TALMAGE ON THE CHURCH.

HE SAYS IT MUST KEEP PACE WITH THE TIMES.

Some Sermons He Thinks Are Painfully Poor, With Little to Recommend Them, But Any Religious Discourse Delivered by a Good Man Will Prove Valuable

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 15.—The character of the hymns given out by Rev. D. Talmage in the Brooklyn Tabernacle this forenoon, called for the unusual power of congregational singing, organ and cornet, and the voices of the thousands of worshipers made the place resound with music. The subject was, "Helpful Churches," the text being, Psalms xx., 2: "Send thee help from the sanctuary."

If you should ask 50 men what the church is, they would give you 50 different answers. One man would say. "It is a convention of hypocrites." Another, "It is an assembly of people who feel themselves a great deal better than others." Another, "It is a place for gossip, where wolverine dispositions devour each others." Another, "It is a place for the cultivation of superstition and cant." Another, "It is an arsenal where theologians go to get pikes and muskets and shot." Another, "It is an art gallery, where men go to admire grand arches, and exquisite fresco, and musical warble, and the Dantesque in in gloomy imagery." Another man would say, "It is the best place on earth except my own home. If I forget thee, O, Jerusalem! let my right hand forget her cunning."

Now, my friends, whatever the church is, my text tells you what it ought to be; a great, practical, homaly, omnipotent help. "Send thee help from the sanctuary." The pew ought to yield restfulness to the body. The color of the upholstery ought to yield pleasure to the eye. The entire service ought to yield strength for the moil and struggle of every-day life. The Sabbath ought to be harnessed to all six days of the week, drawing them in the right direction. The church ought to be a magnet, visibly and mightily affecting all the homes of the worshipers. Every man gets roughly jostled, gets abused, gets cut, gets insulted, gets slighted, gets exasperated. By the time the Sabbath comes he has an accumulation of six days of annoyance, and that is a starveling church service which has not strength enough to take that accumulated annoyance and hurl it into perdition. The business man sits down in church headachey from the week's engagements. Perhaps he wishes he had tarried at home on his lounge with newspapers and the slippers. That man wants to be cooled off and graciously diverted. The first wave of the religious service ought to dash clear over the hurricane decks, and leave him dripping with holy and glad and heavenly emotion. "Send thee help from the sanctuary."

While all of a sermon may not be helpful alike to all, if it be a Christian sermon preached by a Christian man there will be help for every one somewhere. We go into an aphothecary store. We see others being waited on: we do not complain because we do not immediately get the medicine; we know our turn will come after a while. And so, while all parts of a sermon may not be appropriate to our case, if we wait prayerfully before the sermon is through we shall have the divine prescription. I say to these young men who come here Sabbath by Sabbath, and who are going to preach the Gospel—these theological students—I say to them, we want in our sermons not more metaphysics, nor more imagination, nor more logic, nor more profundity. What we want in our sermons and Christian exhortations is more sympathy. When Father Taylor preached in the Sailors' Bethel at Boston the jack tars felt that they had help for their duties among the ratlines and the forecastles. When Richard Weaver preached to the operatives in Oldham, England, all the workingmen felt they had more grace for the spindles. When Dr. South preached to kings and princes and princesses, all the mighty men and women who heard him felt preparation for their high stations.

Sanctuary help ought to come through the prayers of all the people. The door of the eternal storehouse is hung on one hinge, a gold hinge, the hinge of prayer, and when the whole audience lay hold of that door, it must come open. There are here many people spending their first Sabbath after some great bereavement. What will your prayer do for them? How will it help the tomb in that man's heart? Here are people who have not been in church before for 10 years; what will your prayer do for them by rolling over their soul holy memories? Here are people in crises of awful temptation. They are on the verge of despair, or wild blundering, or theft, or suicide. What will your prayer do for them this morning in the way of giving them strength to resist? Will you be chiefly anxious about the fit of the glove that you put to your forehead while you prayed? Will you be chiefly critical of the rhetoric of the pastor's petition?

No. No. A thousand people will feel "that prayer is for me," and at every step of the prayer chains ought to drop off, and temples of sin ought to crush into dust, and jubilees of deliverance ought to brandish their trumpets. In most of our churches we have three prayers—the opening prayer, what is called the "long prayer," and the closing prayer. There are many people who spend the first prayer in arranging their apparel after entrance, and spend the second prayer, the "long prayer," in wishing it were through, and spend the last prayer in preparing to start for home. The most insignificant part of every religious service is the sermon. The more important parts are the Scripture lesson and the prayer. The sermon is only a man talking to a man. The Scripture lesson is God talking to man. Prayer is man talking to God. Oh! if we understood the grandeur and the pathos of this exercise of prayer instead of being a dull exercise we would imagine that the room was full of divine and angelic appearances.

But, my friends, the old style of church will not do the work. We might as well now try to take all the passengers from New York to Buffalo by stage coach, or all the passengers from Albany to Buffalo by canal-boat, or do all the battling of the world with bow and arrow, as with the old style of church to meet the exigencies of this day. Unless the church in our day will adapt itself to the time, it will become extinct. The people reading newspapers and books all the week, in alert, picturesque and resounding style, will have no patience with Sabbath humdrum. We have no objections to bands and surplice and all the paraphernalia of clerical life; but these things make no impression—no more impression on the great masses of the people than the ordinary business suit that you wear in Wall street.

A tailor cannot make a minister. Some of the poorest preachers wear the best cloths, and many a back woodsman has dismounted from the saddle-bags, and in his linen-duster preached a sermon that shook earth and Heaven with its Christian eloquence. No new Gospel, only the old Gospel in a way suited to the time. No new church, but a church to be the asylum, the inspiration, the practical sympathy and the eternal help of the people.

But, while half of the doors of the church are set open toward this world, the other half of the doors of the church must be set open toward the next. You and I tarry here only a brief space. We want somebody to teach us how to get out of this life at the right time and in the right way. Some fall out of life, some go stumbling out of life, some go groaning out of life, some go cursing out of life. We want to go singing, rising, rejoicing, triumphing. We want half the doors of the church set in that direction. We want half the prayers that way, half the sermons that way. We want to know how to get ashore from the tumult of this world into the land of everlasting peace.

We do not want to stand doubting and shivering when we go away from this world; we want our anticipations aroused to the highest pitch. We want to have the exhilaration of a dying child in England, the father telling me the story. When he said to her "Is the path narrow," she answered: "The path is narrow; it is so narrow that I cannot walk arm in arm with Christ, so Jesus goes ahead and he says, 'Mary, follow.'" Through these church gates set heavenward how many of your friends and mine have gone? The last time they were out of the house they came to church. Earthly pilgrimage ended at the pillar of public worship, and then they marched out to a bigger and brighter assemblage.

Some of them were so old they could not walk without a cane or two crutches; now they have eternal juvenescence. Or they were so young they could not walk except as the maternal hand guided them; now they bound with the hilarities celestial. The last time we saw them they were wasted with malarial or pulmonic disorder; but now they have no fatigue and no difficulty of respiration in the pure air of heaven. How I wonder when you and I will cross over! Some of you have had about enough of the thumping and flailing of this life. A draught from the fountains of Heaven would do you good. Complete release you could stand very well. If you got on the other side, and had permission to come back, you would not come. Though you were invited to come back and join friends on earth you would say: "No, let me tarry here until they come; I shall not risk, going back; if a man reaches Heaven he had better stay there."

Oh! I join hands with you this morning in that uplifted splendor.

When the shore is won at last
Who will count the billows past?

In Freybourg, Switzerland, there is the trunk of a tree 400 years old. That tree was planted to commemorate an event. About 10 miles from the city the Swiss conquered the Burgundians, and a young man wanted to take the tidings to the city. He took a tree branch and ran with such speed the 10 miles that when he reached the city waving the tree branch he had only strength to cry "Victory!" and dropped dead.

The tree branch that he carried was planted, and it grew to be a great tree 20 feet in circumference, and the remains of it are there to this day. My hearer, when you have fought your last battle with sin and death and hell, and they have been routed in the conflict, it will be a joy worthy of celebration. You will fly to the city and cry "Victory!" and drop at the feet of the great King. Then the palm branch of the earthly race will be planted to become the outbranching tree of everlasting rejoicing.

When shall these eyes Thy Heaven-built walls,
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

AN ARMY OF GIANTS.

BY MARY M. WINSTON.

There was once a King who was making a collection of tall soldiers. He had gathered together over two thousand, and the smallest man of them all was nearly seven feet high, while the tallest was so tall that even a tall man could not touch the top of his head with his hand. All his life the King was adding to the number, but, like the stamp and coin collectors of the present time, he could never get as many as he wanted. This King, who lived two hundred years ago, was Frederick I., King of Prussia. His strange fancy was a joke all over Europe, for he gave large sums for men who could fight no better than smaller ones, while his officers were badly paid, his court mean and shabby, and his own way of living so economical that actually the food on the royal table was sometimes not half enough for his children, and sometimes too mean for them to eat. For the bribing and the necessary expenses of transporting James Kirkman, an enormous Irishman, for instance, he paid six thousand dollars, which was more than his ambassador's salary.

But in spite of the laughter and the self-sacrifice it brought upon him, the King still rode his hobby. He sent out men all over the world to look for giants, and so, besides his own Prussians, he had English, Irish, Polish, Egyptian, German, Norwegian, and Russsian soldiers—of these last a large number, for the Czar of that country, in return for a cabinet of beautiful amber ornaments and one of the finest ships that had ever been seen at that time, sent Frederick one hundred and fifty of his very tallest soldiers, and one hundred more every succeeding autumn.

These foreigners in the Potsdam Guards had, some of them, been begged and bribed into enlisting, while others, on whom persuasion had had no effect, had been forced into it.

A sad story is told of a tall young carpenter who fell into their hands one day.

One of these officers came into his shop, and ordered a good stout chest to be made, and a strong lock to be put on it. When the young man asked what size it should be, he was told it was to be of such and such a height and breadth, and in length between six and seven feet. "A little longer than yourself," the man said.

On the appointed day he returned for his chest, but he complained of its length. "Not as long as I ordered," he said.

The carpenter insisted that it was longer than himself, and at last, to satisfy the man, who still refused to believe it, he got in, and stretched himself out.

This was just what the officer had wanted. Hastily slamming the lid and locking it, he called in three of his men. They bore it rapidly down the street. Arriving at a place of safety, the chest was opened, but the man was dead for want of air.

The accident caused so much talk that the King had his enterprising officer put to death. He claimed not to be responsible for such doings; but his officers, knowing how important it was that they should get tall men if they would keep their positions, often resorted to such expedients.

The tallest man in the world almost fell into their hands, and would have done so but for the fact that he was a distinguished ambassador. His carriage had broken down while he was on his way to some distant court, and while it was mending, he left his attendants and went for a short walk.

The recruiting officers felt their mouths water when they met this giant. In some way they got him to go with them to the barracks, intending to keep him, but much to their horror, when they arrived, they found some of his suite anxiously seeking him. As soon as they found who he was, they made apologies; but he did not like such treatment, nevertheless; and Europe began to think Frederick's whim had been carried far enough.

The King's greatest pleasure was in these giants of his. He drilled them to perfection; he paid them more than his other soldiers in order to keep them; and to insure their recapture, in case they should desert, he had the portrait of each one painted. Except when a man was made worthless by disease, there was no escape from service.

We read of one man that was discharged for this reason, a tremendous fellow, who before enlisting had travelled from place to place as le geant Allemand (the German giant). After his discharge he went over to England, and with his wife's assistance resumed his professional giant business with great success.

The King was really so much afraid of losing some of his men that it is said he would never let them fight. Whether or not this was the reason, I do not know, but the fact remains that for some reason they did not fight during his lifetime. After his death his son—that famous soldier Frederick the Great—did not attempt to replace the tall men as one by one they dropped out of place. He, by-the-way, was the only man of ordinary stature who had ever been admitted into their company. His father, the King, had made him Major of the regiment when he was only fourteen years old.

A strange sight that young boy among those giants, and yet, as some one has said, the smallest man of them is the only one who is remembered now, proving after all, the truth of those old words, "The mind's the standard of the man."

HIS PRETTY MOTHER-IN-LAW.

From the Argonaut.

Jack Batchelor and I were great friends; we were as thick as thieves; we were members of the same club, we had chambers on the same floor in the Vallum Building—we were both barristers, you know, but neither of us had ever held a brief.

I didn't know very much about Batchelor, but I liked the man. I would have lent Batchelor £5 without security; I mean it; upon my soul I mean it (it was Pumper who spoke as we sat smoking).

Batchelor went away for a little run upon the continent two summers ago; I saw him off. From the moment I saw Jack Batchelor off until yesterday I hadn't clapped eyes upon him.

Jack Batchelor dropped out of my life, but yesterday I met him once again. A very fashionably dressed woman was on his arm, a distinctly pretty little woman—fair, fluffy, sentimental-looking, blue-eyed.

She was so pretty that people turned round to look at her; I did for one, and as I did so I caught Batchelor's eye.

At first he favored me with a furious scowl; then, as he recognized me, his face broke into a smile, he stopped, he shook hands, he introduced me to the, pretty little woman as Mrs. Lightfoot and then he asked me to dinner for the same evening at 7.

"You must come with us, Pumper," he said "at seven sharp." He thrust a card into my hand.

"If you don't come I'll never forgive you, Mr. Pumper," said the lady. "Jack,s always singing your praises."

And then she favored me with a smile—an arch, merry, intoxicating smile that caused my heart to palpitate for a full quarter of an hour.

"Good gracious." I thought, "here's a mystery. I hate mysteries. 'Come and dine with us.' Perhaps she is his sister, keeping house for him, of course that's it, He's a lucky fellow, is Batchelor! Charming little woman!" I thought; "her sweet smile haunts me still."

I was in love, sir—over head and ears in love with Batchelor's sister; and I hummed "Queen of My Heart" all the way to Chelsea, where Batchelor lived.

I took an hour and a half to dress and my fifth tie hardly satisfied me. When I arrived I was shown into Batchelor's drawing-room by a trim little maid.

There she was on a low chair, looking lovelier than ever; she was wearing a great spray of Marechal Niel roses, and she welcomed me in the kindest possible manner.

"My husband has been singing your praises, Mr. Pumper," she said.

Her husband! I hate mystery.

Then I thought that I had fathomed it. I am an ingenious man. Batchelor had evidently come into money; he had taken the name of Lightfoot—it was all as plain as a pikestaff.

"Mrs. Lightfoot"—I began.

"Mrs. Batchelor, if you please," said the lady, with a silvery laugh.

I was dumbfounded; he certainly introduced her to me as Mrs. Lightfoot. But before I could recover from my surprise the door opened and the delicious little vision of Bond street sailed into the room.

"Sisters—twins, evidently," I thought attempting to grasp the situation. They were as like as two peas; you couldn't tell t'other from which. "Hang it," I thought Batchelor must feel as if he were married to both of them.

And then Batchelor came in and we had a capital dinner and were as jolly as sandboys. After dinner he explained things.

"Pumper," he said, "the very day after I parted from you two years ago, I met Mrs. Batchelor and her charming mother. I fell in love with them at once. Mrs. Lightfoot's a pretty woman, as you see, but in widow's mourning she's absolutely irresistible. I was determined to propose at once, but couldn't make up any mind; like the ass between two bundles of hay, I hesitated.

"Should it be Angela of Angelina? I could never get either of them alone; that was my difficulty. Fortune favored me at last. I went into the hotel garden one evening and I found Mrs. Lightfoot buried in thought, gazing on the beauties of a summer night. I made up my mind at once; I would propose in form.

"But she mightn't care for me, Angela's grief might be too recent; I would be ambiguous: I would leave a way of retreat open—should it be so, I would at once ask for the hand of Angelena.

"'Mrs Lightfoot,' I said sentimentally, seating myself at her side, 'this is a vale of tears. Do you never, my dear madam, do you never,' I said—and I lowered my voice to an amorous whisper—think of—um—ar—marriage'——

"'Oh, Mr. Batchelor!' she replied, and there were tears in her voice, 'my recent loss'——

"'You mistake me my dear Mrs. Lightfoot,' I said, taking the cue at once, 'it was in reference to your charming daughter that I spoke.'

"Angela gave a little start of surprise as I said these words.

"'Your charming daughter,' I continued. "Miss Lightfoot—may I say Angelina?—has inspired me with the feelings that are more easily imagined than described. If,' I went on, 'the devotion of a lifetime'——

"'Say no more,' burst in Angela—I mean Mrs. Lightfoot—'I am a woman of impulse; my first instincts never mislead me. You love Angelina, Mr. Batchelor? She is very young; she is not seventeen. Bless you! you may be happy!'

"I married Angelina within a month, Pumper, I'm well off, so's Angelina, so's Angela—I mean Mrs. Lightfoot; and then my troubles began.

"My mother-in-law is atrociously good-looking, as your have seen. She threw off her mourning on our wedding day; she's a creature of impulse, as she told me; she flirts outrageously; my whole time is occupied in preserving my good-looking mother-in-law from the consequences of her own flightiness.

"She persists in going everywhere. I have to stay up at dances till four o'clock in the morning, because Angela—I mean Mrs. Lightfoot—declares that I'm her natural protector, and it's my duty. I have to be continually threatening with personal violence fellows who persecute her with their attentions. It's more than flesh and blood can bear, Pumper, and I'm sick of it."

"She's a very charming little woman, Batchelor," I remarked.

"Of course she is," said Batchelor, sulkily; "a great deal too charming. By Jove! Pumper,' he continued, as I blushed to my ears, "you are—yes, of course your are—you are her latest victim. My dear old man," he cried, grasping my hand affectionately, "there's a wealth of love about my mother-in-law sufficient to render the rest of your monotonous and ill-spent life deliriously happy. We understand each other; let us join the ladies at once."

* * * * * *

"Yes," said Pumper, as he bade me goodby; "this day month I shall be Batchelor's father-in-law."

All I've got to say is that Pumper is a very plucky fellow.

Tariff.

At the southern point of Spain, and running out into the Strait of Gibraltar, is a promontory which from its position is admirably adapted for commanding the entrance to the Mediterranean, and watching the entrance and exit of all ships. A fortress stands upon this promontory, called now, as it was called in the Moorish domination, "Tarifa." It was the custom of the Moors to watch all merchant ships going into or coming out of the midland sea, and issue from this stronghold to levy duties, according to a fixed scale, on all merchandise passing in and out. This was called, from the place where it was levied, tarifa, and from this comes our word "tariff."

Tariff is a list or table of duties to be paid on goods exported or imported, whether such duties are imposed by the government of a country, or agreed upon by the princes or governments of two countries holding commerce with each other.

In No Danger.

A fashionable lady who was at sea in a gale of wind became very much frightened.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" she cried, "we shall all go to the bottom! Mercy, how my head swims!"

"Don't be afraid madam!" said one of the sailors soothingly. "You can never go to the bottom when your head swims!"

A YOUNG GIRL'S FORTUNE.

AN INTERESTING SKETCH.

Nothing appeals so strongly to a mother's affection as her daughter just budding into womanhood. Following is an instance: "Our daughter, Blanche, now 15 years of age, had been terribly afflicted with nervousness, and lost a fair entire use of her right arm. She was in such a condition that we had to keep her from school and abandon her music lessons. In fact, we feared St. Vitus dance, and we positive but for an invaluable remedy she would have had that terrible affliction. We had employed physicians, but she received no benefit from them. The first of last August she weighed but 75 pounds, and although she has taken only three bottles of Nervine she now weighs 105 pounds; her nervousness and symptoms of St. Vitus dance are entirely gone, she attends school regularly, and studies with comfort and ease. She has recovered complete use of her arm, her appetite is splendid, and we honestly could procure for our daughter the health Dr. Miles' Nervine has brought her.

When my brother recommended the remedy I had no faith in patent medicines, and would not listen to him, but as a last resort he sent us a bottle, we began giving it to Blanche, and the effect was almost immediate." Mrs. R. R. Bullock, Brighton, N. Y.

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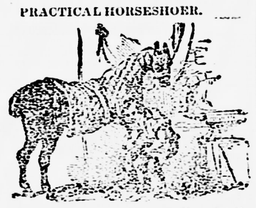

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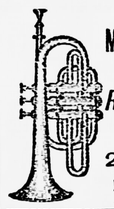

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WESTERN MARYLAND RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE TAKING EFFECT SUNDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1893.

Leave Hillen Station as follows:

DAILY.

4.30 A. M.—Fast Mail for Norfolk and Western R. R. the South and Southwest; also Glyndon, Westminster, New Windsor, Union Bridge, Mechanicstown, Blue Ridge, Hightfield, Edgemont, Hagerstown, and, except Sunday, Williamsport. Clear Spring and Cherry Run, Chambersburg, Waynesboro', B. and C. V. R. R., Martinsburg and Winchester, Va.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

7.22 A. M.—Accommodation for York, Hanover, Gettysburg, Pa., and all B. and H. Div. points; also Eastern Extension and Main Line east of Emory Grove; also Carlisle and G. and H. Railroad.

8.00 A. M.—Mail for Cherry Run, W. Va., Clear Spring, Williamsport, Hagerstown, Shippensburg and points on Main Line S. B. & C. V. R. R.; also Frederick and Emmittsburg, also N. & W. R. R. to Shenandoah, Va.

10.05 A. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge, York and Gettysburg, Carlisle and points on G. & H. R. R.

2.25 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove

3.20 P. M.—Express for Arlington, Howardville, Mt. Wilson, Owing's Mill, Glyndon, York, Hanover, Gettysburg, B. & H. Division, Carlisle, Gettysburg and Harrisburg Railroad.

4.02 P. M.—Express for Arlington, Mt. Hope, Sudbrook Park, Pikesville, Green Spring Junction, Owings' Mills, Glyndon, Glen Falls, Finksburg, Patapsco, Carrollton, Tannery, Westminster, Avondale, Medford, New Windsor and Stations West to Cherry Run; also Frederick, Emmitsburg, B. and C. V. R. R., Norfolk and Western R. R. and points South.

5.45 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove.

6.15 P. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge.

10.00 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove.

SUNDAYS.

9.30 A. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge and Hanover.

2.30 P. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge.

4.00 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove.

10.00 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT HILLEN STATION.

Daily—7.12 P. M.—Daily (except Sunday) 6.50 7.40, 8.40, 10.31 and 11.47, A. M., and 2.42, 5.10, 5.51, 6.57 P. M.

Sundays only—9.19 and 10.20 A. M., 6.15 and 9.05 P. M.

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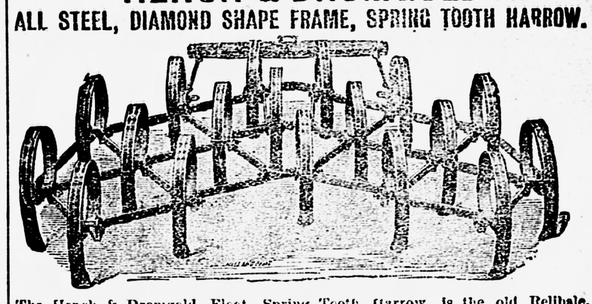

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