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Entered at the postoffice at McMinnville Oregon, as second-class matter.

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Thursday, May 7, 1891.


After thinking it over, Governor Ferry, of Washington, has concluded that his brother governor, Pennoyer, is right. He says if the people of Washington want to introduce the president to the governor they will have to bring him to Olympia. And yet Ferry is a light in the "grand old party."

The patriot who received tin-plate mementos at a recent gathering of the clans should remember they can be disposed of at a good price. A New York firm advertises its willingness to take 50,000 boxes of American tin-plate and pay cash on delivery. Possibly the reason they have as yet received no answer to their inquiry is to be found in the fact that all the tin-plate produced in America is being manufactured into little slips for the adornment of young republicans.—*Chicago Times.*

Supt. Porter has been doing some very arduous and altogether useless figuring in order to arrive at what he terms "the life of a mortgage," and reports the same as about four years. Few who have ever come in contact with this uncommonly athletic form of legal instrument will be disposed to accept this feeble estimate of its vitality. The farmers of the west have been voting in republican administrations at intervals of four years for a long time, but so far from finding their mortgages expired coincidently have painfully realized that new ones sprang up and the old ones put on fresh vigor.

The persecution of the Jews of Russia still continues and thousands of them are leaving the country for the South American countries. Business in the provinces deserted by the Jews is stagnant and the Russians are wailing because they do not pay their indebtedness before going. No one can blame them for this and it is a wonder that deeds of violence are not committed. Russia is fast becoming a hot-bed of discontent and it will not be long before a revolution will relieve the people of the tie that binds. Republican ideas of government are fast making an impression on the minds of the serfs and monarchial slaves of Europe.

### THE LOTTERY CASES.

The Louisiana lottery people have won their case in the state courts and are making very strong efforts to win their other case in the United States supreme court.

The state court case may be stated thus: The charter of the company being about to expire by constitutional limitation, the company procured of a venal legislature an act submitting to the people a constitutional amendment to extend its existence. The governor vetoed the act and the lottery's majority in the legislature was destroyed by the death of a member, so that the measure could not be passed over the veto.

But, upon the contention that the governor's approval is not required in such a case, the lottery has sued for a mandamus compelling the state officers to submit the amendment, and they have carried their case.

This secures them a long lease of life in the state. But meantime congress has passed a law excluding from the mails all newspapers containing lottery advertisements and all correspondence between the lottery and its customers. This law goes very far to destroy the value of the franchise of the company, but the company has brought suit to contest its constitutionality.

The supreme court has postponed the hearing until Autumn in order that the case may be determined by a full bench, but the briefs are in, and a careful reading of them is not very reassuring to those who desire to see some effective restraint placed upon the evil influences of this legalized gambling hell. The argument of the lottery lawyers upon the constitutional question involved is very strong.

### RUSSIA AND BEHRING SEA.

In the current number of *Harper's Weekly* is a translation of an article from the St. Petersburg *Journal* which contains little comfort for Mr. Blaine and his friends. The *Journal* is the official organ of the Russian foreign office.

The subject of the article is the question of the jurisdiction of the United States over the waters of Behring sea outside of the three-mile limit. The Russian government has abandoned the United States on this issue and the *Journal* argues that this country did not and could not derive from Russia rights over the high seas that are contrary to the law of nations. It is true that Russia claimed, what Mr. Blaine seems to claim, the right to protect the seals swimming outside of a marine league, and Alexander I issued a ukase to that end; but no government believed that Russia possessed the jurisdiction asserted and the United States expressly denied it. Now the Russian government itself repudiates it through its official organ, and informs the administration that the ukase has been superseded by the law of nations.

Under the circumstances Mr. Blaine cannot reasonably expect that Russia will unite with him in an effort to compel Great Britain to enforce a United States statute on the high seas.

### PRINCIPLES OF THE MAFIA.

The correspondent of the London *Times* at Rome gives an intiresting account of the principles on which the Mafia is founded, and which inspires its operations. It is stated that the society has it grades as clearly defined as those of the nobility. At the roots of it is a principle of morality, called Omerta, which is recognized as the first qualification. This Mafiote abstraction of morality "establishes as the first duty of a man to do himself justice with his own hands for all injuries received, and stamps with infamay and holds up to public execration and public vengeance whoever appeals to justice or assists its operations." So strong a hold has this principle that even the honest common people regard it as a virtue to hide an assassin or to decline to testify against him, the code of the Omerta being that "when one man is dead we must think of the living one," and that "giving evidence is good so long as it does not harm the neighbor." Under the operation of these two convenient principles it would be almost impossible to secure evidence for the conviction of assassins were it not for the free use of money by the police. The lowest member of the Mafia is the manutengolo, who is the friend who hides, or feeds, or aids the active agent in crime, and sometimes bribes or threatens the jury when the criminal is brought to trial. The next grade is the malandrino, who is a positive criminal, often of the worst type and is the organizer and director of bands of brigands and cattle stealers and highway robbers with whom he is in connivance, and assists in disposing of the booty to his own pecuniary advantage.

### A LESSON IN MANNERS.

The friends of President Harrison who have been growling so fiercely on account of what they term Governor Pennoyer's lack of courtesy, will have to dry up on the courtesy racket since the president's gross violation of good manners at Oakland. All that Governor Pennoyer did was to assert a principle. He has said nothing that was disrespectful in tone to the president or any one else in authority. Nor has the governor done anything to wound the most tender sensibilities.

But it was different with the president in respect to his treatment of Oakland. "I am tired of being dragged around to these one-horse towns," was the way he repaid the courtesy the people of Oakland extended to him. Oakland is a small city, it is true, but a very beautiful one, and includes in its population the best blood of California. Her people are polite and loyal, and wished to be courteous to the chief magistrate of the nation. They dressed themselves in their best Sunday clothes, and went out to meet the president. But all they got for their courteous conduct was an offensive snubbing.

President Harrison will learn in time that the small things of earth are not to be despised. There is proportionately more loyalty and patriotism in the small towns than in the large cities. In the small towns the people preserve the simple manners and customs, and are, consequently, more in touch with American ideas and institutions. There is no community of American citizens which can be beneath the polite attention of the chief magistrate of the republic.—*Telegram.*

The steamships of the new British line between Hong Kong and Vancouver in Britist Columbia will begin their voyages in a few days. This commercial fleet of five first-class steamships will make the voyage between Yokohama and Vancouver in nine days. The cargoes landed at Vancouver will be taken east by the Canadian Pacific railroad, where some of them will be marketed and some will be shipped to Europe. According to the London *Times* a new commercial and military route from England to India is to be opened, so that troops or goods can be conveyed across the Atlantic by steam, across the American continent by rail, and across the Pacific to all Asiatic ports.

## HUMDRUM ABOLISHED.

SERMON PREACHED SUNDAY, MAY 3, BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

**A Stirring Exhortation to Christians to Make Their Religion Lively, Based Upon the Visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon, the Great King.**

BROOKLYN, May 3.—The capacity of the New Tabernacle was fully tested this morning by the vast audience which assembled to hear Dr. Talmage in his handsome and spacious church. He is now preaching there morning and evening, and The Christian Herald services in New York have been discontinued. This has caused much regret to many people in that city. A memorial was prepared and signed by influential citizens asking Dr. Talmage to continue the services. He could not see his way to comply at the time, but, as he was evidently impressed by the warmth of the welcome given him in the metropolis, and deeply moved by the good that was done, it is not improbable that in the near future he will again be found duplicating his usefulness by ministering to two congregations, as he has been doing during the past seven months. His subject this morning was "Humdrum Abolished," and his text II Chronicles ix, 9: "Of spices great abundance; neither was there any such spice as the Queen of Sheba gave King Solomon."

A WONDERFUL BUILDING.

What is that building out yonder glittering in the sun? Have you not heard? It is the house of the forest of Lebanon. King Solomon has just taken to it his bride, the princess of Egypt. You see the pillars of the portico, and a great tower, adorned with one thousand shields of gold, hung on the outside of the tower—five hundred of the shields of gold manufactured at Solomon's order, five hundred were captured by David, his father, in battle. See how they blaze in the noonday sun!

Solomon goes up the ivory stairs of his throne between twelve lions in statuary, and sits down on the back of the golden bull, the head of the bronze beast turned toward the people. The family and attendants of the king are so many that the caterers of the place have to provide every day one hundred sheep and thirteen oxen, besides the birds and the venison. I hear the stamping and pawing of four thousand fine horses in the royal stables. There were important officials who had charge of the work of gathering the straw and the barley for these horses. King Solomon was an early riser, tradition says, and used to take a ride out at daybreak; and when in his white apparel, behind the swiftest horses of all the realm, and followed by mounted archers in purple, as the cavalcade dashed through the streets of Jerusalem I suppose it was something worth getting up at five o'clock in the morning to look at.

Solomon was not like some of the kings of the present day—crowned imbecility. All the splendor of his palace and retinue was eclipsed by his intellectual power. Why, he seemed to know everything. He was the first great naturalist the world ever saw. Peacocks from India strutted the basaltic walk, and apes chattered in the trees and deer stalked the parks, and there were aquariums with foreign fish and aviaries with foreign birds, and tradition says these birds were so well tamed that Solomon might walk clear across the city under the shadow of their wings as they hovered and flitted about him.

SOLOMON AND HIS RIDDLES.

More than this, he had a great reputation for the conundrums and riddles that he made and guessed. He and King Hiram, his neighbor, used to sit by the hour and ask riddles, each one paying in money if he could not answer or guess the riddle. The Solomonic navy visited all the world, and the sailors, of course, talked about the wealth of their king, and about the riddles and enigmas that he made and solved, and the news spread until Queen Balkis, away off south, heard of it, and sent messengers with a few riddles that she would like to have Solomon solve, and a few puzzles which she would like to have him find out. She sent among other things to King Solomon a diamond with a hole so small that a needle could not penetrate it, asking him to thread that diamond. And Solomon took a worm and put it at the opening in the diamond, and the worm crawled through, leaving the thread in the diamond.

The queen also sent a goblet to Solomon, asking him to fill it with water that did not pour from the sky, and that did not rush out from the earth, and immediately Solomon put a slave on the back of a swift horse and galloped him around and around the park until the horse was nigh exhausted, and from the perspiration of the horse the goblet was filled. She also sent King Solomon five hundred boys in girls' dress, and five hundred girls in boys' dress, wondering if he would be acute enough to find out the deception. Immediately Solomon, when he saw them wash their faces, knew from the way they applied the water that it was all a cheat.

THE VISIT OF THE QUEEN.

Queen Balkis was so pleased with the acuteness of Solomon that she said, "I'll just go and see him for myself." Yonder it comes—the cavalcade—horses and dromedaries, chariots and charioteers, jingling harness and clattering hoofs, and blazing shields, and flying ensigns, and clapping cymbals. The place is saturated with the perfume. She brings cinnamon and saffron and calamus and frankincense and all manner of sweet spices. As the retinue sweeps through the gate the armed guard inhale the aroma. "Halt!" cry the charioteers, as the wheels grind the gravel in front of the pillared portico of the king. Queen Balkis alights in an atmosphere bewitched with perfume. As the dromedaries are driven up to the king's storehouses, and the bundles of camphor are unloaded, and the sacks of cinnamon, and the boxes of spices are opened, the purveyors of the palace discover what my text announces, "Of spices, great abundance; neither was there any such spices as the Queen of Sheba gave to King Solomon."

Well, my friends, you know that all theologians agree in making Solomon a type of Christ, and making the Queen of Sheba a type of every truth seeker, and I shall take the responsibility of saying that all the spikenard and cassia and frankincense which the Queen of Sheba brought to King Solomon are mightily suggestive of the sweet spices of our holy religion. Christianity is not a collection of sharp technicalities and angular facts and chronological tables and dry statistics. Our religion is compared to frankincense and to cassia, but never to nightshade. It is a bundle of myrrh. It is a dash of holy light. It is a sparkle of cool fountains. It is an opening of opaline gates. It is a collection of spices. Would God that we were as wise in taking spices to our Divine King as Queen Balkis was wise in taking the spices to the earthly Solomon! What many of us most need is to have the humdrum driven out of our life and the humdrum out of our religion. The American and English and Scottish church will die of humdrum unless there be a change.

An editor from San Francisco a few weeks ago wrote me saying he was getting up for his paper a symposium from many clergymen, discussing among other things "Why do not people go to church?" and he wanted my opinion, and I gave it in one sentence, "People do not go to church because they cannot stand the humdrum." The fact is that most people have so much humdrum in their worldly calling that they do not want to have added the humdrum of religion. We need in all our sermons and exhortations and songs and prayers more of what Queen Balkis brought to Solomon—namely, more spice.

LIFE IS HUMDRUM.

The fact is that the duties and cares of this life, coming to us from time to time, are stupid often and inane and intolerable. Here are men who have been bartering and negotiating, climbing, pounding, hammering for twenty years, forty years, fifty years. One great long drudgery has their life been. Their face anxious, their feelings benumbed, their days monotonous. What is necessary to brighten up that man's life, and to sweeten that acid disposition, and to put sparkle into the man's spirits? The spicery of our holy religion. Why, if between the losses of life there dashed a gleam of an eternal gain; if between the betrayals of life there came the gleam of the undying friendship of Christ; if in dull times in business we found ministering spirits flying to and fro in our office and store and shop, everyday life, instead of being a stupid monotone, would be a glorious inspiration, penduluming between calm satisfaction and high rapture.

How any woman keeps house without the religion of Christ to help her is a mystery to me. To have to spend the greater part of one's life, as many women do, in planning for the meals, in stitching garments that will soon be rent again, and deploring breakages and supervising tardy subordinates and driving off dust that soon again will settle, and doing the same thing day in and day out, and year in and year out, until their hair silvers, and the back stoops, and the spectacles crawl to the eyes, and the grave breaks open under the thin sole of the shoe—oh, it is a long monotony! But when Christ comes to the drawing room, and comes to the kitchen, and comes to the nursery, and comes in the dwelling, then how cheery becomes all womanly duties. She is never alone now; Martha gets through fretting and joins Mary at the feet of Jesus.

All day long Deborah is happy because she can help Lapidoth; Hannah, because she can make a coat for young Samuel; Miriam, because she can watch her infant brother; Rachel, because she can help her father water the stock; the widow of Sarepta, because the cruse of oil is being replenished. O woman! having in your pantry a nest of boxes containing all kinds of condiments, why have you not tried in your heart and life the spicery of our holy religion? "Martha! Martha! thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

SOME RELIGION IS INSIPID.

I must confess that a great deal of the religion of this day is utterly insipid. There is nothing piquant or elevating about it. Men and women go around humming psalms in a minor key, and culturing melancholy, and their worship has in it more sighs than rapture. We do not doubt their piety. Oh, no. But they are sitting at a feast where the cook has forgotten to season the food. Everything is flat in their experience and in their conversation. Emancipated from sin and death and hell, and on their way to a magnificent heaven, they act as though they were trudging on toward an everlasting Botany bay. Religion does not seem to agree with them. It seems to catch in the windpipe and become a tight strangulation instead of an exhilaration.

All the infidel books that have been written, from Voltaire down to Herbert Spencer, have not done so much damage to our Christianity as lugubrious Christians. Who wants a religion woven out of the shadows of the night? Why go growling on your way to celestial enthronement? Come out of that cave and sit down in the warm light of the Sun of Righteousness. Away with your odes to melancholy and Hervey's "Meditations Among the Tombs."

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

I have to say, also, that we need to put more spice and enlivenment in our religious teaching, whether it be in the prayer meeting, or in the Sabbath school, or in the church. We ministers need more fresh air and sunshine in our lungs and our heart and our head. Do you wonder that the world is so far from being converted when you find so little vivacity in the pulpit and in the pew? We want, like the Lord, to plant in our sermons and exhortations more lilies of the field. We want fewer rhetorical elaborations and fewer sesquipedalian words; and when we talk about shadows, we do not want to say adumbration; and when we mean queerness, we do not want to talk about idiosyncracies; or if a stitch in the back, we do not want to talk of lumbago, but in the plain vernacular preach that gospel which proposes to make all men happy, honest, victorious and free.

In other words, we want more cinnamon and less gristle. Let this be so in all the different departments of work to which the Lord calls us. Let us be plain. Let us be earnest. Let us be common sensical. When we talk to the people in a vernacular they can understand they will be very glad to come and receive the truth we present. Would to God that Queen Balkis would drive her spice laden dromedaries into all our sermons and prayer meeting exhortations.

LIFE AND SPICE IN CHRISTIAN WORK.

More than that, we want more life and spice in our Christian work. The poor do not want so much to be groaned over as sung to. With the bread and medicines and the garments you give them, let there be an accompaniment of smiles and brisk encouragement. Do not stand and talk to them about the wretchedness of their abode, and the hunger of their looks, and the hardness of their lot. Ah! they know it better than you can tell them. Show them the bright side of the thing, if there be any bright side. Tell them good times will come. Tell them that for the children of God there is immortal rescue. Wake them up out of their stolidity by an inspiring laugh, and while you send in help, like the Queen of Sheba also send in the spices.

There are two ways of meeting the poor. One is to come into their house with a nose elevated in disgust, as much as to say: "I don't see how you live here in this neighborhood. It actually makes me sick. There is that bundle; take it, you poor, miserable wretch, and make the most of it." Another way is to go into the abode of the poor in a manner which seems to say: "The blessed Lord sent me. He was poor himself. It is not more for the good I am going to try to do you than it is for the good you can do me." Coming in that spirit the gift will be as aromatic as the spikenard on the feet of Christ, and all the hovels in that alley will be fragrant with the spice.

We need more spice and enlivenment in our church music. Churches sit discussing whether they shall have choirs, or precentors, or organs, or bass viols, or cornets. I say, take that which will bring out the most inspiring music. If we had half as much zeal and spirit in our churches as we have in the songs of our Sabbath schools it would not be long before the whole earth would quake with the coming God. Why, in most churches nine-tenths of the people do not sing, or they sing so feebly that the people at their elbows do not know they are singing. People mouth and mumble the praises of God; but there is not more than one out of a hundred who makes "a joyful noise" unto the Rock of Our Salvation. Sometimes, when the congregation forgets itself, and is all absorbed in the goodness of God or the glories of heaven, I get an intimation of what church music will be a hundred years from now, when the coming generation shall wake up to its duty.

WAKE UP.

I promise a high spiritual blessing to any one who will sing in church, and who will sing so heartily that the people all around cannot help but sing. Wake up! all the churches from Bangor to San Francisco and across Christendom. It is not a matter of preference, it is a matter of religious duty. Oh, for fifty times more volume of sound. German chorals in German cathedrals surpass us, and yet Germany has received nothing at the hands of God compared with America; and ought the acclaim in Berlin be louder than that in Brooklyn? Soft, long drawn out music is appropriate for the drawing room and appropriate for the concert, but St. John gives an idea of the sonorous and resonant congregational singing appropriate for churches when, in listening to the temple service of heaven, he says: "I heard a great voice, as the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings. Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

Join with me in a crusade, giving me not only your hearts but the mighty uplifting of your voices, and I believe we can, through Christ's grace, sing fifty thousand souls into the kingdom of Christ. An argument they can laugh at, a sermon they may talk down, but a vast audience joining in one anthem is irresistible. Would that Queen Balkis would drive all her spice laden dromedaries into our church music. "Neither was there any such spice as the Queen of Sheba gave King Solomon."

Oh, you sin parched and you trouble pounded, here is comfort, here is satisfaction. Will you come and get it? I cannot tell you what the Lord offers you hereafter

[Continued on third page.]


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