

SEEKING NEW FIELDS

DR. TALMAGE DRAWS LESSONS FROM PAUL'S ACTIVITY.

Points Out Places of Usefulness Not Yet Fully Occupied - Need of More Workers - The Church as a Life-Boat.

(Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopf.) In his discourse Dr. Talmage points to fields of usefulness that are not yet thoroughly cultivated and shows the need of more activity. The text is Romans xv., 20, "Lest I should build upon another man's foundation."

In laying out the plan of his missionary tour Paul sought out towns and cities which had not yet been preached to. He goes to Corinth, a city famous for splendor and vice, and Jerusalem, where the priesthood and the sanhedrin were ready to leap with both feet upon the Christian religion. He feels he has especial work to do, and he means to do it. What was the result? The grandest life of usefulness that a man ever lived. We modern Christian workers are not apt to imitate Paul. We build on other people's foundations. If we erect a church, we prefer to have it filled with families all of whom have been plous. Do we gather a Sabbath school class, we want good boys and girls, hair combed, faces washed, manners attractive. So a church in this day is apt to be built out of other churches. Some ministers spend all of their time in fishing in other people's ponds, and they throw the line into that church pond, and they jerk out a Methodist and throw the line into another church pond and bring out a Presbyterian, or there is a religious row in some neighboring church, and a whole school of fish swim off from that pond, and we take them all in with one sweep of the net. What is gained? Absolutely nothing for the cause of Christ. What strengthens an army is new recruits. While courteous to those coming from other flocks, we should build our churches not out of other churches, but out of the world, lest we build on another man's foundation.

The fact is, this is a big world. When, in our schoolboy days, we learned the diameter and circumference of this planet, we did not learn half. It is the latitude and longitude and diameter and circumference of want and woe and sin that no figures can calculate. This one spiritual continent of wretchedness reaches across all zones, and if I were called to give its geographical boundary I would say it was bounded on the north and south and east and west by the great heart of God's sympathy and love. Oh, it is a great world! Since 6 o'clock this morning 60,500 persons have been born, and all these multiplied populations are to be reached by the gospel. In England or in our eastern American cities we are being much crowded, and an acre of ground is of great value, but in western America 500 acres is a small farm and 20,000 acres is no unusual possession. There is a vast field here and everywhere unoccupied, plenty of room more, not building on another man's foundation.

The Spirit of Evangelism. We find as churches to stop bombarding the old ironical sinners that have been professed for 20 years of Christian assault. Alas for that church which lacks the spirit of evangelism, spending on one chandelier enough to light 500 pillars to glory, and in one carved pillar enough to have made a thousand men "pillars in the house of our God forever" and doing less good than many a log cabin meeting house with tallow candles stuck in wooden sockets and a minister who has never seen a college and does not know the difference between Greek and Choctaw. We need as churches to get into sympathy with the great outside world and let them know that none are so broken hearted or hardly bested that they will not be welcomed. "Not!" says some fastidious Christian. "I don't like to be crowded in church. Don't put any one in my pew."

My brother, what will you do in heaven? When a great multitude that no man can number assembles, they will put 50 in your pew. What are the select few today assembled in the Christian churches compared with the mightier millions outside of them? Many of the churches are like a hospital that should advertise that its patients must have nothing worse than toothache or "runrounds," but no broken heads, no crushed ankles, no fractured thighs. Give us for treatment moderate sinners, velvet coated sinners and sinners with a gloss on. It is as though a man had a farm of 3,000 acres and put all his work on one acre. He may raise never so large ears of corn, never so big heads of wheat, he would remain poor. The church of God has bestowed its chief care on one acre and has raised splendid men and women in that small inclosure, but the field is the world. That means North and South America, Europe, Asia and Africa and all the islands of the sea. It is as though after a great battle there were left 50,000 wounded and dying on the field and three surgeons gave all their time to three patients under their charge. The major general comes in and says to the doctors, "Come out here and look at the nearly 50,000 dying for lack of surgical attendance." "No," say the three doctors, standing there fanning their patients; "we have three important cases here, and we are attending to them, and when we are not positively busy with their wounds it takes all our time to keep the flies off." In this awful battle of sin and sorrow, where millions have fallen on millions, do not let us spend all our time in taking care of a few people and when the command

comes, "Go into the world," say practically, "No, I cannot go; I am here a few choice cases, and I am busy keeping off the flies." There are multitudes today who have never had any Christian worker look them in the eye and with earnestness in the accentuation say "Come," or they would long ago have been in the kingdom. My friends, religion is either a sham or a great reality. If it be a sham, let us disband our churches and Christian associations. If it be a reality, then great populations are on the way to the bar of God unfitted for the ordeal. And what are we doing?

Dealing with Skeptics. Comparatively little effort as yet has been made to save that large class of persons in our midst called skeptics, and he who goes to work here will not be building upon another man's foundation. There is a large number of them. They are afraid of us and our churches for the reason we do not know how to treat them. One of this class met Christ. And hear with what tenderness and pathos and beauty and success Christ dealt with him: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind and with all thy strength. This is the first and great commandment, and the second is like unto it—namely, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these." And the scribe said to him, "Well, master, thou hast said the truth, for there is one God, and to love him with all the heart and all the understanding and all the soul and all the strength is more than whole burnt offerings and sacrifices." And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly he said unto him, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."

You would not be so rough on that man if you knew how he lost his faith in Christianity. I have known men skeptical from the fact that they grew up in houses where religion was overdone. Sunday was the most awful day in the week. They had religion driven into them with a trip hammer. They were surfeited with prayer meetings, with catechisms. They were often told that they were the worst boys the parents ever knew, because they liked to ride down hill better than to read Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Whenever father and mother talked of religion, they drew down the corners of their mouth and rolled up their eyes. If any one thing will send a boy or girl to ruin sooner than another, that is it. If I had such a father and mother I fear I should have been an infidel.

Unfaithful Christians. Others were tripped up to skepticism from being grievously wronged by some man who professed to be a Christian. They had a partner in business who turned out to be a first class scoundrel, though a professed Christian. Many years ago they lost all faith by what happened in an oil company which was formed amid the petroleum excitement. The company owned no land, or if they did there was no sign of oil produced; but the president of the company was a Presbyterian elder, and the treasurer was an Episcopalian vestryman, and one director was a Methodist class leader and the other directors prominent members of Baptist and Congregational churches. Circulars were gotten out telling what fabulous prospects opened before this company. Incompetent men and women who had a little money to invest, and that little their all, said, "I do not know anything about this company, but so many good men are at the head of it that it must be excellent, and taking stock in it must be almost as good as joining the church." So they bought the stock and perhaps received one dividend so as to keep them still, but after a while they found that the company had reorganized and had a different president and different treasurer and different directors. Other engagements or ill health had caused the former officers of the company, with many regrets, to resign. And all that the subscribers of that stock had to show for their investment was a beautifully ornamented certificate. Sometimes that man, looking over his old papers, comes across that certificate, and it is so suggestive that he vows he wants none of the religion that the president and trustees and directors of that oil company professed.

Some Reasons for Existing. Remember, skepticism always has some reason, good or bad, for existing. Goethe's irreligion started when the news came to Germany of the earthquake at Lisbon, Nov. 1, 1775. That 60,000 people should have perished in that earthquake and in the after rising of the Tagus river so stirred his sympathies that he threw up his belief in the goodness of God.

Others have gone into skepticism from a natural persistence in asking the reason why. They have been fearfully stabbed of the fatal interrogation point. There are so many things they cannot get explained. They cannot understand the Trinity or how God can be sovereign and yet man a free agent. Neither can I. They say, "I don't understand why a good God should let sin come into the world." Neither do I. You say, "Why was that child started in life with such disadvantages, while others have all physical and mental equipment?" I cannot tell. They go out of church on Easter morning and say, "That doctrine of the resurrection confounded me." So it is to me a mystery beyond unravelment. I understand all the processes by which men get into the dark. I know them all. I have traveled with burning feet that blistered way. The first word that children learn to utter is generally papa or mamma. I think the first word I ever uttered was

"Why?" I know what it is to have a hundred midnights pour their darkness into one hour.

Awakening Tender Memories. If I address such men and women today, I throw out no scoff. I plead them by the memory of the good old days when at their mother's knee they said, "Now I lay me down to sleep" and by those days and nights of scarlet fever in which she watched you, giving you the medicine in just the right time and turning your pillow when it was hot and with hands that many years ago turned to dust soothed away your pain and with voice that you will never hear again, unless you join her in the better country, told you to never mind, for you would feel better by and by, and by that, dying couch where she looked so pale and talked so slowly, catching her breath between the words, and you felt an awful loneliness coming over your soul. By all that I beg you to come back and take the same religion. It was good enough for her. It is good enough for you. Nay, I have a better plea than that. I plead by all the wounds and tears and blood and groans and agonies and death throes of the Son of God, who approaches you this moment with torn brow and lacerated hands and whipped back and saying, "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The Church as a Lifeboat. The churches of God ought to be so many life saving stations, not so much to help those who are in smooth waters, but those who have been shipwrecked. Come, let us run out the lifeboats! And who will man them? We do not preach enough to such men; we have not enough faith in their release. Alas, if when they come to hear us we are laboriously trying to show the difference between sublapsarianism and supralapsarianism, while they have a hundred vipers of remorse and despair coiling around and biting their immortal spirits. The church is not chiefly for godly sort of men, whose proclivities are all right and who could get to heaven praying and singing in their own homes. It is on the beach to help the drowning. Those bad cases are the cases that God likes to take hold of. He can save a big sinner as well as a small sinner, and when a man calls earnestly to God for help he will go out to deliver such a one. If it were necessary, God would come down from the sky, followed by all the artillery of heaven and a million angels with drawn swords. Get one hundred such redeemed men in your churches and nothing could stand before them, for such men are generally warm hearted and enthusiastic. No formal prayers then. No heartless singing then. No cold conventionalisms then. The Prussian cavalry mount by putting their right foot into the stirrup, while the American cavalry mount by putting their left foot into the stirrup. I do not care how you mount your war charger if you only get into this battle for God and get there soon, right stirrup or left stirrup or no stirrup at all. The unoccupied fields are all around us, and why should we build on another man's foundation? I have heard of what was called the "thundering legion." It was in 179, a part of the Roman army to which some Christians belonged, and their prayers, it was said, were answered by thunder and lightning and hail and tempest, which overthrew an invading army and saved the empire. And I would to God that our churches might be so mighty in prayer and work that they would become a thundering legion before which the forces of sin might be routed and the gates of hell might tremble. Launch the gospel ship for another voyage. Heave away now, lads! Shake out the reefs in the foretopsail! Come, O heavenly wind, and fill the canvas! Jesus abroad will assure our safety. Jesus on the sea will beckon us forward. Jesus on the shore will welcome us into harbor.

ANGLO-SAXON CITY. Shanghai Under Control of British and American Governments. Shanghai, the Chinese seaport controlled by Great Britain, is the busiest and wickedest city in the flowery kingdom, if not in the world. It is the largest foreign settlement in the far east, with 2,002 British, 381 French, 357 American, and 2,952 of other white nationalities. In the British settlement, on the river front, are magnificent public gardens, and adjoining them is a great park in which stands the fine British consulate. The British and American concessions, lying side by side, are now one international settlement, under the municipal control of a board of foreign consuls; but the French colony, with its 381 inhabitants, will have none of the hated Anglo-Saxon, and has its rues and its quais, and at its street corners the well-known features of a street corner in the Quartier Latin. Yet its streets are thronged by a motley crowd of Chinese, since it directly adjoins the Chinese quarter. All three foreign concessions were originally intended for exclusive foreign residence, but the Chinese who fled there during the Taping riots discovered the advantage of foreign rule and have now invaded every part of the settlement to the number of 295,000. They appreciated the immunity from mandarin extortion, and also being amenable to a mixed court for their offenses. But the more material hygienic advantages of civilization do not appeal to them, and as one charming authoress so aptly puts it, "they swarm and hive in the houses, overflow the doors and windows, and are Chinese to the last word." Shanghai is the refuge and headquarters for all the Chinese progressive and reformers.

Phil Armour's Big Job

The Czar of Russia Assigns Him a Task

P. D. Armour of Chicago, "the old man of the markets," has a contract from the Russian czar to ship 7,000 cattle to that country from San Francisco. It is easy enough to secure the cattle, but the question of transportation is an enormous task. There are not boats enough on the Pacific coast to carry the cattle. Those who know Mr. Armour, however, are confident that he will solve the problem; if not, it will be the first time that the greatest trader in the world ever received an order that was too big for him.

The last great coup of P. D. Armour was made in connection with the Letter wheat corner in 1897. This corner was months in maturing. It sent the price of grain up in India. The value of a loaf of bread almost doubled in Calcutta, in London and in New York. Joseph Leiter was a foe worthy even of P. D. Armour. It is now a matter of common history how Armour wriggled out of a

"squeeze" that would have meant financial death to 999 men out of 1,000. He executed a great coup in transporting millions of bushels of wheat from Duluth to Chicago by boat in the winter season, when navigation was supposed to be closed. It was an expensive affair for Mr. Armour, but in the end it smashed Mr. Leiter, just as Mr. Armour had figured it would. Mr. Armour could have settled his losses with Leiter for about one-half what it cost him to bring that wheat to Chicago, and it is safe to say that he is about the only man in the trade who would not have seized the opportunity to get off as cheaply as possible. But Mr. Armour is not that kind of a man.

At enormous expense he had sufficient wheat shipped to Chicago and formally delivered it to Leiter. It swamped the latter, the corner in wheat was broken and Armour more than recouped himself in the clean-up.



P. D. ARMOUR.

The Execution of Cordua

The press of Europe is severe in its condemnation of Gen. Lord Roberts for having permitted the execution of Hans Cordua, the Boer officer, who was convicted on the charge of having conspired to kidnap Lord Roberts and other British officers in the interests of the Boer cause.

There is no denial of the fact that Cordua and other Boers in Pretoria entered into the conspiracy, under the belief that if Lord Roberts could be prevented from directing affairs the British plan of campaign would be greatly weakened. But in his defense Cordua advanced the statement that the conspiracy was not of his initiative. It was according to him concocted by British secret service men and it was not until great pressure was brought to bear upon him that he countenanced it and became a party to it. In the light of this

in England five mornings; have seen nothing eaten for breakfast by friend or foe or myself but coffee and sandwich and boiled eggs. You go into what they call the commercial-room, call for boiled eggs and bread and butter and coffee. They will bring it in, the bread cut in thin slices spread with butter, with the coffee and eggs, a spoon for the coffee and a spoon for the eggs; no knife or fork. Was invited out to dinner Sunday by J. H. Simpson, the Belgian hair fancier of England. One meal like that in a day would suffice, so I have decided English people go to extremes sometimes."—Kansas City Journal.

BY CAT'S EYES.

Chinese Tell the Hour by the Line in the Feline Visual Organ.

It must be conceded that in some qualities of primitive, but practical resourcefulness the Chinese are ahead of most civilized nations. All travelers agree that if in a district where clocks and watches are unknown you ask a Chinaman the time of day he will, if well disposed, at once proceed to amuse and capture the household cat, and after pushing up the lids and looking for a moment into its eyes he will tell the time with astonishing accuracy. The explanation is a simple physiological one. The pupils of the cat's eyes constantly contract until midday, when they become like a fine line, as thin as a hair drawn perpendicularly across the eye; after twelve they begin again to dilate. It is to be hoped that if the practice is ever introduced into this country watches and clocks will continue to be made, as there will probably be many who will not care to run after a cat whenever they want to know the hour, or who may fear some danger to their own eyes from too close an examination of hers. The Chinese have by no means a monopoly of the cat as a perambulating time-piece. The negroes of Jamaica are very well acquainted with the method of telling the time by looking at the effect of the sun on pussy's eyes, and those who twenty years ago were quite illiterate and could not tell the time by a watch used to resort to this method for discovering the time of day. I have myself repeatedly, watch in hand, asked a negro to tell the time in this way, and it was very rare indeed for him to be five minutes out by the clock.



HANS CORDUA.

It would seem as though Lord Roberts might have had magnanimity enough to have spared the life of Cordua. His permission for the execution of the Boer officer is not in keeping with the general opinion formed of him.

Beside, the execution of Cordua will incite the Boers to more desperate resistance and prolong the agony of the South African tragedy.

No Good Meals in England.

"We are making our headquarters at the temperance Albion hotel. I have yet to find a hotel or restaurant where you find meals ready," complains a Macon, Mo., man now sojourning in England in a letter to his home paper. "You must go in and call for what you want and wait for it to be cooked. You do not have a bill

POUND OF COAL

Let us take a pound of what we call average coal, containing say 10,000 heat units. This would be something smaller in size than a man's foot. A pound of this coal if expended mechanically would give us 100 horse power. Imagine at the time, the Pharaoh's two long lines of men extending over half a mile, all pulling steadily, at the command of the taskmaster, at a great rope, to raise some huge obelisk, and as you see them sweating, tugging and straining, think again of this small lump of coal in which nature has placed an equal amount of power. In some countries men who have been specially trained as porters, to carry heavy loads on their backs, will, as a full day's work carry a total of from 350 to 600 pounds a distance of one mile. And each has expended but one-third of the power stored up in this pound of coal. An exceptionally strong man has been known to do one-half horsepower of work as his mightiest effort, but in two and a half minutes, work at this rate exhausts his muscular force. Let us suppose 100 such men putting forth such extreme effort at rope, or crank, or crowbar; as they fall back, re-faced and puffing, to catch their breaths, we might imagine this little black lump saying to them: "I can do as much as your whole company, and then can stand it for fully two minutes longer before I am exhausted!" Let us now turn to another portion of the human race. From the earliest times spinning has been a much-prized accomplishment of the fair sex. We need look back only to our own grandmothers. We can picture them, from their own stories, told us when we were children, as rosy-cheeked damsels sitting around the open fireplace and spinning from early candlelight till bedtime, let us say possibly two hours. Let us then consider for a moment the thousands of spindles rattling and whirling in a modern cotton factory, impelled by the power locked up in coal. One pound of this coal carries the potential energy to do the work of 2,000 such spindlers. In sawing wood, a man may work at the rate of about sixty strokes a minute, and consider himself a "top-sawyer," and his saw blade may have progressed five feet a minute; but a circular saw, driven by machinery, may be put through seventy times as much wood. And yet this one little pound of coal contains power enough for 180 such saws.—E. D. Meter, in Cassier's Magazine.

TEST IN PRONUNCIATION.

Brief Exercises That Will Prove How Expert You Are.

An exercise in pronunciation was placed on the blackboard at a teachers' institute, a prize being offered to anyone who could read and pronounce every word correctly. The book offered as a prize was not carried off, however, as twelve was the lowest number of mistakes in the pronunciation made.

"A sacrilegious son of Belial, who suffered from bronchitis, having exhausted his finances, in order to make good the deficit resolved to ally himself to a comely, tenant and social young lady of the Malay or Canadian race. He accordingly purchased a calloscope and coral necklaces of a chameleon hue, and securing a suite of rooms at a principal hotel he engaged the head waiter as a coadjutor. He then dispatched a letter of the most unexceptional calligraphy extant, inviting the young lady to a matinee. She recoiled at the idea, refused to consider herself sacrilegious to his desires, and sent a polite note of refusal, on receiving which he procured a carbine and bowie knife, said that he would now forge letters hymeneal with the queen, went to an isolated spot, severed his jugular vein and discharged the contents of the carbine into his abdomen. The debris was removed by the coroner."

New Mexico First in Sheep.

Today the seat of the sheep-raising industry of the Union has shifted from the middle west to the plateau region between the Rockies and Sierras. Ohio is still doing very well in the business, with nearly 3,000,000 head, but she has dropped from first to fourth in the list of nation producing states. New Mexico is at the head, with more than 4,000,000; Montana has nearly as many, while Wyoming leads Ohio by a few hundred thousand head. Idaho closely follows Ohio in the rating. Oregon, California and Texas each has about 2,500,000 sheep.

Pronouncing the Spanish 'J.'

A friend of mine who happened to be in Las Vegas, N. M., managed to make a blooming idiot of himself at the dinner table at the hotel in the presence of several women. He had been down-town, and in pronouncing some names had been told that all words beginning with "J" were pronounced as beginning with "H," so when he had been invited to dine with a friend and several women he took the men, and in order to show his knowledge, he ordered in a tone of thunder: "Bring me some howl and jelly."—Denver Times.

Face Boy's Sin.

Representative Connelly, of Pennsylvania, began life as a three-cent coal mine at 75 cents a day. He was just entertained about fifty of the low members at one of the most ornate dinners given in Philadelphia.

Vote Is a Veteran.

James M. Sherwin of Grafton, Vt., has voted at every election in his town—local, state and national—since 1822. He is five months older than the