CHRISTIANS SHOULD SEIZE THEIR PRESENT OPPORTUNITY.

Every Place May Now Be a Pulpit, Every Workshop, Gravel Pit, Farm or Railroad Train-Every Christian May Now De Something for Christ.

Madison, July 26.—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached this morning at a Chautauqua assembly on the banks of Monona lake, mear this city. It is a great gathering of people from all parts of the northwest. His text was Esther iv, 14, "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for

Esther the Beautiful was the wife of Abasuerus the Abominable. The time had come for her to present a petition to her in-famous husband in behalf of the Israelitish nation, to which she had once belonged. She was afraid to undertake the work lest she should lose her own life; but her uncie, Mordecai, who had brought her up, encouraged her with the suggestion that probably she had been raised up of God for that peculiar mission. "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" Esther had her Godappointed work; you and I have ours. It is my business to tell you what style of people we ought to be in order that we may meet the demand of the age in which God has cant our lot. If you have come expecting to hear abstractions discussed or dry technicalities of religion glorified. you have come to the wrong place; but if you really would like to know what this age has a right to expect of you as Chris-tian men and women, then I am ready in the Lord's name to look you in the face.

When two armies have rushed into battle the officers of either army do not want philosophical discussion about the chemi-cal properties of human blood or the nature of gunpowder. They want some one to man the batteries and swab out the guns. And now, when all the forces of light and darkness, of heaven and hell have plunged into the fight, it is no time to give ourselves to the definitions and formulas and technicalities and conven tionalities of religion. What we want is practical, earnest, concentrated, enthusias tic and triumphant help. What we need in the east you in Wisconsin need.

In the east you in wisconsin need.

In the first place, in order to meet the special demand of this age, you need to be an unmistakably aggressive Christian. Of half and half Christians we do not want any more. The church of Jesus Christ will be better without ten thousand of them. They are the chief obstacle to the church's advancement. I am speaking of another kind of Christian. All the appliances for your becoming an earnest Christian are at your hand, and there is a straight path for you into the broad daylight of God's forgiveness. You may have come here today the bondsmen of the world, and yet before you go out of these doors you may become the princes of the Lord God Almighty. You know what excitement there is in this country when a foreign prince comes to our shores. Why? Because it is expected that some day he will sit upon a throne. But what is all that honor compared with the honor to which God calls you-to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty: yea, to be queens and kings unto God! "They shall reign with him forever and forever." A HEALTHY OPEN AIR FAITH.

But, my friends, you need not be aggressive Christians, and not like those persons who spend their lives in hugging their Christian graces and wondering why they do not make any progress. How much ro-bustness of health would a man have if he hid himself in a dark closet? A great deal of piety of the day is too exclusive. It hides itself. It needs more fresh air, more outdoor exercise. There are many Chris-tians who are giving their entire life to self examination. They are feeling their pulses to see what is the condition of their spiritual health. How long would a man have robust physical health if he kept all the days and weeks and months and years of his life feeling his pulse instead of going out into active, earnest, everyday work?
I was once amid the wonderful, bewite

ing cactus growths of North Carolina. never was more bewildered with the beauty of flowers, and yet when I would take up one of these cactuses and pull the leaves apart, the beauty was all gone. You could hardly tell that it had ever been a flower. And there are a great many Christian people in this day just pulling apart their Christian experiences to see what there is in them, and there is nothing attractive left. This style of self examination is a damage instead of an advantage to their Christian character. I remember when I was a boy I used to have a small piece in the garden that I called my own, and I planted corn there, and every few days I would pull it up to see how fast it was growing. Now, there are a great many Christian people in this day whose self examination merely amounts to the pulling up of that which they only yesterday or the day before planted.

Oh, my friends! if you want to have a starwart Christian character, plant it right out of doors in the great field of Christian usefulness, and though storms may come upon it, and though the hot sun of trial may try to consume it, it will thrive until it becomes a great tree, in which the fowls of heaven may have their habitation. I have no patience with these flowerpot Christians. They keep themselves under shelter, and all their Christian experience in a small, exclusive circle, when they ought to plant it in the great garden of the Lord, so that the whole atmosphere could be aromatic with their Christian usefulness. What we want in the church of God

is more brawn of piety.

The century plant is wonderfully suggestive and wonderfully beautiful, but I never look at it without thinking of its parsimony. It lets whole generations go by before it puts forth one blossom; so I have really more heartfelt admiration when I see the dewy tears in the blue eyes of the violets, for they come every spring. My Christian friends, time is going by so raipdly that we cannot afford to be idle. A recent statistician says that human life now has an average of only thirty-two years. From these thirty-two years you must subtract all the time you take for sleep and the taking of food and recreation that will leave you have proved the statement of the stat tion; that will leave you about sixteen years. From those sixteen years you must subtract all the time you are necessarily engaged in the earning of a livelihood; that will leave you about eight years. From those eight years you about eight years.
From those eight years you must take all the days and weeks and months—all the length of time that is passed in childhood and sickness, leaving you about one year in which to work for God. Oh, my soul, wake up! How darest thou sleep in har yest time and with so few hours in which to reap? So that I state it as a simple fact that all the time that the vast majority of you will have for the exclusive service of God will be less than one year!

GO OUT AND COMPEL THEM "But." says some man, "I liberally sup port the Gospel, and the church is open

TALMAGE IN WISCONSIN, and the Gospel is preached; all the spiritnal advantages are spread before men, and if they want to be saved let them come to be saved; I have discharged all my responsibility." Ah! is that the Master's spirit? Is there not an old Book somewhere that commands us to go out into the highways and the hedges and compel the people to come in? What would have become of you and me if Christ had not come down off the hills of heaven, and if he had not come through the door of the Bethlehem caravansary, and if he had not with the crushed hand of the crucifixion knocked at the iron

gate of the sepulcher of our spiritual death, crying, "Lazarus, come forth?" Oh, my Christian friends, this is no time for inertia, when all the forces of darkness seem to be in full blast; when steam printing presses are publishing infidel tracts; when express railroad trains are carrying messengers of sin; when fast clippers are laden with opium and rum; when the night air of our cites is polluted with the laughter that breaks up from the ten thousand saloons of dissipation and abandonment; when the fires of the second death already are kindled in the cheeks of some who only a little while ago were incorrupt. Never since the curse fell upon the earth has there been a time when it was such an unwise, such a cruel, such an awful thing for the church to sleep! The great audiences are not gathered in the Christian churches; the great audiences are gathered in temples of sin—tears of unutterable woe their baptism, the blood of crushed hearts the awful wine of their sacrament, blasphemies their litany, and the groans of the lost world the organ dirge of their worship.

Again, if you want to be qualified to meet the duties which this age demands of you, you must on the one hand avoid reckess iconoclasm, and on the other hand not stick too much to things because they are old. The air is full of new plans, new projects, new theories of government, new theologies, and I am amazed to see how so many Christians want only novelty in order to recommend a thing to their confidence; and so they vacillate and swing to and fro, and they are useless and they are atlantic. Ah, my brother, do not adopt a thing merely because it is new. Try it by the realities of a judgment day.

But, on the other hand, do not adhere to providence. anything merely because it is old. There is not a single enterprise of the church or the world but has sometimes been scoffed at. There was a time when men derided even Bible societies; and when a few young men met near a haystack in Massachusetts and organized the first missionary society ever organized in this country, there went laughter and ridicule all around the Christian church. They said the undertaking

was preposterous.

And so also the work of Jesus Christ was assailed. People cried out, "Whoever heard of such theories of ethics and government? Whoever noticed such a style of preaching as Jesus has?" Ezekiel had talked of mysterious wings and wheels. Here came a man from Capernaum and Gennesaret, and he drew his illustrations from the lakes, from the sand, from the ravine, from the lilies, from the constalks. How the Pharisees scoffed! How Herod derided! How Caiphas hissed! And this Jesus they plucked by the beard, and they spat in his face, and they called him "this All the great enterprises in and out of the church have at times been scoffed at, and there have been a great multitude who have thought that the chariot of God's truth would fall to pieces if it once got out of the old rut.

MILLIONS NEVER HEAR THE GOSPEL. And so there are those who have no patience with anything like improvement in church architecture or with anything like good, hearty, earnest church singing, and they deride any form of religious discussion which goes down walking among everyday men rather than that which makes an excursion on rhetorical stilts. Oh, that the Church of God would wake up to an adaptability of work! We must admit the simple fact that the churches of Jesus Christ in this day do not reach the great masses. There are fifty thousand people in Edinburgh who never hear the Gospel. There are one million people in London who never hear the Gospel. There are at least three hundred thousand people in the control of Brooklyn who come not under the im mediate ministrations of Christ's truth, and the Church of God in this day, instead of being a place full of living epistles, read and known of all men, is more like a "dead

"But," say the people, "the world is going to be converted. You must be patient. The kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of Christ." Never, unless the church of Jesus Christ puts on more speed and energy. Instead of the church converting the world, the world is converting the church. Here is a great fortress. How shall it be taken? An army comes and sits around about it, cuts off the sup-plies and says, "Now we will just wait un-til from exhaustion and starvation they will have to give up." Weeks and months, and perhaps a year, pass along, and finally the fortress surrenders through that star-vation and exhaustion. But, my friends, the fortresses of sin are never to be taken in that way. If they are taken for God it will be by storm. You will have to bring up the great siege guns of the Gospel to the very wall, and wheel the flying artillery into line, and when the armed infantry of heaven shall confront the battlements you

will have to give the quick command: "Forward! Charge!" Ah, my friends, there is work for you to do and for me to do in order to achieve this grand accomplishment! Here is a pulpit, and a clergyman preaches in it. Your pulpit is the bank. Your pulpit is the store. Your pulpit is the editorial chair. Your pulpit is the anvil. Your pulpit is the house scaffolding. Your pulpit is the mechanic's shop. I may stand in this place and, through cowardice or through self seeking, may keep back the word I ought to utter; while you, with sleeve rolled up and brow besweated with toil, may utter the word that will jar the foundation of heaven with the shout of a great victory. Oh, that to-day this whole audience might feel that the Lord Almighty is putting upon them the hands of ordination. Every one, go forth and preach this gospel. You have as much right to preach as I have, or as any man has. Only find out the pulpit where God will have you preach, and there

Hedley Vicars was a wicked man in the English army. The grace of God came to him. He became an earnest and eminent Christian. They scoffed at him and said, "You are a hypocrite; you are as bad as ever you were." Still he kept his faith in Christ, and after awhile, finding that they could not turn him aside by calling him s hypocrite, they said to him, "Oh, you are nothing but a fanatic." That did not disturb him. He went on performing his Christian duty until he had formed all his troop into a Bible class, and the whole en campment was shaken with the presence of God. So Havelock went into the heathen temple in India while the English army at Jones & Brown's establishment with was there, and put a candle into the hand evident admiration. "Mine gracious!" he of each of the heathen gods that stood exclaimed, "what a system!"—New York around in the heathen temple, and by the

light of those candles, held up by the idols, Jeneral Havelock preached righteousn temperance and judgment to come. And who will say, on earth or in heaven, that

Havelock had not the right to preach? THE MOVING PRAYER OF FAITH. In the minister's house where I prepared for college there was a man who worked by the name of Peter Croy. He could neither read nor write, but he was a man of God. Often theologians would stop in the house—grave theologians—and at family prayers Peter Croy would be called upon to lead, and all those wise men sat around, wonderstruck at his religious efficiency. When he prayed he reached up and seemed to take hold of the very thron of the Almighty, and he talked with God until the very heavens were bowed down into the sitting room. Oh, if I were dying I would rather have plain Peter Croy knee by my bedside and commend my immortal spirit to God than some heartless eccles spirit to con than some heartiess ecclesi-nstic arrayed in costly canonicals. Go preach this gospel. You say you are not licensed. In the name of the Lord Al-mighty, this morning, I license you. Go preach this gospel—preach it in the Sab-bath schools, in the prayer meetings, in the highways, in the hedges. Woe be unto you if you preach it not.

I remark, again, that in order to be qualified to meet your duty in this particular age you want unbounded faith in the triumph of the truth and the overthrow of wickedness. How dare the Christian church ever get discouraged? Have we not the Lord Almighty on our side? How long did it take God to slay the hosts of Sennacherib or burn Sodom or shake down Jericho? How long will it take God, when be once arises in his strength, to overthrow all the forces of iniquity? Between this time and that there may be long seasons of darkness—the chariot wheels of God's Gospel may seem to drag heavily, but here is the promise, and youder is the throne; and when Ominiscience has lost its eyesight and Omnipotence falls back impotent and Jehovah is driven from his throne, then the church of Jesus Christ can afford to be despondent, but never until then. Despots unhappy. New plans—secular, ethical, philosophical, religious, cisatiantic, transcongresses of the nation may seem to think they are adjusting all the affairs of the world, but the mighty men of the earth are only the dust of the charlot wheels of God's

I think that before the sun of this cen tury shall set, the last tyranny may fall, and with a splendor of demonstration that shall be the astonishment of the universe God will set forth the brightness and pomp and glory and perpetuity of his eternal government. Out of the starry flags and the emblazoned insignia of this world God will make a path for his own triumph, and returning from universal conquest he will sit down, the grandest, strongest, highest throne of earth his footstool.

Then shall all nations' song ascend To Thee, our Ruler, Father, Friend, Till heaven's high arch resounds again With "Peace on earth, good will to men." THERE IS GREAT ENCOURAGEMENT.

I preach this sermon because I want to accurage all Christian workers in every sible department. Hosts of the living God, march on! march on! His spirit will less you. His shield will defend you His sword will strike for you. March on! march on! The last despotism will fall, and paganism will burn its idols, and Monammedanism will give up its false prophet and the great walls of superstition will come down in thunder and wreck at the long, loud blast of the Gospei trumpet. March on! March on! The besiegement will soon be ended. Only a few more steps on the long way; only a few more sturdy blows; only a few more battle cries, then God will put the laurel upon your brow, and from the living fountains of heaven will bathe off the sweat and the heat and the dust of the conflict.

March on! March on! For you the time r work will soon be past, and amid the outflashings of the judgment throne and e trumpeting of resurrection angels and the hosanna of the saved and the groaning of the lost, we shall be rewarded for our faithfulness or punished for our stupidity. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from

People Who Can't Get a Pass

An interesting monthly publication which can't be bought at any price, but would make mighty interesting reading for a good many folks, has just reached its fortieth number. It is issued "for the exclusive use of those persons to whom it is sent," and lest anybody else should get hold of a copy and begin a libel suit the publisher has omitted to subscribe his name and address. This publication is called the "Confidential Memorandum," and it is issued by the railroads for their For Sale by SNIPES & KINERSLY. own use. It contains the names of persons blacklisted for misusing pass privileges. Nineteen of its pages are devoted to blacklisted individuals and seven pages to the names of papers which have violated good faith in the matter of passes. The papers on the list are all weeklies, and include many trade papers and one or two of

religious complexion. The "Confidential Memorandum" does not mince words. It describes a certain theatrical agent as a "d. b. first water," and holdly calls a citizen of Houston "a There are numerous clergymen on this black list. There is one from St. Francis, Minn., who got there because he altered and loaned the half fare permits given him by a railroad. Another clergy-man, this one from Santa Fe, is charged with altering his permit so as to include his wife, and a former member of congre got on the list for loaning his pass, a fate shared by a member of the Ohio legislature for a similar reason. A Missouri clergy-man transferred his pass to another, and a business man of Wichita, Kan., is on the list, charged with trying to personate a passholder. None of these gentlemen will ever get more favors from any railroad in the country.—New York Sun.

Found Something to Adraire. Marshall P. Wilder is talling Londoners this rather good story about a Hebrew who climbed up two flights of stairs to a room where Jones & Brown had set up a bankrupt sale of gloves. The gloves had been marked down to \$1.50 a pair. Jones

"Give you seventy-five cents," said loses. "No? Call it a dollar? No? Dollar ten? No? Now we'll be reasonable; call it one fifteen?" "No, siree!" exclaimed Jones thoroughly exasperated. "Not a cent less than \$1.50.

Get out!" and he seized the Hebrew customer and fired him down stairs.

It so happened that Brown was coming up just then, and supposing it was right he fired Moses down the second flight. There he chanced to fall against the porter, who conceived it to be the proper thing to assist matters, and he fired Moses down the steps into the street. The Hebrew lauded on all fours, sat up and looked back

THE SPIRIT OF WORK.

Steadfastness to Ideals Is the Trae Prin-

ciple of the Higher Life. On the part of faithful workers the spirit careful adherence to the truth. This is

of work must ever consist of a constantly not the lightest way to work. It is always easier to copy the work of others than to work from nature, whether the creation belongs to the highest art or the lowest kind of manual labor. The usual aim of a worker is to follow

the best accepted models, and to secure a perfect imitation is his highest ambition. He has no belief in his own thought simply expressed. He takes his idea from this authority, and his method of transferring It to the minds of others from that. He tries to please the eye, and creates forms striking, showy, even beautiful—with the beauty of skillful imitation.

He tries to charm the ear, and utters

fine, fanciful phrases, sonorous sentences, words which appeal to the imagination and show a wide knowledge of the productions of other people. But this is never the way to reach the heart, for the heart is satisfied only with the truth, and if the expression is not true to the thought, then it is falsehood, and the nobler the thought the worse the guilt of the caricature.

has no soul of its own it cannot live, and though used in lieu of that which is better, when the need that used it dies it dies too. The other sort of work is slow and painful. Once begun, there is no more rest for the worker. Though he labor with unceasing effort, he sees more and more clearly how feeble is his expression of the truth he would have it declare. He works with a heart that falters and with hands that tremble as they move. Ah! very poor and weak must be our best attempts, vet to work nearer to the truth in each moment of our working lives is the divinest blessing we can ask. To reach it is of the things hoped for—not seen. But it is the things not seen which are eternal. work is slow. It is a life work.

What better life work can there-be? The work is painful. It is through much trib ulation we enter the kingdom. For a mo-ment, is the struggle to be compared to the victory? The work is difficult. Again and again are we thrown back, bruised and faint, to cry, "Who can endure to the

But hard and toilsome and slow though it be, we must labor. Steep and stony though the path, we must climb it. By and by, when no longer through a glass darkly, but face to face, we read the meaning of all the hardship, the slow growth and the bitter suffering, then out of the temple our human hands have built shall shine out the spirit of truth, which we waited for with an inexpressible longing. For we must sow with painstaking zeal and patient abiding. We must water of-ten with tears. It is only God who giveth the increase.—Harper's Bazar.

"There are no flies on your papa," remarked a gray haired Detroit widower to his lively and lovely daughter.

"Yes, papa," she responded softly, as her pretty fingers tangled in his silver locks; "yes there are—time flies."—Detroit Free Press.



In just 24 hours J. V. S. relieves constipation and sick headaches, After it gets the system We refer by permission to W. H. Marshall, Bruns the upheaving of a world of graves and wick House, S. F.; Geo. A. Werner, 531 California St., S. F.; Mrs. C. Melvin, 136 Kearny St., S. F., and many others who have found relief from constipation and sick headaches. G.W. Vincent, of 6 Terrence Court. S. F. writes: "1 am 60 years everlasting to everlasting, and let the of age and have been troubled with constipation whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen for 25 years. I was recently induced to try Joy's and it has. For the first time in years I can sleep well and my system is regular and in splendid condition. The old Mexican herbs in this remedy are a certain cure in constipation and bowel

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ject: "The manipulation of poor teas, to give them a finer appearance, is carried on extensively. Green teas, being in this country cially popular, are produced to meet the demand by coloring cheaper black kinds by glazing or facing with Prussian blue, tumeric, gypsum, and indigo. This method is so general that very little genuine uncolored green tea

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