







# REV. DR. TALMAGE.

## THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Victories of Faith—The Many Blessings For Which We Should Be Grateful—Machinery Has Lightened Labor—God Sent the Wheel.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage is a sermon of preparation for the observance of the centennial of the birth of the great inventor, the great benefactor of the world, the great benefactor of the human race, the great benefactor of the human race, the great benefactor of the human race.

The last Thursday of the eleventh month, by proclamation of President and Governor, is observed in thanksgiving for the temporal mercies. With what spirit should we enter upon it? For nearly a year and a half this nation has been celebrating the triumph of the sword and gun and battery. We have sung martial airs and cheered returning heroes and gloried in the triumph of the sword and gun and battery.

It will be a healthful change if this Thanksgiving week, in church and homestead, we celebrate the victories of peace. For that was done at Saratoga for 1780, that was of more importance than that which in the last year has been done in farmer's field and mechanic's shop and author's study by those who never were in the field or shot a Spanish or went a hundred miles from their own doorsill. And now I call your attention to the wheel of the world.

Man, a small speck in the universe, was set down in a big world, high mountains rising before him, deep seas arresting his pathway and wild winds capable of destruction. He was to conquer. It could not be by physical force, for compare his arm with the ox's horn and the elephant's tusk, and how weak he is! It could not be by mental speed, for compare him to the antelope's foot and ptarmigan's wing, and how slow he is! It could not be by physical capacity to soar, for compare his wings with the eagle's or the falcon's, and how slow he is! It could not be by mental capacity to soar, for compare his wings with the eagle's or the falcon's, and how slow he is!

Twenty-two times is the wheel mentioned in the Bible, sometimes, as in Ezekiel, illustrating providential movement; sometimes, as in the Psalm, crushing the bad; sometimes, as in Judges, representing God's chastized progress. The wheel that started in Exodus rolls on through Ezeriah, through Isaiah, through Jeremiah, through Daniel, through Nahum, through the prophets, all the time gathering momentum and splendor, until, seeing that it has done its work, it ceases to revolve, and the people are left to their own devices.

I call on you in this Thanksgiving week to praise and thank the triumph of machinery, which have revolutionized the world and multiplied its attractions. Even paradise, though very picturesque, must have been complete and dull, had there been no going on, no agriculture needed, for the harvest was spontaneous; no architecture required, for they slept under the trees; no manufacturing, for the loom necessary for the weaving of apparel, for the fashions were exceedingly simple. To dress the garden could not have required ten minutes a day.

Having nothing to do, they got into mischief and raised the devil. The wheel of machinery was a real thing to be turned out of paradise, but, once turned out, a beneficent thing to be compelled to work. To help man up and on, the wheel of machinery turned ahead, the race advanced; it turned back, the race retreated. To arouse your gratitude and exalt your praise I would show you what the wheel has done for the world, for the agricultural world, for the traveling world, for the literary world.

As for the wheel, it was cried who then in my hearing, O wheel, O wheel, O wheel, in domestic life, it has wrought revolutions. Behold the sewing machine! It has shattered the housewife's bondage and prolonged woman's life and added immeasurable advantage to her life. The needle had penetrated the eyes and pierced the side and made terrible massacres. To prepare the garments of the whole household in the spring for summer and in the autumn for winter was an exhausting process. "Stitch, stitch, stitch!" Thomas Hood set it to poetry, but millions of persons have found it agonizing pain the hero slain by the "Dead March" in "Saul" and flung at half past. Slain by the needle, no one knew it, but the household that watched her health giving way. The wife after that the children were ragged and cold and hungry or in the almshouse; the hand that wielded the needle had forgotten its name. Soul and body had perished in the seam. The thimble had dropped from the pained finger. The thread of life had snapped and let a suffering human life drop into the grave. The spool was all around. Her death was a tragedy, not with sexton's spade, but with a sharper and shorter implement—a needle. Federal and Confederate dead have ornamented graves at Arlington Heights and Richmond and Gettysburg, thousands by thousands, but it will take the archangel's trumpet to find the million graves of the vaster army of domestic pain.

Besides all the sewing done for the household at home, there are hundreds of thousands of sewing women. The tragedy of the needle is the tragedy of bumper and sold and insult and home-sickness and suicide—five acts.

But I hear the rush of a wheel, woman puts on the band and adjusts the instrument, sets her foot on the treadle and begins. Before the whirl and rattle, pleuritis, consumption, headaches, backaches, heartaches, are routed. The needle, once an oppressive tyrant, becomes a cheerful slave—roll and rumble and roar until the family wardrobe is gathered, and winter is dead, and summer is welcomed, and the seasons and seasons and seasons are overcome; winding the bobbin, threading the shuttle, tucking, quilting, ruffling, sewing, embroidering, under-bridging set to music; lock stitch, twisted loop stitch, blanket stitch, a fascinating industry.

No wonder that at some of the learned institutions, like the New Jersey State Normal school, and Rutgers Female institute, and other places, the acquaintance with the sewing machine is a requisite. A young lady not being considered educated until she understands it. Winter is coming on, and the household must be snugly clad. "The Last Days of Summer" will sound better played on a sewing machine than on a piano. Roll on, O wheel, O wheel, O wheel, until the sewing women of the world are all around you.

Now I look into the agricultural world, and see what the wheel has accomplished. Look at the axle of wheat, the other end of the horse. Coat of iron and with a magnet of five or six fingers of steel, and the horse is harnessed to the plow, and the field is tilled, and the seed is sown, and the harvest is reaped, and the sheaves are bound, and the grain is threshed, and the straw is stooked, and the grain is stored, and the horse is rested, and the wheel is the great benefactor of the human race.

Now I look into the industrial world, and see what the wheel has accomplished. Look at the axle of the steam engine, the other end of the piston. Coat of iron and with a magnet of five or six fingers of steel, and the steam engine is harnessed to the plow, and the field is tilled, and the seed is sown, and the harvest is reaped, and the sheaves are bound, and the grain is threshed, and the straw is stooked, and the grain is stored, and the steam engine is rested, and the wheel is the great benefactor of the human race.

Now I look into the literary world, and see what the wheel has accomplished. Look at the axle of the printing press, the other end of the galley. Coat of iron and with a magnet of five or six fingers of steel, and the printing press is harnessed to the plow, and the field is tilled, and the seed is sown, and the harvest is reaped, and the sheaves are bound, and the grain is threshed, and the straw is stooked, and the grain is stored, and the printing press is rested, and the wheel is the great benefactor of the human race.

# TRICKS OF DESERTERS.

## QUEER EXPERIENCES OF THOSE WHO LEVANT FROM THE ARMY.

Many of the Deserters Re-taken—Old Case of a Soldier Named Devine—Impudence of a Fellow Who Took French Leave of the Navy.

"Deserters from the army and navy occasionally stack up against some queer experiences when they re-enlist, as a good many deserters do," said a Washington man who has served in both outfits. "When I entered the army for the second five-year stretch, about twelve years ago, I 'took on' at David's Island, N. Y., then the big eastern recruiting station. I was assigned, as is the usual custom, to a company of recruits, and they made me a sergeant until they decided as to what post they wanted to send me. Among the 'rookies' in my company was a good-looking chap named Devine. He was every inch a soldier. I knew that he had been a soldier. So did all the old-timers who sized Devine up. It made me feel foolish when I took Devine out with a lot of rookies for an awkward squad drill. He tried with all the skill he had to act like a man who had never seen a gun in his life, but I felt all the time that Devine was just laughing at me. One day, in the middle of the manual drill, I gave a somewhat unusual order—an order that recruits wouldn't be supposed to know anything about—just for the sake of trying out Devine. I caught him unawares, and he made the first movement toward executing the order. Then he tumbled to himself, gave a sly look out of the corner of his eye and relapsed into assumed clumsiness. When the drill was over I happened to run into Devine outside the company quarters.

"You're an old swindle," said I. "Forget it," said Devine. "Went you afraid they'll nail you?" I asked him. "It's me that's taking the chance," said Devine. "Well, after the couple of months at David's Island I got my orders. I was to join an infantry regiment at Fort Assiniboine, Mont., and take charge of a large batch of recruits assigned to the same outfit. The whole bunch got their orders simultaneously with me. Among the batch was Devine. I ran into him at the canteen about half an hour after we got our orders.

"Say," said Devine, "I don't know whether to duck or not." "For why?" I asked him. "There's a captain out there at Assiniboine that knows me," said Devine. "I was in his outfit when I jumped. And I was a sergeant, at that. He is a pretty square old geezer and I soldiered up to the handle as long as I was with him, but, all the same, I'm afraid he'll land me if I go out there."

"It's you that's taking the chance," said I. "If he's such a square officer, all right and proper; maybe he won't know you." "Well, I went out to Assiniboine, and when we lined up in front of headquarters on the morning we got in, who should be the officer of the day but this captain Devine had served with when he jumped. The captain didn't see Devine until, in calling the roll of the newly-arrived recruits, he scanned the countenances of the men. I was watching for him to pipe off Devine. As soon as he clapped eyes on Devine he gave the slightest possible start—Devine standing like a statue and looking ten paces ahead—and then he went on calling the roll. I knew he had got next to Devine.

"Devine will fall out," said the captain when we were about to be ordered to march to the quarters, and said I to myself: "Devine, you'll do your little three years at Fort Leavenworth for a mortal cinch." About ten minutes later Devine came strolling into quarters. I nodded him over to a corner bunk.

"How do you happen to be loose?" I asked him. "I told you he was a square old geezer," said Devine. "He said to me: 'Your name's Devine, you say?'" "The same," said I, giving him a No. 4 salute and holding my face as if I had never clapped an eye on him. "And you never saw me before, did you, Devine?" said he. "I've got a bum memory, sir," said I.

"Um—you never saw me before, Devine?" said he. "I'm certain of that. Um—very well. Now you go to your quarters. And if the idea should ever enter your head to desert, Devine, why—well, you go to your quarters."

"Devine did his five years, and he was sergeant-major of the regiment when he got his honorable discharge. But he surely did take a chance of a fat farm at Fort Leavenworth when he went to Assiniboine.

"Deserters from the navy take long chances, too, once in a while. I was down in Honolulu harbor on my last ship. There was a coal passer from San Francisco named White in the black gang. He was dissatisfied and he got to be a sea lawyer quicker than any man I ever was shipmates with. He was always talking up in the fo'c'sle about the superiority of the merchant service—the comparative freedom when the ship was in port, and all that sort of thing. Well, White went ashore one night, and he didn't come back with his liberty party. Along about 10 o'clock all hands on our ship were started to hear a lot of Comanche howls from a bark that was passing alongside of us, bound out for China. It was the bark Kenilworth. When we looked over the rail we saw our brave White sitting way up in the mainmast, obviously as drunk as a lord and the

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