OF ADVERSITY. A Consoling Interpretation of the Psalmist's Words, "Put Thou My Tears Into Thy Bottle"-God's Acquaintance With Our Griefs-Comfort For the Afflicted. BROOKLYN, Aug. 27.-Rev. T. De Witt

Talmage chose a unique theme as his subject for today—viz, "A Bottle of Tears," the text selected being Psalms Ivi, 8, "Put thou my tears into thy bottle." Harally a mail has come to me for 20 years that has not contained letters saying that my sermons have comforted the writers of those letters. I have not this summer nor for 20 years spoken on the platform of any outdoor meeting, but coming down I have he a "sen of consolation." The prayer of my tent was pressed out of David's soul by immunerable calamities, but it is just as appropriate for the distressed of all ages. Within the past con-

tury travelers and antiquarians have explored the rains of many of the ancient cities, and from the very heart of those buried splendors of other days have been brought ug evidences of customs that long ago vanished from the world. From among tembs of those ages have been brought up lachrymatories, or lachrymals, which are vials made of earthenware. It was the custom for the ancients to catch the tears that they wept over their dead in a bottle, and to place that bottle in the graves of the departed, and we have many specimens of the ancient lachrymatories, or tear bottle, in

When on the way from the Holy Land our ship touched at Cyprus, we went back into the hills of that island and bought tear bottles which the natives had dug out of the rains of the old city. There is nothing more suggestive to me than the tear bottles which I brought home and put among my curiosities. That was the kind of bottle that my text alludes to when Da-COD KNOWS OUR GRIEFS.

The text intimates that God has an intimate acquaintance and perpetual remembrance of all our griefs, and a vial, or lachrymatory, or bettle, in which he catches and saves our tears, and I bring to you the condolonce of this Christian sentiment. Why talk about grief? Alas, the world has its pangs, and now, while I speak, there are thick darknesses of soul that need to be lifted. There are many who are about to break under the assault of temptation, and perchance, if no words appropriate to their case be uttered, their perish. I come on no fool's errand. Put upon your wounds no salve compounded by human quackery; but, pressing straight to the mark, I hail you as a vessel midsea cries to a passing craft, "Ship ahoy!" and invite you on board a vessel which has faith for a rudder, and prayer for sails, and Christ for captain, and heaven for an eternal harbor. Catherine Rheinfeldt, a Prussian, keeps a boat with which she rescues the drowning. When a storm comes on the coast, and other people go to their beds to rest, she puts out in her boat for the relief of the distressed, and hundreds of the drowning has she brought safely to the beach. In this lifeboat of the gospel I put out today. hoping, by Ged's help, to bring ashore at least one soul that may now be sinking in the billows of temptation and trouble. The tears that were once caught in the lachrymatories brought up from Herculaneum and Pompeli are all gone, and the bottle is as dry as the scoria of the volcano that submerged them, but not so with the bottle in which God gathers all our tears. First, I remark that God keeps perpetu-

ally the tears of repentence. Many a man has awakened in the morning so wretched from the night's debauch that he has sobbed and wept. Pains in the head, aching in the eyes, sick at heart and unfit to step into the light. He grieves, not about his misdoing, but only about its conse-God makes no record of such weeping. Of all the million tears that have gushed as the result of such misdemeanor. not one ever got into God's bottle. They dried on the fevered cheek, or were dashed down by the bicated hand, or fell into the red wine cup as it came again to the lips foaming with still worse intoxication. But when a man is sorry for his past and tries to do better-when he mourns his wasted advantages and bemoans his rejection of God's mercy and cries amid the lacerations of an aroused conscience for help out of his terrible predicament-then God listens; then heaven bows down; then scepters of pardon are extended from the throne; then his crying rends the heart of heavenly

compassion, then his tears are caught in God's bottle. You know the story of paradise and the peri. I think it might be put to higher edaptation. An angel starts from the throne of God to find what thing it can on the earth worthy of being carried back to heaven. It goes down through the gold and silver mines of earth, but finds nothing worthy of transportation to the celestial city. It goes down through the depths of the sea, where the pearls lie, and finds nothing worthy of taking back to heaven. But coming to the foot of a mountain it sees a wanderer weeping over his evil ways. The tears of the prodigal start, but do not fall to the ground, for the angel's wing catches them, and with that you are ended. You take up their picthe angel coming and says, "Behold the brightest gem of earth and the brightest jewel of heaven-the tear of a sinner's re-

do justice, and you would give almost any-Oh! when I see the heavenly Shepherd beinging a lamb from the wilderness; when | thing-you would cross the sea, you would I hear the quick tread of the prodigal hastening home to find his father; when I see a sailor boy coming on the wharf and hurrying away to beg his mother's pardon for long neglect and unkindness; when I see the houseless coming to God for shelter, and the wretched, and the vile, and the sin burned, and the passion blasted appealing for mercy to a compassionate God, I exclaim in eestacy and triumph, "More tears for God's bottle!" BODILY AFFLICTIONS.

Again, God Reeps a tender remembrance of all your sicknesses. How many of you are thoroughly sound in body? Notone out of ten! I do not exaggerate. The vast majority of the race are constant subjects of nilments. There is some one form of disease that you are particularly subject to. You have a weak side or back, or are subject to headaches or faintnesses or lungs easily distressed. It would not take a very strong blow to shiver the golden bowl of life or break the pitcher at the fountain. Many of you have kept on in life through sheer force of will. You think no one can understand your distresses. Perhaps you look strong, and it is supposed that you are a hypochondriac. They say you are nervoug-as if that were nothing! God have mercy upon any man or woman that is

At times you sit alone in your room. Friends do not come. You feel an indoscribable loneliness in your sufferings, but God knows; God feels; God compassionates. He counts the sleepless nights; he regards the acuteness of the pain; he estimates the hardness of the breathing. While you pour out the medicine from the bottle and count the drops, God counts all your falling tears. As you look at the vials, filled with nauscous drafts, and at the bottles of distasteful tonic that stand on an indescribable richness and luster, and the shelf, remember that there is a larger cry, "From whence this streaming lightbottle than these, which is filled with no mixture by earthly anothecaries, but it is God's bottle, in which he hath gathered all

Again, God remembers all the sorrows of poverty. There is much want that never comes to inspection. The deacons of the church never see it. The comptrollers of almshouses never report it. It comes not to church, for it has no appropriate apparel. It makes no appeal for help, but chooses rather to suffer than expose its bitterness. Fathers who fail to gain a livelihood, so that they and their children submit to constant privation; sewing women who cannot ply the needle quick enough to carn

them shefter and bread. But whether reported or uncomplaining, whether in seemingly comfortable parlor or in damp cellar or in hot garret, God's angels of mercy are on the watch. This moment those griefs are being collected. Down on the back streets, in all the alleys, amid shauties and log cabins, the work

goes on. Tears of want-sectning in sum mer's heat or freezing in winter's coldthey fall not unheeded. They are jewels for heaven's casket. They are pledges of DR. TALMAGE SPEAKS OF THE USES divine sympathy. They are tears for God's

PATERNAL ANXIETIES. Again, the Lord preserves the remembrance of all paternal anxieties. You see a man from the most infamous surroundings step out into the kingdom of God. He has heard no sermon. He has received no startling providential warning. What brought him to this new mind? This is the secret: God looked over the bottle in which he gathers the tears of his people, and he saw a parental tear in that bottle which has been for 40 years unanswered. He said, "Go to, now, and let me answer brought home to God.

that tear!" and forthwith the wanderer is Oh, this work of training children for God! It is a tremendous work. Some peo-ple think it easy. They have never tried it. been told by hundreds of people the same thing. So I think I will keep on trying to parent. It is a beautiful plaything. You look into the laughing eyes. You examine the dimples in the feet. You wonder at its exquisite organism. Beautiful plaything! But on some nightfall, as you sit rocking that little one, a voice seems to fall straight from the throne of God, saying: "That child is immortal! The stars shall die, but that is an immortal! Suns shall grow old with age and perish, but that is an immortal!" Now, I know with many of you this is the chief anxiety. You carnestly wish your children to grow up rightly, but you find it hard work to make them do as you wish. You check their temper. You correct their waywardness. In the midnight your pillow is wet with weeping. You have wrestled with God in agony for the salvation of your children. You ask me if all that anxiety has been ineffectual. I answer No. God understands your heart. He understands how hard you have tried to make that daughter do right, though she is so very petulant and reckless, and what pains you have bestowed in teaching that son to walk in the path of uprightness, though he has such strong proclivities for dissipation. I speak a cheering word, God heard every counsel you ever offered him. God has known all the sleepless nights you have vid cries, "Put thou my tears into thy bot- ever passed. God has seen every sinking of your distressed spirit. God remembers your prayers. He keeps eternal record of your anxieties, and in his lachrymatory, not such as steed in ancient temb, but in one that glows and glitters beside the throne of God, he holds all those exhausting tears.

The grass may be rank upon your graves and the letters upon your tombstone defaced with the elements before the divine response will come, but he who hath declared, "I will be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee," will not forget, and some day in heaven while you are ranging the fields of light the gates of pearl will swing back, and garlanded with glory that long wayward one will rush into your outstretched arms of welcome and triumph. The hills may depart, and the cath may burn, and the stars fall, and time perish, but God will break his eath and trample uman his promises—never! nevert OUR BEREAVEMENTS.

Again, God keeps a perpetual remembrance of all bereavements. These are the trials that cleave the soul and throw the red hearts of men to be crushed in the winepress. Troubles at the store you may leave at the store. Misrepresentation and abuse of the world you may leave on the street where you found them. The lawsuit that would swallow your honest accumulations may be left in the courtreom. But bereavements are home troubles, and there s no escape from them. You will see that vacant chair. Your eye will catch at the suggestive picture.

You cannot fly the presence of such ills. You go to Switzerland to get clear of them; but, more sure footed than the mule that takes you up the Alps, your troubles climb to the tiptop and sit shivering on the glaclers. You may cross the seas, but they an outsail the swiftest steamer. You may take caravan and put out across the Arabian desert, but they follow you like a simoom, armed with suffocation. You plunge into the Mammothe ive, but they hang like stalactites from the roof of the great cavern. They stand behind with skeleton fingers to push you ahead. They stand before you to throw you back. They run upon you like reckless horsemen. They charge upon you with gleaming spear. They seem o come haphazard, scattering shots from the gun of a careless sportsman. But not so. It is good aim that sends them just right, for God is the archer. This summer many of you will especially feel your grief as you go to places where once you were accompanied by those who

say: "Who dashed out that light? Who

Some of you have lost your parents with-

in the last twelvemonth. Their prayers for

ture and try to call back the kindness that

once looked out from those old, wrinkled

faces and spoke in such a trenulous voice and you say it is a good picture. But all

the while you feel that after all it does not

walk the earth over-to hear just one word

from those lips that a few months ago used

Now, you have done your best to hide

your grief. You smile when you do not

feel like it. But though you may deceive

the world, God knows. He looks down

upon the empty cradle, upon the desolated

nursery, upon the stricken home and upon

the broken heart and says: "This is the way I thrash the wheat; this is the way I thrash the wheat; this is the way I through the whole the way I through the way I through the way I have gathered into my bottle!"

But what is the use of having so many

tears in God's lachrymatory? In that great

casket or vase why does God preserve all

your troubles? Through all the ages of

cternity, what use of a great collection of

tears? I do not know that they will be kept

there forever. I do not know but that in

some distant age of heaven an angel of God may look into the bottle and find it as

empty of tears as the lachrymals of earth-

enware du, up from the ancient city.

Where have the tears gone? What sprite

of hell hath been invading God's palace and hath robbed the lachlymatorics? None. These were sanctified sorrows, and those

tears were changed into pearls that are

now set in the crowns and robes of the ran-

I walk up to examine this heavenly coro-

net, gleaming brighter that the sun, and

cry, "From what river depths of heaven

were those gems gathered?" and a thou-

sand voices reply, "These are transmuted tears from God's bottle." I see scepters of

light stretched down from the throne of

those who on earth were trod on of men,

and in every scepter point, and inlaid in

every ivory stair of golden throne, I behold

elders before the throne, and of the martyrs

under the altar, and of the hundred and forty and four thousand radiant on the

glassy sea exclaim, "Transmuted tears

IN EVERLASTING EVIDENCE.

Let the ages of heaven roll on-the story

of earth's pomp and pride long ago ended.

The kohinoor diamonds that make kings

proud, the precious stones that adorned

Persian tiara and flamed in the robes of

Babylonian processions, forgotten; the Gol-conda mines charred in the last conflagra-

tion; but, firm as the everlasting hills, and

pure as the light that streams from the

throne, and bright as the river that flows

from the eternal rock, shall gleam, shall

Meanwhile let the empty lachrymatory

of heaven stand forever. Let no hand touch

it. Let no wing strike it. Let no collision

crack it. Purer than beryl or chrysoprasus.

sparkle, shall flame forever these trans-

muted tears of God's bottle.

from God's bottle."

to call you by your first name, though s

long you yourself have been a parent.

filled this cap with gall? What blast froze

up these fountains of the heart?"

are gone now. Your troubles will follow you to the seashore and will keep up with the lightning express in which you speed away. Or tarrying at home they will sit beside you by day and whisper over your pillow night after night. I want to assure you that you are not left alone, and that your weeping is heard in heaven. You will wander among the hills and say, "Up this hill last year our boy climbed with great glee and waved his cap from the top," er, "This is the place where our little girl put flowers in her hair and looked up in her mother's face," until every drop of blood in your heart tingled with gladness, and you thanked God with a thrill of rapture, and you look around as much as to

one vast hiss.

I suppose every nation develops its own style of plaudit. The Germans have their short staccato "hoch," the British their sonorous "hurrah," while the Americans have selected the shrili feline yell. Asking a fair Chicagoan the reason of this strange performance, I got for an answer, "I guess they want to make as much noise as they can, and they find they can make most noise that way." Making allowances for this peculiarity in

cheering, no royal personage could have been more rapturously received than was the plain citizen, Grover Cleveland. In the simple morning dress of the ordinary civilian, without ribbon or medal or other decoration on his breast, with nothing in his garb to distinguish him from other men, this ruler of more than three score million men steed out in instructive contrast to the brilliantly uniformed representatives of European royalty behind him. It was an object lesson which could hardly be lost on the hundreds present from monarchial

owing to the financial stringency I can only give you 75 cents."-Journal of Fi-Floral Badges For Different People. An ingenious person has been pondering the subject of floral badges, and makes For the first lord of admirality, docks; a musician, thyme; for an acrobat, capers.

and under the arch of the unfading rainbow. Passing down the corridors of the palace, the redeemed of earth shall glance at it and think of all the earthly troubles from which they were delivered and say each to each: "That is what we heard of on earth." "That is what the psalmist spoke of." "There once were put our tears." "That is God's bottle." And while standing there inspecting this richest inlaid vase of heaven, the towers of the palace dome

strike up this silvery chime: "God hath

wiped away all tears from all faces. Wherefore comfort one another with these words." Proper Breathing Movements. I think it is evident that the proper development and expansion of the lungs by means of well regulated breathing must be regarded as of the greatest value in the prevention and in the treatment of the inactivestages of pulmonary consumption. The more simple the method the more effective and practical will be the results which flow from it. Among the many exercises which are recommended for this purpose the following movements are very valuable. The arms, being used as levers, are swung backward as far as possible on a level with the shoulders during each inspiration and brought together in front on the same level during each expiration, or the hands are brought together above the head while inspiring and gradually brought down alongside the body while expiring. A deep breath must be taken with each inspiration and held until the arms are gradually moved forward or downward, or longer in order to make both methods fully operative. Another very serviceable chest exercise is to take a deep inspiration, and during expiration in a loud voice count or sing as long as possible. A male person with a good chest capacity can count up to 69 or 80, while in a female, even with good lungs, this power is somewhat reduced. Practice of this sort will slowly develop the lungs, and the increased ability to count longer is a measure of the improvement going on

within the chest. Or, again, the taking of six or eight full and deep breaths in succes-

sion every hour during the day, either while sitting at work or while walking

tury.

out in the open air, will have a very beneficial effect .- Dr. Thomas J. Mays in Cen-Prince Rupert's Props. The most wondrous wonder of the glass-maker's art is the result of a philosophical experiment and is known to scientists as "Prince Rupert's drop," These glass drops known by a prince's name are simply the drippings of molten giass pear or tadpole shaped, their curious properties being the result of their being suddenly glazed and the pores covered by coming in contact with water when at a white heat One of these "drops" can be removed from the water

and smartly haramered upon the larger end without causing a fracture, but if the smaller end has but the slightest atom clipped from its surface the whole object instantly bursts with explosive violence and disappears as fine dust. The theory of this phenomenon is that its particles when in fusion are in a state of repulsion, but upon being dropped into the water its superfices are annealed and the atoms return into the power of each other's attraction, the inner particles, still in a state of repulsion, being confined within their outward covering .- St. Louis Repub-

"Who Can Tell What a Baby Thinks?" Not very long since a rich Boston woman went to a well known charitable institution to find a child for adoption. She was fond of children, and having none of her own determined to take some tiny orphan into her heart and home and rear it with every advantage that money could procure. Her quest was a difficult one, as babies, though numerous, were not all that fancied painted when properly investigated, but at last fortune favored her, for a beautiful, healthy baby boy was shown to her by the matron of one of the best "homes" in the country. The infant completely charmed this would be mother. Physically he was sweetness and goodness and beauty combined, and so, after all the necessary steps were taken, the little waif was conveyed to a house of luxury. But his heart was broken. He would not look at the lady, who tried in vain to comfort and amuse him. Tears rained from his great blue orbs, screams and howls distorted his cherubic mouth whenever she approached him. In short, he scorned the kindness of every member of the family and dismayed the poor lady by this frenzied exhibition of his distress. After two days struggle the baby was returned to the "home" as unconquerable and

a hopeless case. And now comes the strange part of the story. Another woman, but in ordinary circumstances, also desired to adopt a child. and this refractory bit of mortality was shown to her. To the astonishment of all concerned, the baby received her advances with evident content, and half an hour later he departed for an adopted home for the second time, but crowing and smiling like a little Trojan, the new mother considering she had seenred a prize, much flattered by the preference that had been shown her by the youngster.—Philadelphia

A British View of an American Reception. The arrival of the president and his party called forth what to my British ears was a most unexpected vocal demonstration. The people not only cheered as British crowds are wont to cheer. They indulged in sounds which to us are expressive of strong derision. They literally caterwauled. I was almost as surprised as Milton makes out his fallen hero to be when, instead of the ap-plause he anticipated, he was greeted with

A Hard Times Story. A man entered a pawnbroker's shop in the Bowery, and laying down a \$29 bill asked if he could be accommodated with \$1 on it. The pawnbroker was an excellent judge of money and saw at once that the bill was genuine. So he turned and said to the stranger, shoving the bill toward him as he spoke, that he was in no mood for ponsense. But the stranger, shoving the bill back, rejoined in earnest tones that he meant business; that he couldn't get any conductor on a horse car to change the bill that he had already been put off three cars; that his boots were awful tight, and that unless he could get \$1 on the bill he would be compelled to walk to the Battery. Well, the pawnbroker couldn't but feel that the stranger meant what he said. So he took up the \$10 bill, toyed with it a few moments and then said to him, "Well, my friend, I'd like to accommodate you, bu

these suggestions, to which we add others of our own to carry out the idea: for a doctor, cyclamen and self heal; for an oculist, eyebright and iris; for a tailor, Dutchman's breezies; for a broker, stocks and bulrush; for a philosopher, sage; for a cook, butter and eggs; for a land agent, groundsel; for a butcher, lambkill; for a policeman, beet; for a shepherd, phlox; for for a jockey, speedwell; for a woodcutter, hardback; for a newspaper humorist chestnut; for a shoemaker, lady's slipper. for an honest man, lilac, and for a rogue, hemp.-Exchange.

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TAKING EFFECT SUNDAY, JUNE 18, 1893. Leave Hillen Station as follows:

4.30 A.M.—Fast Mail for Norfolk and Western R. R. and Southern and Southwestern points; also Glyndon, Westminster, New Windsor, Union Bridge, Bruceville, Rocky Ridge, Emmitsburg, Mechanlestown, Blue Ridge, Baena Vista Spring, Pen Mar, Blue Mountain, Edgemont, Bagerstown, and except Sunday, Williamsport, Clear Spring and Cherry Run, W. Va., Chambersburg, Waynesboro', points on B. and C. V. R. R., Martinsburg and Winchester, Va. DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

7.00 A. M.—Aecommodation for Hanover and Gettysburg, Pa., and all points on R. and H. Division and Main Line east of Emory Grove; also, Carlisle and Harrisburg, Gettysburg R. R.

8.00 A. M.—Mail for Cherry Run, W. Va., Clear Spring, Williamsport, Hagerstown, Shippensburg and points on Main Line & B. X. C. V. R. R.; also Frederick and Emmittsburg, and points on N. & W. R. R., to Basic, 19.60 A. M.—Acconamodation for Union Bridge, Gettysburg and all points on B. & H., also Mt. Hoily Springs, Carlisle and points on G. & H. R. R.

2.25 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove 3.20 P. M.—Blue Mountain Express for Westminster, New Windsor, Union Bridge, Briceville, Frederick, Mechanicstown, Blue Ridge, Brena Vista Spring, Blue Mountain, Hagerstown, Martinsburg and Winchester; also Williamsport, Clear Spring and Cherry Run, (Parlor Car.)

3.32 P. M.—Express for Arlington, Howardville, Mt. Wilson, Owing's Mills, Glyndon and all points on tt. & H. Division.

4.00 P. M.—Express for Arlington, Mt. Hope, Sudbrook Park, Pikesville, Green Spring Junction, Owings' Mills, Glyndon, Glen Falls, Finksburg, Patapseo, Carrollton, Transport Westminster, Avandale Medford Junction, Owings' Mills, Glyndon, Gler Falls, Finksburg, Patapsco, Carrollton, Tannery, Westminster, Avondale, Medford, New Windsor and Main Line Stations West, also Emmitsburg B, and C, V, R, R., Norfolk and Western R. R. and points South.

5.15 P. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge.
6.17 P. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge. 8 46 P. M —Accommodation for Emory Grove 11.35 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 Alesia. 10.30 p. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove. TRAINS ARRIVE AT HILLEN STATION.

Daily—7.18 P. M — Daily (except Sunday) 6.50 7.40, 8.37, 9.31, 10.40 and 11.47, A. M., and 2.40, 5.10, 6.10, 6.58 and 10.57, P. M Sundays only.—9.10 and 10.20 A. M., 6.15 and 9.05 P. M. Ticket and Baggage Office, 205 Rast Baltimore St.
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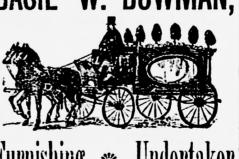
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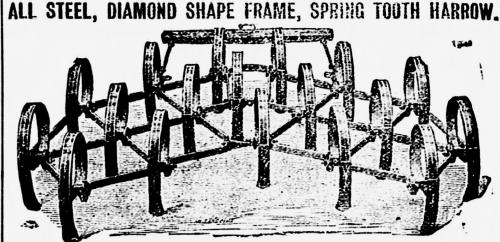
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# ANNAPOLIS, March 29, 1888.—Mn. C. P. KNIGHT, Editimore, Md.: Dean Sine—Your favor of the 24th inst. requesting me to express my opinion of the Liquid Ename! Paint company. More than 6 years ago I bought the above paint to paint in y dwelling at Catonsville, Baltimore County, Maryland, and it is with unteined pleasure I can say it is in every respect all you claim for it. Yours truly, John Hunnen. Optice, Calvent & Lombard Sts., Baltimore. Highest us grant to paint to year the pleasure to certify to the good qualities of your Liquid Ename! Paint, made by the New Jersey Ename! Paint Co. After using the old style paint for a number of years, we were induced to try your paint by these who had used it. We have now been using it some six or seven years, both for inside and outside work, and it gives entire satisfaction. Yours respectfully, Defond & Co. C. P. KNIGHT.

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