many parts of the country, and it has been estimated that the known coal fields represent an area of 56,000 square miles, which is equal in extent to the state of Iowa. There exist in some parts of the country large deposits of iron contiguous to the coal fields. But as yet the economic conditions have not favored the development of that industry. Lead, silver, copper, tin and other metals are also found in many parts of the country, but have not been remuneratively worked. Among the mining countries of South Africa the Transvaal is facile princeps, and is in all probability destined to maintain its paramount position, though, as is well known, South Africa is "a country of surprises," and it is possible, of course, though not probable, that within its great extent other equally important districts may be discovered.

The Best of All.



Anxious Mother—Well, Bobby, and how did you behave at the party? Bobby—Oh, Mummy, I didn't behave at all. I was quite good!—Punch.

The beautiful does not obtrude, but appears in simplicity.—Krummacker.

I know that my life was saved by Fisco's Cure for Consumption.—John A. Miller, An Sable, Michigan, April 21, 1905.

About 45,000 sovereigns pass over the Bank of England counters every day.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascara Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

The loftiest cliff on the coast of England is Beachy Head, height 564 feet.

Half's Catarrh Cure. Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

Every man is our neighbor who needs our compassion and help.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

The Buddhist nuns in Burma have their heads completely shaved.

Che's Cough Balsam. Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Our prospects brighten on the influx of better thoughts.—Thoreau.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure. Makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All druggists.

The golden age is before, not behind.—Charles Sumner.

If sick, nothing renovates and invigorates like Dr. Kay's Renovator.

In the United States there are fifty-seven frog farms.

There is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over 1/4 as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Try Grain-O!



MISS MARGARET WILLIAMS.

Miss Williams stating this and declaring that the error was not nearly so grave as it has been painted.

Hens Used to Hatch Fish.

Hens are used in China to hatch fish. The spawn is placed in an egg-shell, which hermetically sealed, and the poor deluded hen sits on it with maternal hopes. After a few days the egg-shell is removed, and the spawn, which has been warmed into life, is emptied into a shallow pool.