CITY OF SHECHEM FALLS.

REV. DR. TALMAGE DRAWS SOME LESSONS FROM THE BATTLE.

Captured Without the Loss of a Single Man—"There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood"—The Power of Example—The Advantage of Concerted Action—Earnest Appeal for Sinners to Repent.

A despatch from Washington says: Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text:—"And Abimelech got him up to Mount Zalmon, he and all the people that were with him; and Abimelech took an axe in his hand, and cut down a bough from the trees and took it, and laid it on his shoulder, and said unto the people that were with him: What ye have seen me do, make haste and do as I have done. And all the people likewise cut down every man his bough, and followed Abimelech, and put them to the hold, and set the hold of fire upon them; so that all the men of the tower of Shechem died."—Judges ix. 48, 49.

Abimelech is a name mal.orous in Bibl history, and yet full of profitable suggestion. Buoys are black and uncomely, but they tell where the rocks are. The snake's rattle is hideous, but it gives timely warning. From the piazza of my summer home, night by night, I saw a light-house fifteen miles away, not placed there for adornment, but to tell mariners to stand off from that dangerous point. So all the iron-bound coast of danger is marked with Saul, and Herod, and Rehoboam, and Jezebel, and Abimelech. These bad people are mentioned in the Bible not only as warnings, but because there were sometimes flashes of good conduct in their lives worthy of imitation. God sometimes drives a very straight nail with a very poor hammer.

The city of Shechem had to be taken, and Abimelech and his men were to do it. I see the dust rolling up from their excited march. I hear the shouting of the captains and the yell of the besiegers. The swords clack sharply on the parrying shields, and the vociferation of two armies in death grapple is horrible to hear. The battle goes on all day; and as the sun is setting, Abimelech, and his army, cry; "Surrender!" to the beaten foe. And unable longer to resist, the city of Shechem falls, and there are pools of blood, and dissevered limbs, and glazed eyes looking up begging for mercy that war never shows, and dying soldiers with their head on the lap of mother, or wife, or sister, who have come out for the last offices of kindness and affection; and a groan rolls across the city, stopping not, because there is no spot for it to rest, so full is the place of other groans. A city wounded! A city dying! A city dead! Wail for Shechem all ye who know the horrors of a sacked town!

As I look over the city, I can find only one building standing, and that is the temple of the god Berith. Some soldiers outside of the city in a tower finding that they can no longer defend Shechem, now begin to look out for their own personal safety, and they fly to this temple of Berith. They get within the door, shut it, and they say: "Now, we are safe, Abimelech has taken the whole city, but he cannot take this temple of Berith. Here we shall be under the protection of the gods." Oh, which we will do our best for these refugees. If you have eyes, pity them. If you have hands, help them. If you have thunderbolts, strike for them. But how shall Abimelech and his army take this temple of Berith and the men who are there fortified? Will they do it with sword? Nay. Will they do it with spear? Nay. With battering ram, rolled up by hundred-armed strength, crashing against the walls? Nay. Abimelech marches his men to a wood in Zalmon. With his axe he hews off a limb of a tree, and puts that limb upon his own shoulder, and tags he says to his men: "You do the same." They are obedient to their commander. The Shechemites look out from the window of the temple upon what seems to them childish play on the part of their enemies. But soon the flints are struck, and the sparks begins to kindle the brush, and the flame comes up all through the pile, and the red elements leap to the casement, and the woodwork begins to blaze, and one arm of flame is thrown up on the right side of the temple, and another arm of flame is thrown up on the left side of the temple, until they clasp their lurid palms under the wild night sky, and the cry of "Fire!" within, and "Fire!" without, announces the terror, and the strangulation, and the doom of the Shechemites, and the complete overthrow of the temple of the god Berith. Then there went up a shout long and loud, from the stout lungs and swarthy chests of Abimelech and his men, as they stood amid the ashes and the dust crying: "Victory! Victory!" Or, as the text has it: "And Abimelech got him up to Mount Zalmon, he and all the people that were with him, and Abimelech took an axe in his hand and cut down a bough from the trees and took it and laid it on his shoulder and said unto people that were with him, What ye have seen me do, make haste, and do as I have done. And all the people likewise cut down every man his bough, and followed Abimelech, and put them to the hold and set the hold on fire upon them; so that all the men of the tower of Shechem died."

Now I learn first from this subject, the folly of depending upon any one form of tactics in anything we have to do for this world or for God. Look over the weaponry of olden times—javelins, battle-axes, harbegeons, and show me a single weapon with which Abimelech and his men could have gained such complete triumph. It is no easy thing to take a temple thus armed. Yet you are willing to testify to-day that by no other mode—certainly not by ordinary modes could that temple so easily, so thoroughly, have been taken. Fathers and mothers, brethren and sisters, in Jesus Christ, what the Church most wants to learn this day, is that any plan is right, is lawful, is best, which helps to overthrow the temple of sin, and capture this world, for God. We are very apt to stick to the old modes of attack. We put on the old-style coat of mail. We come up with the sharp, keen, glittering steel spear of argument, expecting in that way to take the castle; but they have a thousand spears where we have ten. And so the castle of sin stands. Oh, my friends we will never capture this world for God by any keen sabre of sarcasm, by any glittering lances of rhetoric, by any sapping and mining of profound disquisition, by any gunpowdery explosions of indignation, by sharp shootings of wit, by howitzers of mental strength made to swing shell five miles, by cavalry horses gorgeously caparisoned pawing the air. In vain all the attempts on the part of these ecclesiastical foot soldiers, light horsemen, and grenadiers.

My friends, I propose, this morning, a different style of tactics. Let each one go to the forest of God's promise and invitation, and hew down a branch, and put it on his shoulder, and let us all come around these obstinate iniquities, and then, with this pile, kindled by the fires of a holy zeal and the flames of a consecrated life, we will burn them out. What steel cannot do, fire may. And I, this morning, announce myself in favor of any plan of religious attack that succeeds—any plan of religious attack, however radical, however odd, however unpopular, however hostile to all the conventionalities of Church and State. If one style of prayer does not do the work, let us try another style. If the Church music of to-day does not get the victory, then let us make the assault with a backwoods chorus. If a prayer-meeting at half-past seven in the evening does not succeed, let us have one as early in the morning as when the angel found wrestling Jacob too much for him. If a sermon with the three authorised heads does not do the work, then let us have a sermon with twenty heads, or no head at all. We want more heart in our song, more heart in our alms-giving, more heart in our prayers, more heart in our preaching. Oh for less of Abimelech's sword and more of Abimelech's conflagration! I had often heard

"There is a fountain filled with blood"

sung artistically by four birds perched on their Sunday roost in the gallery, until I thought of Jenny Lind, and Nilsson, and Sontag, and all the other warblers; but there came not one tear to my eye, nor one master emotion to my heart. But one night I went down to the African Methodist meeting-house in Philadelphia, and at the close of the service a black woman, in the midst of the audience, began to sing that hymn, and all the audience joined in, and we were floated some three or four miles nearer heaven then I have ever been since. I saw with my own eyes that "fountain filled with blood,"—red, agonizing, sacrificial, redemptive, and I heard the crimson plash of the wave as we all went down under it.

"For sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

Oh, my friends, the Gospel is not a syllogism; it is not casuistry, it is not polemics, or the science of squabble. It is blood-red fact; it is warm-hearted invitation; it is leaping, bounding, flying good news; it is efflorescent with all light; it is rubescent with all summery glow; it is aborescent with all sweet shade. I have seen the sun rise on Mount Washington, and from the Tip-top House; but there was no beauty in that compared with the day-spring from on high when Christ gives light to a soul. I have heard Parepa sing; but there was no music in that compared with the voice of Christ when He said: "Thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace." Good news! Let every one cut down a branch of this tree of life and wave it. Let him throw it down and kindle it. Let all the way from Mount Zalmon to Shechem be filled with the tossing joy. Good news! This bonfire of the Gospel shall consume the last temple of sin and will illumine the sky with apocalyptic joy, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. Any new plan that makes a man quit his sin, and that prostrates a wrong, I am as much in favor of as though all the doctors, and bishops, and the archbishops, and the synods, and the academical gownsmen of Christianity sanctioned it. The temple of Berith must come down, and I do not care how it comes.

Still further, I learn from this subject the power of example. If Abimelech had sat down on the grass, and told his men to go and get the boughs, and go out to the battle, they would never have gone at all, or if they had it would have been without any spirit or effective result, but when Abimelech goes with his own axe and hews down a branch, and with Abimelech's arm put it on Abimelech's shoulder, and marches on, then, my text says, all the people did the same. How natural that was. What made Garibaldi and Stonewall Jackson the most magnetic commanders of this century? They always rode ahead. Oh, the overcoming power of example. Here is a father on the wrong road; all his boys go on the wrong road. Here is a father who enlists for Christ; his children enlist. I saw in some of the Picture galleries of Europe, that before many of the great works of the masters—the old masters—there would be sometimes four or five artists taking copies of the pictures. These copies they were going to carry with them, perhaps, to distant lands; and I have thought that your life and character are a masterpiece, and it is being copied, and long after you are gone it will bloom or blast in the homes of those who knew you, and be a Gorgon or a Madonna. Look out what you say. Look out what you do. Eternity will hear the echo. The best sermon ever preached is a holy life. The best music ever chanted is a consistent walk. If you want others to serve God, serve Him yourself. If you want others to shoulder their duty, shoulder yours. Where Abimelech goes his troops go. Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac, begat Jacob. The father good, it was easy enough for the son and grandson to be good. Ahaziah begat Joash, and Joash begat Jeroboam. The father bad, it was easy enough for the son and grandson to be bad. Oh, start out for heaven to-day, and your family will come after you, and your business associates will come after you, and your social friends will join you. With one branch of the tree of life for a baton, marshal just as many as you can gather. Oh, the infinite, the semi-omnipotent power of a good or a bad example!

I saw the other day, near the beach, a wrecker's machine. It was a cylinder with some holes at the side, made for the thrusting in of some long poles with strong leverage; and when there is another vessel in trouble or going to pieces out in the offing, the wreckers shoot a rope out to the suffering men. They grasp it, and the wreckers turn the cylinder, and the rope winds around the cylinder, and those who are shipwrecked are saved. So at your feet to-day, there is an influence with a tremendous leverage. The rope attached swings far out into the billowy future. Your children, your children's children, and all the generations that are to follow, will grip that influence, and feel the long-reaching pull long after the figures on your tombstone are so worn out that the visitor cannot tell whether it was in 1898, 1798, or 1698, that you died.

Still further, I learn from this subject the advantage of concerted action. If Abimelech had merely gone out with a tree branch, the work would not have been accomplished, or if ten, twenty, or thirty men had gone; but when all the axes are lifted, and all the sharp edges fall, and all these men carry each his tree branch down and throw it about the temple, the victory is gained—the temple falls. My friends, where there is one man in the Church of God at this day shouldering his whole duty, there are a great many who never lift an axe or swing a blow. It seems to me as if there were ten drones in every hive to one busy bee; as though there were twenty sailors sound asleep in the ship's hammock to four men on the stormy deck. It seems as if there were fifty thousand men belonging to the reserve corps, and only one thousand active combatants. Oh, we all want our boat to get over to the golden sands; but the most of us are either seated in the prow or the stern, wrapped in our striped shawl, holding a big-handled sunshade, while others are blistered in the heat, and pull until the oar-locks groan, and the blades bend till they snap. Oh, you religious sleepy-heads, wake up! While we have in our church a great many who are toiling for God, there are some too lazy to brush the flies off their heavy eyelids. You have laid so long in one place that the ants and caterpillars have begun to crawl over you! I should not wonder if some of this church membership should wake up in hell. What do you know, my brother, about a living Gospel made to storm the world? Now, my idea of a Christian is a man on fire with zeal for God; and if your pulse ordinarily beats sixty times a minute when you think of other themes, and talk about other themes, if your pulse does not go up to seventy-five or eighty when you come to talk about Christ and heaven, it is because you do not know the one, and have a poor chance of getting to the other.

In a former charge, one Sabbath, I took into the pulpit the church records, and I laid them on the pulpit and opened them, and said: "Brethren here are the church records. I find a great many of you whose names are down here are off duty." Some were afraid I would read the names, for at that time some of them were deep in the worst kind of oil stocks, and were idle as to Christian work. But if the ministers in all the cities, to-day, should bring the church records into the pulpit, and read, oh, what a flutter there would be! There would not be fans enough in church to keep the cheeks cool. I do not know but it would be a good thing if the minister once in a while should bring the church records in the pulpit and call the roll, for that is what I consider every church record to be—merely the muster-roll of the Lord's army and the reading of it should reveal where every soldier is and what he is doing. Suppose, in military circles, on the morning of battle, the roll is called, and out of a thousand men only a hundred men in the regiment answered. What excitement there would be in the camp! What would the colonel say? What high talking there would be among the captains, and majors, and the adjutants! Suppose word came to headquarters that these delinquents excused themselves on the ground that they had overslept themselves, or that the morning was damp and they were afraid of getting their feet wet, or that they were busy cooking rations. My friends, this is the morning of the day of God Almighty's battle! Do you not see the troops? Hear you not all the trumpets of heaven and all the drums of hell? Which side are you on? If you are on the right side, to what cavalry troop, to what artillery service, to what garrison duty do you belong? In other words, in what Sabbath-school do you teach? in what prayer-meeting do you exhort? to what penitentiary do you declare eternal liberty? to what almshouse do you announce the riches of heaven? What broken bone of sorrow have you ever set? Are you doing nothing? Is it possible that a man or woman sworn to be a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ is doing nothing? Then hide the horrible secret from the angels. Keep it away from the book of judgment. If you are doing nothing, do not let the world find it out, lest they charge your religion with being a false face. Do not let your cowardice and treason be heard among the martyrs about the throne, lest they forget the sanctity of the place and curse your betrayal of that cause for which they agonized and died.

May the eternal God rouse us all to action! As for myself, I feel I would be ashamed to die now and enter heaven until I have accomplished something more decisive for the Lord that bought me. I have thought on this, the first Sabbath after the summer vacation, I would like to join with you in an oath, with hand high uplifted to heaven, swearing new allegiance to Jesus Christ, and to work more for His cause and kingdom. Oh! brethren, how swiftly the time does go by! It seems to me I never saw such a swift summer—never a summer that had such nimble feet. It seems to me as if the years had gained some new power of locomotion—a kind of speed electric. Last Sabbath was an awful day to me. I had nothing to do but to think, and when I thought of how little I had accomplished for Christ, and of how short a time yet remained to work for Him, my head grew dizzy and my heart ached, and I felt as if I must fly into your presence and utter this rallying cry for Jesus.

Still further, I learn from this subject the danger of false refuges. As soon as these Shechemites got into the temple, they thought they were safe. They said: Berith will take care of us. Abimelech may batter down everything else; he cannot batter down this temple where we are now hid." But very soon they heard the timbers crackling, and they were smothered with smoke, and they miserably died. And you and I are just as much tempted to false refuges. The mirror this morning may have persuaded you that you have a comely cheek; your best friends may have persuaded you that you have elegant manners; Satan may have told you that you are all right; but bear with me, if I tell you that if unpardoned you are all wrong. I have no clinometer by which to measure how steep is the inclined plane you are descending, but I know it is very steep. "Well," you say; "if the Bible is true, I am a sinner. Show me some refuge. I will step right into it." I suppose every person in this audience this moment is stepping into some kind of refuge. Here you step in the tower of good works. You say: "I shall be safe here, in this refuge." The battlements are adorned; the steps are varnished; on the wall are pictures of all the suffering you have alleviated, and all the schools you have established, and all the fine things you have ever done. Up in that tower you feel you are safe. But hear you not the tramp of your unpardoned sins all around the tower! They each have a match. They are kindling the combustible material. You feel the heat and the suffocation. Oh! may you leap in time, the Gospel declaring: "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified." "Well," you say: "I have been driven out of that tower; where shall I go?" Step into this tower of indifference. You say: "If this tower is attacked, it will be a great while before it is taken." You feel at ease. But there is an Abimelech, with ruthless assault, coming on. Death and his forces are gathering around, and they demand that you surrender everything, and they calmour for your immortal overthrow, and they throw their skeleton arms in the window, and with their iron fists they beat against the door, and while you are trying to keep them out you see the torches of Judgment kindling, and every forest is a torch, and every mountain a torch, and every sea a torch, and while the Alps, and Pyrennees, and Himalayas turn into a live coal, blown redder and redder by the whirlwind breath of a God omnipotent, what will become of your refuge of lies?

"But," says some one, "you are engaged in a very mean business, driving us from tower to tower." Oh, no! I want to tell you of a Gibraltar that never has been and never will be taken; of a wall that no Satanic assault can scale; of a bulwark that the judgment earthquakes cannot budge. The Bible refers to it when it says: "In God is thy refuge and underneath thee are the everlasting arms." Oh! fling yourself into it. Tread down unceremoniously everything that intercepts you. Wedge your way there. There are enough hounds of death and peril after you to make you hurry. Many a man has perished just outside the tower, with his foot on the step, with his hand on the latch. Oh, get inside. Not one surplus second have you to spare. Quick, quick, quick!

There are some who gave me a farewell shake of the hand when I went off two months ago who are not here to-day. Where are they? When in the closing service I opened my hymn-book and found the place, they opened their hymn-book and found the same place. I open my book to-day; they do not open theirs. Great God, is life such an uncertain thing? If I bear a little too hard with my right foot on the earth, does it break through into the grave? Is this world which swings at the speed of thousands of miles an hour around about the sun going with tenfold more speed towards the judgment day? Oh, I am overborne with the thought and in the confusion I cry to one and I cry to the other; "O time! O eternity! O the dead! O the judgment day! O Jesus! O God!" But catching at the last apostrophe, I feel that I have something to hold on to; for "in God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms." And exhausted with my failure to save myself, I throw my whole weight of body, mind, and soul on this Divine promise, as a weary child throws itself into the arms of its mother; as a wounded soldier throws himself on the hospital pillow, as a pursued man throws himself into the refuge; for "in God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." I can speak no more for the gladness. Oh for a flood of tears with which to express the joy of this eternal rescue!

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, AUG. 7.

"Elijah's Spirit on Elisha." 2 Kings 2. 6-15. Golden Text, Luke 11. 13.

PRACTICAL NOTES.

Verse 6. Elijah said unto him. To Elisha. Tarry, I pray thee, here. At Jericho, the largest city in the valley of the Jordan. This is the third time Elijah has urged Elisha to stay behind. Probably neither man knew distinctly and exactly what was before them, but God knew the end from the beginning, and step by step he reveals his plans. From Horeb to Abel-meholah the older prophet had gone; then, accompanied by Elisha, from Abel-meholah to Samaria; from Samaria to the Ekron highway; from the Ekron highway to Gilgal; from Gilgal to Bethel; now from Bethel to Jericho; and presently from Jericho to the region beyond Jordan. (1) So God knows our future, and reveals our life's paths one step at a time. This gradual revelation brings into bold relief Elijah's awe in facing his future terrors and glories, and Elisha's persistent love. (2) They sin who tell us love can die. The Lord hath sent me to Jordan. About five miles from Jericho is a bend in the river where, according to tradition, Elijah ascended. Several of Elijah's stopping places on this journey were notable at once as "schools of the prophets" (seats of those prophetic communities whose zeal did so much to maintain faith in Jehovah during dark years), and as strongholds of hostility to Jehovah. For instance, Gilgal is mentioned by Hosea and Amos as a center of idolatrous iniquity; Bethel was the shrine of calf-worship; and Jericho had been rebuilt under the direct curse of Jehovah. As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee. This double form of adjuration was the most sacred known to the Hebrews. Young Elisha's passion of love embarrassed the old man, who with true humility and modesty, seems to have desired solitude before his glorification. They two went on. (Compare Gen. 22, 6.)

7. Fifty men of the sons of the prophets. These were young men who had set themselves apart for holy studies and activities. Evidently the sect was numerous; it may have been monastic in some of its features. That its members were all in a literal sense sons of the prophets is unlikely, for it was a Hebrew idiom to call the outcome of anything its son. That by a regular course of training they were all graduated into full prophetic responsibilities is a notion without warrant. Stood to view. On the high ground of Jericho, whence they could watch the descent of Elijah and Elisha into the river bed, and their ascent on the other side. They two stood by Jordan. The Jordan and the Dead Sea, like all of man's frontiers and boundary lines, are God's highways. 8 No obstacle can hinder God or God's children. The arid rocks are by him turned into fountains, and those things which to human foresight would seem to guarantee destruction are made vehicles of choicest blessing.

8. Elijah took his mantle. The skin of a beast, dressed with the hair on, was the almost universal sign of a professionally holy man. Elijah's mantle was probably a sheepskin. By a remainder of the ancient custom certain graduates of English universities wear lambskin hoods, and kings on state occasion wear ermine. This particular mantle had had a rare history. In it Elijah had wrapped his face amid the mystic terrors of Horeb; it had been thrown about Elisha as a sign of his earliest prophetic call. Wrapped it together. Probably whirled it round and round. Its present use as a symbol of the wonder-working power reminds us of Aaron's rod. Smote the waters, and they were divided hither and thither. It was not Elijah's sheepskin, but Elijah's faith, that worked this miracle. 4. God can use one means as readily as another with which to work his wonders. On dry ground. On solid ground.

9. When they were gone over. Into Elijah's native land. Holy scenes were all about them. Not far from this place Joshua and the Israelite hosts had crossed by a similar miracle; not far from this place Moses had passed in silent glory to the world of spirits, and no man knoweth his sepulcher to this day. Ask what I shall do for thee. The awful silence was broken by this loving offer. Elisha's true character will be shown by his answer. The majesty of Elijah's bearing in the presence of death is notable. 5. What would be our answer to such a question? The measure of the petitioner's faith is to be the measure of his reward. Before I be taken away. He does not say, "What shall I do when I get to heaven?" Elijah, as a man of like passions with us, could do wonders for Elisha by the exercise of faith, but there is no intimation that as a departed saint he could do anything for him at all. Let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me. The portion of a firstborn son. "Let me be the heir of your prophetic power."

10. Thou hast asked a hard thing. Because God only could give it. If thou see me. This shalt be a sign that your request will be granted. Elijah knew that Elisha was divinely chosen to be his heir, but, as we have seen, his full inheritance was conditional on his faithfulness. If Elisha's heart is true to the end, he shall see the vision and gain the prize.

indicates perhaps a toilsome ascent
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after the long journey in the midst of the gathering storm."—Moulton. A sweet communion of soul is indicated, not unlike the disciples' talk with Jesus before his ascension. A chariot of fire. What this was we do not know, and it is a waste of time to argue about it. 6 God would have revealed to us the environments of heavenly life with the same distinctness that he has revealed to us the terms of salvation if he had desired us to understand those characteristics. "Went up by a whirlwind. That the whirlwind storm and that the fiery revelation was one of the incidents of this storm seem clear. Into heaven. From whence he came again to talk with our Saviour on the Mount of Transfiguration.

12. Elijah saw. The condition was fulfilled, and he was to receive the boon he craved. My father. The title, in all ages and countries, of the religious teacher. But Elisha was now adopted spiritually as Elijah's firstborn son, and he calls "My father!" in the ecstasy of his assurance. The chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof. The standing army of the nation; the strongest defense of Israel. See 2 Kings 13. 14. Saw him no more. This shows the suddenness of Elijah's translation to heaven. Took hold of his own clothes, and rent them to pieces. Going beyond the usual sign of grief, which did not involve tearing the garment through.

13. Took up also the mantle of Elijah. His grasp of the mantle shows his faith in God's cause. As he took it up his whole nature must have thrilled. It was the second time it had rested on his shoulders. For nine years he had been Elijah's companion and servitor. Observe that in character and life the two men were almost a perfect contrast. Elisha was not a wanderer, but a quiet citizen, of gentle, sympathetic disposition. 7. God raises up workers according to his people's needs, and employs them according to their natures. That fell from him. The old Gileadite needs not that mantle in the land whither he has gone. 8. so we drop our robes of flesh as we mount from earth to heaven. Went back. Instantly Elisha enters upon his new work. 9. Let us spend our strength not in sorrowing over the dead past, but by holy action in the living present. Stood by the bank of the Jordan. Just opposite where he and Elijah had stood a little while before.

14. Smote the waters. Elisha acts just like his venerable master. Where is the Lord God of Elijah? The utterance not of doust, but of exultant faith. (10) We must confide in God to carry us through. When he also had smitten the waters. (11) We must also confide in ourselves if we would be effective. They parted hither and thither. As they had parted before the ark of God and before Elijah. (12) God never fails.

15. The sons of the prophets which were to view at Jericho. "Which were at Jericho, opposite." They had unceasingly watched the two prophets, but had not been able to discern the ascension of Elijah. The spirit of Elijah doth rest on Elisha. Whether they knew this by his ownership of Elijah's mantle or by some other indication we cannot tell. (13) There is always something about a true man of God which reveals his calling and commands respect. Bowed themselves to the ground. The men trained in the schools bow before the men taken from the plow. (14) It is a great talent to be able to recognize a God-ordained leader when he comes.

HOOLEY AND THE PEERS.

Startling Testimony in the Bankruptcy Court—A Sensation in Belgravia.

A despatch from London says:—The public examination in the Bankruptcy Court on Wednesday into the affairs of Ernest Terah Hooley, the company promoter, for whose property, on his own application, a receiver was appointed on July 23, attracted a big crowd of people. The debtor attributed his failure chiefly to his partner, a man named Rucker, crippling the business by drawing $2,500,000 within two months.

In detailing the floating of the Dunlop Tire Company, Mr. Hooley said the names of the directorate cost from $400,000 to $500,000, including Lord Allemarle $62,500 and Lord De La Warr $125,000.

In connection with this flotation, Mr. Hooley also said he had lost $315,000 on "press calls," these being shares intended for people connected with newspapers whose names have not been divulged thus far, though it is expected they will be made public in due course.

When Mr. Hooley was questioned about $50,000, paid to Harry Marks, editor of the Financial News, Mr. Hooley denied that it was connected with the insertion of "puffs" in that paper.

As a matter of fact, the supposed profit on the floating of the Dunlop Tire Company, amounting to $8,500,000 had been "sweated away" to under $1,450,000.

Mr. Hooley further asserted that he had paid many thousands of pounds for introductions to Lords Ashburton, Warwick, Norbury, and others, and he testified that the Earl of Winchilsea received $20,000 for acting as chairman on one of the bicycle tube manufacturing concerns.

The testimony is creating even more of a flutter in the West of London than in the city proper. The revelations concerning such men as the Earl De La Warr and the Earl of Albemarle have been received with astonishment. Numerous instances were disclosed by Mr. Hooley in which a peer bearing a proud title would charge the promoter a sum ranging from $2,500 to $10,000 for an introduction to another peer. Thus Mr. Hooley said, the Earl De La Warr received $10,000 for an introduction to Lord Greville; while Lord Deerhurst, who married Miss Bonynge, of San Francisco, was paid $10,000 for an introduction to Lord Ashburton.

The new Chilian cruiser Almirante O'Higgins has arrived at Valparaiso.

The Mediterranean squadron has returned to Malta from an interesting visit to Joppa, during which the officers and men, numbering several thousand, visited Jerusalem, Bethlehem and other sacred spots.

An intimate friend of ex-Queen Liliuokalani, of Hawaii, states that when she reaches Honolulu she will issue a protest against the annexation, of the islands to the United States, and will present a claim for the Crown lands confiscated by the republic.

THE NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

THE VERY LATEST FROM ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Interesting Items About Our Own Country, Great Britain, the United States, and All Parts of the Globe, Condensed and Assorted for Easy Reading.

CANADA.

Stratford will build a new city hall.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen are at Vancouver.

The 30th Battalion Band at Guelph has disbanded.

The Bell Telephone Company has reduced its rates in London.

The C. P. R. land sales for July totalled 39,500 acres, realizing $123,000.

A couple of skeletons were dug up on St. Joseph street, Quebec, on Tuesday.

Henry Tandy has been appointed manager of the Kingston Locomotive Works.

The C. P. R. telegraph rates to the Kootenay have been reduced to $1 for ten words.

Superintendent Frank Pedley of Immigration has started on a tour of United States agencies.

Ten thousand acres of the Manitoba University land grant will be placed on the market this year.

A laborer in Kingston named Thomas Walsh died on Friday morning from the effects of a sunstroke.

The crop outlook in Nova Scotia is very satisfactory. There is a notable increase in the acreage of wheat.

A horse belonging to Contractor Corbett, of London, is dead there from lockjaw. It stepped on a nail.

The "peg-legs" so far arrested in connection with the murder of the London policeman Toohey, number 28.

It is said that the session of the Quebec Legislature will not be held before the second week in January.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been obliged to decline an invitation to lecture before the Y. M. C. A. at Detroit.

A Halifax undertaking firm is busy with a rush order for metal lined coffins. It is said they are to be shipped to Cuba.

Lieut.-Col. Sherwood, chief of the Dominion Police, will, it is probable, go to England to bring back Capt. Theriault, the absconding militia officer.

The late George Lawson, of London, left $1,000 to the Aged People's Home, $500 to the Home for Incurables, and $500 to the Infants' Home there.

Formal notice is given that the Reliance Marine Insurance Company has ceased to carry on business in Canada, and applies for a release of securities.

Belleville citizens will vote on the question of reducing the number of aldermen from 21 to 11, on Aug. 19.

New regulations and rules to govern the Canadian patent office have been adopted and printed in the Canada Gazette.

A returned Klondiker at Montreal says the recent reports of thirty million dollar washings are very much exaggerated.

Prof. J. A. Ruddick, Superintendent of the Kingston Dairy School, has refused the Dairy Commissionership of New Zealand.

H. Battery will return to Quebec from Halifax on August 21, when the Royal Artillery detachment will go back to their old quarters.

Dr. S. E. Dawson and Lieut.-Col. Anderson chief engineer of the Marine Department, have been appointed members of the Geographic Board of Canada.

It is reported at Victoria, B. C., that the steamer Hamlin was wrecked in a collision with the steamer McConnell on the Stikine river. No lives were lost.

Hamilton ratepayers have voted against the operation of the street railway by the city and in favour of extending the present company's franchise for 15 years.

The Champlain statue, which alone weighs 9,000 pounds, and which was recently brought out on the steamship Californian, will be shortly placed in position in Quebec.

Mormon settlers of Cardston, Man., deny the charge of Rev. Dr. Robertson, in a recent address at Regina, that they are violating the marriage laws of Canada.

There was a heavy hailstorm at Burnside, Man., on Tuesday night. Some of the stones were seven inches in circumstance. The storm extended east as far as Portage la Prairie.

A rumor is current on the Pacific coast that the Imperial Government is about to acquire the whole site of Esquimalt Village for the purpose of fortification works and dock extension.

In view of the criticisms that have been made with respect to exhibiting his cattle at fairs in competition with other farmers, Premier Greenway has decided not to show his stock again at any Manitoba fair.

The Yukon party from the Interior Department, which left with the military expedition and reached Telegraph Creek some weeks ago, is returning to the Pacific coast to join Commissioner Ogilvie at Wrangel or Dyea.

Hon. W. S. Fielding, Minister of Finance, and Mr. D. Pottinger, general manager of the Government Railways, were in Halifax on Saturday in connection with a new elevator, which it is proposed to erect there.

Dr. Saunders, director for the Experimental Farm, has left Ottawa for Winnipeg. He goes to inspect the Experimental farms in the West, and will meet Mr. Fletcher, the Dominion entomologist, at Agassiz, B. C., in two weeks.

Prof. Saunders, director of Experimental Farms, telegraphs from Brandon that the crops in the eastern and central parts of Manitoba are very good. In south, central and western parts it is said the crops have suffered from lack of early rain, and will be uneven and below the average.

A contract between Quebec and the Great Northern Railway has been signed by His Worship Mayor Parent and the Hon. P. Garneau, president of the company. By this agreement Quebec invests $200,000 in the stock of the Great Northern and the latter is to give Quebec railway connections with Parry Sound.

Dr. Coulier, deputy postmaster-general, warns parties using the special quick-delivery stamps not to forget to add the ordinary postage, which the letter should have. This defeats the object of the delivery stamp. The letter should have its regular postage as well as the delivery stamp before the stamp becomes effective.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Emile Zola is traveling incognito in England.

Prof. John Caird, D.D., L.L.D., Glasgow, is dead at the age of 78 years.

The Irish local government bill passed its third reading in the House of Lords.

The Irish Local Government bill has passed its third reading in the House of Lords.

The postmaster of Scarva, County Down, Ireland, Robert Taylor, is dead at the reported age of 119 years.

Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P., has been selected as President of the recently formed Anglo-American League.

The northwest of Great Britain has been swept by a violent storm which did much damage to the fishing fleets and to the crops.

The famous Hope collection of paintings has been purchased by Asher Wertheimer, a London, Eng., dealer in works of art, for $600,500.

The Earl of Winchilsea's counsel has published a letter denying Mr. Hooley's statement that he was paid $50,000 for acting as Chairman of a company.

The Prince of Wales has started for the Solent. He was carried from his room in Marlborong House on an ambulance couch, which was placed bodily in a hospital ambulance. The Princess of Wales went with him, and the royal yacht Osborne has been specially prepared for the use of the royal party.

UNITED STATES.

The shipments of California green fruits so far this season, have exceeded those of last.

Joshua Guest, a Canadian, is reported to have been killed by lightning at Cascer Creek, Wyoming.

Ferdinand W. Peck, of Chicago, will be United States Commissioner General for the Paris Exposition of 1900.

Four Sisters of Charity of the Delta County, Mich., Hospital are reported to be lost in the woods near Maywood, Mich.

Over 200 labourers of the Cleveland Shipbuilding Co. at Lorain, Ohio, are on strike for an increase of wages from $1.25 to $1.50 per day.

A San Francisco paper says a contract has been awarded for a cable to connect the United States with Hawaii, the Ladrones, the Philippines and Hong Kong.

The car barn of the Consolidated Traction Company, of Pittsburg, Pa., was completely gutted by fire on Sunday, entailing a loss of about $175,000; well covered by insurance.

Susie E. Swift, of New York, who a year and a half ago caused a sensation by deserting the Salvation Army for the Roman Catholic church, is about to become a Dominican nun.

The Beach Hotel, of Galveston, Texas, located on the gulf front, and one of the leading summer and winter resorts in the south, was burned on Saturday, entailing a loss estimated at $200,000, to $250,000.

Of late the Madison Light and Railway Company of Madison, Ind., as a measure of economy, have been employing young women as conductors, but the citizens are resenting the move, and refuse to ride on the cars.

Charles Warren Spalding, the convicted ex-president of the Globe Savings Bank, Chicago, and Sarah Louise Erwin, his former stenographer, were married on Saturday. Spalding is serving an indeterminate sentence in the Joliet penitentiary for wrecking the Globe Bank. An hour after the ceremony, the embezzler was back in his cell in gaol, and the bride had gone away with her father.

GENERAL.

Japan is reinforcing its squadron at Saisebo, to make ready, it is thought, for Philippine operations.

A fresh inquiry into the affairs of La Bourdonnaye has been ordered by the French Minister of Marine.

Italy's naval budget is to be increased because of the proposed additions to the British navy.

The Chinese Ambassador at Berlin has left for China by way of the United States—re-called, it is thought, for incapacity.

The rebellion in Kwangsi province, China, is practically ended. Kungun city has been captured by the Government and 1,000 rebels slain.

DEATH OF BISMARCK.

Germany's Greatest Statesman Passes Away Quietly at Fiedrichsruhe Surrounded by His Family.

A despatch from Berlin says:—On Saturday night shortly before 11 o'clock Prince Bismarck died at his home at Friedrichsruhe. Surrounded by his family, he passed peacefully away.

On Thursday evening an improvement set in in the Prince's condition, in which repeated changes for the worse had occurred since October last; and he was able to appear at the table and take part in the conversation, drinking champagne and afterwards smoking several pipes which he had not done lately. His condition was so satisfactory that Dr. Schweninger after the Prince had gone to bed left, with the intention of returning Saturday. His condition was comparatively satisfactory throughout Friday and Saturday morning. He read the papers and conversed on politics, particularly referring to Russian affairs. In the forenoon he took luncheon, grumbling jocularly at the small proportion of spirits in his drinking water. Then a sudden change for the worse occurred in consequence of an acute attack of pulmonary oedema, and in the course of the afternoon he frequently became unconscious.

Recently, besides periods of unusual mental clearness, the Prince had had intervals of drowsiness falling into long, sound and beneficial sleep, on awakening from which he would be completely refreshed.

On Saturday evening grave symptoms appeared. Death came easily and painlessly. Dr. Schweninger was able to some extent to lighten the last moments.

The whole family were assembled at the bedside at the time of his death. Dr. Schweninger, Dr. Chrysander, and Baron and Baroness Merck were also present. As no breathing movement or pulse was perceptible for three minutes, Dr. Schweninger declared quietly and simply that the Prince was dead.

Dr. Schweninger telegraphed the news to the Emperor William at Norway. The Prince lies as he used to sleep, in an easy position with his head slightly inclined to the left. The expression on his face is mild and peaceful.

79 PER CENT. ADULTERATED.

Result of an Analysis of Belladonna Plasters at Ottawa.

A despatch from Ottawa, says—The Dominion analyst has completed the analysis of a number of samples of belladonna plasters collected in localities between Ottawa and Halifax. These plasters are seldom made up by the druggists who sell them, but are mostly manufactured in the United States. According to the standard set down by the analyst, 79 per cent. were found to be adulterated. "This cannot," says the analyst, "be regarded as a satisfactory state of affairs, but to institute proceedings against the delinquent vendors would scarcely be judicious until after they have been made aware of the worthlessness of the article sold by them. The manufacturers are chiefly to blame, but for various reasons it is doubtful whether prosecuting them would result in obtaining convictions."