

WEEK DAY RELIGION. THE PRACTICAL THEME OF DR. TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Religion is applicable to the commonplace affairs of life. The aggregate importance of small things. In all thy ways acknowledge him.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 3.—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage in selecting a topic for today chose one of practical value to all classes.

There has been a tendency in all lands and ages to set apart certain days, places and occasions for special religious services.

GENUINE RELIGION NOT SPASMATIC. Genuine religion is not spasmodic, does not go by fits and starts, is not an attack of chills and fever.

And, in the first place, I remark, we ought to bring religion into our ordinary conversation. A dam breaks, and two or three villages are submerged.

If a man have the religion of the gospel in its full power in his soul, he will talk chiefly about this world and the eternal world and very little comparatively about the insignificant pass between this and that.

Now, my friends, if we have the religion of Christ in our soul, we will talk about it in an exultant mood. It is higher than the sunshine, it gives a man joy here and prepares him for everlasting happiness before the throne of God.

My friends, the religion of Jesus Christ is not something to be groaned about, but something to talk about and sing about, your face irradiated. The trouble is that men professing the faith of the gospel are often so inconsistent that they are afraid their conversation will not harmonize with their life.

If a man have the grace of God in his heart dominant, he can talk religion, and it will seem natural, and men, instead of being repulsed by it, will be attracted by it.

RELIGION IN EVERYDAY AFFAIRS. But I remark again, we ought to bring the religion of Jesus Christ into our ordinary employments. "Oh," you say, "that's a very good theory for a man who manages a large business, who has great traffic, who holds a great estate—it is a grand thing for bankers and for ship-owners."

My friends, you need to take the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ into the most ordinary trials of your life. You have your misfortunes, you have your

anxieties, you have your vexations. "Oh," you say, "they don't shape my character. Since I lost my child, since I have lost my property, I have been a very different man from what I was."

You go into an artist's studio. You see him making a piece of sculpture. You say, "Why don't you strike harder?" With his mallet and his chisel he goes click, click, and you can hardly see from stroke to stroke that there is any impression made upon the stone, and yet the work is going on.

Well, I find God dealing with some man. He is shaping him for time and shaping him for eternity. I say, "O Lord, why not with one tremendous blow of calamity shape that man for the next world?"

Not by one great stroke, but by ten thousand little strokes of misfortune are men fitted for heaven. You know that large fortunes can soon be scattered by being paid out in small sums of money, and the largest estate of Christian character is sometimes entirely lost by these small depletions.

We must bring the religion of Jesus Christ to help us in these little annoyances. Do not say that anything is too insignificant to affect your character. Rats may sink a ship. One Lucifer match may destroy a temple.

Do you not suppose that God cares for your insignificant sorrows? Why, my friends, there is nothing insignificant in your life. How dare you take the responsibility of saying that there be? Do you not know that the whole universe is not ashamed to take care of one violet?

Oh, says some one, "if I had a great sphere, I would do that. If I could have lived in the time of Martin Luther, if I could have been Paul's traveling companion, if I had some great and resounding work to do, then I should put into application all that you say."

Our national government does not think it belittling to put a tax on pins and a tax on buckles and a tax on shoes. The individual taxes do not amount to much, but in the aggregate to millions and millions of dollars.

Suppose a soldier should say, "This is only a skirmish, and there are only a few enemies—I won't load my gun; wait until I get into some great general engagement." That man is a coward and would be coward in any sphere.

We must see a blind man led along by his dog before we learn what a grand thing it is to have one's eyesight. We must see a man with St. Vitus' dance before we learn what a grand thing it is to have the use of our physical energies.

We get on board a train and start for Boston and come to Newark bridge, and the "brave" in and out of the train. Fifty lives dashed out. We escape. We come home in great excitement and call our friends around us, and they congratulate us, and we all kneel down and thank God for our escape while so many perished.

Who think of thanking God for the water gushing up in the well, foaming in the cascade, laughing over the rocks, patting in the shower, clapping its hands to the sea? Who thinks to thank God for the air, the fountain of life, the bridge of sunbeams, the path of sound, the great fan on a hot summer day?

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return home. Not an accident, not an alarm. No thanks.

Oh, these common mercies, these common blessings, how little we appreciate them and how soon we forget them! Like the ox grazing, with the clover up to its eyes, like the bird picking the worm out of the furrow—never thinking to thank God, who makes the grass grow and who gives life to every living thing from the animalcules in the soil to the seraph on the throne.

I compared our indifference to the brute, but perhaps I wronged the brute. I do not know but that among its other instincts may have an instinct by which it recognizes the divine hand that feeds it.

If you were thirsty and asked me for a drink and I gave you this glass of water, your common instinct would reply, "Thank you." And yet, how many chances of mercy we get hour by hour from the hand of the Lord, our Father and our King, and we do not even think to say, "Thank you."

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BALD HEADS! What is the condition of yours? Is your hair dry, harsh, brittle? Does it split at the ends? Has it a lifeless appearance? Does it fall out when combed or brushed? Is it full of dandruff? Does your scalp itch? Is it dry or in a heated condition? If these are some of your symptoms be warned in time or you will become bald!

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