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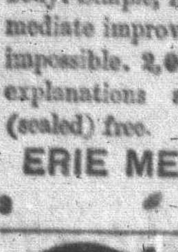

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DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON RELIGION IN BUSINESS AND SOCIETY.

Whatsoever You Do, Let It Be to the Glory of God—There Is No Work Too Small or Too Great for the Spirit of Christianity.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 24.—Dr. Talmage's sermon this morning was on the topic on which he is never tired of insisting, and which, more than any other, constitutes his message to this generation—the application of religion to the affairs of daily life. His text was taken from I Corinthians x, 31, "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

When the apostle in his text sets forth the idea that so common an action as the taking of food and drink is to be conducted to the glory of God, he proclaims the importance of religion in the ordinary affairs of our life. In all ages of the world there has been a tendency to set apart certain days, places and occasions for worship, and to think those were the chief realms in which religion was to act. Now, holy days and holy places have their importance. They give opportunity for especial performance of Christian duty, and for regaling of the religious appetite, but they cannot take the place of continuous exercise of faith and prayer. In other words, a man cannot be so much of a Christian on Sunday that he can afford to be a worldling all the rest of the week. If a steamer puts out for Southampton and goes one day in that direction and the other six days in other directions, how long before the steamer will get to Southampton? It will never get there.

And though a man may seem to be voyaging heavenward during the holy Sabbath day, if during the following six days of the week he is going toward the world, and toward the flesh, and toward the devil, he will never ride up into the peaceful harbor of heaven. You cannot eat so much at the Sabbath banquet that you can afford religious abstinence the other six days. Heroism and princely behavior on great occasions are no apology for lack of right demeanor in circumstances insignificant and inconspicuous. The genuine Christian life is not spasmodic; does not go by fits and starts. It toils on through heat and cold up steep mountains and along dangerous declivities, its eye on the everlasting hills crowned with the castles of the blessed.

I propose this morning to plead for a religion for today.

THE SPIRIT OF RELIGION IN SOCIETY.

In the first place, we want to bring the religion of Christ into our conversation. When a dam breaks, and two or three villages are overwhelmed, or an earthquake in South America swallows a whole city, then people begin to talk about the uncertainty of life, and they imagine that they are engaged in positively religious conversation. No. You may talk about these things and have no grace of God at all in your heart. We ought every day to be talking religion. If there is anything glad about it, anything beautiful about it, anything important about it, we ought to be continuously discussing it. I have noticed that men, just in proportion as their Christian experience is shallow, talk about funerals and graveyards and tombstones and deathbeds. The real, genuine Christian man talks chiefly about this life and the great eternity beyond, and not so much about the insignificant pass between these two residences. And yet how few circles there are where the religion of Jesus Christ is welcome.

Go into a circle even of Christian people, where they are full of joy and hilarity, and talk about Christ or heaven and everything is immediately silenced. As on a summer day, when the forests are full of life, chatter and chirrup and carol—a mighty chorus of bird harmony, every tree branch an orchestra—if a hawk appear in the sky every voice stops and the forests are still; just so I have seen a lively religious circle silenced on the appearance of anything like religious conversation. No one had anything to say, save, perhaps, some old patriarch in the corner of the room, who really thinks that something ought to be said under the circumstances, so he puts one foot over the other and heaves a long sigh, and says, "Oh, yes; that's so, that's so!"

My friends, the religion of Jesus Christ is something to talk about with a glad heart. It is brighter than the waters; it is more cheerful than the sunshine. Do not go around groaning about your religion when you ought to be singing it or talking it in cheerful tones of voice. How often it is that we find men whose lives are utterly inconsistent, who attempt to talk religion, and always make a failure of it! My friends, we must live religion, or we cannot talk it. If a man is cranky and cross and uncongenial and hard in his dealings, and then begins to talk about Christ and heaven, everybody is repelled by it.

Yet I have heard such men say, in whining tones, "We are miserable sinners," "The Lord bless you," "The Lord have mercy on you," their conversation interlarded with such expressions, which mean nothing but canting; and canting is the worst form of hypocrisy. If we have really felt the religion of Christ in our hearts, let us talk it, and talk it with illuminated countenance, remembering that when two Christian people talk God gives especial attention and writes down what they say. Malachi iii, 16, "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord harkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written."

THE SMALLEST ACT MAY BE DONE AS FOR GOD.

Again I remark, we must bring the religion of Christ into our employments. "Oh," you say, "that is very well if a man handle large sums of money, or if he have an extensive traffic; but in my thread and needle store, in my trimming establishment, in the humble work in life that I am called to, the sphere is too small for the action of such grand, heavenly principles." Who told you so? Do you not know that God watches the failed leaf on the brook's surface as certainly as he does the path of a blazing sun? And the moss that creeps up the side of the rock makes as much impression upon God's mind as the waving tops of Oregon pine and Lebanon cedar; and the alder, crackling under the cow's hoof, sounds as loud in God's ear as the snap of a world's conflagration.

When you have anything to do in life, however humble it may seem to be, God is always there to help you to do it. If your work is that of a fisherman, then God will help you, as he helped Simon when he dragged Gennesaret. If your work is drawing water, then he will help you, as when he talked at the well curb to the Samaritan woman. If you are engaged in the custom house, he will lead you, as he led Matthew sitting at the receipt of customs. A religion that is not good in one place is not worth anything in another place. The man who has only a day's wages in his pocket as certainly needs the guidance of religion as he who rattles the keys of a bank and could abscond with a hundred thousand hard dollars.

There are those prominent in the churches who seem to be on public occasions very devout, who do not put the principles of Christ's religion into practice. They are the most inexorable of creditors. They are the most grasping of dealers. They are known as sharpers on the street. They fleece every sheep they can catch. A country merchant comes in to buy spring or fall goods and he gets into the store of one of these professed Christian men who have really no grace in their hearts, and he is completely swindled. He is so overcome that he cannot get out of town during the week. He stays in town over Sunday, goes into some church to get Christian consolation, when what is his amazement to find that the very man who hands him the poor box in the church is the one who relieved him of his money! But never mind, the deacon has his black coat on now. He looks solemn and goes home talking about "the blessed sermon."

THE WHEAT AND CHAFF NOW MINGLED.

If the wheat in the churches should be put into a hopper, the first turn of the crank would make the chaff fly, I tell you. Some of these men are great sticklers for Gospel preaching. They say: "You stand there in bands and surplice and gown and preach—preach like an angel, and we will stand out here and attend to business." Don't mix things. Don't get business and religion in the same bucket. You attend to your matters and we will attend to ours." They do not know that God sees every cheat they have practiced in the last six years; that he can look through the iron wall of their fireproof safe; that he has counted every dishonest dollar they have in their pocket, and that a day of judgment will come. These inconsistent Christian men will sit on the Sabbath night in the house of God singing at the close of the service, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," and then when the benediction is pronounced shut the pew door and say as they go out, "Goodby, religion, I'll be back next Sunday."

I think that the Church of God and the Sabbath are only an armory where we are to get weapons. When war comes, if a man wants to fight for his country he does not go to Troy or Springfield to do battling, but he goes there for swords and muskets. I look upon the Church of Christ and the Sabbath day as only the place and time where and when we are to get armed for Christian conflict; but the battlefield is on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. "St. Martin's" and "Lenox" and "Old Hundred" do not amount to anything unless they sing all the week. A sermon is useless unless we can take it with us behind the plow and the counter. The Sabbath day is worthless if it last only twenty-four hours.

There are many Christians who say: "We are willing to serve God, but we do not want to do it in these spheres about which we are talking; and it seems so insipid and monotonous. If we had some great occasion, if we had lived in the time of Luther, if we had been Paul's traveling companion, if we could serve God on a great scale, we would do it, but we can't in this everyday life." I admit that a great deal of the romance and knight errantry of life have disappeared before the advance of this practical age. The ancient temples of Rouen have been changed into storehouses and smithies. The residences of poets and princes have been turned into brokers' shops. The classic mansion of Ashland has been cut up into walking sticks. The groves where the poets said the gods dwelt have been carted out for firewood. The muses that we used to read about have disappeared before the emigrant's ax and the trapper's gun, and that man who is waiting for a life bewitched of wonders will never find it.

THE GREAT FIELD OF DAILY LIFE.

There is, however, a field for endurance and great achievement, but it is in everyday life. There are Alps to scale, there are Hellesponts to swim, there are fires to brave; but they are all around us now. This is the hardest kind of martyrdom to bear. It took grace to lead Latimer and Ridley through the fire triumphantly when their armed enemies and their friends were looking on; but it requires more grace now to bring men through persecution, when nobody is looking on. I could show you in this city a woman who has had rheumatism for twenty years, who has endured more suffering and exhausted more grace than would have made twenty martyrs pass triumphantly through the fire. If you are not faithful in an insignificant position in life, you would not be faithful in a grand mission. If you cannot stand the bite of a midge, how could you endure the breath of a basilisk?

Do not think that any work God gives you to do in the world is on too small a scale for you to do. The whole universe is not ashamed to take care of one little flower. I say: "What are you doing down here in the grass, you poor little flower? Are you not afraid nights? You will be neglected, you will die of thirst, you will not be fed. Poor little flower!" "No," says a star, "I'll watch over it tonight." "No," says a cloud, "I'll give it drink." "No," says the sun, "I'll warm it in my bosom." Then I see the pulleys going, and the clouds are drawing water, and I say, "What are you doing there, O clouds?" And they reply, "We are giving drink to that flower."

Then the wind rises and comes bending down the wheat and sounding its psalm through the forest, and I cry, "Whither away on such swift wing, O wind?" And it replies, "We are going to cool the cheek of that flower." And then I bow down and say, "Will God take care of the grass of the field?" And a flower at my foot responds, "Yes; he clothes the lilies of the field, and never yet has forgotten me, a poor little flower." Oh, when I see the great heavens bending themselves to what seems insignificant ministrations, when I find out that God does not forget any blossom of the spring or any snowflake of the winter, I come to the conclusion that we can afford to attend to the minute things in life, and that what we do we ought to do well, since there is as much perfection in the construction of a spider's eye as in the conformation of flaming galaxies.

Plato had a fable which I have now nearly forgotten, but it ran something like this: He said spirits of the other world came back to this world to find a body and find a sphere of work. One spirit came and took the body of a king and did his work. Another spirit came and took the body of a poet and did his work. After awhile Ulysses came, and he said, "Why, all the fine bodies are taken, and all the grand work is taken. There is nothing left for me." And some one replied, "Ah, the best one has been left for you." Ulysses said, "What's that?" And the reply was, "The body of a common man, doing a common work and for a common reward." A good fable for the world and just as good a fable for the church. Whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, let us do it to the glory of God.

THE LITTLE FOXES SPOIL THE VINES.

Again, we need to bring the religion of Christ into our commonest trials. For severe losses, for bereavement, for trouble that shocks like an earthquake and that blasts like a storm, we prescribe religious consolation; but, business man, for the small annoyances of last week, how much of the grace of God did you apply? "Oh," you say, "these trials are too small for such application!" My brother, they are shaping your character, they are souring your temper, they are wearing out your patience and they are making you less and less of a man. I go into a sculptor's studio and see him shaping a statue. He has a chisel in one hand and a mallet in the other, and he gives a very gentle stroke—click, click, click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way; I must do it this way!"

So he works on, and after awhile the features come out, and everybody that enters the studio is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal nature. It is click, click, click! I wonder why some great providence does not come, and with one stroke prepare you for heaven. Ah, no. God says that is not the way. And so he keeps on by strokes of little annoyances, little sorrows, little vexations, until at last you shall be a glad spectacle for angels and for men. You know that a large fortune may be spent in small change and a vast amount of moral character may go away in small depletion. It is the little troubles of life that are having more effect upon you than great ones. A swarm of locusts will kill a grain field sooner than the incursion of three or four cattle.

You say, "Since I lost my child, since I lost my property, I have been a different man." But you do not recognize the architecture of little annoyances that are hewing, digging, cutting, shaping, splitting and interjoining your moral qualities. Rats may sink a ship. One lucifer match may send destruction through a block of storehouses. Catherine de Medicis got her death from smelling a poisonous rose. Columbus, by stopping and asking for a piece of bread and a drink of water at a Franciscan convent, was led to the discovery of the New World. And there is an intimate connection between trifles and immensities, between nothings and everythings.

Now, be careful to let none of those annoyances go through your soul unarraigned. Compel them to administer to your spiritual wealth. The scratch of a sixpenny nail sometimes produces lockjaw, and the clip of a most infinitesimal annoyance may damage you forever. Do not let any annoyance or perplexity come across your soul without its making you better.

PUT A HIGH TARIFF ON LITTLE FITS OF TEMPER.

Our national government does not think it belittling to put a tax on pins and a tax on buckles and a tax on shoes. The individual taxes do not amount to much, but in the aggregate to millions and millions of dollars. And I would have you, O Christian man, put a high tariff on every annoyance and vexation that comes through your soul. This might not amount to much in single cases, but in the aggregate it would be a great revenue of spiritual strength and satisfaction.

A bee can suck honey even out of a nettle, and if you have the grace of God in your heart you can get sweetness out of that which would otherwise irritate and annoy. A returned missionary told me that a company of adventurers rowing up the Ganges were stung to death by flies that infest that region at certain seasons. I have seen the earth strewed with the carcasses of men slain by insect annoyances. The only way to get prepared for the great troubles of life is to conquer these small troubles. What would you say of a soldier who refused to load his gun, or to go into the conflict because it was only a skirmish, saying: "I am not going to expend my ammunition on a skirmish. Wait until there comes a general engagement and then you will see how courageous I am and what battling I will do?"

The general would say to such a man, "If you are not faithful in a skirmish, you would be nothing in a general engagement." And I have to tell you, O Christian men, if you cannot apply the principles of Christ's religion on a small scale, you will never be able to apply them on a large scale. If you cannot successfully contend against these small sorrows that come down single handed, what will you do when the greater disasters of life come down with thundering artillery, rolling over your soul?

FOR EVERY GOOD THING GIVE THANKS.

Again, we must bring the religion of Christ into our commonest blessings. When the autumn comes and the harvests are in, and the governors make proclamation, we assemble in churches and we are very thankful. But every day ought to be a thanksgiving day. We do not recognize the common mercies of life. We have to see a blind man led by his dog before we begin to bethink ourselves of what a grand thing it is to have eyesight. We have to see some one afflicted with St. Vitus' dance before we are ready to thank God for the control of our physical energies. We have to see some wounded man hobbling on his crutch or with his empty coat sleeve pinned up before we learn to think what a grand thing God did for us when he gave us healthy use of our limbs.

We are so stupid that nothing but the misfortunes of others can rouse us up to our blessings. As the ox grazes in the pasture up to its eyes in clover, yet never thinking who makes the clover, and as the bird picks up the worm from the furrow not knowing that it is God who makes everything, from the animalcula in the sod to the seraph on the throne, so we go on eating, drinking and enjoying, but never thanking or seldom thanking; or, if thanking at all, with only half a heart.

I compared our indifference to the brute; but perhaps I wronged the brute. I do not know but that, among its other instincts, it may have an instinct by which it recognizes the divine hand that feeds it. I do not know but that God is, through it, holding communication with what we call "irrational creation." The cow that stands under the willow by the water course chewing its cud looks very thankful, and who can tell how much a bird means by its song?

The aroma of the flowers smells like incense, and the mist arising from the river looks like the smoke of a morning sacrifice. Oh, that we were as responsive! Yet who thanks God for the water that gushes up in the well, and that foams in the cascade, and that laughs over the rocks, and that patters in the showers, and that claps its hands in the sea? Who thanks God for the air, the fountain of life, the bridge of sunbeams, the path of sound, the great fan on a hot summer's day? Who thanks God for this wonderful physical organism—this sweep of the vision, this chime of harmony struck into the ear, this soft tread of a myriad delights over the nervous tissue, this rolling of the crimson tide through artery and vein, this drumming of the heart on our march to immortality? We take all these things as a matter of course.

But suppose God should withdraw these common blessings! Your body would become an inquisition of torture, the cloud would refuse rain, every green thing would crumple up, and the earth would crack open under your feet. The air would cease its healthful circulation, pestilence would sweep, and every house would become a place of skulls. Streams would first swim with vermin and then dry up, and thirst and hunger and anguish and despair would lift their scepters. Oh, compare such a life as that with the life you live this morning with your families about you! Is it not time that, with every word of our lips and with every action of our life, we began to acknowledge these everyday mercies? "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." Do I address a man or a woman this morning who has not rendered to God one single offering of thanks?

THE SIN OF INGRATITUDE.

I was preaching one Thanksgiving day and announced my text, "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever." I do not know whether there was any blessing on the sermon or not, but the text went straight to a young man's heart. He said to himself, as I read the text: "'Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good'— Why, I have never rendered him any thanks. Oh, what an ingrate I have been!" Can it be, my brother, that you have been fed by the good hand of God all these days—that you have had clothing and shelter and all beneficent surroundings, and yet have never offered your heart to God?

Oh, let a sense of the divine goodness shown you in the everyday blessings melt your heart, and if you have never before uttered one earnest note of thanksgiving let this be the day which shall hear your song. What I say to one I say to all of this audience. Take this practical religion I have recommended into your everyday life. Make every day a Sabbath and every meal a sacrament and every room you enter a holy of holies. We all have work to do; let us be willing to do it. We all have sorrows to bear; let us cheerfully bear them. We all have battles to fight; let us courageously fight them.

If you want to die right you must live right. Negligence and indolence will win the hiss of everlasting scorn, while faithfulness will gather its garlands and wave its scepter and sit upon its throne long after this earth has put on ashes and eternal ages have begun their march. You go home today and attend to your little sphere of duties. I will go home and attend to my little sphere of duties. Every one in his own place. So our every step in life shall be a triumphal march, and the humblest footstool on which we are called to sit will be a conqueror's throne.

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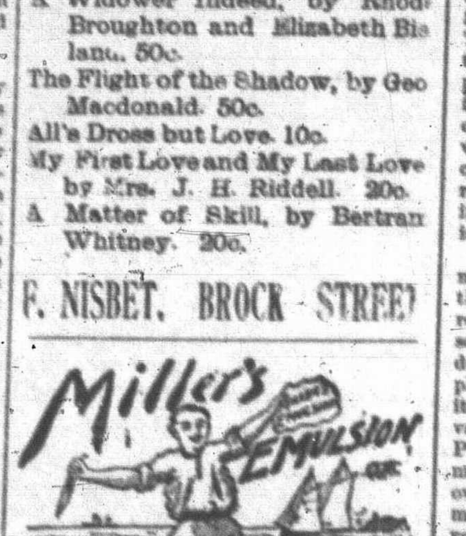

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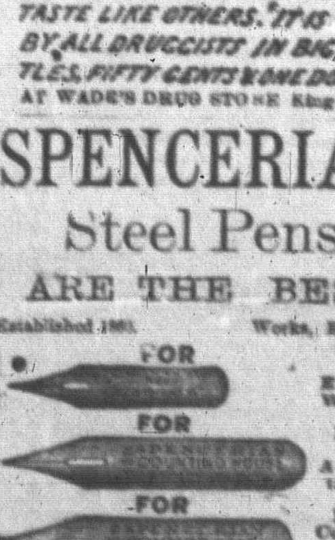

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THE OLD AND THE NEW.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE "BABY" TERRITORY'S TWO GOVERNORS.

For Three Months the Territory of Oklahoma Was Virtually Without a Governor—A Short Sketch of a Self-Made Man.

For three months the territory of Oklahoma was virtually without a governor. On Oct. 7 Governor George W. Steele resigned

GEORGE W. STEELE.

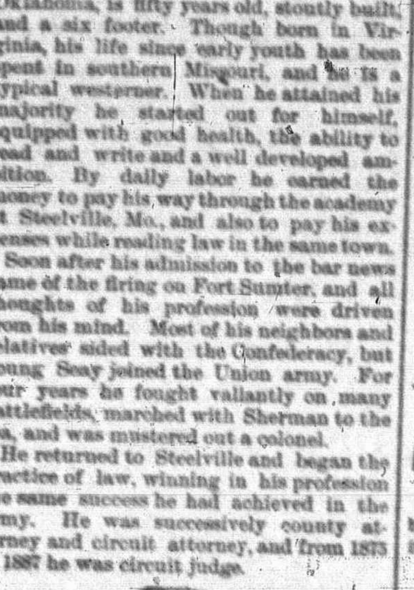
after a year and a half of service, and a few days later returned to his old home in Marion, Ind. The reason given for his resignation was that private business interests demanded his attention in the east. He has since been elected president and general manager of the large Krupp gun plant recently established in Marion.

It is generally believed, however, that Governor Steele has further political aspirations, and it is regarded by his friends as reasonably certain that he has been promised the pension commissionership in the event of the resignation of General Raum.

Abraham J. Seay, the new governor of Oklahoma, is fifty years old, stoutly built, and a six footer. Though born in Virginia, his life since early youth has been spent in southern Missouri, and he is a typical westerner. When he attained his majority he started out for himself, equipped with good health, the ability to read and write and a well developed ambition. By daily labor he earned the money to pay his way through the academy at Steelville, Mo., and also to pay his expenses while reading law in the same town.

Soon after his admission to the bar news came of the firing on Fort Sumter, and all thoughts of his profession were driven from his mind. Most of his neighbors and relatives sided with the Confederacy, but young Seay joined the Union army. For four years he fought valiantly on many battlefields, marched with Sherman to the sea, and was mustered out a colonel.

He returned to Steelville and began the practice of law, winning in his profession the same success he had achieved in the army. He was successively county attorney and circuit attorney, and from 1875 to 1887 he was circuit judge.



ABRAHAM J. SEAY.

Governor Seay has long been regarded as a leader of the Republican party of his state. When the territory of Oklahoma was organized in May, 1890, he was appointed one of the associate justices of the supreme court, and since then has so won the hearts of the people that they almost unanimously asked for his appointment to the governorship.

Buying Meat for Two.

Almost all young housekeepers find it hard to make economical and satisfactory purchases of meat and fish. They should understand at the outset that it is impossible to save in the same proportion as one who buys for a large family. Another point: It is wiser to get only the parts and the amount actually wanted than to buy large pieces simply because they are cheaper by the pound. A roast, particularly of beef, can be indulged in only on rare occasions when the family is small.

Broiling is the most expensive of all methods of cooking, but to my mind the most healthful. When a housekeeper really can afford to follow it she should do so. But in time one tires of even the most delicious broiled meats and fish. When planning to roast or broil a piece of meat, its adaptability to being made over into various little dishes should be considered. Pork is the least desirable of the fresh meats for these purposes. For warming over in various ways the following named meats are the most valuable: Poultry, veal, lamb, mutton and beef. The white meats are better than the red for this purpose. This is also true of fish, the white, dry varieties being much better for made over dishes than the dark, oily kinds. Here is something that one can buy in a small quantity and use to advantage: A short porterhouse steak will answer for two dinners. Cut out the tenderloin, broil it and serve with a good sauce. If the weather be cold the remainder of the steak can be used two days later. In hot weather it must be cooked for dinner the following day.—Maria Parloa in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Minister's Opinion.

In very few words and to the point, the Rev. T. G. Hawkins, pastor Baptist church, Fenersville, Me., U. S. A., expresses himself. February 7, 1890: "St. Jacobs Oil is without a peer for pains, bruises, aches, ect."

Pronunciation of Foreign Names.

The proper pronunciation of foreign names is often a puzzling matter. De Maupassant, the French author, whose first name is spelled "Guy," gave it the sound of Gwee before he lost his mind. He probably has forgotten it altogether now. It is said that there are about as many pronunciations of the title khedive, the most recent bearer of which is dead, as that ruler is entitled to wives—though he really had only one spouse. But it seems to be admitted by the experts that the word should be pronounced khed-ee-vee, with the accent on the first syllable.

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A Japanese Fox.

The Japanese believe in a species of fox which, if it lives to be fifty years old without having been chased by a dog, transforms himself into a beautiful woman. This same fox, if he lives to the age of 100 years, gains some new powers, among which is that of becoming a wonderful wizard. When he reaches the age of 1,000 years he becomes a celestial fox with nine golden colored tails, and has the power of going to heaven whenever he chooses.—St. Louis Republic.

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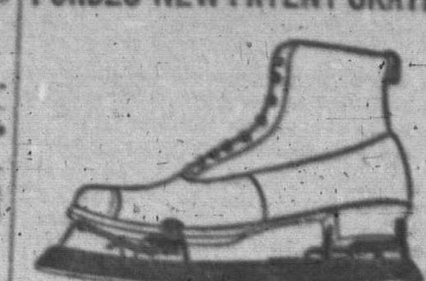

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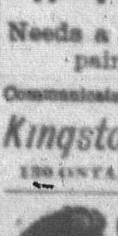

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