FOUNDATIONS OF GOLD.

The Religion of Christ Counteracts All Trouble.

A despatch from Washington says: —Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: II. Chronicles ix, 9, "Of spices great abundance; neither was there any such spice as the Queen of Sheba gave King Solomon"

What is that building out there glittering in the sun? Have you not heard? It is the house of the forest of Lebanon. King Solomon has just taken to it his bride, the princess of Egypt. You see the pillars of the portico and a great tower, adorned with 1,000 shields of gold hung on the outside of the tower—500 of the shields of gold manufactured at Solomon's order, 500 were captured by David, his father, in battle. See how they blaze in the noonday sun!

Solomon goes up the ivory stairs of his throne between 12 lions in statuary and sits down on the back of the golden bull, the head of the huge beast turned toward the people. The family and the attendants of the king are so many that the caterers of the palace have to provide every day 100 sheep and 13 oxen, besides the birds and the venison. I hear the stamping and pawing of 4,000 fine horses in the royal stables. There were important officials who had charge of the work of gathering the straw and the barley for these horses. King Solomon was an early riser, tradition says, and used to take a ride out at daybreak, and when in his white apparel, behind the swiftest horses of all the realm and followed by mounted archers in purple, as the cavalcade dashed through the streets of Jerusalem I suppose it was something worth getting up at 5 o'clock in the morning to look at.

Solomon was not like some of the kings of the present day—crowned imbecility. All the splendors of his palace and retinue were eclipsed by his intellectual power. Why, he seemed to know everything. He was the first great naturalist the world ever saw. Peacocks from India strutted the basaltic walks, and apes chattered in the trees, and deer stalked the parks, and there were aquariums with foreign fish and aviaries with foreign birds, and tradition says these birds were so well tamed that Solomon might walk clear across the city under the shadow of their wings as they hovered and flitted about him.

Well, my friends, you know that all theologians agree in making Solomon a type of Christ and in making the Queen of Sheba a type of every truth seeker, and I will take the responsibility of saying that all the spikenard and cassia and frankincense which the Queen of Sheba brought to King Solomon are mightily suggestive of the sweet spices of our holy religion. Christianity is not a collection of sharp technicalities and angular facts and chronological tables and dry statistics. Our religion is compared to frankincense and to cassia, but never to night-shade. It is a bundle of myrrh. It is a dash of holy light. It is a sparkle of cool fountains. It is an opening of opaline gates. It is a collection of spices. Would God that we were as wise in taking spices to our Divine King as Queen Balkis was wise in taking spices to the earthly Solomon.

The fact is that the duties and cares of this life, coming to us from time to time, are stupid often and inane and intolerable. Here are men who have been battering, climbing, pounding, hammering, for 20 years, 40 years, 50 years. One great long drudgery has their life been, their faces anxious, their feelings benumbed, their days monotonous. What is necessary to brighten up that man's life and to sweeten that acid disposition and to put sparkle into the man's spirits? The spicery of our holy religion. Why, if between the losses of life there dashed the gleam of an eternal gain, if between the betrayals of life there came the gleam of the undying friendship of Christ, if in dull times in business we found ministering spirits flying to and fro in our office and store and shop, everyday life instead of being a stupid monotone would be a glorious inspiration, penduluming between calm and satisfaction and high rapture.

I would say also that we need to put more spice and enlivenment in our religious teaching, whether it be in the prayer meeting or in the Sunday school or in the church. We ministers need more fresh air and sunshine in our lungs and our heart and our head. Do you wonder that the world is so far from being converted when you find so little vivacity in the pulpit and in the pew? We want, like the Lord, to plant in our sermons and exhortations more lilies of the field. We want fewer rhetorical elaborations and fewer sesquipedalian words, and when we talk about shadows we do not want to say adumbration, and when we mean queerness we do not want to talk about idiosyncrasies, or if a stitch in the back we do not want to talk about lumbago; but, in the plain vernacular of the great masses, preach that gospel which proposes to make all men happy, honest, victorious and free. In other words, we want more cinnamon and less gristle. Let this be so in all the different departments of work to which the Lord calls us. Let us be plain. Let us be earnest. Let us be common sensical. When we talk to the people in a vernacular they can understand, they will be very glad to come and receive the truth we present. Would to God that Queen Balkis would drive her spice-laden dromedaries into all the sermons and prayer meeting exhortations!

Now, I want to impress you with the fact that religion is sweetness and perfume and spikenard and saffron and cinnamon and cassia and frankincense and all sweet spices together. "Oh," you say "I have not looked at it as such. Thought it was a nuisance. It had for me a repulsion. I held my breath as though it were a malodor. I have been appalled at its advance. I have said if I have any religion at all I want to have just as little of it as possible to get through with." Oh, what a mistake you have made, my brother! The religion of Christ is a present and everlasting redolence. It counteracts all trouble. Just put it on the stand beside the pillow of sickness. It catches in the curtains and perfumes the stifling air. It sweetens the cup of bitter medicine and throws a glow on the gloom of the turned lattice. It is a balm for the aching side and a soft bandage for the temple stung with pain.

Why did you look so sad this morning when you came in? Alas for the loneliness and the heart-break and the load that is never lifted from your soul! Some of you go about feeling like Macaulay when he wrote, "If I had another month of such days as I have been spending, I would be impatient to get down into my little narrow crib in the ground, like a weary factory child." And there have been times in your life when you wished you could get out of this life. You have said, "Oh, how sweet to my lips would be the dust of the valley!" and wished you could pull over you in your last slumber the coverlet of green grass and daisies. You have said: "Oh, how beautifully quiet it must be in the tomb! I wish I were there."

I see all around about me widowhood and orphanage and childlessness; sadness, disappointment, perplexity. If I could ask all those in my audience who have felt no sorrow and been buffeted by no disappointment—if I could ask all such to rise, how many would rise? Not one.

Some one could not understand why an old German Christian scholar used to be always so calm and happy and hopeful when he had so many trials and sicknesses and ailments. A man secreted himself in the house. He said: "I mean to watch this old scholar and Christian." And he saw the old Christian man go to his room and sit down on the chair beside the stand and open the Bible and begin to read. He read on and on, chapter after chapter, hour after hour, until his face was all aglow with the tidings from heaven, and when the clock struck 12 he arose and shut his Bible and said: "Blessed Lord, we are on the same old terms yet. Good night. Good night." Oh, you sin parched and you trouble pounded, here is comfort, here is satisfaction! Will you come and get it? I cannot tell you what the Lord offers you hereafter so well as I can tell you what he offers now. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

Oh, home of the blessed! Foundations of gold! Arches of victory! Capstones of praise! And a dome in which there are echoing and re-echoing the halleluiahs of the ages! And around about that mansion is a garden, the garden of God, and all the springing fountains are the bottled tears of the church in the wilderness and all the crimson of the flowers is the deep hue that was caught up from the carnage of earthly martyrdoms and the fragrance is the prayer of all the saints and the aroma puts into utter forgetfulness the cassia and the spikenard and the frankincense and the world renowned spices which Queen Balkis of Abyssinia flung at the feet of King Solomon.

IN THE COON FRY.

"Mis' Smif."

"What is it, Jimmie?"

"Is that mean ol' bee 'at stung me las' summer here yit?"

THE S. S. LESSON.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON. SEPT. 1.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. xxvi., 12-25. Golden Text, Math, V. 9.

12, 13. "Then Isaac sowed in that land and received in the same year a hundredfold, and the Lord blessed him." The previous chapter told us not only of the death and burial of Abraham and his son, Ishmael, but also of the birth of Isaac's two sons, Jacob and Esau, and how Esau despised his birthright, preferring a present enjoyment to a future inheritance (Heb. xii, 16, 17). The beginning of our present chapter tells of a second famine and of Isaac going to sojourn among the Philistines at Gerar. The Lord appeared to him and confirmed His promise to Abraham and gave him "the stars of heaven" portion of the covenant. He fell into his father's sin concerning his wife, and was rebuked by Abimelech; truly the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked (Jer. xvii, 9), even the heart of Abraham, and the heart of Isaac, and your heart and mine. All that God does He does for His great name's sake, pardoning our iniquities when we confess our sins (I John i, 9; Jer. xiv, 7).

14, 15. "The Philistines envied him." The majority of mere natural people would be apt to envy one whom they saw blessed and increasing, as Isaac was. It was contemptible to fill his wells with earth, but that was human, too, and devilish, for the merely human is apt to be much used by the devil. To see him prospering notwithstanding these hindrances was more than they could stand and must have made them full of indignation. Envy and strife is earthly, sensual, devilish, and leads to confusion and every evil work (Jas. iii, 14-16; Titus iii, 3). It is bad enough among those who know not God, but when it gets into churches and families it works great havoc and greatly grieves the Holy Spirit (Acts vii, 9; Eph. iv, 30-32).

16, 17. "Go from us, for thou art much mightier than we." Thus they sent him away, as he said afterward when they wanted his favor. "Wherefore come ye to me, seeing ye hate me and have sent me away from you?" (verse 27). The presence of the righteous is often a great torment to the ungodly; they cannot stand the sight; it is too strong for their weak eyes. Isaac might have reasoned and argued with them to have insisted on remaining where he was, and have defied them to send him away, but he was not that kind of a man; he was more inclined to yield for peace sake; he was a man of peace.

18, 19. Unless we know something of the meaning of scarcity of water we shall not appreciate what these wells meant, and the enormity of the sin of stopping them. To many people in India, where they have to go miles for water, a well is an inestimable boon. When in South Africa, spending a day at a mission in Natal, my wife, having washed her hands, was about to throw out the water, when she was greeted with such an exclamation of surprise and fear from several lady missionaries as she will not soon forget. They then told her that water was so scarce that they must all wash in that water. To stop the wells as the Philistines did because of their hatred was about equal to murder. See I John iii, 15.

20, 21. The contention and hatred manifested by these unrighteous and wicked Philistines (see the marginal meaning of the names Isaac gave these wells because of the strife) were certainly hard to put up with, and only by the marvellous grace of God could Isaac have acted as he did and yielded again and again to these unjust people the wells his servants had digged. Make the case your own; put yourself as far as you can in his place, that you may in some measure appreciate it.

22, 23. "Now the Lord hath made room for us, and we shall be fruitful in the land." This he said when after digging a third well they did not strive for that one. After that he removed to Beersheba. Submission to wrong and oppression for the Lord's sake is not human, but is Christlike and is a strong testimony for him as we shall see. If we had anointed ears, we might often hear our Lord say to us, "Suffer it to be so now" (Math. iii, 15), and it would not seem so difficult if we would consider Him who endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself; who, when He was reviled, reviled not again (Heb. xii, 3; I Pet. ii, 23).

24. "And the Lord appeared unto him the same night and said, I am the God of Abraham thy father; fear not, for I am with thee, and will bless thee." What a reward for his meekness, a new revelation of God to him that very night with His glorious "Fear not, I am with thee." How small a well, or a dozen wells, and all one could be called upon to bear seem in comparison with such a revelation and assurance! Truly the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that is and shall be ours (Rom. viii, 18).

25. "And he builded an altar there and called upon the name of the Lord and pitched his tent there; and there Isaac's servants digged a well." A tent with the Lord is enough; the Lord without the tent is enough, for a believer should be able to say, with much assurance, "Lord, Thou art my dwelling place" (Ps. xc, 1). The tent, the altar, and the words from God, "Fear not, for I am with thee and will bless thee," are all and more than heart can wish. It must have been the power of the presence of God that enabled Isaac to act so meekly. See in the verse 28 the sequel and note the testimony of Abimelech and his officers, "We saw certainly that the Lord was with thee." The Lord was seen in Isaac in his yieldingness, for "yielding pacifieth great offenses," and we are exhorted to let our yieldedness be known to all men, for the Lord is at hand (Eccl. x, 4; Phil. iv, 5). Had Isaac stood for his rights, as we say, in the matter of the wells, God would not have been seen in him. We must contend earnestly for the faith (Jude 3), but when we can avoid strife by a little yielding let us yield in His name, though it may seem a personal loss. Isaac might have sent these Philistines away and have refused further intercourse because of their former conduct, but grace again prevails, and now we see the sequel to this yieldedness. Isaac's servants were digging a well at Beersheba and that same day they came and told Isaac that they had found water (verse 32).

FATHER OF LACROSSE.

A National Monument to the Late Dr. Beers.

The project of perpetuating the memory of the late Dr. W. George Beers of Montreal, "The Father of Lacrosse," was originally proposed by Mr. W. K. McNaught at the close of a short sketch of Dr. Beer's career published in the Toronto World a few days after his lamented death in December last. At the invitation of the president, Mr. McNaught addressed the annual convention of the Canadian Lacrosse Association which met at Toronto on Good Friday, with the result that the project was unanimously and enthusiastically endorsed, and it was left to the incoming Council of the Association to devise some plan whereby the clubs in its membership could give it the financial assistance that its merits demanded.

At a recent meeting the Council decided that the most effective way of doing this would be for each of the clubs in the Association to play a benefit match this fall, the net proceeds of which would be devoted to the "Beer's Memorial Fund."

The matter was also brought before the annual convention of the National Lacrosse Association by Mr. A. W. Rutter, President of the Toronto Lacrosse Club, and was unanimously endorsed by that organization, and we understand that the clubs composing it have also agreed to play matches for the benefit of the fund this fall.

In addition to this the project has been warmly taken up by Dr. Beer's old club, the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, the largest and most influential athletic club in Canada, who are organizing a thorough personal canvass amongst the Lacrosse players and business men of Montreal on behalf of this fund.

THE LATE DR. W. GEO. BEERS.

A similar personal canvass of Toronto has also been undertaken under the direction of Mr. McNaught, so that it now looks as though the scheme will be brought to a successful issue.

The proposed memorial will be erected in the city of Montreal at a cost of from $10,000 to $12,000, the construction and design of which will largely depend upon the liberality of the subscriptions.

In order to make the monument "national" in every respect subscriptions are being solicited from every part of the Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Lacrosse is now beyond dispute the national game of Canada, and for that reason the promoters of the Beer's Memorial feel that it should be truly national in character so that Canadians from every part of our great Dominion shall not only be able to point to it with pride, but have the satisfaction of claiming a share in its erection.

Dr. Beers well deserves such an honor. Not only was he the "Father of Lacrosse," but he was in a large measure responsible for the volunteer movement that swept over Canada during the "Trent" affair of the early sixties, having formed what has since become the Victoria Rifles of Montreal on that memorable occasion.

Not only did Dr. Beers found the game of lacrosse, personally establishing clubs in many of the cities of Ontario and Quebec, but he conducted two lacrosse tours through Great Britain and transplanted the game there. The second of these tours (in 1883) was also intended to further emigration to Canada, and during its inception and progress the team and their friends distributed throughout Great Britain 800,000 pamphlets and 500,000 illustrated books about Canada and its resources, a book the value of which to this country it would be difficult to estimate.

Dr. Beers was a staunch Britisher and an ardent Imperialist, and whenever the occasion required he gave forth no uncertain sound regarding the duty of Canada upon National questions. With an intense love for Canada, his native country, he nevertheless believed in Canada as an integral part of the British Empire. His speech at the annual meeting of the American Dental Association held at Syracuse some years ago in which he championed Canada against the United States, was a masterpiece in its way, and showed the calibre of the man and his utter fearlessness when he believed himself to be in the right. This speech was published in Canadian papers from Halifax to Vancouver, and was everywhere commented on as one of the ablest and most patriotic addresses ever delivered by any Canadian. The lives of such men as Dr. Beers are a priceless heritage to the people of any country, and the perpetuation of their achievements in some public and enduring form will undoubtedly act as an incentive to generations yet to come, to emulate their example.

REFUSE STATE CONTROL.

Dominion Alliance Rejects the Proposition.

Prior to the recent meeting of the Dominion Alliance at Toronto there was a good deal of concern among many temperance people in Canada lest the advocates of "state control" should succeed in securing the endorsement of that project by the convention. Several prominent members of the alliance, particularly some members of the Provincial Alliance of Ontario, had been deceived by the specious statistics given out by the advocates of the dispensary and Gothenburg systems and were believed to be ready to endorse a modification of one or the other of those plans of liquor selling. In the Provincial Alliance, however, one of these gentlemen who had been expected to endorse the system made a vigorous speech against the theory of state control declaring that the only animal that never changed his mind was a long eared beast, to which variety he did not belong. His change of mind had come about by a careful study of the facts concerning the two systems. There was practically no effort to secure the endorsement of state control by the Provincial Alliance.

In the Dominion Alliance, however, there was an hour and a half of interesting debate upon the subject, but the opposition to the proposition to make the Government a saloonkeeper was decidedly in the majority from the beginning and the measure never had a chance to obtain the endorsement of the Alliance.

STILL AT IT.

Women Still Warring On Kansas Joints.

Kansas women are continuing their war on liquor and gambling joints and declare that they propose to keep up the work till the liquor traffic is driven out of the state. The most serious raid recently was at Eldorado, where seven women, headed by the president of the local W.C.T.U., cleaned out a joint in a tent in the center of the town and demolished a tub full of bottled beer. The keeper of a joint in another part of the town heard of the raid while it was in progress and immediately carried his stock outside the town.

A lone woman raided Bechler's policy shop at Leavenworth with a hatchet and smashed the policy wheel into bits. She was Mrs. Mary E. Dickens. Her boys, she says, had gambled in the place and she declares she will smash every policy shop unless they are closed by the authorities.

As a result of evidence obtained by Fort Scott ministers and church members the district court has ordered all saloons in that city closed. The church people propose to bring suit against the keepers and owners of buildings used for saloon purposes under the Herrell law.

ATTRACTION TO QUEENSLAND.

In order to attract marriageable women to Queensland it is officially intimated that in the north division of the Colony there are sixty-four males to every thirty-five females; in the central, fifty-nine males to forty females. Out of a population of less than half a million there were last year 3,449 marriages.

COAL MINING UNDER THE SEA.

A depth of nearly 1,000 feet has been reached in one of the pits at the Dover collieries, but according to the acting engineer's remarks at a recent meeting of the shareholders in London, four months must elapse and £10,000 more be spent before the first coal seam, at a depth of 1,176 feet below high water mark is reached. At depths increasing to 2,400 feet there is a series of seams to be worked.