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TALMAGE IN THE WEST.

QUA ASSEMBLY.

The Martyrs of Everyday Life-The Sword Has Not Slain So Many as the Needle. The Majority of Martyrs Are Women. The Heroes of Christian Charity.

LAKESIDE, O., July 29 .- For many years an assembly of the Chautauqua type has been held at this point. The leading professors, scholars and clergymen of this and other lands have addressed the audiences. The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of Brookiyn, is now here. He lectured yesterday (Saturday) and preached today, to throngs innumerable. The subject of his sermon today was: "The Martyrs of Everyday Life." He took for his text: "Thou, therefore, endure hardness,"-II Timothy ii, 3. Dr. Talmage said:

Historians are not slow to acknowledge the merits of great military chieftains. We have the full length portraits of the Cromwells, the Washingtons, the Napoleons and the Wellingtons of the world. History is not written in black ink, but with red ink of human blood. The gods of human ambition do not drink from bowls made out of silver, or gold, or precious stones, but out of the bleached skulls of the fallen. But I am now the world has never acknowledged; those who faced no guns, blew no bugle blast, conquered no cities, chained no captives to their chariot wheels, and yet, in the great day of eternity, will stand higher than those whose names startled the nations; and scraph, and rapt spirit, and archangel will tell their deeds

to a listening universe. I mean the heroes of

In this roll, in the first place, I find all the

common, everyday life,

heroes of the sick room. When Satan had failed to overcome Job he said to God: "Put forth thy hand and touch his bones and his character. A man who can stand that can stand anything. To be shut in a room as fast as though it were a bastile. To be so nervous you cannot endure the tap of a child's foot. To have luxuriant fruit, which tempts the appetite of the robust and healthy, excite our loathing and disgust when it first appears on the platter. To have the rapier of pain strike through the side, or across the temples, like a razor, or to put the foot into a vise, or throw the whole body into a blaze of fever. Yet there have been memand women, but more women than men, who have cheerfully endured this hardness. Through years of exhausting rhenmatisms and excruciating neuralgias they have gone, and through bodily distresses that rasped the nerves and tore the muscles and paled the cheeks and stooped the shoulders. By the dim light of the sick room taper they saw on their wall the picture of that land where the inhabitants are never sick. Through the dead silence of the night they heard the chorus of the angels. The cancer ate away her life from week to week and day to day, and she became weaker and weaker, and every "good night" was feebler than the "good night" before-yet never sad. The children looked up into her face and saw suffering transformed into a heavenly smile. Those who suffered on the battle field amid shot and shell were not so much heroes and heroines as those who in the field hospital and in the asylum had fevers which no ice could cool and no surgery cure. No shout of a comrade to cheer them, but numbness, and aching, and homesicknessyet willing to suffer, confident in God, hopeful of heaven. Heroes of rheumatism. Heroes of neuralgia. Heroes of spinal complaint. Heroes of sick headache. Heroes of lifelong invalidism. Heroes and heroines. They shall reign for ever and ever.

Hark! I catch just one note of the eternal anthem: "There shall be no more pain."

In this roll I also find the heroes of toil.

Bless God for that.

who do their work uncomplainingly. It is comparatively easy to lead a regiment into battle when you know that the whole nation will applaud the victory; it is comparatively easy to doctor the sick when you know that your skill will be appreciated by a large company of friends and relatives; it is comparatively easy to address an audience when in the gleaming eyes and the flushed cheeks you know that your sentiments are adopted; but to do sewing'where you expect that the employer will come and thrust his thumb through the work to show how imperfect it is, or to have the whole garment thrown back on you to be do done over again; to build a wall and there will be no one to say you did it well. but only a swearing employer howling across the scaffold; to work until your eves are dim and your back aches, and your heart faints, and to know that if you stop before night your children will starve. Ah! the sword has not stain so many as the needle. The great battlefields of our last war were not Gettysburg and Shiloh and South Mountain. The great battle lelds of the last war were in the arsenals, and in the shops and in the attics, where women made army jackets for sixpence. They toiled on until they died. They had no funeral eulogium, but, in the name of God, this day I enroll their names among those of whom the world was not worthy. Heroes of the needle. Heroes of the sewing machine. Heroes of the attic. Heroes of the celtar. Heroes and heroines. Bless

God for them. In this roll I also find the heroes who have uncomplainingly endured domestic injustices. There are men who for their toil and anxiety have no sympathy in their homes. Exhausting application to business gets them a livelihood, but an unfrugal wife scatters it. He is fretted at from the moment he enters the door until he comes out of it. The exasperations of business life augmented by the exasperations of domes tic life. Such men are laughed at, but they have a heartbreaking trouble, and of God. Society today is strewn with the wrecks of men who, under the northeast storm of domestic infelicity, have been driven on the rocks. There are tens of thousands of drunkards in this country today, made such by their wives. That is not poetry. That is prose. But the wrong is generally in the opposite direction. You would not have to go far to find a wife whose life is a perpetual martyrdom. Something heavier than a stroke of a fist; unkind words, staggerings home at midnight, and constant maltreatment which have left her only a wreck of what she was on that day when in the midst of a brilliant assemblage the vows were taken, and full organ played the wedding march, and the carriage rolled away with the benediction of the people. What was the burning of Latimer and Ridley at the stake compared with this? Those men soon became unconscious in the fire, but here is a fifty years'

martyrdom, a fifty years' putting to death,

yet uncomplaining. No bitter words when

the rollicking companions at 2 o'clock in the

morning pitch the hasband dead drunk into

the front 'entry. No bitter words when

wiping from the swollen brow the blook!

struck out in a midnight carousal. Bending over the battered and bruised form of him, who, when he took her from her father's home, promised love, and kindness, and proevoke the story of her sorrows, you say: "Well, how are you getting along now?" and rallying her trembling voice and quieting her quivering lip, she says: "Pretty well, I thank you, pretty well." She never will tell you. In the delirium of her last sickness she may tell all the secrets of her lifetime, but she will not tell that. Not until the books of eternity are opened on the throne of judgment will ever be known what she has suffered. Oh! ye who are twisting a garland for the victor, put it on that pale brow. When she is dead the neighbors will beg linen to make her shroud, and she will be carried out in a plain box with no silver plate to tell her years, for she has lived a thousand years of trial and anguish. The gamblers and swindlers who destroyed her husband will not come to the funeral. One carriage will be enough for that funeral-one carriage to carry the orphans and the two Christian women who presided over the obsequies. But there is a flash and the opening of a colestial door and a shout: "Lift up your head, ye everlasting gate, and let her come in!" And Christ will step forth and say: "Come in! ye suffered with me on earth, be glorified throne in heaven? You say: "The throne of

the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb." No doubt about it. What is the next highest throne in heaven? While I speak it seems to me that it will be the throne of the drunkard's wife, if she with cheerful patience endured all her earthly torture. Heroes and heroines.

I find also in this roll the heroes of Christian charity. We all admire the George Peabodys and the James Lenoxes of the earth, who give tens and hundreds of thousands of dollars to good objects.

But am speaking this morning of those who, out of their pinched poverty, help others-of such men as those Christian missionaries at the west, who are living on \$250 a year that they may proclaim Christ to the people, one of them, writing to the secretary in New York, saying "I thank you for that \$25. Until yesterday we have had no meat in our house for three months. We have suffered terribly. My children have no shoes this winter." And of those people who have only a half loaf of bread, but give a piece of it to others who are hungrier; and of those who have only a scuttle of coal, but help others to fuel; and of those who have only a dollar in their pocket, and give twenty-five cents to somebody else; and of that father who wears a shabby coat, and of that mother who wears a faded dress, that their children may be well appareled. You call them paupers, or ragamuffins, or emigrants. I call them heroes and heroines. You and I may not know where they live, or what their name is. God knows, and they have more angels hovering over them than you and I have, and they will have a higher seat in heaven.

They may have only a cup of cold water to give a poor traveler, or may have only picked a splinter from under the nail of a child's finger, or have put only two mites into the treasury, but the Lord knows them. Considering what they had, they did more than we have ever done, and their faded dress will become a white robe, and the small room will be an eternal mansion, and the old hat will be a coronet of victory, and all the applause of earth and all the shouting of heaven will be drowned out when God rises up to give his reward to those humble workers in his kingdom, and to say to them: "Well done, goods and faithful servant." You have all seen or heard of the ruin of Melrose abbey. I suppose in some respects it is the most exquisite ruin on earth. And yet, looking at it I was not so impressed-you may set it down to bad taste but I was not so deeply stirred as I was at a stembstone at the foot of that abbey - the tombstone placed by Walter Scott over the grave of an old man who had served him for many years in his house-the inscription most significant, and I defy any man to stand there and read it without tears coming into his eyes-the epitaph: "Well done, good and faithful servant." Oh, when our work is over, will it be found that because of anything we have done for God. or the church, or suffering humanity, that such an inscription is appropriate for us!

God grant it. Who are those who were bravest and deserved the greatest monument-Lord Claverhouse and his burly soldiers or John Brown, the Edinburgh carrier, and his wife? Mr. Atkins, the persecuted minister of Jesus Christ in Scotland, was secreted by John Brown and his wife, and Claverhouse rode up one day with his armed men and shouted in front of the house. John Brown's little girl came out. He said to her: "Well, miss, is Mr. Atkins here!" She made no answer. for she could not betray the minister of the Gospel. "Ha!" Claverbouse said, "then you are a chip of the old block, are you! I have something in my pocket for you. It is a nosegay. Some people call it a thumbscrew. but I call it a nosegay." And he got, off his horse, and he put it on the little girl's hand and began to turn it until the bones cracked and she cried. He said: "Don't cry; don't cry; this isn't a thumbscrew; this is a nosegay." And they heard the child's cry, and the father and mother came out and Claverhouse said: "Ha! It seems that you three have laid your holy heads together determined to die like all the rest of your hypocritical, canting, sniveling crew; rather than give up good Mr. Atkins, pious Mr. Atkins, you would die. I have a telescope with me that will improve your vision," and he pulled out a pistol. "Now," he said, "you old pragmatical, lest you should catch cold in this cold morning of Scotland, and our souls, I will proceed simply and in the neatest and most expeditious style possible to blow your brains out." John Brown fell upon his knees and began to pray. "Ah!" said Claverhouse, "look out, if you are going to pray; steer clear of the king, the council and Richard Cameron." "O! Lord," said John Brown, "since it seems to be thy will that I should leave this world for a world where I can love thee better and serve thee more, I put this poor widow woman and these helpless, fatherless children into thy hands. We have been together in peace a good while, but now we must look forth to a better meeting in heaven, and as for these poor creatures, blindfolded and infatuated, that stand before me, convert them before it be too late, and may they who have sat in judgment in this lonely place on this blessed morning upon me, a poor, defenseless fellow creature-may they in the last judgment find that mercy which they have refused to me, thy most unworthy, but faithful servant. Amen." He rose up and

> name of the Lord!" Continued on page three.

said: "Isabel, the hour has come of which I

spoke to you on the morning when I proposed

hand and heart to you; and are you willing

now, for the love of God, to let me die!" She

put her arms around him and said: "The

Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away.

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